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JULY—DECEMBER, 1917.

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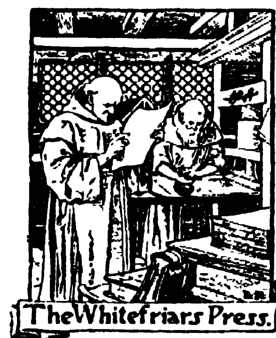


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MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.

THE oldest inhabitant sat on a bench in the sun, the day's newspaper spread across his knees, and the newest visitor sat beside him.

"He do be mentioned in despatches, do our Billy, by Sir DOUGLAS HAIG himself. If it hadn't a-been for him, where 'd the Army been? he says. I knowed him ever since I come to these parts, and that weren't yesterday. He 'd come round that there bend a-whistling, not sort o' cockahoop, like some does, but just a cheery sort o' 'Here I am again;' and he 'd always stop most anywhere, if so be as you held up your hand.

"I 've seed ladies with their golf-clubs runnin' up from the club-house, and he 'd just sort of whistle to show as he seed them, and wait for them as perlite as any gentleman. For it do be powerful hot to walk back home with your golf-clubs after two rounds; I was a caddy, I was, 'fore I went on the line, so I knows what I 'm telling you.

"It didn't make no difference if they was champions or duffers what couldn't carry the burn not if they tried all day. Or if it were an old woman a-goin' back from market with all her cabbages and live ducks and eggs and onions—it were all just the same to little Billy.

Then I mind the day he was took. George he come up and tells me as they have took Billy because the Army wants all it can get. I was fair knocked over, and him so little and all.

"Then the Captain, what was the best golfer here, come back for leave.

"'Grandpa,' says he, same as he always call me—'Grandpa,' he says, 'I 've been thinking about Billy all the time I 've been out, and longing to hear him whistle again, and now I 'm home and he 's gone. I shall have to get back to France again to see him.'

"So he will, Sir, and if Billy was going up right under the German guns it 's my belief as Captain would get out of his trench to go and see him.

"What regiment is Billy in, did you say, Sir? Why, he got no regiment. Ain't I been telling you, Sir, 'Puffing Billy' is what our golfers here call the little train what used to run six times a day from the town to the links. Just see what the paper says, Sir. I don't be much of a reader, but hark ye to this: 'I wish also to place on record here the fact that the successful solution of the problem of railway transport would have been impossible had it not been for the patriotism of the railway companies at home. They did not hesitate to give up their locomotives and rolling stock.'

"That 's 'Puffing Billy,' Sir, him what I 've put the signal down for hundreds an' hundreds of times. I miss him powerful bad, but the Army wanted him, and we 've been and got some thanks too. I 'm proud to think my Billy 's in the paper."

THE MELTING-POT.

["The municipality of Rothausen has decided to present to the collection of metal which is being made in Germany its monument of Kaiser WILLIAM THE FIRST." - *Reuter.*]

HEAVY is Armageddon's price
And loud the call to sacrifice;
All stuff composed of likely metals -
Door-knockers, hairpins, cans and kettles -
Into the War's insatiate melting-pot
Has to be shot.

That was a hard and bitter blow
When first your church-bells had to go—
Those saintly bells that rang carillons
While in the maw of happy millions
Pure joy and gratitude to Heaven thrilled
For babies killed.

It hurt your Christian hearts to melt
A source of faith so keenly felt;
And now (worse sacrilege than that) you
Propose to take yon regal statue,
That godlike effigy, and make a gun
Of WILLIAM ONE!

What will *He* say when you reduce
His Relative to cannon-juice?
The prospect must be pretty rotten
If thus the Never-To-Be-Forgotten
Is treated, like the corpses of your friends,
For useful ends.

I hear the ALL-HIGHEST mutter, "Ha!
They're liquefying Grandpapa!
The nation's needs, that grow acuter,
Count sacred things as so much pewter;
Even my holy crown may go some day
Down the red way!" O. S.

LE SÉNÉGALAIS.

Samédou Kieta sat up in bed with a child's primer open before him. "M—A," he spelled. Then, after an incredibly long time of patient puzzling, "M—A—MA. Oui, MA. Y a bon!" and embraced the whole ward in one wide white grin before turning to the next syllable, "M—A—N." Once more the puzzled frown on the black face, once more the whispered hints from neighbouring beds, once more the triumph of perseverance, "M—A—N—MAN!" He was just enjoying his success and chanting his pidgin-French pæan of happiness, "Y a bon! Y a bon!" when Sœur Antoinette paused by his bed. "Très bien, Sidi," she said, "mais il faut les mettre ensemble," and with her white finger she guided his black one back to the first syllable.

Here was difficulty indeed! He knew all right that M—A—N was MAN, but what was M—A? And when, after intense effort, he re-discovered that M—A spelled MA, it was only to find that he had forgotten what M—A—N spelled. At last the other wounded could contain themselves no longer, and the ward was filled with laughing shouts of "Maman!" in which Samédou joined most happily.

Presently the English nurse passed the negro's bed, and he at once turned to another branch of learning. "Good morning," he said, and, when she smiled back a greeting to him, he added, "T'ank you," and looked proudly round him at his fellow-patients as who should say, "See how we understand one another, she and I!"

During a sojourn of many months in the hospital Samédou invariably met the sufferings he was called upon to endure with an uncomplaining fortitude, which might have seemed due to insensibility had not the staff had ample proof that his silence was the silence of a fine courage. On one occasion a set of photographs of the hospital was in preparation, and when the *salle de pansements* had to be taken the photographer decided that the best lay figure for his *mise-en-scène* would be a black man, as a striking contrast to the white raiment of the staff. So Samédou was carried in on a stretcher and laid upon the table. Unfortunately the surgeons and nurses were so occupied with the business of placing things in the best light that no one realised that the poor Senegalese did not understand the purpose of the preparations, and when the English nurse was called to take up her position she noticed the hands of Samédou Kieta clutching the sides of the table and his black eyes rolling in a sea of white.

She at once ran to the nearest ward. "Quelqu'un voudrait bien me prêter une photographie?" she asked, and a dozen eager hands offered her the treasured groups of *la famille*. Taking one at random she returned to Samédou and held it before his eyes. "Nous aussi," she said, "toi, moi, le Major, l'infirmier."

Samédou looked, and a heavenly relief chased the tension from his face. "Y a bon," he said happily. "Toi, bon camarade!"

When his wounds began to be less painful the problem was how to keep the Sidi in bed. No one cared to be very severe with him, so the staff resorted to the usual weak method of confiscating all his clothes save a shirt, and hoping for the best. But one day the English nurse, going unexpectedly into a distant ward, came upon Samédou Kieta, simply dressed in a single shirt and a bandage, visiting the freshly-arrived wounded and scattering wide grins around him. At her horrified exclamation he began to shrivel away towards the door, ushering himself out with the propitiatory words, "Good morning. Good night. T'ank you. Water!" A most effectual method of disarming reproof.

Poor Samédou has since passed on to another hospital for electric treatment, but the staff still treasures his first and only letter.—

"Moi, Samédou Kieta, arrivé à l'autre hôpital. Y a bon. Mais moi, Samédou Kieta, toi pas oublié. Merci, Monsieur le Major deux galons. Merci, Sœur Antoinette. Merci, Madame l'Anglaise. Y a bon. Y a bon. Y a bon."

"The Germans have suffered 100,000 casualties in 10 days on the western front, and their losses will increase rapidly. They must shorten their lives wherever possible in order to save men."
Ceylon Morning Leader.

In this laudable endeavour they may count upon receiving the hearty assistance of the Allies.

"YOUNG gentleman (21), good family, strong, healthy, public school, O.T.C., 'Varsity education, speaks English, French, Spanish perfectly, engineering training, efficient car driver and mechanic, horseman, is open to any sporting job connected with war; willing undertake any risks; no salary, but expenses paid."

If the advertiser will apply to the nearest recruiting-station he will hear of something that will just suit him.

"The inhabitants of the Peak district are in a state of great alarm at the invasion of a great part of their beautiful country by what some of them describe as a plague of locusts, and yesterday considerable numbers of people visited the district where the hosts are still advancing. Many from Sheffield and Manchester alighted at Chinley, Edale, and Hope, among them some eminent etymologists, anxious to be of assistance in ridding the country of a serious menace to the field and garden crops."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

It is understood that the etymologists are chiefly concerned for the roots.



THE NATION DEMANDS.

Mr. Punch (*to the Prime Minister*). "IF YOU *MUST* HAVE DIRTY LINEN WASHED IN PUBLIC DURING THE WAR, FOR GOD'S SAKE, SIR, WASH IT CLEAN."



Civilian model (posing for latest war picture). "MUS' SAY I'LL BE GLAD WHEN PEACE IS DECLARED. THIS CLEARING HUNS OUT OF TRENCHES IS FAIR TELLIN' ON ME."

THE ABSENTEE.

(Embodying divers quotations from the poems of G. K. C.)

METHINKS at last the time has come to speak . . .
  Since good old Russia up and revoluted
I have been waiting, week by weary week,
  To hear the news—the obvious item—bruited;
But now I give it up: it will not come;
Or anyway I can no more be dumb.

Where were you, GILBERT, when the great release—
  "Freedom in arms, the riding and the routing,"
Demos superbly potting at police,
  And actual swords getting an actual outing—
Came at the last, the things wherein you shone,
Or let us think you'd shine in, CHESTERTON?

You were not there! Damme, you were not *there!*
  Alas for us whose faith refused to doubt you!
"All that lost riot that you did not share"
  Managed, somehow, to get along without you;
When Russia "went to battle for the creed"
GILBERT sat tight and did not even bleed!

CHESTERTON! Dash it all, my dear old chap!
  Why, weren't you always eloquent on "Valmy,"
"Death and the splendour of the scarlet cap"?
  Here were the days you looked upon as palmy.
Just think of all your poems! Why, good Lord,
There is no word you work so hard as "sword."

We looked to see you there, the stout and staunch,
  "Red flag" in one hand and "ten swords" in t'other;
Saw the strong sword-belt bursting from your paunch;
  Pitied the foes you'd fall upon and smother;
Heard you make droves of pale policemen bleat,
Running amok to "slay them in the street."

Strong athwart Heav'n ran the high barricades,
  And giant Bastilles reeled, impossibly smitten,
And men with broken hands swung thunderous blades
  In "Russia's wrath"—just as you've often written;
Yea, the terrific tyrants really reeled,
While CHESTERTON sat safe at Beaconsfield.

And yet—I understand; I don't impute
  That only in your poems do you bicker;
You would abstain, when people revolute,
  No more, I'm sure, than you'd abstain from liquor;
And here we have it—here's the reason why:
This was a revolution that was "dry."

The Eagle's Plume.

"The bride, who is an American by birth, was given away by her feather."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

"Mr., Mrs. and Miss ——, who were in their bungalow at Sidbar, had a lucky escape from the earthquake recently, for no sooner had they ot out than gpractically the whole house cae mdown."
Pioneer (Allahabad).

On this occasion, contrary to the usual rule, Nature appears to have been more careful of the individual than of the type.

"You, too, reader, if you have not already visited ——'s, have a pleasant, bright happy experience before you. Why not visit this modern Forum to-morrow?"
"Callisthenes" in the evening papers, June 23rd.

One of our reasons for not taking this well-meant advice was that June 24th was a Sunday.

"Great fires continue in Germany. The latest include gutting of the Moabit Goods Station in Berlin wherein tanks of petrol, hydrogen, *et cetera*, exploded, resulting in the destruction of a part of Vilna and the township of Osjory, near the Grodno conflagration station and a basket factory at Happe."—*Ceylon Independent.*

The effect of this remarkably extensive explosion seems to have been felt even in Colombo.

WOMAN AS USUAL.

(In the manner of some of our own evening papers.)

It was with a real pang that I tore myself away from the Frugality Exhibition, where the culinary demonstrations were most enthralling. Just before leaving, however, I watched a wonderfully tasty hash being compounded with oddments of rabbit and banana flour. It exhaled an aroma which I hated to leave—even for luncheon at the Fitz.

At the Fitz.

By a strange coincidence I made the acquaintance of an admirable rabbit *goulash*, which was, I believe, identical with that which I saw being prepared at the Frugality Exhibition. Thus extremes meet, and the fusion of classes is happily illustrated in the common use of the same comestibles.

There are always a number of people lunching in the great hotels in these war-time days, and I was glad to see Lady Allchin, looking remarkably well-nourished in a mauve Græco-Roman dress and Gainsborough hat; Lady Waterstock, Lord Hilary Sprockett and Sir Peter Frye-Smith.

Yesterday's Wedding.

Lady Carmilla Dunstable made a lovely bride at St. Mungo's, Belgravia, yesterday, on her marriage to Prince Wurra-Wurra, of Tierra-del-Fuego. The story of the engagement is wildly romantic. Lady Carmilla was returning from Peru, where she had been hunting armadillos; the ship in which she was travelling was wrecked in the Straits of Magellan, and she was rescued by Prince Wurra-Wurra, who was casually cruising about in his catamaran. Her family were for some time hostile to the match, but all objections were soon removed, as the Prince has abjured cannibalism and is now an uncompromising vegetarian. The bridegroom, who is a fine-looking man of the prognathous type, was loudly cheered by the crowd on leaving the church.

A Charming Concert.

All true melomaniacs will rejoice to hear that the Signora Balmi-Dotti has decided to give another vocal recital at the Dorian Hall. Her programme as usual reflects her catholic and cosmopolitan taste, for she will sing not only Welsh and Cornish folk-songs, but works by Palestrina, Gasolini, Larranaga, Sparafucile, and the young American composer, Ploffskin Jee, so that both classical and modern masters will be represented.

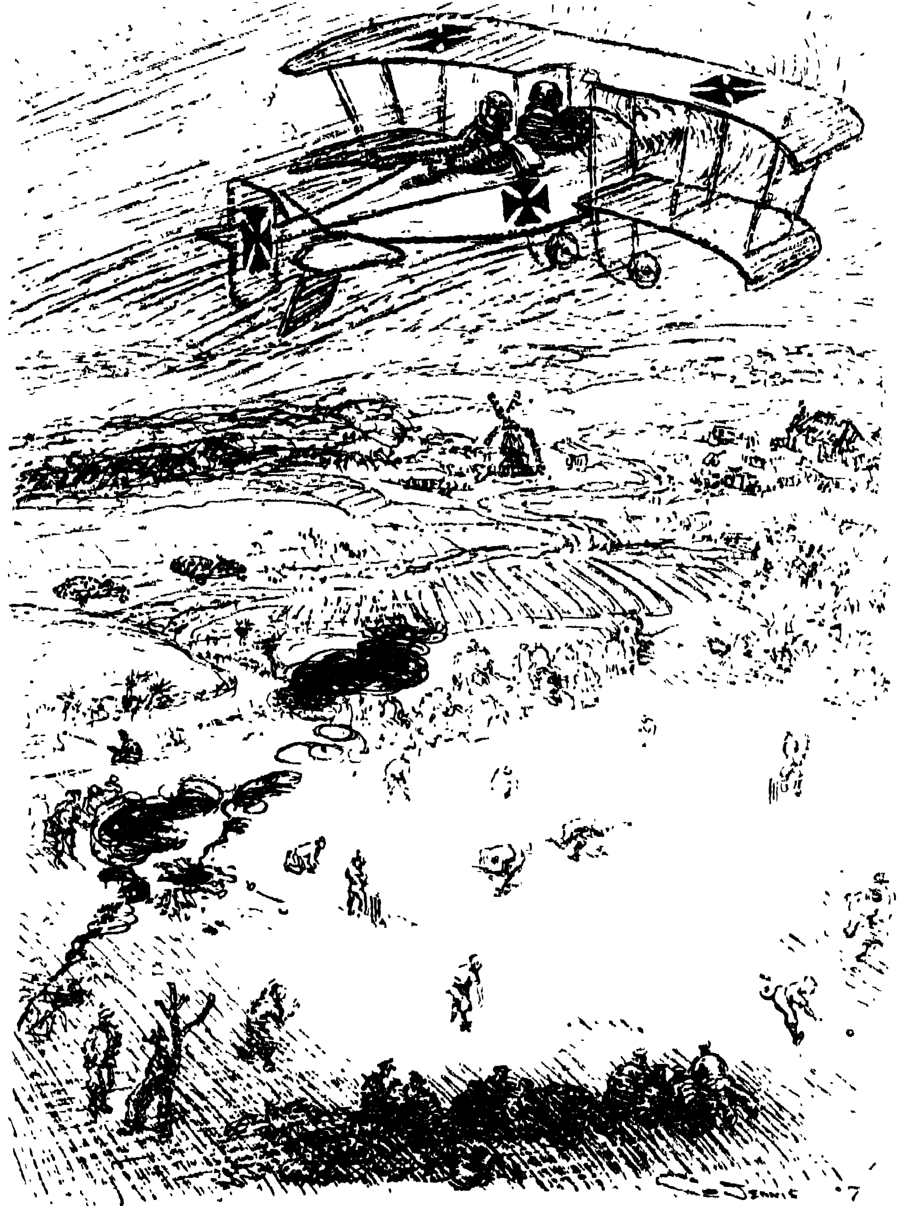
Two Recipes for Tea Cakes.

The Food-Controller looks askance at teas in these days, but in hot weather, when luncheon is reduced to the lowest common denominator and dinner resolves itself into a cold collation in the cool of the evening, some refreshment between our second and third meals is indispensable. I accordingly give two recipes which need no wheaten flour and are very quickly made.

Take half-a-pound of sugar, a quarter of caviare, a quarter of calipash, a quarter of millet and six peaches. Beat the caviare to a cream and pound the peaches to a pulp; then add the sugar and millet and stir vigorously with a mirliton. Put into patty-pans and bake gently for about thirty minutes in an electric silo-oven. About thirty cakes should result; but more will materialize if you increase the ingredients proportionately.

Take two kilowatts of ammoniated quinine and beat up with one very large egg—a swan's for choice. Add gradually ten ounces of piperazine, a pint of Harrogate water and inhale leisurely through a zoetrope.

Mélisande.



Extract from Hun airman's report. "We dropped bombs on a British formation, causing the troops to disperse and run about in a panic-stricken manner."

The New Plutocracy.

"Munition Lady wants to buy Piano and Wardrobe; cash."—*North Star.*

"Goats' cheese is tasty and nourishing and more easily made than butter; and in winter time the humblest of sheds will suffice for its sleeping place."—*Daily Mail.*

The cheese should however be carefully tethered.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to an Italian report the conviction of the master-spy, VON GERLACH, was effected by the aid of "the two most notorious burglars in Europe." Another slight for LITTLE WILLIE.

* * *

Reporting on a Glasgow subway railway accident, Colonel PRINGLE advises that "the use of ambiguous phraseology on telephones should not be permitted." Abbreviations now dear to the London subscriber, such as "Grrrrrrr-kuk-kuk-kuk-bbbzzzzz—are you -ping! phut! grrrrr!" etc., etc., will no longer be allowed.

* * *

The Sinn Feiners are proposing to send a mission to the United States to explain their attitude. An upward tendency in plate-glass insurance is already manifesting itself in New York and elsewhere.

* * *

Owing, we understand, to other distractions, no actress last week obtained a divorce.

* * *

A trade union for funeral workers has just been formed, the members of which are pledged to oppose Sunday burials. It is considered very unlucky to be buried on a Sunday.

* * *

No, "Thespian," it is no longer considered correct to wear a straw hat with a fur coat. Why not run the lawn-mower over the astrachan collar?

* * *

A medical correspondent points out that wasps, gnats and midges can be kept at a distance by using preparations of certain obnoxious plants. There is also much to be said for the plan of making a noise like a German.

* * *

The death of the "Old Lady of Charing Cross" is announced. The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, on the other hand, is still able to sit up and take a note or two.

* * *

Internal matters are not being neglected by the House of Commons. Lord RHONDDA on Bread and High Military Officers on Toast were the features last week.

* * *

"What is a copper's 'nark'?" asked a Metropolitan magistrate the other day, just as if he were a High Court Judge.

* * *

An hotel fire occurred in Brook Street last week, and we are told that the guests left the hotel and hurried into the street. Nothing is said as to how this happy idea originated.

Mexico, it appears, has arranged that future revolutions shall be held between Saturday and Monday, the week-end being selected as the most suitable time for business men who are assisting America in war-work.

* * *

At a North of England police-court last week a seven-pound piece of cheese was alleged to have made away with a conscientious objector.

* * *

We are informed that the fish landed in Great Britain in 1916 weighed 8,173,639 hundredweight. The angler who killed it still sticks to the story that he thought it was much larger than this.

* * *

Two brass wedding-rings have been found inside a salmon caught on the Wye. As the fish looked extremely worried it is thought that it must have been leading a double, or even treble, life.

* * *

Some consternation has been caused among food-profiteers in this country by a recent dictum of Mr. SCHWAB, the American millionaire, to the effect that "Honesty is the best policy."

* * *

In connection with the food-economy campaign a notable example has been set by the python at the Zoo, who has decided to give up his mid-monthly lunch.

* * *

Among the prisoners recently captured on the Carso is a Major who bears a remarkable likeness to Marshal VON HINDENBURG. The unfortunate Major, it appears, explains that it is no fault of his, being due to a terrible accident he had when a boy.

* * *

A correspondent in *Folk Lore* declares that the hedgehog is, after all, a very lovable animal. We do not profess to be expert, but in any comparison with other animals we imagine that the hedgehog ought to win on points.

* * *

Lord NORTHCLIFFE has informed the Washington Red Cross Committee that the War has only just begun. The United States regard it as a happy coincidence that their entry into the War synchronises with the initial operations.

* * *

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL has issued a recommendation that all eggs sent in parcels to troops should be hard-boiled. Some difficulty has been experienced, it is pointed out, in securing prompt delivery of portions of uncooked eggs that may have escaped from the parcels in which they were confined.

"Two privates in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers," says a news item, "cannot speak a word of English, and their platoon-commander knows no Welsh." Probably the platoon-sergeant knows some words that sound sufficiently like Welsh.

* * *

The question of transport is officially stated to be one of the main difficulties in connection with the beer supply. This however is questioned by many patriotic consumers, who affirm that they are very rarely able to get as much as they can carry.

* * *

The appointment of a Riot Controller for Cork and District is said to be under consideration. Following the Indian Government's precedent as exposed in the Mesopotamia Report, he will conduct his official business from the Isle of Wight.

RUINED RAPTURE.

THROUGH many a busy year of peace
I hoped some day, by way of beano,
To give myself a jaunt in Greece,
Famed land of HOMER (also TINO).
Full oft I dreamed how, blest by Fate,
I 'd loll within some leafy hollow
With Aphrodite *tête-à-tête*
Or barter back-chat with Apollo.

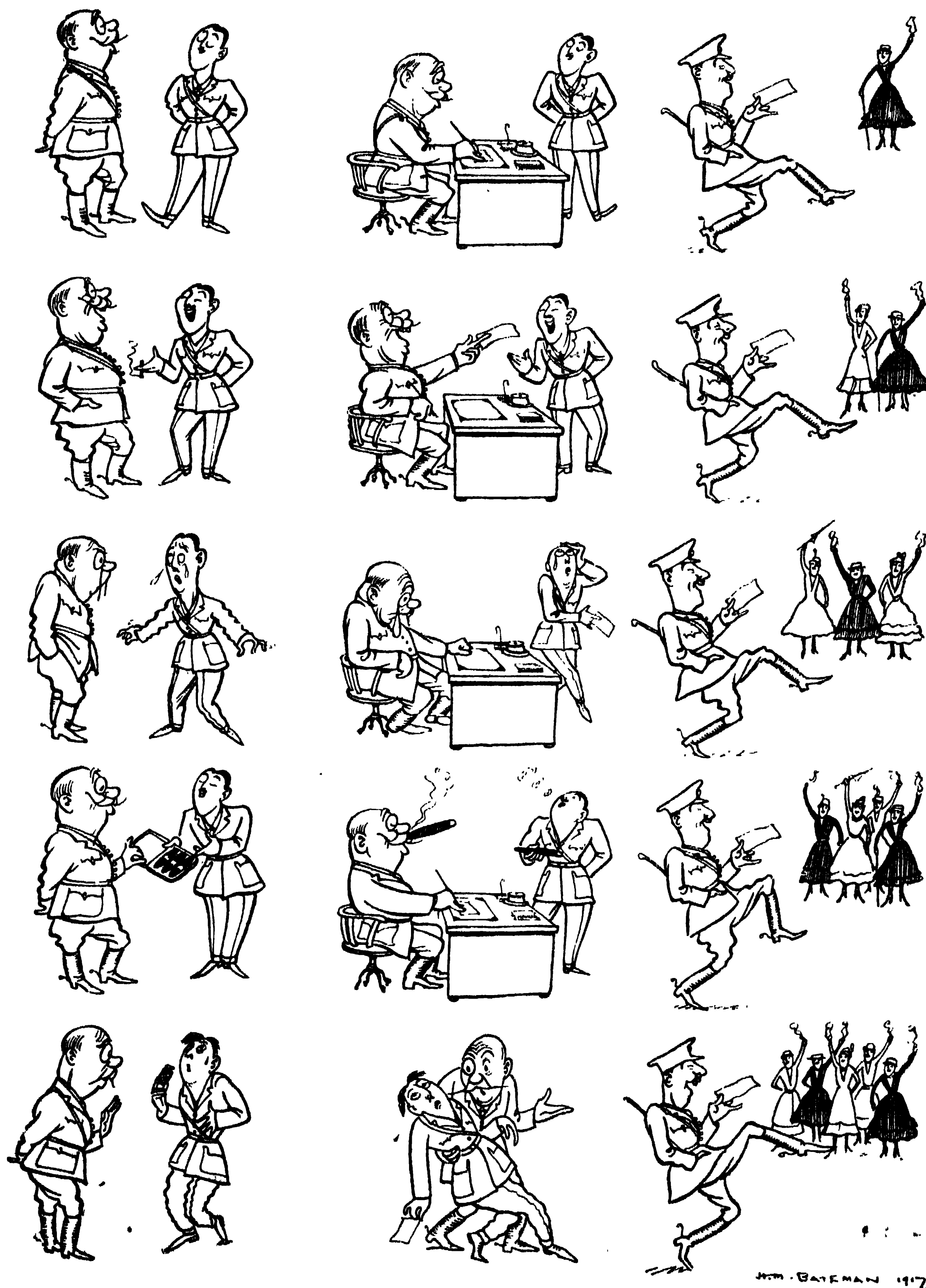
Around Olympus' foot I 'd roam
(Not being really fond of climbing),
Absorb romance and carry home
Increased facility at rhyming;
Those hallowed haunts of many a god
That nowadays we only read of
Would give my Pegasus the prod
He not unseldom stood in need of.

That was in Peace. And then the War
Sent me to learn within a hutment
What martial duties held in store
And what a sergeant-major's "Tut" meant;
Thence to the trenches, thence a rest,
A route-march to a wayside station,
With (every single soldier guessed)
Greece as our "unknown destination."

I saw Olympus wrapped in snow,
The clouds at rest upon its summit,
But did I thrill or long to throw
My hands athwart the lyre and strum it?
Gazing, I felt no soulful throb,
I only felt the body's inner
Cravings and said, "I 'll bet a bob—
It 's bully once again for dinner."

"Ex-King Constantine has bought a magnificent chateau called Chartreuse, situated near Thun Castle. It belonged to Baron von Zadlitz, a German officer, who is now in the field, and has been empty since the beginning of the war."—*Evening Paper.*

Well, he will be able to fill himself up on the proceeds.



THE LEAVE-WANGLER.



Father. "WHAT CLASS DID THEY PUT YOU IN COMING ACROSS?" *Tommy.* "C 6."

HAY FEVER.

THAT is the twenty-seventh time to-day!
What is the use of Nobbs's Nasal Spray?
What use my aunt's "unfailing" recipes?
There *is* no anodyne for this disease—
Thirty, I think! Another hanky, please—
A-tish-oo!

The world is gay; the bee bestrides the rose;
But I blaspheme and madly blow my nose.
For shame, O world! for shame, the heartless bee!
Your sweetest blooms are misery to me;
And as for that condemned acacia-tree—
A-tish-oo!

Oh, could I roam, contented like the sheep,
In sunlit fields where, as it is, I weep;
Oh, to be fashioned like the lower classes,
Who simply revel in the longest grasses,
While I sit lachrymose with coloured glasses—
A-tish-oo!

Fain would I spend my summers high in air;
At least there are no privet-hedges there.
But even then I have no doubt the smell
From slopes celestial of asphodel
Would fill the firmament and give me hell—
A-tish-oo!

They tell me 'tis the man of intellect
The baneful seeds especially affect;
And I that sneeze one million times a year—
I ought to have a notable career,
Though, at the price, an earldom would be dear—
A-tish-oo!

Gladly, indeed, to some less gifted swain
Would I concede my fine but fatal brain,
Could I like him but sniff the jasmine spray
Or couch unmoved within a mile of hay,
And not explode in this exhausting way—
A-tish-oo!

Wanted, a Faith-healer.

DEAR MADAM,—We have received your enquiry for Sergeant ——, and wish to inform you that he was transferred to —— Hospital, suffering from a slightly sceptic toe. Trusting this information may be of some value,

Yours faithfully, ——

"It scarcely seems as if the Premiership of Graf Moritz Esterhazy, with all his Oxford education and the vigour of his thirty-six years, will be able to bruise the serpent's heel."—*Observer.*

The serpent is so beastly cunning; he always sits on it.

"MARRIAGES.—All contemplating Marriage consult Proprietors —— Matrimonial Bureau, Melbourne, opposite Old Cemetery. Specially erected for the purpose."—*The Age (Melbourne).*

This recalls the description of a famous football-ground in Dublin, "conveniently situated between the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital and Glasnevin Cemetery."

"Margaret was clinging to Dick's arm as she walked, looking up adoringly into his handsome, tanned face, with her blue eyes.

A week later Dick led Margaret into Suburban Garden, where he had wooed and won her so long ago.

Dick's voice was very tender as he looked down into two grey eyes."
Manchester Evening Chronicle.

If Margaret is not careful to be a little more consistent she will finish with two black eyes.



THE SAVING OF THE RACE.

["National Baby Week" is being celebrated during the current week. The object of the movement is to educate the Mothers of the Nation in the care of their children's health and their own. Universal sympathy will be felt for a cause to which our heavy losses in the War have given an added urgency. Those who desire to give practical help towards the cost of the scheme will kindly address their gifts to the Hon. Treasurer, National Baby Week Council, 6, Holles Street, Oxford Street, W.1.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 25th.—Mr. LYNCH is beginning to pine for the return of Lord ROBERT CECIL. He does not quite know what to make of Mr. BALFOUR, who politely represses his honest endeavours to elucidate the situation in Greece, and actually declared to-day that the difficulties of the Allies would only be increased by the hon. Member's attempts to deal with them piecemeal. Mr. LYNCH was not entirely done with, however. "Is that reply," he asked in a "got-him-this-time" manner, "given by reason of freedom of choice or ineludible necessity?" "Sir," replied the apologist of philosophic doubt with Johnsonian authority, "questions of freewill and necessity have perplexed mankind for ages."



THE RIVALS.
MR. BRACE. SIR ROBERT HERMAN-HODGE.

The House will be delighted to welcome back to its fold Sir ROBERT HERMAN-HODGE, whose flowing moustaches, once described as "the best definition of infinity," have been, at intervals, its pride and joy for over thirty years. But it will have to wait a while, for—strange lapse on the part of a hero of half-a-dozen contests!—Sir ROBERT had omitted to bring with him the returning-officer's certificate. Lord HALSBURY, delayed by a similar accident on his first appearance in the House forty years ago, systematically turned out the contents of seemingly endless pockets and eventually discovered the missing document in his hat.

At this crisis in Ireland's affairs you might suppose that all good Nationalists would remain in their country, doing their best to make the Convention a success. Mr. DILLON prefers to attack the Government at Westminster, because it proposes to set up a Conference to consider the future composition and powers of the Second Chamber. Was it not, he asked, a breach of privilege to do this without the express consent of the House of Commons? The SPEAKER thought not, and referred his questioner to the preamble of the Parliament Act of 1911, in which such action was distinctly contemplated. Mr. DILLON, thus suddenly transported to the dear dead days before the War, when he was hand-in-glove with the present PRIME MINISTER, considers that Mr. LOWTHER is open to censure for possessing a memory of such indecent length and accuracy.

Tuesday, June 26th.—A gentle creature at ordinary times, Lord STRACHIE has been roused to unexpected ferocity by the German air-raids, and advocates a policy of unmitigated reprisals upon the enemy's cities. Had his appeal been successful he would have been recorded in history as the mildest-mannered man that ever bombed a German baby. But Lord DERBY would have none of it. British aeroplanes—of which, like every nation engaged in the War, we have none too many—shall only be employed in bombing when some distinctly military object is to be achieved.

After much consultation with the military authorities the Government has decided that to issue general warnings on the occasion of an air-raid would tend to do more harm than good; and the LORD MAYOR (*teste* Mr. CATHCART WASON) has announced that he will not ring the great bell of St. Paul's. The DEAN and Chapter, while regretting that Sir WILLIAM DUNN should be deprived of a health-giving exercise, had, as a point of fact, declined to countenance his contemplated invasion of their belfry.



A FIRM CHIN IN ANNIE'S DEFENCE.
COMMANDER WEDGWOOD.

Commander WEDGWOOD, I am sorry to observe, has almost exhausted the store of commonsense that he brought back with him from the trenches at Gallipoli. Otherwise he would hardly have championed the cause of Mrs. ANNIE BESANT, upon whose activities the Government of Madras have imposed certain salutary restrictions. What India wants, I understand, is less Besant and more Rice.

Now that young soldiers are to have votes as a reward for fighting there is logically a strong argument for taking away the franchise from those who have refused to fight. It was well expressed by Mr. RONALD MCNEILL and others, but, apart from the objections urged on high religious grounds by Lord HUGH CECIL, the Government was probably right in resisting the proposal. Parliament made a mistake in ever giving a statutory exemption to the conscientious objector. The most that person could claim was that he should not be called upon to take other people's lives; he had no right to be excused from risking his own. But having deliberately provided a loophole it is hardly fair for Parliament to inflict a penalty upon those who creep through it. And so the House thought, for it rejected the proposal by a two-to-one majority.

Wednesday, June 27th.—There is a general impression that membership of the House of Commons is in itself a sufficient excuse for the avoidance of military service. This, it appears, is erroneous. Only those are exempt whom a Medical Board has declared unfit for general service; and even these, according to Mr. FORSTER, may now be re-examined. This ought to prove a great comfort to certain potential heroes.

Thursday, June 28th.—Mr. JOSEPH KING's chief concern at the moment is to get Lord HARDINGE removed from the Foreign Office, where he suspects him of concocting the devastating answers with which Mr. BALFOUR represses impertinent curiosity. Accordingly he raked up the old story of Lord HARDINGE's letter to Sir G. BUCHANAN, and inquired what action the FOREIGN SECRETARY proposed to take. Mr. BALFOUR proposed to take no action. The letter was a private communication, which would never have been heard of but for its capture by a German submarine. Even Mr. KING's own correspondence, he suggested, could hardly be so dull that everything in it would bear publication.

Mr. KING justly resented this imputation. Dull? Why, only this week



"DOES GOD MAKE LIONS, MOTHER?" "YES, DEAR." "BUT ISN'T HE FRIGHTENED TO?"

his letter-bag brought him news of the great reception accorded in Petrograd to one TROTSKY, on his release from internment; and would the HOME SECRETARY be more careful, please, about interning alien friends without trial? Sir GEORGE CAVE was sorry, but he had never heard of TROTSKY. There was a certain KAUTSKY, who had been interned—by the Germans. Perhaps Mr. KING would address himself to them.

The MINISTER OF MUNITIONS had a good audience for his review of the wonderful work of his department. Who could refuse the chance of listening to ADDISON on Steel? I cannot honestly say that the result of this combination was quite so sparkling as it should have been, for the orator stuck closely to his manuscript and allowed himself few flights of fancy. But the facts spoke for themselves, and the House readily endorsed the verdict already given by Vimy Ridge and Messines.

"You remember that lachrymose elegiac of Tom Moore, The Exile's Lament,
'I 'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side.'"
Canadian Courier.

No, frankly, we don't. But we seem to have a dim recollection that Lady DUFFERIN wrote something very like it.

A RESOLUTION.

I 'LL tell you what I mean to do
When these our wars shall cease to rage:
I 'll go where Summer skies are blue
And Spring enjoys her heritage;
I shall not work for fame or wage,
But wear a large black silk cravat,
A velvet coat that 's grey with age
Beneath a high-crowned broad-brimmed hat.

I 'll journey to some Tuscan town
And rent a palace for a song,
And all the walls I 'll whitewash down
Some day when I am feeling strong;
And there I 'll pass my days among
My books, and, when my reading palls
And Summer days are overlong,
I 'll daub up frescoes on the walls.

The world may go her divers ways
The while I draw or write or smoke,
Happy to live laborious days
There among simple painter folk;
To wed the olive and the oak,
Most patiently to woo the Muse,
And wear a great big Tuscan cloak
To guard against the heavy dews.

Between the olive and the vine
I 'll make heroic mock of Mars,
And drink at even golden wine
Kept cool in terra-cotta jars;
And afterwards harangue the stars
In little gems of fervid speech,
And smoke impossible cigars
Which cost at least three *soldi* each.

Let more ambitious spirits spin
The web of life for weal or woe,
Whilst I above my violin
Shall sit and watch the vale below
All crimson in the afterglow;
And when the patient stars grow bright
I 'll draw across the strings my bow
Till CHOPIN ushers in the night.

Such things as these I mean to do
When Peace once more resumes her sway;
To walk barefooted through the dew
And while the sunlit hours away,
If haply I may find some gay
Conceit to light a sombre mind,
As gracious as a Summer day,
As wayward as an April wind.

A Legitimate Inference.

"FOUND, Brown Dog, very clever begging, great pet, believed property clergyman."
Belfast Evening Telegraph.

"The Mudiriz of the district ordered to arrest the criminals and hand them to the Dilitary Authorities for trial has been able to seize the materials stolen. Enquiry is still going on."—*Egyptian Mail.*

The authorities seem to be living up to their title.

THE TWO MISSING NUMBERS.

A CONTRAST.

I.

MY friend X. is normally the mildest of men. His temper is under perfect control; and in his favourite part of the angels' advocate he finds palliations and makes allowances for all those defections in the servants of the public which goad men to fury and which, since the War came in to supply incompetence with a cloak and a pretext, have been exasperatingly on the increase. Thus, serene and considerate, has X. gone his uncomplaining way for years.

But yesterday I found him on the kerb in the Strand inarticulate and purple with rage. His face was hardly recognisable, so distorted were those ordinarily placid features. His eyes were fixed on a receding taxi.

Fearing that he might be ill I took his arm; but he flung himself free. "Don't touch me," he said; "I can't bear it." Having reached a point in life when tact is second nature, I waited silently near him until the storm should have passed.

His eyes were still fixed. After a short time he recovered sufficiently to turn to me and explain.

"I could have killed that fellow," he said.

"What fellow?"

"That taxi-driver. He went by slowly with his flag up and wouldn't look at me. I hailed him, and I know he heard, but he wouldn't look at me. Now I don't mind when they point, or make any kind of sign that they don't want to be hired, or say that they have no petrol, even if I don't believe it; but when they won't turn their heads or pay any attention whatever I could kill them. And there's such a lot of them like that. I swear," he went on, beginning to go purple again—"I swear that, if I had had a revolver just now, I should have shot him. When one man hails another, the man who is hailed must give some kind of an indication. It's only human. Society would fall to pieces if we all behaved like that chap. It's awful, awful! If I'd only thought of taking his number I'd run him in, and I'd carry it to the House of Lords if necessary. Such men—ugh!"

He broke down, smothered by righteous anger.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed as I was leaving, "if I'd only taken his number!"

II.

The same night a miracle happened. It was very late, and the *débris* of a little charity performance at an assembly-room had to be cleared away. The last guests had gone—in this or that conveyance, or on our best friends in war-time, the feet—and that hunt for a taxi, which has now taken the place of all other sport, was being prosecuted with more or less energy by a policeman, a loafer and two or three amateurs, all of whom returned at intervals while the packing-up was in progress, to say how hopeless the case was and how independent the men had become.

One passing cab I hailed myself, but he did no more than laugh a loud laugh of mere incivility and ironically remark, "Ter-morrer!" signifying, as I understood it, that nothing on earth should interfere with his homeward journey that night, since he had done enough and was tired, but that on the succeeding day, if I still required his services, he was at my disposal.

The various bags and parcels being now all ready, we waited patiently in the hall, and from time to time received reports as to the progress of the chase.

At last, when things seemed really hopeless, a taxi arrived, driven by a young man in spectacles, which were, I am convinced, part of a disguise covering one of the noblest personalities in the land—some Haroun al Raschid, filled with pity for lost Londoners, who is devoting his life to redressing the wrongs inflicted upon poor humanity by taxi tyrants—for he said nothing about having no petrol, nothing about the lateness of the hour, nothing about the direction in which we wished to go, but quietly and efficiently helped to get the things in and on the cab; and then drove swiftly away, and when we got to the other end insisted on carrying some of the bundles up three flights of stairs, and had no objection to make when asked to wait a little longer and go on elsewhere.

All this time I was, I need hardly say, in a dream. Could it be true? Could it?

And when he was at last paid off he said both "Good night" and "Thank you," although it was I in whom gratitude should have thus vocally burned. Perhaps it did; I was too dazed to remember.

How I wish I had taken his number, that all the world might know it and look for it, assured of a gentleman on the box!

III.

So you see there are both kinds of taxi-drivers still—only the bad ones are more difficult to get hold of.



"SMART GIRL, THAT NEW GOVERNESS—GOT ME TO LOOK AT THE TAPESTRY WHILE SHE PINCHED MY BREAD!"

Caveat Emptor.

"LEOPARD for Sale.—A full grown animal, about 6½ feet. Purchaser will have to make his own arrangements for removal."

The Statesman (India).

This species of animal being notoriously unable of its own accord to change its spot.

"There are ninety million tons of tea in bond in the United Kingdom. This is sufficient to supply our needs for about fifteen weeks."

Greenock Telegraph.

May we suggest that our contemporary should spare a few tons for the staffs of other journals?

"One Royal Family Member, who has rendered services to 4 big states as also the Government (and yet in service) and obtained a great deal of experience is entirely willing to accept a respectable post either of a Companion or a Household Controller or A.D.C."

Indian Paper.

Can this be TINO?

"Mr. Herbert Samuel asked if the Government would give an undertaking that nothing would be done to expend public money in this connection before the House had had the opportunity of hiscussing the question?"

Provincial Paper.

Fie, fie, Mr. SAMUEL.

"It is the new magistrates who have broken the ice, and the supporters of both camps are curiously watching to see if they will now find themselves in hot water."—*Liverpool Echo.*

We thought this sort of thing only happened in the geyser-region.

"HOME offered delicate person on small farm; partner pig, poultry, dairy."—*Observer.*

This ought to cure any delicacy he might start with.

TO LORD RHONDDA.

Dear Lord Rhondda,—When you were an unassuming undergraduate at Caius College, spending your leisure-time in an eight- or a pair-oar, and stirring up the muddy shallows of the Cam, as you did to some purpose, I cannot believe that any premonitions of the heights of celebrity to which you would some day attain disturbed your mind. And yet here you are, a survivor from the foul and murderous shattering of the *Lusitania*, a coal-owner, a member of the Government, a peer, and the Food-Controller of a whole nation at war.

Your predecessor, Lord Devonport, had no very happy experience of the post you now hold, and I can well understand that his life during his tenure of it cannot have been a pleasant one. Every crank with an infallible recipe for catching sunbeams in cucumber-frames and turning them into potatoes, or whatever might be the fashionable food at the moment; every grumbler who imagined that every rise in prices must be entirely due to the malignity of men and not to the scarcity of the article; every politician with a grudge to satisfy or an axe to grind—all these pounced upon Lord Devonport as a victim made ready to their hands, and gave him a time which can only be described as a very bad one. Add to this the mistakes almost necessarily made by an office which was entirely new and dealt with unexampled conditions, and it is not on the whole surprising that difficulties were encountered and that the right way for overcoming them was not always taken. Indeed there was or there seemed to be at one time a lively controversy between Lord Devonport and Mr. Prothero about the true meaning of the words *maximum* and *minimum* as applied to prices, and we were left to infer that these Latin monsters are virtually indistinguishable from one another.

However, all that is now over; Lord Rhondda reigns in Lord Devonport's place and can profit by his experience. I don't want to delude you into the belief that all is plain sailing for you. You couldn't be made to believe that if I tried for a month of Sundays, and I don't mean to spend my time to no purpose. But I think the great body of the nation is determined that you shall have fair play and will support you through thick and thin in any policy, no matter how drastic, that you may recommend to their reason and their patriotism. This business of food-controlling is new to us as well as to you, but we are willing to be led, we are even willing to be driven, and we are grateful to you for having engaged your reputation and your skill and your firmness in the task of leading or driving us. And if in the course of your duty you encounter any genuine rascal endeavouring to grind the faces of the poor or to find his own profit in the misery of his fellow-men we look to you to give him short shrift.

I am, my Lord, with all goodwill,
your Lordship's obliged and faithful Servant,

The Gate of Humility.



Officer (having pulled up recruit for not saluting). "Now then, my man, don't they take any notice of officers in your battalion?"

Recruit. "Well, Sir, it ain't that exactly; but I've always been one, as you might say, to keep meself to meself."

"Wanted, Second-hand Invalid's Chair (tired wheels)."—*Kentish Mercury.*

Just the thing for a second-hand invalid; even the wheels show a sympathetic fatigue.

"Delirant Reges."

The Kaiser, prodigal of verbal boons,
Congratulates his brave Bayreuth Dragoons
Upon their prowess, which, he tells them, yields
Joy "to old Fritz up in Elysian fields."
Perhaps; but what if he is down below?
In any case what we should like to know
Is how his modern namesake, Private Fritz,
Enjoys the fun of being blown to bits
Because his Emperor has lost his wits.

One of the "Illuminate."

"Unfurnished room wanted by elderly lady with gas connections."
Montreal Daily Star.

AT THE PLAY.

The Royalty Triple Bill.

First a quite charming and, what is not so usual, a quite intelligible fantasy in mime—*The Magic Pipe:* Pierrot, faithless mistress, despair, sympathetic friend, adoring midinette, and so on. But Mr. Jules Delacre, who played his own part, *Pierrot*, with a fine sincerity and a sense of the great tradition in this *genre*, got his effect across to us with an admirable directness. Miss Phyllis Pinson looking charming in a mid-Victorian Latin-Quarterly sort of way (which is a very nice way), danced seriously, fantastically, delightfully, and with quite astonishing command of her technique—the sort of thing that nine infallible managers out of ten who know what the public wants would condemn out of hand as impossible. The intelligent tenth must have been consoled by the enthusiastic applause which greeted the little piece. I have a fancy that mime would go far to restore sanity and tradition to the English stage, and every creditable essay in a delightful art deserves the fullest support.

It is amusing to see our solemn Mr. John Galsworthy in labour for three Acts over a rude joke. I frankly confess I enjoyed the joke. Cisterns (its theme) have no terrors for me even in mixed company. But the joke was not the really serious thing about *The Foundations*, a play that starts (some years hence) with a mob of starving people yelling outside the house—dear, stupid, kindly *Lord William Dromondy's* house. *Lord William* was a god of an infantry captain in the great War, and his four footmen—particularly *James*, the first of them—though revolutionaries at heart, are ready to stand between their master and any other revolutionaries in London town. Well, a bomb is found in the foundations of *Lord William's* Park Lane palace, and explodes to embarrassed laughter of shocked stall-holders in the Third Act.

The plot's nothing, and the main joke, as I say, nothing to get excited over. But the whole effect of the tremendous trifle, admirably cast as it was, was diverting in the extreme.

Of course it is like our Mr. Galsworthy to assume that things will be as black as ever a few years hence. 'Tis, no doubt, what encourages us to keep our end up in the great War. But we know the customs of leopards, and can forgive our pessimist for his creations (for all the world as if he were a milliner) of *Poulder*, *Lord William's* butler, rounded pillar of the eternal old order of things; of *James*, revolutionary but faithful (of course *James* never would in fact have kept this absurd job); of a light yellow pressman; of a feckless, torrentially eloquent plumber, whose solution of the class war was loving-kindness and the letting of the blood of all who were not kind.

Mr. Eadie was a beloved vagabond of a plumber doing a fine part on his head, as is his way nowadays. But the thing is so good that it is perhaps ungracious to remind him he could make it better. Mr. Sidney Paxton's triumph with *Poulder* was his admirable restraint — rarest of accomplishments among comic stage butlers. The effect of everything was heightened by this excellent economy. It was a lesson in artistic reticence. An even more notable feat in the same kind was *The Press* of Mr. Lawrence Hanray. Obviously he could have collected a good deal more of the laughter of the house if he had played less subtly. I should put it as quite the best piece of playing in a well-played piece. Mr. Dawson Milward has made a deserved reputation as the strong silly ass. He sustained it—with something in hand. Mr. Stephen Ewart's *James* was a quite excellent performance, not very coherent and consistent in conception on the author's part, perhaps, and on that account all the more difficult. Miss Esmé Hubbard gave us pathos skilfully reserved in her clever study of an old, old countrywoman turned trousers-maker; and little Dinka Starace showed quite astonishing aptitude (or the most wonderful training) in the part of her granddaughter. Miss Babs Farren also did well with her rather intrusive part of *Lord William's* daughter.



The Press (Mr. Lawrence Hanray) invites The Nobility (Mr. Dawson Milward) to give its views on things in general.

Box B, by Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, was just a gay trifle to send us home easy-minded to bed. *Bobby Stroud*, Zepp-strafer, kisses a pretty (oh, ever such a pretty!) widow by mistake. And continues by arrangement. Miss Iris Hoey was really perfectly irresistible—something ought to be done about it. She would have reduced the whole Flying Corps to dereliction of duty. Mr. Frank Bayly had just that air of awkward modesty which is so much more effective than plain swank as an advertisement of gallantry, and Miss Muriel Pope played a programme-girl with all the skill that an artist thinks is worth putting into little things.

The best evening that I've had in the stalls since the War began ever so long ago. T.

THERE USED TO BE—

There used to be fairies in Germany—
I know, for I've seen them there
In a great cool wood where the tall trees stood
With their heads high up in the air;
They scrambled about in the forest
And nobody seemed to mind;
They were dear little things (tho' they didn't have wings)
And they smiled and their eyes were kind.

What, and oh what were they doing
To let things happen like this?
How could it be? And didn't they see
That folk were going amiss?
Were they too busy playing,
Or can they perhaps have slept,
That never they heard an ominous word
That stealthily crept and crept?

There used to be fairies in Germany—
The children will look for them still;
They will search all about till the sunlight slips out
And the trees stand frowning and chill.
"The flowers," they will say, "have all vanished,
And where can the fairies be fled
That played in the fern?"—The flowers will return,
But I fear that the fairies are dead.

The Kaiser Lands in England.

"A disturbance of rates (when it tends to raise them) is never popular. Father Barry remarked yesterday that Mr. Underhill, as chairman of the Assessment Committee, was the most unpopular man in Plymouth except one, and the other one was the Kaiser."

Western Daily Mercury.

Letter addressed to local Tribunal:—

"Dear Sirs,—The reason for my exemption has been removed and I shall be glad to join your army if there is still a vacancy."



Lady (to doctor, who has volunteered to treat her pet). "AND IF YOU FIND YOU CAN'T CURE HIM, DOCTOR, WILL YOU PLEASE OUT OF PAIN? AND OF COURSE YOU MUST CHARGE ME JUST AS FOR AN ORDINARY PATIENT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I SHOULD like to commend with extraordinarily little reserve Mr. FIELDING-HALL'S *The Way of Peace* (HURST AND BLACKETT) to the kind of reader that is drawing plans in his head for a New England. No wonder that in these great days the impatient idealist rushes forth with his bag of dreams. The author of *The Soul of a People* is extreme but sane—an extremist in common sense, say. He stakes on the fact of human solidarity as the cure for the bitternesses and crookednesses of politics; declares life and men to be good, not evil (how right he is!); wants an England rescued from the Puritans on the one hand and the mere musical comedians on the other; an England chaste because freer, less ignorant; good beer in easeful inns; the village or township as the unit of government and of fellowship; a return to music and the dance, not as a plasmon fed high-brow proposition but as the natural expression of a joy of life returned; a clear fount of honour; a representative House of Commons; justice, respect, common sense and responsibility instead of charity; some place other than the streets for our young men and maidens to make love in; a recognition of crime as mainly a social, not an individual, disease; a law simplified and scales of justice not weighted against the poor; and a host of other good and wise and nearly possible things. Here is not the barren politics of manipulation but an ideal of living citizenship. I commend it to all believers in new days and all honourable dis-gruntlers; not perhaps as a programme but as a tonic.

Do not, please, run away with the idea that *The Nursery* (HEINEMANN) presents us with Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' views on baby culture. The background of his story, the scenes of which are laid in and around Colchester a year or so ago, is composed of gardens and oyster-beds. On these he gives a lot of information, and, as he could not be pedantic even if he tried to be, I browsed pleasantly upon the store of knowledge set before me. Also I liked the restraint he shows in dealing with the War, and commend his exemplary method to some of our more blatant novelists. When, however, I came to the inhabitants of *The Nursery* I failed to find in them that rare and delightful quality with which Mr. PHILLPOTTS usually succeeds in endowing his characters. Readers of his novels must know by this time that he is not exactly in love with *Mrs. Grundy*, but here he seems to be insurgent against something, and for the life of me I don't know quite what it is. Perhaps it is insincerity, which is a very good thing to be in rebellion against. There is one very amusing and delightful character, a bibulous old sinner who defied law and order and almost at the last gasp ladled out what he considered justice in a most dramatic manner. His name is *William Ambrose*, and it is worth your while to make his disreputable acquaintance.

One fact at once awakened in me a fellow-feeling for Mr. BERTRAM SMITH—the discovery of his appreciation (shared by myself, the elder STEVENSON, and other persons of discernment) for the romantic possibilities of the map. There is an excellent map in the beginning of *Days of Discovery* (CONSTABLE), showing the peculiar domain of childhood, the garden, in terms that will hardly fail to win your sympathy. But not in this alone does Mr. SMITH show that he has the heart of the matter in him; every page of these reminiscences of nursery life proclaims a genuine memory, not a make-believe childhood faked up for literary ends. Who that has once been young can read unstirred by envy the chapter on "Devices and Contriv-

ances," with its entrancing triumph of the chain of mirrors arranged (during the providential absence of those in authority) from the night nursery, down two flights of stairs, to the store-room in the basement? I know a reviewer whom nothing but moral cowardice restrained from testing the possibility of this delightful plan by personal experiment. Fireworks too—Mr. Smith has remembered them with a proper regard that is, of course, wholly different from that of those who understand them only in their pyrotechnic aspect, not as objects loved for themselves alone, for their shape and feel, and the glamour of weeks of hoarding and barter. In short, a real nursery book for the study; not one perhaps that actual children would care for (quite possibly they might resent it as betrayal), but one that for the less fortunate will reopen a door of which too many of us have long lost the key.

What I found strangest in the *Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis* (Murray) is that it is a story, or rather series of stories, about rogues, in which trickery is invariably vanquished—a refreshing contrast to the methods of most of our romanticists, who are given to a certain courtier-like attitude towards the law-breaker. Certainly that various artist, Mr. Roland Pertwee, has contrived to put together a highly entertaining collection of diamond-cut-diamond yarns, adventure tales that have the great advantage (for these days) of being concerned, not with bloodshed and mysterious murders, but with the wiles of dealers in the spurious antique and the exploits of *Lord Louis* in defeating them. This *Lord Louis* is indeed a very pleasant as well as a very ingenious gentleman. From the rotundity of his conversational periods and a certain general suavity of demeanour I suspect him of having made a careful study of the methods of his distinguished predecessor in rogue-reducing, *Prince Florizel of Bohemia*. But he is, of course, none the worse company for that. Once, however, he shocked me badly, when, in perusing an eighteenth-century MS., he - I can hardly bring myself to quote the passage! —he "moistened his finger and turned over three pages." And this of a nobleman and a connoisseur! Oh, Mr. Pertwee! Having said so much, it is only fair that I should call your special attention to one of the stories, "The House in Bath," an exquisite little gem of considerably higher art than is usually associated with such "Exploits of the Event."



Angry Customer (who has been induced by an advertisement to purchase a portrait enlargement). "Your advertisement says, 'Money returned if not satisfied.' I'm *not* satisfied, and I want my money back."

The Eureka Portrait Company (placidly). "I'm sorry you don't like it, Madam; but if you will read the advertisement carefully you will note that it does not specify *who* is to be satisfied—and I assure you I *am*."

You might perhaps allow yourself to be put off by such a title as *Home Truths about the War* (Allen), because it, or something like it, has so often been used as the preliminary to alarming or disagreeable statements that we have grown excusably suspicious. But to avoid on this account the letters that the Rev. Hugh Chapman has here brought together would be to miss a very original and inspiring little book. Let me say at once that Mr. Chapman (whom you may know as the energetic and popular chaplain of the Savoy; also as already, under a pseudonym, an author) has deliberately essayed the impossible. Self-revelation, especially in letters, can hardly ever be made convincing. But putting this on one side, and accepting these, not as the letters that would be written from one man to another, but rather (to speak without irreverence) such as the human heart might address to its Creator, you will find them full of interest and encouragement. All sorts and conditions of men and women are here shown, in their varied reaction to the great acid that for these three years past has been biting into the life of the world. The priest, the actor, the profiteer, the society-woman, even the conscientious objector, are all touched lightly, tactfully, and with a kindly humour that saves the book from its very obvious danger of becoming pedantic. In his brief preface Mr. Chapman has crystallised very happily into a couple of words his ideal for the British attitude towards the War—buoyant sternness. It is the reflection of that quality in its pages that gives this little book its tonic value.

Mr. Arnold Wright's main work in *Early English Adventurers in the East* (Melrose) has been that of making good. Most of us know something, at any rate, of the men who brought our Eastern Empire into actual existence, but I tell myself hopefully that my ignorance of those daring pioneers, whom Mr. Wright describes as humble adventurers of the seventeenth century, is not exceptional. It has now been satisfactorily removed, and, after reading this excellently written history of stirring deeds, I must believe that even men of learning will thank him for rescuing many good names from the oblivion which threatened them. And Mr. Wright is not only to be congratulated on this act of salvage, but also on the admirable way in which he has performed it. A restrained style and a temperate judgment are equally at his command. I cannot better commend his book to Imperialists than by saying that all Little Englanders will detest it.

On internal evidence I had set down *Root and Branch* (Allen and Unwin), by R. Allatini, as the very clever first book of a very clever and observant writer of the (alleged) weaker sex. But I find the title-page gives two previous novels to her pen—I still guess a woman's hand. And I by no means withdraw the "clever." The characterisation of the various members of the *Arenski* family—the branches are better done than the root, old *Paul Arenski, K.C.*, idealist and orator—is uncannily good. There's wit and humour and diversity of gifts. What suggested the "first book" idea was an uncertainty of method, a hesitation between the new realism and the older romanticism. In both moods the author is successful, but the joints show something clumsily. This, however, is technical merely. I commend the book to all who are interested, approvingly or critically, in the Jew. A dramatic theme runs through the book, the ethical question as to whether a man may be justified in killing, at her passionate request, a woman dearly loved who is slowly dying of a terrible disease.

CHARIVARIA.

"IT is more dangerous to be a baby in London than a soldier in France," said Mrs. H. B. IRVING at the National Baby Week Exhibition. The same disability—namely, middle-age—has prevented us from taking up either of these perilous *rôles.*

* * *

L.C.C. tram-tickets, says a news item, are now thinner. Other means of increasing the space available for passengers are also under consideration.

* * *

Over one thousand penny dreadfuls were found in the possession of a boy of sixteen who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for theft. The commonplace nature of the sentence has disgusted the lad.

* * *

The report that Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN had signed a contract to serve in the British Army at 1*s*. 1*d*. a day is denied.

* * *

As an outcome of Baby Week the Anti-Comforter League has been formed. The suggestion that Mr. HOGGE, M.P., would make an admirable first President has not been followed up.

* * *

Humanitarians who have been urging the Government not to stain its hands with the more painful forms of reprisal, have received a nasty shock. A German spy has been arrested in London!

* * *

The rubber cushions of billiard tables are now being taken by the German military authorities. Meanwhile the enemy Press continues to take its cue from HINDENBURG.

* * *

A notorious Petrograd anarchist is reported to be ill, and has been ordered to take a complete rest by his doctor. He has therefore decided not to throw any bombs for awhile at least.

* * *

Further evidence of the Eastern talent for adopting Western ideas and improving on them comes from China, where the EX-EMPEROR HSUAN TUNG has celebrated Baby Week by issuing a decree announcing his return to the Throne.

* * *

"The only plumber, electrician, hot-water-fitter, gas-fitter, bell-hanger, zinc-worker, blacksmith and locksmith we have left"—such was an employer's description of a C 1 workman. We understand that the War Office will mobilise him as a special corps as soon as they can think of a sufficiently comprehensive title for him.

* * *

Several milkmen have reduced their prices from sixpence to fivepence. Other good results from the timely rains are expected.

* * *

A miner, fined one pound for wasting bread, was said to have thrown his dinner—a mutton chop, onion sauce, and two slices of bread—on the fire because he could not have potatoes. There is a strong feeling that the Censor should prohibit publication of these glaring cases of hardship on the ground that they are likely to encourage the Germans to prolong the War.



THE FOP.

Looker-on. "WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE NEXT, CLARENCE—ELECTRIC SHAMPOO OR FACE MANICURED?"

* * *

Large quantities of food have been carried off by a burglar from several houses in the Heathfield district. Knowing our War bread, we are confident that it did not give in without a struggle.

* * *

We are sorry to find *The Globe* making playful reference to the many postponements of certain music-hall revues. Mr. Justice DARLING will agree that these things cannot be postponed too often.

* * *

"How can I distinguish poisonous from edible fungi?" asks a correspondent of *The Daily Mail.* The most satisfactory test is to look for them. If you find them they are likely to be poisonous. If they have been already gathered they were probably edible.

* * *

It is now admitted that the conscientious objectors undergoing sentence at Dartmoor are allowed to have week-ends occasionally. This concession, it appears, had to be granted as several of them threatened to leave the place.

* * *

The pessimists who maintain that this will be a long war are feeling pretty cheap just now. An American scientific journal declares that the world can only last another fifteen million years.

* * *

Roughly speaking, says a weekly paper, there is a policeman for every sixteen square miles. This gives them plenty of room to turn round in.

* * *

It is reported that ex-KING CONSTANTINE is to receive £20,000 a year unemployment benefit.

* * *

We have heard so little of the Hidden Hand this past week or so that we are tempted to ask whether it is suffering from writer's cramp.

* * *

It is reported that three large jam factories have been commandeered by the Military. A soldier writes to ask whether it is proposed to include jam in the list of field punishments.

* * *

"Justices cannot guarantee results to litigants in advance," said the Willesden magistrate recently. Not without trespassing on the privileges of the Bar.

* * *

As a demonstration of allegiance to their country's cause the Apaches of Northern America are to hold a great "Devil Dance" in Arizona. It only needed this to convince us that all was well with America.

* * *

A flask of wine of the year A.D. 17, found in a Roman tomb in Bavaria, is said to be the oldest extant vintage. It antedates Sir FREDERICK BANBURY'S

"MRS. ——, who has just entered her 192nd year, reads without glasses, writes to her grandchildren fighting abroad, and knits articles for King George's Military Hospital."
Daily Express (Dublin).

Those grandchildren must be getting a little old for active service.

TINO IN EXILE.

[As indicated on another page, TINO's actual opinion of his Imperial brother-in-law is probably not too amiable; but it has to be disguised in his letters, which are liable to be censored by his wife.]

THANK you, dear WILLIAM, I am fairly well.
The climate suits me and the simple life—
No diplomats to spoil the scenery's spell,
And only faintest echoes of the strife;
The Alps are mirrored in a lake of blue;
Over my straw-crowned poll the blue skies laugh;
A waterfall (no charge) completes a view
Equal to any German oleograph.

There are no bugle blares to make me jump,
But just the jodler calling to his kine;
A few good Teuton toadies, loud and plump,
More than suffice me in the *levée* line,
And, when poor ALEXANDER, there in Greece,
Writes of your "agents" rounded up and sacked,
I am content with privacy and peace,
Having, at worst, retained my head intact.

SOPHIE and I have thought of you a lot
(We have so very few distractions here,
We chat about the weather, which is hot,
And then we turn to talk of your career);
For rumour says this bloody war will last
Until the Hohenzollerns get the boot;
And through my brain the bright idea has passed
That you had better do an early scoot.

Were it not wise, dear WILLIAM, ere the day
When Revolution goes for crowns and things,
To cut your loss betimes and come this way
And start a coterie of Exiled Kings?
You might (the choice of safe retreats is poor)
Do worse than join me in this happy land,
And spend your last phase, careless, if obscure,
With your devoted TINO hand-in-hand. O. S.

MONSIEUR JOSEPH.

ON the day that I left hospital, with a month's sick leave in hand, I went to dine at my favourite Soho restaurant, the Mazarin, which I always liked because it provided an excellent meal for an extremely modest sum. But this evening my steps turned towards the old place because I wanted a word with Monsieur Joseph, the head-waiter.

I found him the same genial soul as ever, though a shade stouter perhaps and greyer at the temples, and I flatter myself that it was with a smile of genuine pleasure that he led me to my old table in a corner of the room.

When the crowd of diners had thinned he came to me for a chat.

"It is indeed a pleasure to see M'sieur after so long a time," said he, "for, alas, there are so many others of our old clients who will not ever return."

I told him that I too was glad to be sitting in the comparative quiet of the Mazarin, and asked him how he fared.

Joseph smiled. "I 'ave a surprise for M'sieur," he said —"yes, a great surprise. There are ten, fifteen years that I work in thees place, and in four more weeks *le patron* will retire and I become the proprietor. Oh, it is beeutiful," he continued, clasping his hands rapturously, "to think that in so leetle time I, who came to London a poor waiter, shall be *patron* of one of its finest restaurants."

I offered him my warmest congratulations. If ever a man deserved success it was he, and it was good to see the look of pleasure on his face as I told him so.

"And now," said I presently, "I also have a surprise for you, Joseph."

He laughed. "Eh b'en, M'sieur, it is your turn to take my breath away."

"My last billet in France, before being wounded," I told him, "was in a Picardy village called Fléchinelle."

He raised his hands. "Mon Dieu," he cried, "it is my own village!"

"More than that," I continued, "for nearly six weeks I lodged just behind the church, in a whitewashed cottage with a stock of oranges, pipes and boot laces for sale in the window."

"It is my mother's shop!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

I nodded my head, and then proceeded to give him the hundred-and-one messages that I had received from the little old lady as soon as she discovered that I knew her son.

"It is so long since I 'ave seen 'er," said Monsieur Joseph, blowing his nose violently. "So 'ard I work in London these ten, fifteen years that only once have I gone 'ome since my father died."

Then I told him how bent and old his mother was, and how lonesome she had seemed all by herself in the cottage, and as I spoke of the shop which she still kept going in her front-room the tears fairly rained down his face.

"But, M'sieur," said he, "that which you tell me is indeed strange; for those letters which she writes to me week by week are always gay, and it 'as seemed to me that my mother was well content."

Then he struck his fist on the table. "I 'ave it," he said. "She shall come to live 'ere with me in Londres. All that she desires shall be 'ers, for am I not a rich man?"

I shook my head. "She would never leave her village now," I told him. "And I know well that she desires nothing in the world except to see you again."

Then as I rose to go, "Good night, M'sieur," said Joseph a little sadly. "Be very sure that there is always a welcome for you 'ere."

The next time that I dined at the Mazarin was some four weeks later, on the eve of my return to the Front. A strange waiter showed me to my place, and Joseph was nowhere to be seen. Indeed a wholly different air seemed to pervade the place since my last visit. Presently I beckoned to a waiter whom I recognised as having served under the old *régime*. "Where is Monsieur Joseph?" I asked him.

"Where indeed, Sir!" the man replied. "It is all so strange. One day it is arranged that he shall take over the restaurant and its staff, and on the next he come to say 'Good-bye' to us all, and then leave for France. Oh, it is *drôle*. So good a business man to lose the chance that comes once only in a life! He is too old to fight. Yet who knows? Maybe he heard of something better out there . . ."

As the man spoke the gold-and-white walls of the restaurant faded, the clatter of plates and dishes died away, and I was back again in a tiny village shop in Picardy. Across the counter, packed with its curious stock, I saw Monsieur Joseph, with shirt-sleeves rolled up, gravely handing a stick of chocolate to a child, and taking its sou in return. In the diminutive kitchen behind sat a little white-haired old lady with such a look of content on her face as I have rarely seen.

Then suddenly I found myself back again in the London restaurant.

"Yes," I said to the waiter, "it is possible, as you say, that Monsieur Joseph heard of something better in France."

And raising my glass I drank a silent toast.



THE TUBER'S REPARTEE.

German Pirate. "GOTT STRAFE ENGLAND!"
British Potato. "TUBER ÜBER ALLES!"



Crowd. "Would yer like to go to horspital?"—"Shall I get yer a drop of brandy?"—"Did yer slip on the banana-peel?" "Did yer fall?"—"Are yer hurt, Sir?"—"Shall I fetch a doctor?"—"Is that your hat, Sir?"

Ex-Cabinet Minister. "The answers to one, two, five and six are in the negative; to three, four and seven in the affirmative."

THE MUD LARKS.

You have all seen it in the latest V.C. list—"The Reverend Paul Grayne, Chaplain to the Forces, for conspicuous bravery and gallant example in the face of desperate circumstances."

You have all pictured him, the beau-ideal of muscular Christian, the Fighting Parson, eighteen hands high, terrific in wind and limb, with a golden mane and a Greek profile; a Pekinese in the drawing-room, a bull-dog in the arena; a soupçon of Saint Francis with a dash of John L. Sullivan—and all that.

But we who have met heroes know that they are very seldom of the type which achieves the immortality of the picture post-card.

The stalwart with pearly teeth, lilac eyes and curly lashes is C3 at Lloyd's (Sir Francis), and may be heard twice daily at the Frivolity singing, "My Goo-goo Girl from Honolulu" to entranced flappers; while the lad who has Fritzie D. Hun backed on the ropes, clinching for time, is usually gifted with bow legs, freckles, a dented proboscis and a coiffure after the manner of a wire-haired terrier.

The Reverend Paul Grayne, V.C., sometime curate of Thorpington Parva, in the county of Hampshire, was no exception to this rule. Æsthetically he was a blot on the landscape; among all the heroes I have met I never saw anything less heroically moulded.

He stood about five feet nought and tipped the beam at seven stone nothing. He had a mild chinless face and his long beaky nose, round large spectacles, and trick of cocking his head sideways when conversing, gave him the appearance of an intelligent little dicky-bird.

I remember very well the occasion of our first meeting. I was in my troop lines one afternoon, blackguarding a farrier, when a loud nicker sounded on the road and a black cob, bearing a feebly protesting padre upon his fat back, trotted through the gate, up to the lines and began to swop How d'y' do's with my hairies. The little Padre cocked his head on one side and oozed apologies from every pore.

He hadn't meant to intrude, he twittered; Peter had brought him; it was Peter's fault; Peter was very eccentric.

Peter, I gathered, was the fat cob, who by this time had butted into the lines and was tearing at a hay net as if he hadn't had a meal for years.

His alleged master looked at me hopeless, helpless. What was he to do? "Well, since Peter is evidently stopping to tea with my horses," said I, "the only thing you can do is to come to tea with us." So I lifted him down and bore him off to the cow-shed inhabited by our mess at the time and regaled him on chlorinated Mazawattee, marmalade and dog biscuit. An hour later, Peter willing, he left us.

We saw a lot of the Padre after that. Peter, it appeared, had taken quite a fancy to us and frequently brought him round to meals. The Padre had no word of say in the matter. He confessed that, when he embarked upon Peter in the morning, he had not the vaguest idea where mid-day would find him. Nothing but the black cob's fortunate rule of going home to supper saved the Padre from being posted as a deserter.

He had an uneasy feeling that Peter would one day suddenly sicken of the war and that he would find himself in Paris or on the Riviera. We had an uneasy feeling that Peter would one day develop a curiosity as to the Bosch horse rations, and stroll across the line, and we should lose the Padre, a thing we could ill afford to do, for by this time

he had taken us under his wing spiritually and bodily. On Sundays he would appear in our midst dragging a folding harmonium and hold Church Parade, leading the hymns in his twittering bird-like voice.

Then the spinster ladies of his old parish of Thorpington Parva gave him a Ford car, and with this he scoured back areas for provisions and threaded his tin buggy in and out of columns of dusty infantry and clattering ammunition limbers, spectacles gleaming, cap slightly awry, while his batman (a wag) perched precariously a-top of a rocking pile of biscuit tins, cigarette cases and boxes of tinned fruit, and shouted after the fashion of railway porters, "By your leave! Fags for the firin' line. Way for the Woodbine Express."

But if we saw a lot of the Padre it was the Antrims who looked upon him as their special property. They were line infantry, of the type which gets most of the work and none of the Press notices, a hard-bitten, unregenerate crowd, who cared not a whit whether Belgium bled or not, but loved fighting for its own sake and put their faith in bayonet and butt. And wherever these Antrims went thither went the Padre also, his harmonium and his Woodbines. I have a story that, when they were in a certain part of the line where the trenches were only thirty yards apart (so close indeed that the opposing forces greeted each other by their first names and borrowed one another's wiring tools), the Padre dragged the harmonium into the front line and held service there, and the Germans over the way joined lustily in the hymns. He kept the men of the Antrims going on canteen delicacies and their officers in a constant bubble of joy. He swallowed their tall stories without a gulp; they pulled one leg and he offered the other; he fell headlong into every silly trap they set for him. Also they achieved merit in other messes by peddling yarns of his wonderful innocence and his incredible absent-mindedness.

"Came to me yesterday, the Dicky Bird did," one of them would relate; "wanted advice about that fat fraud of his, Peter. 'He's got an abrasion on the knob of his right-hand front paw,' says he. 'Dicky Bird,' says I, 'that is no way to describe the anatomy of a horse after all the teaching I've given you.' 'I am so forgetful and horsey terms are so confusing,' he moans. 'Oh, I recollect now—his starboard ankle!' The dear babe!"

In the course of time the Antrims went into the Push, but on this occasion they refused to take the Padre with them, explaining that Pushes were noisy affairs with messy accidents happening in even the best regulated battalions.



Old Lady. "AND WHAT REGIMENT ARE YOU IN?"

The Sub. "7TH BLANKSHIRES. BUT I'M ATTACHED TO THE 9TH WESSEX."

Old Lady. "REALLY! NOW *DO* TELL ME WHY OFFICERS GET SO FOND OF REGIMENTS WHICH AREN'T THEIR OWN."

The Padre was up at midnight to see them go, his spectacles misty. They went over the bags at dawn, reached their objective in twenty minutes and scratched themselves in. The Padre rejoined them ten minutes later, very badly winded, but bringing a case of Woodbines along with him.

My friend Patrick grabbed him by the leg and dragged him into a shell-hole. Nothing but an inherent respect for his cloth restrained Patrick from giving the Dicky Bird the spanking of his life. At 8 A.M. the Hun countered heavily and hove the Antrims out. Patrick retreated in good order, leading the Padre by an ear. The Antrims sat down, licked their cuts, puffed some of the Woodbines, then went back and pitchforked the Bosch in his tender spots. The Bosch collected fresh help and bobbed up again. Business continued brisk all day, and when night fell the Antrims were left masters of the position.

At 1 A.M. they were relieved by the Rutland Rifles, and a dog-weary battered remnant of the battalion crawled back to camp in a sunken road a mile in the rear. One or two found bivouacs left by the Rutlands, but the majority dropped where they halted. My friend Patrick found a bivouac, wormed into

it and went to sleep. The next thing he remembers was the roof of his abode caving in with the weight of two men struggling violently. Patrick extricated himself somehow and rolled out into the grey dawn to find the sunken road filled with grey figures, in among the bivouacs and shell holes, stabbing at the sleeping Antrims. Here and there men were locked together, struggling tooth and claw; the air was vibrant with a ghastly pandemonium of grunts and shrieks; the sunken road ran like a slaughter-house gutter. There was only one thing to do, and that was to get out, so Patrick did so, driving before him what men he could collect.

A man staggered past him, blowing like a walrus. It was the Padre's batman, and he had his master tucked under one arm, in his underclothes, kicking feebly.

Patrick halted his men beyond the hill crest, and there the Colonel joined him, trotting on his stockinged feet. Other officers arrived, herding men. "They must have rushed the Ruts., Sir," Patrick panted; "must be after those guns just behind us." "They'll get 'em too," said the Colonel grimly. "We can't stop 'em," said the Senior Captain. "If we counter at once we might give the Loamshires time to come up—they're in support, Sir—but—but, if they attack us, they'll get those guns—run right over us."

The Colonel nodded. "Man, I know, I know; but look at 'em"—he pointed to the pathetic remnant of his battalion lying out behind the crest—"they're dropping asleep where they lie—they're beat to a finish—not another kick left in 'em."

He sat down and buried his face in his hands. The redoubtable Antrims had come to the end.

Suddenly came a shout from the Senior Captain, "Good Lord, what's that fellow after? Who the devil is it?"

They all turned and saw a tiny figure, clad only in underclothes, marching deliberately over the ridge towards the Germans.

"Who is it?" the Colonel repeated. "Beggin' your pardon, the Reverend, Sir," said the Padre's batman as he strode past the group of officers. "'E give me the slip, Sir. Gawd knows wot 'e's up to now." He lifted up his voice and wailed after his master, "'Ere, you come back this minute, Sir. You'll get yourself in trouble again. Do you 'ear me, Sir?" But the Padre apparently did not hear him, for he plodded steadily on his way. The batman gave a sob of despair and broke into a double.

The Colonel sprang to his feet, "Hey, stop him, somebody! Those swine'll shoot him in a second—child murder!"

Two subalterns ran forward, followed by a trio of N.C.O.'s. All along the line men lifted their weary heads from the ground and saw the tiny figure on the ridge silhouetted against the red east.

"Oo's that blinkin' fool?"

"The Padre."

"Wot's 'e doin' of?"

"Gawd knows."

A man rose to his knees, from his knees to his feet, and stumbled forward, mumbling, "'E give me a packet of fags when I was broke." "Me too," growled another, and followed his chum. "They'll shoot 'im in a minute," a voice shouted, suddenly frightened. "'Ere, this ain't war, this is blasted baby-killin'."

In another five seconds the whole line was up and jogging forward at a lurching double. "And a little child shall lead them," murmured the Colonel happily, as he put his best foot forwards; a miracle had happened, and his dear ruffians would go down in glory.

But as they topped the hill crest came the shrill of a whistle from the opposite ridge, and there was half a battalion of the Rutlands back-casting for the enemy that had broken through their posts. With wild yells both parties charged downwards into the sunken road.

When the tumult and shouting had died Patrick went in quest of the little Padre.

He discovered him sitting on the wreck of his bivouac of the night; he was clasping some small article to his bosom, and the look in his face was that of a man who had found his heart's desire.

Patrick sat himself down on a box of bombs, and looked humbly at the Reverend Paul. It is an awful thing for a man suddenly to find he has been entertaining a hero unawares.

"Oh, Dicky Bird, Dicky Bird, why did you do it?" he inquired softly.

The Padre cocked his head on one side and commenced to ooze apologies from every pore.

"Oh dear—you know how absurdly absent-minded I am; well, I suddenly remembered I had left my teeth behind."

PATLANDER.

"At Nottingham on Saturday the damages ranging from £7 10s. to £3 were ordered to be paid by a number of miners for absenteeism. It was stated that, although absolved from military obligations by reason of their occupation, there had been glaring neglect of responsibility, some men having lost three shifts a week."—*Western Morning News.*

These mines are very tricky things.

THE AS.

THE French, always so quick to give things names—and so liberal about it that, to the embarrassment and undoing of the unhappy foreigner, they sometimes invent fifty names for one thing—have added so many words to the vocabulary since August, 1914, that a glossary, and perhaps more than one, has been published to enshrine them. Without the assistance of this glossary it is almost impossible to read some of the numerous novels of poilu life.

So far as I am aware the latest creation is the infinitesimal word "as," or rather, it is a case of adaptation. Yesterday "as des carreaux" (to give the full form) stood simply for ace of diamonds. To-day all France, with that swift assimilation which has ever been one of its many mysteries, knows its new meaning and applies it.

And what is this new "as"? I gather, without having had the advantage of cross-examining a French soldier, that an "as" is an obscure hero, one of the men, and they are by no means rare, who do wonderful things but do not get into the papers or receive medals or any mention in despatches. We all know that many of the finest deeds performed in war escape recognition. One does not want to suggest that V.C.'s and D.S.O.'s and Military Crosses and all the other desirable tokens of valour are conferred wrongly. Nothing of the kind. They are nobly deserved. But probably there never was a recipient of the V.C. or the D.S.O. or the Military Cross who could not—and did not wish to—tell his Sovereign, when the coveted honour was being pinned to his breast, of some other soldier not less worthy than himself of being decorated, whose deed of gallantry was performed under less noticeable conditions. The performer of such a deed is an "as" and it is his luck to be a not public hero. But why ace of diamonds? That I cannot explain.

The "as" can be found in every branch of the Army, and he is recognised as one by his comrades, even although the world at large is ignorant. Perhaps we shall find a word for his British correlative, who must be numerically very strong too. The letter A alone might do it, signifying anonymous. "Voilà, un as!" says the French soldier, indicating one of these brave modest fellows who chances to be passing. "You see that chap," one of our soldiers would say; "he's an A."

All that I know of the "as" I have gathered from the French satirical paper, a child of the War, *La Baïonette.* This paper comes out every week and de-



"'OW D'YER LIKE BEING PUT ON TRANSPORT WORK, MATE?"
"BLIMEY! WHAT THE DOOCE MADE ME TELL 'EM I'D ONCE DRUV A DONKEY!"

votes itself, as its forerunner, *L'Assiette au Beurre*, used to do, to one theme at a time, one phase or facet of the struggle, usually in the army, but also in civil life, where changes due to the War steadily occur. In the number dedicated to the glory of the "as" I find recorded an incident of the French Army so moving that I want to tell it here, very freely, in English. It was, says the writer, before the attack at Carency, and he vouches for the accuracy of his report, for he was himself present. In the little village of Camblain-l'Abbé a regiment was assembled, and to them spoke their Captain. The scene was the yard of a farm. I know so well what it was like. The great manure heap in the middle; the carts under cover, with perhaps one or two American reapers and binders among them; fowls pecking here and there; a thin predatory dog nosing about; a cart-horse peering from his stable and now and then scraping his hoofs; a very wide woman at the dwelling-house door; the old farmer in blue linen looking on; and there, drawn up, listening to their Captain, row on row of blue-coated men, all hard-bitten, weary, all rather cynical, all weather-stained and frayed, and all ready to go on for ever.

This is what the Captain said—a tall thin man of about thirty, speaking calmly and naturally as though he was reading a book. "I have just seen the Colonel," he said; "he has been in conference with the Commandant, and this is what has been settled. In a day or two it is up to us to attack. You know the place and what it all means. At such and such an hour we shall begin. Very well. Now this is what will happen. I shall be the first to leave the trench and go over the top, and I shall be killed at once. So far so good. I have arranged with the two lieutenants for the elder of them to take my place. He also will almost certainly be killed. Then the younger will lead, and after him the sergeants in turn, according to their age, beginning with the oldest who was with me at Saïda before the War. What will be left by the time you have reached the point I cannot say, but you must be prepared for trouble, as there is a lot of ground to cover, under fire. But you will take the point and hold it. Fall out."

That captain was an "as."

Domestic Intelligence.

"Owing to doctor's orders Mrs. —— has been obliged to cancel all her engagements during Baby Week."—*Morning Paper*.

I STOOD AGAINST THE WINDOW.

I STOOD against the window
  And looked between the bars,
And there were strings of fairies
  Hanging from the stars;
Everywhere and everywhere
  In shining swinging chains,
Like rainbows spun from moonlight
  And twisted into skeins.

They kept on swinging, swinging,
  They flung themselves so high
They caught upon the pointed moon
  And hung across the sky;
And when I woke next morning
  There still were crowds and crowds
In beautiful bright bunches
  All sleeping on the clouds.

From a constable's evidence:—

"In his attempt to arrest her she threw herself on the ground and tried to smack his face."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

The long arm of the law resents such presumptuous rivalry.

"ALL KINDS OF DEVILS MADE TO ORDER.
—— & ——, SHEFFIELD."
The Ironmonger.

This looks uncommonly like an offer to trade with the enemy.



Wife (to warrior, whose politeness to the waitress has been duly noted). "HUM! YOU SEEM TO 'AVE COME BACK 'ALF FRENCH."

THE GIPSY SOLDIER.

THE gipsy wife came to my door with pegs and brooms to sell
They make by many a roadside fire and many a greenwood dell,
With bee-skeps and with baskets wove of osier, rush and sedge,
And withies from the river-beds and brambles from the hedge.

With her stately grace, like PHARAOH'S queen (for all her broken shoon),
You'd marvel one so tall and proud should ever ask a boon,
But "living's dear for us poor folk" and "money can't be had,"
And "her man's in Mespotania" and "times is cruel bad!"

Yes, times is cruel bad, we know, and passing strange also,
And it's strange as anything I've heard that gipsy men should go
To lands through which their forbears trod from some unknown abode
The way that ended long ago upon the Portsmouth Road.

I wonder if the Eastern skies and Eastern odours seem
Familiar to that gipsy man, as memories of a dream;
Does Tigris' flow stir ancient dreams from immemorial rest
Ere ever gipsy poached the trout of Itchen and of Test?

Does something in him seem to know those red and arid lands
Where dust of ancient cities sleeps beneath the drifted sands?
Do Kurdish girls with lustrous eyes beneath their drooping lids
And Eastern babes look strangely like the Missis and the kids?

I wonder if the waving palms, when desert winds do blow,
In their dry rustling seem to sing a song he used to know;
Or does he only curse the heat and wish that he were laid
Beneath the spread of RUFUS' oaks or Harewood's beechen shade?

Well, luck be with the gipsy man and lead him safely home
To the old familiar caravan and ways he used to roam,
And bring him as it brought his sires from their far first abode
To where the gipsy camp-fires burn along the Portsmouth Road.

C. F. S.

"The Premier's principal speech was made in St. Andrew's Hall, where he was presented with the Freedam of the City."
Liverpool Post and Mercury.

Which he promptly passed on to the enemy.

"Skilled non-workers all over the Union have for some time been in great demand, and enough of them are not available at the present time."—*Rand Daily Mail.*

There are still a few that the old country could spare.

"RHODE Island Red, 200 year old pullets, laying, 5s. each."
Nottingham Guardian.

We fancy it must have been one of these veterans that we met at dinner the other night.



THE BRUSILOFF HUG.

The Kaiser. "I'M ALL FOR FRATERNISATION, BUT I CALL THIS OVERDOING IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 2nd.—On the Finance Bill Mr. Bonar Law exhibited a conciliatory disposition; and, indignantly disclaiming the character of a kill-joy, made several welcome concessions to the taxpayer. The late increase in the tobacco duty is to be halved, so that the modest smoker may hope to fill his pipe for a penny less per ounce. This hope, of course, is dependent upon the decision of the all-powerful Trust.

The Entertainments Tax also is to be modified, chiefly in its higher regions. Intimately connected with this question is the case of the "deadhead," argued with the zeal that is according to knowledge by that eminent playwright, Mr. Hemmerde, who knows all about the free-list and its services in "enabling the management to keep the house properly dressed"—this refers, of course, to the front of the house—during the doubtful first weeks of a new play.

Mr. Hogge was in his place again. It had been reported that, consequent upon a hasty pledge to remain in Liverpool until his candidate was returned, he was now doomed for ever to wander an unquiet sprite upon the banks of Mersey. But he has wisely determined that Parliament must not suffer to please his private whim.

Tuesday, July 3rd.—The House of Lords was crowded to hear Lord Hardinge's comments upon the Mesopotamia Report. Even those critics in the Commons who had declared that a civil servant should not take advantage of his position as a peer to make a personal explanation would, I think, have had no reason to complain of its character. His object was not to defend himself, but to call attention to the splendid services that India had rendered to the Empire during the War in other fields than Mesopotamia. In his own phrase, "India was bled absolutely white during the first few weeks of the War."

When the report comes up for formal discussion Lord Curzon will doubtless have something to say, and will say it in vigorous fashion. To-day, with the air and mien of a highly respectable undertaker, he contented himself with acknowledging Lord Hardinge's contribution and deprecated further debate.

Lord Robert Cecil, safely back from his travels, does not appear to have kept himself up to date in the interval, for he was ignorant of the refusal of the Allies to allow Greece to set up a republic, although Mr. King, with his superior sources of information, knows all about it.



NO KILL-JOY.
Mr. Bonar Law.

At the close of Questions a stalwart young man in khaki advanced to the Table, and, amid the cheers of the Members and to the obvious delight of Lord Derby, who sat beaming with parental pride in the Peers' Gallery, added the signature "Stanley" to a roll which has rarely been without that name since "the Rupert of debate" signed it there close on a hundred years ago.



PARENTAL PRIDE.
Lord Derby.

Excess profits provided the theme for some lively speeches to-day. Major Hamilton did not see why farmers should escape the tax, and instanced the case of a potato-grower who had made ten thousand pounds out of a couple of hundred acres. Several Members connected with the shipping interest protested against the tax. Mr. Leif-Jones implied that it was more disastrous than the U-boats, and Mr. Houston loudly protested at being represented as a harpy.

By these complaints Mr. Bonar Law was absolutely unmoved, and for very good reason. He had himself a few thousands invested in shipping, and, as he was getting about fifty per cent., instead of the modest five per cent. which he had anticipated, he had come to the conclusion that even under present conditions the trade was doing pretty well. After this confession of an involuntary profiteer the tax was agreed to. But the farmers, with next year's Budget in view, are praying that the conscientious Chancellor will not invest his surplus profits in land.

Wednesday, July 4th.—We all know the ex-poacher-turned-gamekeeper. The converse process has taken place in the case of Lord Portsmouth, who, when he ceased to be a Minister of the Crown, became a bitter critic of successive Administrations. His complaints of our blockade policy were frigidly acknowledged by Lord Milner and hotly resented by Lord Lansdowne, upon whom Lord Portsmouth's ruddy beard always has a provocative effect. It is all very well to talk of being ruthless to neutrals, but if we had adopted the noble lord's policy early in the War would the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes be to-day floating side by side all over London?

Mr. Lynch's latest suggestion for the furtherance of his Republican propaganda is that the Commissioner of Works should remove from the streets all statues of deceased monarchs, and replace them by those of great leaders of thought. Sir Alfred Mond absolutely refused. The worst kings sometimes make the best statues, and he is not prepared to sacrifice James II. from the Admiralty even to put Mr. Lynch himself on the vacant pedestal.

"P. R." came up smiling for another round, and, having secured the services on this occasion of Mr. Asquith as judicious bottle-holder, was expected to make a good fight of it. The ex-Premier scouted the notion that the



Gunner (home on leave). "Waiter, my neighbour's efforts with his soup (by the way, I'm sure he ought to be interned) is more than I can bear. Would you oblige me by asking the band to put up a barrage?"

new plan of voting would fill the House with freaks and faddists, a class from which, he hinted, it is not, even under present conditions, entirely immune. But the majority evidently felt that there could not be much amiss with a system which had returned such wise and patriotic persons as themselves to Parliament, and they outed P. R. by 201 to 169.

Thursday, July 5th.—It is hardly surprising that the Government has decided not to proceed at present with its great scheme of nationalizing the liquor-traffic. The announcement that, in order to meet the requirements of the harvest-season, the brewers should be allowed to increase the output of beer by one-third, brought a swarm of hornets about the Chancellor's head. Mr. Leif-Jones (irreverently known as "Tea-leaf Jones") was horrified at the thought that more grain and sugar should be diverted to this pernicious liquid; Mr. Devlin and other champions of the trade were almost equally annoyed because the harvest-beer was to be of a lower specific gravity. The storm of "supplementaries" showed no sign of abating, until the Speaker, who rarely fails to find the appropriate phrase, remarked upon "This thirst for information," and so dissolved the House in laughter.

THE WEARY WATCHER.

["Almost exactly a month ago—on May 30th—I advised my readers to 'Watch Karolyi,' and now I emphasize the advice."—"*The Clubman*" *in The Evening Standard, July 2nd.*]

Since very early in the War
My Mentors in the Press
Have never failed in warning me,
By way of S.O.S.,
To keep my eye on So-and-So
In times of storm and stress.

I think that Winston was the first
Commended to my gaze,
But very soon I found my eyes—
Tired by the limelight's blaze—
Incapable of following
His strange and devious ways.

I watched the President and thought
(Unjustly) he was canting;
I watched our late Prime Minister
When furious scribes were ranting,
And vigilantly bent my looks
On Harden and on Branting.

I watched Jonescu, also Jones
(Great Kennedy) and Hughes;
I sought illumination from
Billing's momentous views;
I watched Freemasons, Socialists,
And Salonica Jews.

And lately with emotions which
Transcend the power of rhymes
I've scanned with reverential eye
Those highly-favoured climes
Ennobled by the presence of
The ruler of the T***s.

I've glued my eye on seer and sage,
On Mecca's brave Sherif;
I've fastened it on what's-his-name,
The famed Albanian chief,
Till, wearying of the watcher's task,
At length I crave relief.

So when I'm bidden at this stage
To start the game anew
And keep Karolyi constantly
And carefully in view,
I think I'm wholly justified
In answering, "Nah Poo!"

An Equivocal Compliment.

"Dundee," said one of its leading citizens at the luncheon, "will stand by Mr. Churchill to the last letter."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Evidently "I" itself would not sever Mr. Churchill's connection with his old friends.

"$20 buys a horse, good in his wind, if sold at once."—*Canadian Paper.*

Better not wait for his second wind.

"Coow wanted, first week in August, for Lads Brigade Camp, 120 Lads; must be used to Field kitchens."
Manchester Evening Chronicle.

It looks like being "bad for the coow."

GEMS FROM THE JUNIORS.

War Work.

War work is what wimmen do when their arnt enuff men. Or men do it too sometimes if they are rather old and weak and cant be soldiers, but it is mostly wimmen. Some war work you get paid for but some you dont. It just depens whether you are rich and do V A D or poor and do munisions and things. V A D means something but I forget what. My brother says it means Very Active Damsles but you cant beleive him, and anyway no one talks of damsles nowydays besept in potry. If you are a V A D you have to do as your told just like a soldier but Daddy says they dont do it always, and Mummy says its because they all know a better way than the other persons. But then they dont cost anything so the hospitle people dont mind much. If you do munisions or are a bus conducter you do get paid so you maynt talk so much or you would get sent away. If I didont have to go to scool I would love to be a bus conducter and go rides for nothing.

Phyllis Blake (age 10).

My Favrit Hero.

A Hero is a man you agmire teribly much or he can be in a book. It is rather dificult to say who is my favrit Hero. There are such a lot of them. Some are lord French genrel Maud King Albert and the VCs. When I was litle I use to think the man who fed the Lions at the zoo was the most bravest man in the wurld but that was ever so long ago before the War. I dont no very much about King Albert and the Others so I wont rite about them. I will rite about lord French. I agmire him most awfuly. I saw him once. He was coming from the camp were my Brother was and he smiled at me quite on perpose. But he doesent no me realy and praps that wont show he is a Hero. But he is one all the same becos he had only a weeny litle Army at the Begining of the war and he helped them to hold tite until more Men came. Or the Germans would have wun. He was only sir then now he is a lord.

Molly Pritchard (age 7½).

"Berlin declares that the Russians have begun an offensive which extends from the Upper Stokhod to Stanislau, a distance of over 125 metres."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Never believe what Berlin says.

AT THE PLAY.

"Mrs. Pomeroy's Reputation."

Candour (subacid virtue) compels me to set down that there was nothing very notable or novel about the manipulation, by Messrs. Horace Annesley Vachell and Thomas Cobb, of the comedy of needless complications entitled *Mrs. Pomeroy's Reputation.* The occasion was chiefly notable for the return of Miss Violet Vanbrugh to active service and the welcome she was given by her splendidly loyal following.

Sir Granville Pomeroy, childless head of an odious family, has designs on, and for, the son of his brother's pretty widow, he suspecting her to be no fit and proper person to bring up a young *Pomeroy*. And indeed three short months after her husband's death she played bridge, bought a kimono and an expensive carpet, and, it is said, even flirted. Why such recklessness? Well, she discovered a stray daughter of her sainted husband. The irregular mother died, and of course solid *Mrs. Pomeroy* with the bubble reputation did the handsome thing, and shut her mouth until the fatal moment in the Third Act, when it all came out. Whereby and wherein she discovered that the philandering *Vincent Dampier* could trust where the solemn *Maurice Randall* could not. As a side issue the blameless baronet had a little goose to wife, who went to *Dampier's* Maidenhead bungalow and fell into the river. Elaborate lies to explain quite simple situation to fool anxious to believe the worst. Moral: Never lie to save a little goose.



LETTICE AND IMPROMPTU DRESSING.

Lettice . . . . Miss Lettice Fairfax.
Georgina . . . . Miss Violet Vanbrugh
Vincent Dampier . . . . . . Mr. Frank Esmond.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh was patently nervous with her part, a little jerky and restless. She needn't have been. Loyalty would have carried her through a duller play, to say nothing of her charming looks and her queenly way of wearing a beautiful gown. Mr. Lowne, as the baronet, made effective play with a quite impossible part in a quite futile situation, and held the reflector up to the best Mayfair Cockney with "*Georginar* explains." He needn't apologise; we know it's true to life! The piece of acting that most cheered me was Mr. Grahame Herington as the philanderer's manservant—a very tactful and observant performance. Mr. Frank Esmond, the philanderer, seemed ill at ease (partly art but partly nature, I judged, perhaps unjustly). Miss Lettice Fairfax as the little goose was what I believe is known as adequate.

T.

The Food Shortage.

Letter received by a schoolteacher:—

"Dear Miss,—Will you please let Sam out about 20 minutes to 12 o'clock. His Granma is undergoing an operation this morning and I want Sam for dinner.
Yours truly, Mrs. ——."

From a report of the British Music Convention:—

"'How the British piano can raise the trade to Imperil dignity' was the subject of an address."
Scotsman.

We hope the British piano will resist the temptation.

"Portobello's dressing boxes for lady bathers are practically ready. There are fifteen boxes at the Band Stand enclosure, very much resembling ballot boxes in size, shape, and material."
Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

A happy thought to prepare the new voters for taking the plunge.

"The members of the Cabinet occupied specially reserved seats in the choir and lectern, where also the Lord Mayor was seated."
Scotsman.

A little hard on the eagle.

From a cinema advertisement:—

"Actual Scenes of our Local Charming Cheddar Valley and the Beautiful West of England Coast Scenery, also predicting those Glorious Sunset Scenes that made Sir Alfred Turner 'famous.'"—*West Country Paper.*

The General *will* be pleased.

"To-day the weather has cleared, but the record according to a correspondent who, signing himself the 'oldest inhabitant,' has recently written to the press, stating that in 1178 there was snow on Simla on 14th April, has now been easily beaten."
Rangoon Times.

The oldest inhabitant, however, is still undefeated.

MY CUTHBERT.

For months I had been chasing Cuthbert. I had a store of withering phrases burning to be poured over his unmentionable head. Last Tuesday my opportunity arrived.

A stranger was sitting comfortably in a deck-chair watching the vacant courts at the tennis club. His keen bronzed face and his obviously athletic body, clothed in white flannel, brought back to me the far days when the sharp clean crack in the adjoining field told of a loose one which had been got away square.

I looked at him again and thought how glad he must be to get into mufti for a few days. I tell you this to show how unprejudiced I was. The only other signs of life were the two super-aborigines who inhabit the croquet patch and detest all other mankind. I approached one of them warily and asked a question. He regarded me with a bilious and suspicious eye.

"Nothing whatever to do with the Army," he snapped, and a Prussian-blue opponent was smacked off into an arid and hopeless waste.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "then he's only a rabbit after all."

The old thing gave me an unfriendly glance and then missed his hoop badly. I strolled across and sat down beside the newcomer. He smiled at me in a frank and disarming manner.

"What do you think of our courts?" I said by way of a start.

"Top-hole," he replied; "I'm looking forward to some jolly games on 'em."

His obvious disregard of perspective annoyed me. In our village, tennis is now played for hygienic reasons only.

"I'm afraid we can't offer you much of a game," I said. "You see there's a war on, and—but perhaps I can fix up a single for you after tea with old Patterby. I believe he was very hot stuff in the seventies."

"That's very good of you. I expect he'll knock my head off; I'm no use at the game yet."

He spoke as though an endless and blissful period of practice was in front of him.

"I suppose you'll be going back soon?"

"Back where?"

"I mean your leave will be up."

"Oh, I'm out of a job just now."

So it was genuine blatant indifference. I looked round for something with which to slay him.

"I wonder," he said thoughtfully, "if I shall ever find my tennis legs again."

"Have you lost them?" I asked sarcastically.

"I'm afraid so—er—that is, of course, only one of them really."

"Only one of them?" I repeated vaguely.

"Yes, Fritzie got it at Jutland; but these new mark gadgets are top-hole. I can nearly dance the fox-trot with mine already."

He stretched out the gadget in question and patted it affectionately.

The ensuing moment I count as the worst one I have ever known. I had forgotten the Navy. My only excuse is that nowadays, owing to its urgent and unadvertised affairs, we seldom have an opportunity in our village of meeting the Senior Service. But I feel convinced that the irascible Methuselah on the croquet ground was purposely and maliciously guilty of *suppressio veri*.



"Ole Bill sez 'e 'ardly never sees 'is Missus nah."
"Oh! 'Ow's that, then?"
"Cos she's all mornin' an' arternoon in a sugar cue, and 'e's all evenin' in a beer cue."

"Wanted, good Man, to cut, make, and trim specials."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

In Yorkshire the new policeman's lot doesn't seem to be a very happy one.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The German* CROWN PRINCE *and Ex-King* CONSTANTINE.)

Crown Prince. My poor old TINO, you are certainly not looking yourself. Have a drink?

Tino. No, thank you. I really don't feel up to it.

C. P. But that's the moment of all others when you ought to take one. It's good stuff too—bubbly wine out of the cellar of one of my French châteaux. Come, I'll pour you out a glass.

Tino. Well, if I must I must (*drinks*). Yes, there's no fault to be found with it.

C. P. You're looking better already. Now you can tell me all about it.

Tino (*bitterly*). Oh, there's not much to tell, except that I was lured on by the promise of help, and when the crisis came there was no help, and so I had to go.

C. P. (*humming an air*). And so, and so
He had, he had to go.

Tino. I beg your pardon.

C. P. Sorry, old man, but the words fitted into the tune so nicely I really couldn't resist trying it. Fire ahead.

Tino. I said, I think, that I was promised help.

C. P. Yes, you said that all right.

Tino. And I added that there was no help when the trouble came.

C. P. You said "crisis," not "trouble," but we won't insist on a trifle like that. Who was the rascal who broke his promise and refused to help you?

Tino. You know well enough that it was your most gracious father.

C. P. What! The ALL-HIGHEST! The INMOSTLY BELOVED! The BEYOND-ALL-POWERFUL! Was it really he? And you believed him, did you? What a cunning old fox it is, to be sure.

Tino. You permit yourself to speak very lightly of the AUGUST ONE, who also happens to be your father.

C. P. To tell you the truth, I don't take him as seriously as he takes himself. Nobody could.

Tino. After what has happened I certainly shall not again. It's entirely owing to him that I've lost my kingdom and that the hateful VENIZELOS is back in Athens and that ALEXANDER is seated on my throne. If your beloved father had only left me alone I should have worried through all right.

C. P. I always tell him he tries to do too much, but he's so infatuated with being an Emperor that there's no holding him. You know he's absolutely convinced that he and the Almighty are on special terms of partnership.

Tino. I've done a bit myself in that line and I know it doesn't pay.

C. P. I daresay I shall do it when my time comes.

Tino. If it ever comes.

C. P. If it depended on me alone things would go all right. I'm told the people like me, and even the Socialists swear by me.

Tino. How can you believe such nonsense? I tried to act on that principle and here I am. And poor Russian NICKIE has had an even worse fall—all through believing he had the people on his side.

C. P. Well, but I *know* they're all fond of me; but my All-Highest One may get knocked out before I get my chance, and may carry me down with him.

Tino. Well, we must try to bear up, even if he should go the way NICKIE has gone. In the meantime the War doesn't look particularly promising, does it?

C. P. It certainly doesn't; and the Americans will be at our throats directly. Do you know, I never thought very much of HINDENBURG.

Tino. I suppose you know someone who is younger and could do it much better.



SOMEWHERE UP NORTH.

Naval Officer (to native). "CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE GOLF COURSE IS?"
Native. "YOU'RE ON THE FIRST GREEN THE NOO. YON'S THE FLAG OWER THE BACK O' THAT STANE."

"The difference between the classical Arabic and the colloquial is far greater than that between the Greek of Cicero and the Greek of, let us say, M. Gounaris."—*The Near East.*

Of course there is also the difference of accent. CICERO spoke Greek with a slight Roman accent and M. GOUNARIS speaks it with a strong German one.

"Two van-loads of shrapnel bullets were stopped by detectives in Prospect Street, Rotherhithe."
Morning Paper.

Tough fellows, these detectives. Stopping a single bullet would put most men out of action.

"Wanted, Cottage or two Double-bedded Rooms, in country river, 20-30 miles from Birmingham, first fort night of August."
Daily Post (Birmingham).

So convenient for friends to drop in.

"If the latest air raid does not make the British bull-dog show his talons in a way that we have up till now wished he might never do, well nothing will."
Berwick Journal.

With his new podal equipment the British bull-dog should give the German eagle pause.

We are asked to state that a recently published work on *Beds and Hunts* (METHUEN) is not a companion-volume to *Minor Horrors of War.*

TO THE MEN WHO HAVE DIED FOR ENGLAND.

ALL ye who fought since England was a name,
Because Her soil was holy in your eyes;
Who heard Her summons and confessed Her claim,
Who flung against a world's time-hallow'd lies
The truth of English freedom—fain to give
Those last lone moments, careless of your pain,
Knowing that only so must England live
And win, by sacrifice, the right to reign—
Be glad, that still the spur of your bequest
Urges your heirs their threefold way along—
The way of Toil that craveth not for rest,
Clear Honour, and stark Will to punish wrong!
The seed ye sow'd God quicken'd with His Breath;
The crop hath ripen'd—lo, there is no death!



The Links being devoted to Allotments, Mr. and Mrs. Bunker-Browne practise approach shots, with the idea of filling their basket with potatoes at the same time.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Marmaduke (Heinemann) has this peculiarity, that the title *rôle* is by no means its most important or interesting character. Indeed it might with more propriety have been called *Marrion*, since hers is not only the central figure in the plot, but emphatically the one over which Mrs. F. A. Steel has expended most care and affection. Moreover the untimely death of *Marmaduke* leaves *Marrion* to carry on the story for several chapters practically single-handed. I am bound to say, however, that at no stage did she get much help from her colleagues, all of whom—the gouty old father and his intriguing wife, the faithful servant, even debonair *Marmaduke* himself—bear a certain air of familiarity. But if frequent usage has something lessened their vitality, *Marrion* is a living and credible human being, whether as daughter of a supposed valet, adoring from afar the gay young ensign, or as the unacknowledged wife of *Marmaduke* and mother of his child, or later as an army nurse amid the horrors of Crimean mismanagement. Later still, when the long arm of coincidence (making a greater stretch than I should have expected under Mrs. Steel's direction) brought *Marrion* to the bedside of her parent in a hospital tent, and converted her into a Polish princess, I lost a little of my whole-hearted belief in her actuality. There are really two parts to the tale—the Scotch courtship, with its intrigues, frustrated elopements, *et hoc genus omne;* and the scenes, very graphically written, of active service at Varna and Inkerman. I will not pretend that the two parts are specially coherent; but at least Mrs. Steel has given us some exceedingly interesting pictures of a period that our novelists have, on the whole, unaccountably neglected.

The Experiments of Ganymede Bunn (Hutchinson) is like to command a wide audience. Its appeal will equally be to the lovers of Irish scenes, to those who affect stories about horses and hunting, and to the countless myriads who are fond of imagining what they would do with an unexpected legacy. It was this last that happened to *Ganymede*, who was left seventeen thousand pounds by an aunt called *Juno* (the names of this family are not the least demand that Miss Dorothea Conyers makes upon your credulity). My mention of horses and Ireland shows you what he does with his money, and where. It does not, however, indicate the result, which is a happy variant upon what is usual in such cases. You know already, I imagine, the special qualities to be looked for in a tale by Miss Conyers—chief among them a rather baffling inability to lie a straight course. If I may borrow a metaphor from her own favourite theme, she is for ever dashing off on some alluring cross-scent. More important, fortunately, than this is the enjoyment which she clearly has in writing her stories and passes briskly on to the reader. There's a fine tang of the open-air about them, and a smell of saddle-leather, that many persons will consider well worth all the intricacies of your problem-novelists. I had the idea that her honest vulgar little legatee and his speculations as a horse-breeder might make a good subject

for a character-comedian; but I suppose the late LORD GEORGE SANGER is the only man who could have produced the right equine cast.

The component elements of *The White Book* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) may be summarised in the picturesque argot of Army Ordnance somewhat as follows: Chinamen, inscrutable, complete with mysterious drugs, one; wives, misunderstood, Mark I, one; husbands, unsympathetic (for purposes of assassination only), one; *ingénues*, Mark II, one; heroes, one; squires, brutal, one; murders of sorts, three; ditto, attempted, several. The inscrutable one is responsible for all the murders. Only the merest accident, it seems, prevents him from disposing of the few fortunate characters who survive to the concluding chapters of the story. He narrowly misses the misunderstood wife (now a widow, thanks to his kind offices), and his failure to bag the hero and *ingénue* (together with a handful of subsidiary characters) is only a matter of minutes. There is almost a false note about the last chapter, in which the Oriental commits suicide before he has completed his grisly task; but it was obviously impossible for anyone in the book to live happily ever after so long as he remained alive. Just how Mr. HARRIS BURLAND and the villainous figment of his lively imagination perform these deeds of dastard-do is not for me to reveal. The publishers modestly claim that in the school of WILKIE COLLINS this author has few rivals. As regards complexity of plot the claim is scarcely substantiated by the volume before me; but if bloodshed be the food of fiction Mr. BURLAND may slay on, secure in his pre-eminence.



[Owing to a scarcity of literary matter at the Front, our soldiers are sometimes reduced to telling each other tales.]

Private Jones. "AND SHE SAYS, 'OH! WOT BLINKIN' GREAT EYES YOU 'AVE, GRANDMOTHER!' AND THE WOLF, 'E SAYS, 'ALL THE BETTER TER SEE YER WIV, MY DEAR.'"

The *Rev. Frank Farmer*, hero of Mr. RICHARD MARSH'S *The Deacon's Daughter* (LONG), was the youthful, good-looking and eloquent Congregationalist minister of the very local town of Brasted, and the ladies of his flock adored him. So earnestly indeed did they adore him that, after he had preached a stirring series of sermons on the evils of gambling, they decided to subscribe and send him for a holiday to Monte Carlo. On his return he was to preach another course of sermons, which "would rouse the national conscience and, with God's blessing, the conscience of all Europe." Possibly you can guess what happened to him; I did, and I am not a good guesser. The *Rev. Frank* had never been out of England, and he found Monte Carlo inhabited by ladies who made him blush. He could not understand their bold ways, so different from the manner of the Brasted maidens. One of them laid especial siege to him and assured him that he had "*la veine.*" At first I am inclined to believe that he thought she was talking of something varicose, but when he understood what she meant he was at her mercy. In short he tried his luck, to the dismay of his conscience but with prodigious benefit to his pocket. His return to Brasted is described with excellent irony.

Mr. WILL IRWIN'S war-book naturally divides itself into two parts, since he was lucky enough to get near the Front both about Verdun during the great attack, and with the Alpini fighting on "the roof of Armageddon." To these brave and picturesque friends of ours he dedicates his study, *The Latin at War* (CONSTABLE). You must not expect much of that inside information which the author, as an American journalist, must have been sorely tempted to produce. Indeed he has little to offer us that has not been common property of the Correspondents for long enough, and several of his descriptions (his picture of a glacier, for one), given with a rather irritatingly childlike air of new discovery, cannot escape the charge of commonplace. But his reflections, for once in a way the better half of experience, more than make good this defect. His essay on Paris, for instance—"the city of unshed tears"—is something more than interesting, and his analysis of the cause of the successes of the French army, in the face of initial defects of material, even better. The author of *Westward Ho!*, considering the Spanish and English navies of ELIZABETH'S time, found precisely the same contrasted elements of autocracy and brotherliness producing just those results that we find respectively in the German and French forces of to-day—on the one hand a mechanical perfection of command, on the other an informed equality which, somehow, does not make against efficiency whilst fostering individuality. Mr. IRWIN hardly refers to our own Army; but one is thankful to remember that discipline by consent, one of the virtues of true democracy, is not the exclusive tradition of our French allies.

A London Posy (MILLS AND BOON) is a story with at least an original setting. So far as I know, Miss SOPHIE COLE is the first novelist to group her characters about an actual London house preserved as a memorial to former inhabitants. The house in question is that in Gough Square, where Dr. JOHNSON lived, and two of the chief characters are *George Constant*, the curator, and his sister, to whom the shrine is the most precious object in life ("housemaid to a ghost," one of the other personages rather prettily calls her). It therefore may well be that to ardent devotees of the great lexicographer this story of what might have happened in his house to-day will make a stronger appeal than was the case with me, who (to speak frankly) found it a trifle dull. It might be said, though perhaps unkindly, that Miss COLE looks at life through such feminine eyes that all her characters, male and female, are types of perfect womanhood. In *Denis Laurie*, the gentle essayist and recluse, one might expect to find some feminine attributes; but even the bolder and badder lots, whose task it is to supply the melodramatic relief, struck me as oddly unvirile. But this is only a personal view. Others, as I say, may find this very gentle story of mild loves and two deserted wives a refreshing contrast to the truths, so much stranger and more lurid than any fiction, by which we are surrounded.

CHARIVARIA.

It is reported that the Emperor of China has joined the Boy Scoot movement.

* * *

Some explanation of the Kaiser's anxiety for peace and the German Chancellor's statement in the Reichstag has just come to hand. It appears from *The Boston Christian Science Monitor* that Mr. Charlie Chaplin is about to join the Army on the side of the Allies.

* * *

A baker has been fined ten shillings for selling War bread which was overweight, thereby unnecessarily endangering the lives of his customers.

* * *

Cigars in Germany are now being made of cabbage or hay flavoured with strawberry leaves. Another march is thus stolen on British manufacturers, most of whom still cling obstinately to the superstition that a slight flavour of tobacco is necessary.

* * *

"How pathetic it is to see six small farmers sending six small carts with six small consignments along the same road to the same station twice a day," said Lord Selborne at the Agricultural Organisation Society. Almost as pathetic as seeing six fat middlemen making six fat profits before the stuff reaches the consumer.

* * *

We fear that some of our Metropolitan magistrates are losing their dash. At a police court last week a man who pretended to foretell the future was fined two pounds, and the magistrate forgot to ask the prisoner to prophesy how much he was going to be fined.

* * *

Adequate arrangements are being made, says Sir Cecil H. Smith, to protect the National Gallery from air-raids. The intention, it is thought, is to disguise it as a moving picture palace.

* * *

A great impetus has been given to the teaching of singing since it has been pointed out that at the Guildhall School of Music a woman went on singing until the enemy aeroplanes were driven away from London.

* * *

Certain meatstuffs unfit for human consumption may now be used in the manufacture of dog biscuits. The news has been received with much satisfaction by several dogs, who have now promised to cut out postmen from their menu.

* * *

When the Middlesex Sessions were about to commence, a bell warning people of the air raid was sounded, and the Justices immediately advised people to take shelter. No notice was taken of the suggestion made by several prisoners who expressed the view that the safest place was the street.

* * *

In view of the fact that the animals at the Zoological Gardens are on war rations, the R.S.P.C.A. especially request very stout people not to cause annoyance to the tigers by parading up and down in front of their cages.



Teuton writes: "I am sad at heart, dear Gretchen. Despite my weak sight they have for some reason drafted me into the shock troops."

* * *

During the last air raid the windows of one house were blown outwards, the plaster and ceilings fell, and doors were thrown off their hinges, and yet the occupant—a woman—experienced surprise on hearing that the house had been struck by a bomb. She was under the impression that a new bus route had been opened.

* * *

"Candidates for the diplomatic service," says Lord Robert Cecil, "will after the War be largely drawn from persons of talent." It is not known who first thought of this, but it just shows what a pull politicians have over ordinary people when it comes to thinking out things.

* * *

At the St. Pancras Tribunal last week an applicant said his only remaining partner had been ill in bed for some weeks, and the Chairman of the Tribunal promptly remarked, "Obviously a sleeping partner." This joke has been duly noted by a well-known revue manager, and as soon as a cast has been engaged an entirely new and topical review will be written round it.

* * *

The policy of air reprisals advocated by a section of the Press has found much support. Indeed one prominent pacifist has even threatened to put out his tongue at the next covey of enemy aeroplanes which visits this country.

* * *

The raspberry crop in Scotland is to be taken over by Lord Rhondda. The rumour that it is to be used for Army jam has had a most demoralising effect upon the market in imported tomatoes.

* * *

Mysteriously, in the night, a pile of shells representing thirteen thousand eggs was deposited on a common outside Munich. This evidence of at least one citizen's return to the pre-war breakfast has given rise in some quarters to hopes of an early peace.

* * *

It must have been something more than carelessness that caused an evening contemporary to announce in a recent edition: "Since the commencement of the War three solicitors have become brigandiers."

* * *

It is reported that two Leicestershire farm labourers have brought up twenty-nine children between them. It is hoped that the news will not cause any allotment enthusiasts to abandon their holdings.

* * *

Another hotel has been commandeered by the National Service Department. The task of preparing lists of men and women who would be willing to perform National Service if they were not already engaged in it is assuming colossal proportions.

* * *

A Chinese butcher's reply to a complaint of short weight:—

"Butcher said he had gave to your coolie with full weight and expecting your coolie fall down some of them on the road."

LESSONS OF THE WAR.

II.

(The Ophir Gold Pantomime Syndicate issues its Preliminary Instructions for the Production of its Annual Pantomime.)

PRELIMINARY INSTRUCTIONS.

O.G.P.S. 42/B/26.
November 20th, 1919.

1. *General Outline.*

It is the intention of the Ophir Gold Pantomime Syndicate to attack and capture the Public Favour on the night of the 26/27 December, 1919.

As foreshadowed in the preliminary Press Notices (which will be issued later) the production will outstrip all previous productions both in wit and splendour.

The Preliminary Bombardment will be carried out by Press Agents of all calibres.

The General Scheme will be as laid down in the West-End Managers' Standard Formation of Pantomimes.

Zero time will probably be at 7 P.M.

If the operation is successful it will be repeated daily until further (fortnight's) notice, and every endeavour will be made to exploit the success to the full.

2. *Advertisements.*

No opportunity for advertisement will be neglected.

Advance Agents will reconnoitre the ground thoroughly and secure the best hoardings available.

The Leading Lady will lose her jewels not later than 4 P.M. on December 22nd. "Q." will arrange for the necessary publicity.

3. *Chorus.*

Will consist of One Section Blondes and Brunettes, One Section Petites and One Section "Stunners" (*see* Standard Formation, para. 3a). Category "B" will be at the back. Category "B" of last year's Chorus will be transferred to the Pantomime Employment Company.

4. *Scenery.*

The S.E. (Scenic Engineers) will co-operate by improvising new scenery out of last year's production as far as possible.

5. *Discipline.*

The stage-manager will be responsible for the strictest discipline being maintained during performances, and will put up a barrage of invective at the slightest signs of slackness.

6. *Intelligence.*

Ground observers will be sent out to note the effect of the comedians' gags upon the audience. They will report any impropriety at once to the Manager, who will at once take steps to improve upon it.

7. *Police.*

Special Mounted Police will assist the doorkeeper to collect all stragglers at the Stage Door and will cause them to be returned to their paternal units (if their credentials are not satisfactory).

8. *Dressing-rooms.*

Disputes over dressing-rooms will be arranged between the artistes concerned.

9. *Artistes.*

The Fairy Queen will be specially employed to create a diversion while the Palace Scene is being set behind.

The Demon King will put a few heavies across in the Grotto Scene.

The Eight Aërial Girlies (under the direction of the O.C. Flying Corps de Ballet) will make a personal reconnaissance of the front rows of the Stalls in "The Fairies' Bower" Scene.

The eyes of the Chorus will be worn in the "alert" position during performances.

10. *Principals.*

Artistes will submit for approval not later than the 10th December the details of their songs and dances. Comedians will also submit their "gags" and comic scenes for blue-pencilling. This is merely a matter of form and the strictest secrecy as to their real intentions will be preserved in order that the principle of "springing it on one another" should be maintained.

If twenty people are found in the bar during a comedian's turn he is liable to summary dismissal.

Cross-talk Machine Fun Fire will be under direction of O.C. Gags.

11. *Music.*

Choruses and incidentals will be original. That is to say, they will be taken from last year's MSS. and the crotchets moved up one space and the quavers down one space.

12. *Rehearsals.*

A hot meal will be served after midnight rehearsals and taxis will be provided for those who care to pay for them. "Q" will arrange.

13. *The Audience.*

Hostile retaliation is not anticipated, but arrangements will be made to deal summarily with any counter-attack. O.C. Chuckers-Out will arrange.

14. *Organisation.*

The goodwill and earnest co-operation of all are solicited to achieve the success which will be advantageous to all, especially to the philanthropic Directors, who are poor men and cannot really afford it.

Copies to:— *Issued at* 4 P.M.
All Concerned.

(Signed) Etc., etc., etc.

HAVE YOU WATCHED THE FAIRIES?

HAVE you watched the fairies when the rain is done
Spreading out their little wings to dry them in the sun?
I have, I have! Isn't it fun?

Have you heard the fairies all among the limes
Singing little fairy tunes to little fairy rhymes?
I have, I have, lots and lots of times.

Have you seen the fairies dancing in the air
And dashing off behind the stars to tidy up their hair?
I have, I have; I've been there!

War the Rejuvenator.

"Rear-Admiral SIMS . . . is 59 years old and will be 58 next October."
Saturday Evening Post.

"Miss —— played the other works mentioned also, but while Miss —— can play these better than most—by far—she brings the rarest of fresh-air feeling into her playing of BACH's 'O Si Sic Omnes.'"—*Daily Telegraph.*

What we want to hear is OFFENBACH's *Mens sana in corpore sano.*

"A personal experience in a large office not 1,000 miles from where the bombs fell. Not a sign of panic; hardly even of alarm."
The Globe.

We have heard of places not even 100 miles away where equal intrepidity was displayed.

"UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL CONTINGENT O.T.C.

Recruiting—Suitable candidates for admission should be under the age of 7 years and 9 months, except in the case of former members of a junior contingent."
Bristol Evening News.

The result of Baby Week at Bristol.

General VON BLUME says America's intervention is no more than "a straw." But which straw? The last?



THE DEMOCRATIC TURN.

Little Willie. "THIS MAY BE FUN FOR FATHER, BUT IT WON'T SUIT ME."



Proud Producer. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT FOR A NEW POTATO?"
Friend. "IT'S NOT A NEW POTATO. YOU'VE SHOWN IT TO ME THREE TIMES ALREADY."

PHILIP.

Philip is the morose but rather dressy foreigner who resides in a cage on the verandah. Miss Ropes, who owns him and ought to know, says he is a Grey Cardinal, but neither his voracious appetite for caterpillars nor his gruesome manner of assimilating them are in the least dignified or ecclesiastical. It takes the unremitting efforts of Miss Ropes and the entire available strength of convalescent officers (after deducting the players of bridge, the stalkers of rabbits and the jig-saw squad) to supply Philip with a square meal.

Recently a caterpillar famine began to make itself felt in the parts of the garden near the house, and the enthusiasm of the collectors evaporated at the prospect of searching farther afield.

Ansell was the first to cry off.

"I'm sorry, Miss Ropes," he said firmly, "but I have an instinctive antipathy to reptiles."

"They aren't—they're insects."

"In that case," he replied still more firmly, "the shrieks of the little creatures when Philip gets 'em rend my heartstrings. I don't think the doctor would approve."

Haynes suggested that Philip's behaviour savoured of unpatriotism, and that the one thing needful was the immediate appointment of a caterpillar controller. Miss Ropes countered this by electing herself to the post, and declaring that the supply was adequate to meet all demands, as soon as the regrettable strike of transport-workers was settled.

"Don't you think," I said, "that it would be very much nicer—for Philip—if he were allowed to forage for himself? We had a bullfinch once who spent his days in the garden and always came back to the cage at night."

This apposite though untrue anecdote obviously impressed the lady, but she decided that Philip was too precious to be made the subject of experiment. The transport-workers then returned to their labours, under protest.

However, a day or two later Fate played into our hands. Miss Ropes herself inadvertently left the cage door open, and Philip escaped. The entire establishment devoted the day to his pursuit, without success; but in the evening the truant, dissipated and distended, lurched into his cage of his own accord and went instantly to sleep.

Encouraged by his return and by the regular habits of my hypothetical bullfinch, Miss Ropes let him out again next day. This time he did not come back.

"Probably he's sleeping it off somewhere," said Haynes cheerfully. "He'll be back to-morrow."

However he wasn't. Miss Ropes had his description posted up in the village, and next day a telephone message informed us that a suspicious red-headed character answering to the specification was loitering near the "Waggon and Horses," and was being kept under observation. Miss Ropes and Haynes went off to arrest him, but hardly had they disappeared down the drive when Philip in person appeared on the lawn.

This gave our handy man, James, his chance. James simply loves to make himself useful. If anybody wants anything done he can always rely on James to do it by a more complicated method and with more trouble to himself than the ordinary man could conceive. His

education is generally understood to have consisted of an exhaustive study of the "How-To-Make" column in the *Boys' Own Paper*, completed by a short course of domestic engineering under Mr. W. Heath Robinson.

We first knew that he had undertaken the case when we heard his voice excitedly telling us not to move. Naturally we all turned to look at him. He had got a butterfly net from somewhere and was lying flat on his tummy and whistling seductively an alleged imitation of Philip's usual remark. Philip, about thirty yards away, was eyeing him with contempt.

Suddenly James gathered his limbs beneath him, sprang up, galloped ten yards and flung himself down again, panting loudly. Philip, surprised and alarmed, took refuge in a tree, whereupon James abandoned the stalk (blaming us for having frightened Philip away) and retired to think of another scheme.

Soon he reappeared with some pieces of bamboo and a square yard of white calico, sat down solemnly in the verandah and began to sew.

"Is it a white flag? Are you going to parley with him, or what?" asked Ansell.

"Trap," replied James shortly.

We watched with silent interest while he got more and more entangled in his contrivance.

"I hope Philip 'll know how to work the machine," said I, "because I'm sure I shouldn't."

At last it was finished, and James took it out and set it. He disguised it (rather thinly) with half-a-dozen oak leaves and baited it with a lot of caterpillars, and retired behind a tree with the end of a long piece of string in his hand.

"When Philip walks up to the trap," he explained, "he starts eating the caterpillars. I pull the string, and he is caught in the calico. It's called a bow-net."

He waited patiently for an hour-and-a-half, except for a short break while he rounded up the caterpillars, who, not knowing the rules, had walked away. Then we took the luncheon interval; scores, James (in play) 0; Philip 0.

"I don't see," said Ansell soon after the resumption, "why poor old James should do all the work. Let's all help."

We began by posting an appeal in prominent spots about the grounds:—

> Philip—If this should meet the eye of. Return to your sorrowing family, when all will be forgotten and forgiven and no questions asked.

Next we festooned the estate with helpful notices, such as "This way to the Trap ☞" and "Caterpillar Buffet first turn to Left." One of the peacocks was observed to be reading this last with great interest, so we added a few more notices for the special benefit of unauthorised food-hogs: "Free List Suspended until Further Notice," and Eat Less Worm."



Manager of Labour Exchange (to man whom he has sent to a job for "an intelligent labourer to assist the demonstrator of tanks; one who can hold his tongue about the work"). "Well, Mike, how's everything going?"

Mike (confidentially). "Faith, but they're a dead failure, Sorr. Why, three weeks I've been on thim tanks and niver wan has riz off the ground yet."

At tea-time Philip was still holding coldly aloof. But while we were indoors Bennett, the gardener, caught him by some simple artifice beneath James's notice. I found him putting the truant back in his cage.

"Don't do that, Bennett," I said. Put him in Mr. James's trap. He's had a lot of trouble making that trap, and it's a pity to waste it."

Bennett grinned a toothless grin at me and did some dialect, which I understood to mean that I might do as I liked, but that he (Bennett) was not going to catch no more birds for us.

Hardly had I put Philip in the trap when James emerged.

"Good Lord!" he shouted, "it's done it! He's in!"

He dashed on to the lawn, wild with joy. Probably it was the first time any of his devices had succeeded.

"Aha, my beauty," he cried, slipping his hand under the calico. "We've got you safe, have we?"

We had not. There was a flash of red and grey, and the outraged Philip, minus a tail feather, sought the sanctuary of the woods.

He is still absent without leave at the time of writing.

FURTHER REMINISCENCES.

(*With acknowledgments to Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS*).

WE come now to the beginning of the sixties I well remember, early in the summer of one of them, Gentleman Dick - we called him this because his father had been a tramp, and, although he scarcely justified the maternal strain (his mother had been a washerwoman). he was certainly to all appearances his father's son--rushing in to tell me that "Blue Satin," the prize bull bitch belonging to the proprietor of that well-known tavern — public-houses were scarcely known in those days--"The Seven Sisters," had given birth to a son.

This was an opportunity too good to be missed, and in spite of the bitter cold I hurried off with Gentleman Dick, who already had acquired no small reputation for his dexterity in hanging on to the backs of cabs, and ultimately secured "Albert the Good." If I had to christen a pup now I should naturally call him "Jellicoe the Brave." "Albert the Good" scarcely lived up to his name and eventually I had to get rid of him. He bit a piece out of a constable's leg. Sir J—— B——, the presiding magistrate at Bow Street, was most charming about it however, and gave me a seat on the bench during the constable's evidence.

I remember it especially because it was the day following this I was in at the death, when Ebenezer Smith, the Mayfair murderer, came to his end. He made an excellent breakfast of ham and eggs just before his execution, the Governor was good enough to tell me, and was collected enough even to grumble at the age of one of the eggs.

D—— L——, the famous comedian, was very funny always about his eggs. I remember he had an idea that if you whistled to the hen before the egg was laid the result tasted better when you ate it. He wanted me to write a comic song for him on these lines, but the idea never came to anything. I was very busy at the time collecting royalties. The thousandth performance of *The Merry Murderers* had just taken place, and at last I felt free to shake the dust of the City from my feet and devote myself to literature.

It was just about this time that Jim Peters became the idol of England through knocking out the Black Bully—a coloured bruiser with an immense capacity for eating beef--in a couple of rounds. Peters was one of the best of fellows when he wasn't drunk, and could wink one eye in a manner I have never seen equalled by that later idol of the British public, M—— L——.

Alas! poor Peters from fat purses fell to thin times. He petered out, in fact, as far as the Mile End workhouse, where I discovered him one sad day, and was ultimately able to get him married to the lady who sold winkles on the pavement just outside. Her previous pitch had been just outside the Hoxton Theatre, but she told me she found Mile End more disposed to her wares. The marriage turned out a very happy one, I am glad to say, and it pleased me to think that Jim, having had his wink, was at least sure of his winkle.

I remember another old friend of mine—John Madden--he made a hit in that ill-fated play, *A Little Bit Off the Top*—who had an extraordinary passion for shell-fish. I have often seen him seated on Southend Pier eating shrimps out of a paper-bag. By the way, I ought to add that he always purchased the shrimps in town and travelled down with them.

Poor John, he might still be eating shrimps to-day if he hadn't caught a chill throwing off his sable coat during a rehearsal at the "Lane."

Talking of fur coats, Florence Montgomery, who flourished in the early eighties, and took the town by storm singing, "Let me share your umbrella," in tights, had a perfect passion for them. She had one for every day in the week, as she laughingly told me once. She vanished suddenly, and everybody thought she had eloped with the Russian Duke B—— (he had been paying her marked attention), but it turned out afterwards that she had married a dustman.

I met him casually at one of the yearly dinners given to this hardworking body of men—a most affable person he was too and deeply interested in the chemical properties of manure—and it came out. Some people might have thought a marriage like this a bit of a hygienic risk, but Florence always had a heart of gold.

I have often thought this possession to be a particular attribute of the theatrical profession. Bessie Bean, the "Cocoa Queen," possessed it in a marked degree. I remember we called her the "Cocoa Queen" because she always fancied "a drop of something comforting" just before the curtain went up on the Third Act. Only, unfortunately, it wasn't cocoa.

Arthur Batchon, manager of the Fly-by-Night Theatre and one of the best fellows that ever breathed, told me once he thought the soda must get into Bessie's legs. But her dresser was positive about her instructions always to forget the soda. So I don't think it can have been that.

I remember too——

[For the continuation of this interesting series of reminiscences see tomorrow's *Evening Cues*.]

A LOST LEADER.

(*Or, Thoughts on Trek.*)

THE men are marching like the best;
The waggons wind across the lea;
At ten to two we have a rest,
We have a rest at ten to three;
I ride ahead upon my gee
And try to look serene and gay;
The whole battalion follows me,
And I believe I've lost the way.

Full many a high-class thoroughfare
My erring map does not disclose,
While roads that are not really there
The same elaborately shows;
And whether this is one of those
It needs a clever man to say,
I am not clever, I suppose,
And I believe I've lost the way.

The soldiers sing about their beer;
The wretched road goes on and on;
There ought to be a turning here,
But if there was the thing has gone;
Like some depressed automaton
I ask at each *estaminet*;
They say, "*Tout droit*," and I say "*Bon*,"
But I believe I've lost the way.

I dare not tell the trustful men;
They think me wonderful and wise;
But where will be the legend when
They get a shock of such a size?
And what about our brave Allies?
They wanted us to fight to-day;
We were to be a big surprise—
And I believe I've lost the way.

The Dawn of Peace?

"The Commissioners of H.M. Works, &c., are prepared to receive tenders for the supply of.
(a) Floor polish during a period of six or 12 months from 1st August, 1917.
(b) Arm chairs."—*Daily Telegraph.*

From an interview with an eminent playwright regarding a new farce:—

"Has my face a war object? Certainly it has, a very definite though an indirect one."
Liverpool Echo.

If it hadn't been so old a joke, we should have guessed that the author has a strong cast in his eye.

"A Chaplain Wanted, for private chapel in the Highlands. There is plenty of stalking for a good shot, also there is fishing, shooting, and golf. A chaplain is wanted who can drive a motor-car. Terms £1, travelling expenses are paid, and there are rooms provided."
Daily Telegraph.

Yet there are still people who write to the newspapers demanding "Liberty for the Church."



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT: ITS DISTURBING INFLUENCE.



Mother. "OH, MARY, WHY *DO* YOU WIPE YOUR MOUTH WITH THE BACK OF YOUR HAND?"
Mary. "'COS IT'S SO MUCH CLEANER THAN THE FRONT."

"SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."

I, WHO before these lines appear (or don't)
Must face the Board reviewing my diseases,
Am fluttered, as the sentient soul is wont,
Thinking how rum the case of me and these is;
We'll come together—just because it pleases
Some higher Pow'r—and then for ever part,
Not having learnt each other's views on Art,
Nor in our only chat got really heart to heart.

They'll sound *my* heart, it's true, but in a way . . .
Perhaps they'll ask me if I've had enteric;
But—can I tell them that I've writ a play
And have a nephew who is atmospheric?
Or that my people meant me for a cleric
(But Satan didn't)? or even that I shan't
Be left much money by my maiden aunt?—
These are the human links that bind us, but—I can't.

Nor can I hope to get behind the mask
That shrouds from me their human cares and graces.
"Is your name William?" I shall want to ask,
And burn to know if this one bets on races,
Or that one has a pretty taste in braces,
Or if a third, who only says, "Just so,"
Beneath his tunic has a heart aglow
With treasured words of praise dropped by his golfing pro.

We'll part, we'll part! Nor with a soulful cry
Will one strong human citadel surrender.
M.O.'s who dandle babes no less than I
Will leave me cold; M.O.'s who have a tender
Passion for my own type of sock-suspender
Won't utter it. Though on my heaving breast
They lean their heads, they'll lean them uncaressed;
We'll part, nor overstep the auscultation test.

"AMERICA'S BLOCKADE.
By David G. Pinkney, the well-known chip-owner."—*Evening News.*

A chip of the old blockade.

"Businesses suitable for ex-soldiers: generals and others, taking £40 wkly, price £35. Call or stamp."—*The Daily Chronicle.*

We can almost hear our Generals stamping.

"It was an extremely difficult thing to effect a hit with anti-aircraft guns. A 'ricochetting' pheasant was nothing to it."—*The Globe.*

We take this remarkable bird to be a sort of bouncing "rocketer."

Extract from a testimonial sent to a patent-medicine vendor:—

"If you remember I came to you three days after I was bitten by my cat on the recommendation of a lady friend."—*Straits Times.*

We think it was cowardly of the lady to employ an agent.



THE BUSINESS OF THE MOMENT.

John Bull. "I'VE LEARNED HOW TO DEAL WITH YOUR ZEPP BROTHER, AND NOW I'M GOING TO ATTEND TO YOU."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 9th.—With the sound of Saturday's bombs still in their ears Members came down to the House prepared to make things very uncomfortable for Ministers. Woe betide them if they could not explain satisfactorily, first, why the raiders had been able to get to London at all, and, secondly, why they had been allowed to depart almost unscathed. In this atmosphere the usual badinage of Question-time passed almost unnoticed. Mr. BALFOUR gave a neat summary of Germany's propagandist methods. "In Russia, where autocracy has been abolished, it declares that we are secretly fostering reaction; in Spain, where there is a constitutional monarchy, it proclaims that we are aiming at revolution. Both statements are untrue; both are absurd."

Not until Mr. BONAR LAW announced that the PRIME MINISTER would move the adjournment of the House and make in Secret Session a statement regarding the air-raid was the House really roused. At once a storm of "supplementaries" broke forth. Mr. P. BILLING, baulked of his prey—for private sittings are no use to orators of the flatulent variety—bounced up and down like a Jack-in-the-Box until the SPEAKER finally suppressed him with the words, "There must be a limit to this." The Member for East Herts is presumably "the limit" referred to.

Fortunately, perhaps, for the Government the Home Office Vote was the subject for discussion. This gave Members an opportunity for blowing off a lot of preliminary steam. At one moment an even more dangerous explosion was feared. Sir HENRY DALZIEL suddenly produced from his capacious coat-tails a shell which had fallen into his office during the raid. His neighbours crowded round to examine it, until his remark that it was "still unexploded" caused a slump in their curiosity. There was once a statesman who, to emphasize his argument, flung a dagger upon the floor of the House. For once the House was thankful that Sir HENRY DALZIEL bears no resemblance to BURKE.

To warn or not to warn: that was the question mainly agitating Members. The majority appeared to think that some system of sound-signals was desirable; others pointed out that many threatened raids proved abortive, and that sirens would interfere with business, as in the leading case of Ulysses. Thanks to the HOME SECRETARY's conciliatory methods there was considerably less tension in the atmosphere when the time came for the PRIME MINISTER to make his statement. When air-raids are about there is nothing he finds handier than a comfortable and capacious CAVE.

Tuesday, July 10th.—The echoes of the air-raid had almost died away by this afternoon. When Mr. BILLING again tried to move the adjournment, the SPEAKER put him back in his box with so firm a hand that his spring may have been irretrievably injured.



WORK OF "GREATER NATIONAL IMPORTANCE."

MR. SPEAKER MISSES A GREAT CHANCE.

It is hoped that the National Service Department, which recently sent Mr. LOWTHER a notice informing him that he was about to be transferred to Wolverhampton as a labourer at 4*s*. 10*d*. a day, "on the ground that such employment is deemed to be of greater national importance than that on which he is at present engaged," will now consent to hold its hand.

When the House was about to go into Committee on the Corn Production Bill a strange thing happened. Before leaving the Chair the SPEAKER was proceeding to lop off a few excrescences in the way of Instructions that appeared on the Order-paper. Meanwhile the SERGEANT-AT-ARMS had advanced to the Table to remove the Mace. "Order, order!" exclaimed the SPEAKER, upon which Sir COLIN KEPPEL, much abashed to think that he, the guardian of order, should have been regarded as even potentially insubordinate, beat, for the first time in a gallant career, a hasty retreat.

The Government had to withstand a massed attack by the Free Traders, who even in war-time have not entirely shed their prejudices against subsidizing the farmer at the expense of the rest of the community, although the object of the subsidies is to ensure the rest of the community having enough to eat. Mr. RUNCIMAN and his colleagues had the temerity to take a division which ran very much upon the old party-lines; but on this occasion the Nationalists, in the interest of Irish farmers, were not "agin' the Government," but helped it to secure the comfortable majority of 84.

Wednesday, July 11th.—In the matter of the Mesopotamia Report a large section of the public and the Press is in the mood of *Sam Weller*, "Ain't nobody to be whopped?" Anxious to satisfy this demand and at the same time to do justice to the individuals arraigned, the Government proposes to set up a special tribunal under the Army (Courts of Inquiry) Act. That measure, passed to deal with the strange case of the Bashful Lieutenant and the Lively Lady, and now to be utilized for this considerably larger issue, appears to resemble the elephant's trunk in its singular adaptability. But there was a tendency in both Houses to regard the procedure as more ingenious than statesmanlike.

Thursday, July 12th.—The HOME SECRETARY announced that it had been decided to warn the public in future when an air-raid was actually imminent, and added that the exact method would be stated shortly. I am glad that he did not accept Sir FRANCIS LOWE's proposal to set the telephone-bells ringing all over London. Think of the language which would proceed from a hundred thousand agitated subscribers, deceived into answering supposed "calls," when they ought to be making for their dug-outs.

The gist of a very long speech by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was that the Press had mistaken the Mesopotamia Commission for a Hanging Committee, whereas it much more resembled a Fishing Expedition. But his new tribunal found little favour with the House, especially when it was discovered that it would have no power to try the civilians affected. One of them,



Visitor to country churchyard (seeing elderly gentleman listening hard, presumably to the choir singing in the church). "It's very beautiful, isn't it?"

Elderly gentleman (naturalist, listening to the grasshoppers) "And the wonderful thing is that they do it by rubbing their legs together."

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, announced his resignation—much to the regret of Mr. Balfour, who has no intention of following his example or of allowing Lord Hardinge to do so. In the end it was decided that there must be an entirely new tribunal, which can deal fairly and, one hopes, finally—with both soldiers and civilians. But it is now even betting that the Mesopotamia laundry-work will outlast the duration of the War.

"Ex-P.C. and wife will take care of your residence during holidays or other period; p.c. will receive prompt attention."

Sheffield Telegraph.

But what about p.c.'s wife?

"The bride's going-away dress was a silver cigarette case."—*Dover Telegraph.*

We don't like this new fashion for brides. It is too suggestive of "weeds."

"Ale and beer—Brew your own, 4½ gallons for 1s.; intoxicative; no malt; legal; two trade recipes, 1s."—*Cork Examiner.*

In England we do not require to brew this "intoxicative" with "no malt" for ourselves. Every public-house sells it.

SIRENS AND THEIR SUCCESSORS.

[A writer in an evening paper has been discussing the book that might be written on Sirens' Songs.]

What were the songs the Sirens sang
Three thousand years ago or more,
When their silvery voices rose and rang
Over the ocean's wine-dark floor,
And brought a strange perturbing pang
To the heart of the wisest man of yore?

Music and words have passed away,
But a modern rhymer is free to guess
What lent such wizardry to their lay,
What gave it glamour and tenderness,
And lured the hardy seaman astray
From the paths of duty and toil and stress.

They sang of the Zephyr's scented breeze,
Of amber eve and star-strewn night,
Of the moan of doves, the murmur of bees,
Of water trickling from the height,
And all that ministers to our ease
And puts dull carking care to flight.

They sang of banquets in gorgeous halls,
Of raiment tinct with saffron dyes;
Of ivory towers and crystal walls
And beauty in many a wondrous guise,
And all that fascinates and enthralls
The saint and the sinner, the fool and the wise.

Wily Ulysses at heart was sound—
At least he was quite a family man;
He faced the fatal music, but found
An antidote to the risks he ran,
For he sealed the ears of his crew, and bound
Himself to the mast ere the song began.

But the Siren who sang and slew is now
The fable outworn of an age remote,
And the women to whom to-day we bow
Have long abjured her sinister note;
She heals, she helps, she follows the plough,
And her song has fairly earned her the vote.

WHAT THE KINGFISHER KNEW.

The wind ruffled the grey water of the stream under the old stone bridge.

"Ssshhh, ssshhh," whispered the young willows, "what will become of us? what will they make of us? Ssshhh, ssshhh." But no one replied, chiefly because no one knew, excepting the kingfisher, and he was away on a fishing expedition.

Then one day the woodcutters came and the sound of their axes rang out over the meadows by the quiet stream. A great many of the older willows were laid low that day, and the young trees bent and whispered among themselves, "Ssshhh, ssshhh, what will become of them? what will they make of them? Ssshhh, ssshhh." This time the kingfisher answered them, for he was just back from a fishing expedition.

"They will make them into cricket-bats," he said; "that is what willow-trees are used for." And he sat and preened his gay little body in the sun.

"Sss-shameful! Sss-shameful!" whispered the young willow-trees. "To cut and maim and carve us up just for men and boys to play with. Sss-shame! Sss-shame! If they only used us for tools to work with or for swords to fight with, we shouldn't mind; but just for sport! Sss-shame! Sss-shame!" And they trembled and whispered among themselves on the edge of the silver stream.

But although the kingfisher happened to have a very little body he had a very big mind, and he explained to the young willow-trees that, even if cricket might be only a game, yet it trained boys and men for the Battle of Life. But the willow-trees were young and of course they thought they knew best, so they went on whispering among themselves, "Sss-shame! sss-shame!"

* * * * *

After the War began the kingfisher used to bring back what news he could gather on his fishing expeditions. "They are cutting down the oaks in the lower spinney," he told them one day. "I expect they will be used for building ships." And he preened his little dazzling body in the sun.

"I wish they would use *us* for building ships," whispered the willows. "I wish they would let *us* die for our country. All our brave men and boys have gone to fight; they do not even need us for cricket-bats now," they sighed sadly. "I wish they were back and wanting us to play games with."

And then one day, when the young willow-trees had grown older and more wise, the woodmen came again to the quiet stream.

"What have they come for? What will they do with us?" whispered the willow-trees as they shivered and trembled on the reedy margin of the stream. The kingfisher was preening his small many-hued body in the sun.

"I'll find out," he said, and flashed away like a fragment of rainbow gone astray. Almost by the time the first stroke of the axe rang out over the sleeping meadows he was back again.

"You are going to die for your country," he told them. "They are using willows to make new limbs for our brave soldiers and sailors who have lost their own; they are using willows to make new limbs for our brave sailors and soldiers." Up and down the stream he darted, spreading the wonderful news; and so the willow-trees were comforted.

"Ssshhh, ssshhh," they whispered. "Ssshhh! ssshhh! for our brave soldiers and sailors, for our dear sailors and soldiers—ssshhh, ssshhh."



AT OUR RED CROSS SALE.

"Mr. Jem Wallop, a retired heavy-weight champion, has very kindly consented to give a lesson in boxing to the highest bidder."

Commercial Candour.

"Electric hoist for passenger or goods; to lift 10cwt.; little use."—*Manchester Paper.*

"CHINESE CRISIS.
Distrust of the Ice-President."
Times and Mirror (Bristol).

Yet one would have thought him the very man to preserve his coolness.

"Hair Reports Progress.
G.H.Q., Tuesday, 11.46 a.m."
Star.

It is hoped now that the British *communiqués* will be a little less bald.

THE BOAT.

A Study in Indifference.

One likes to think of oneself as a person of some importance, whose vital spark, even in these days when life is so cheap, ought to be guarded with solicitude. Indeed, to adapt Clough's phrase, one wants other people—and especially those whose prosperity is dependent upon us—officiously to keep us alive.

This being my not unnatural attitude, you will understand what a shock I had when the owner of the boat, who would expire of starvation if his boats were not hired, treated me as he has done.

The boat in question was needed for an estuary or bay in which sailing is permitted. Since we had decided to take a holiday on the shores of this water it seemed well to secure something to navigate; and as I detest rowing it had to be something with sails, petrol being too scarce. The hotel people sent me the name of a man who had sailing-boats for hire. I corresponded with him, fixed up the price (an exorbitant one), and arranged for the boat to be ready on Monday afternoon.

On Monday afternoon it had not arrived. There was the sea; there was the little pier; there were plenty of rowing-boats, but my vessel was—where?

After breakfast the next day there was still no boat, but word came that its owner had called and would I see him?

"About the boat," he began.

"Where is it?" I asked.

"She's moored just round the point there," he said.

"Why isn't she here?" I asked, adopting his pronoun. I had forgotten for the moment that boats belong to the now enfranchised sex.

"Did you want her so soon?" he replied.

"It was all arranged for her to be here yesterday afternoon," I said. "I have your letter about it."

"Oh, well, she'll be here directly," he answered.

"I should have preferred you to keep your word," I said stiffly.

He made no reply.

"Send for her at once," I said. It was now half-past ten. "I want to go out this morning;" and he agreed.

The boat arrived at a little after three—an open boat with a mast. No



Grandpapa (to small Teuton struggling with home lessons). "Come, Fritz, is your task so difficult?"
Fritz. "It is indeed. I have to learn the names of *all* the countries that misunderstand the All-Highest."

deck; nowhere to be comfortable, as the boom swung almost level with the bulwarks. There was a foot of water in her.

Her owner arrived while I was noting these things.

He looked at her with pride. "She's a good boat," he said. "She used to be a lifeboat, with tanks in her to keep her buoyant, but I took them out."

"I was expecting one with a deck," I said.

"Deck? Who wants a deck?" he answered. "She's all right. You must keep baling, that's all. She would be all the better for some white-lead and paint."

"Why not give them to her?" I asked.

He pointed to an island about a mile distant and a headland half a mile across the bay. "Keep within those two spots," he said, "and you'll be all right. It's not safe to take her beyond. There might be squalls."

"Rather limited," I suggested.

"There's grand water in between," he said. "Deep too in places. Nine fathoms."

"Where's the man to sail her?" I asked.

"The man?" he replied. "Aren't you going to sail her yourself? Your letter said nothing about a man."

"Good heavens!" I said, "you surely wouldn't let a total stranger try to sail a boat here among all these unknown rocks and currents?"

From his manner it was plain that he would, cheerfully.

"Well, I've no man to spare," he said at last. "But there's a boy in the village who could come. He's not right in his head quite, but he'll be handy."

"Does he know the channels?" I asked.

"No, I wouldn't say he knew the channels," he replied, "but he'll be handy."

"Have you any life-belts?" I asked.

"There were some," he said, "but they've gone."

"You're not very encouraging," I remarked. "Surely you don't want people drowned in your boats? It wouldn't do the village or the hotel any good."

"No, I suppose not," he assented thoughtfully; "but no one's going to be drowned. No one ever has been drowned in that boat since I've had her." He laughed a hearty laugh. "So that's all right," he added, and was gone.

I now know what an invalid feels like who, after a few weeks in (so to speak) cotton-wool, is deposited on the doorstep in the sleet.

"Consequently, if Austria wants to save her twin-broth Hungary from a crushing defeat she must take her armies from Lemberg in a round-about way through most inconvenient mountain passes."

Judging by this account the Central Powers seem to be in the soup.

"To ascertain to what extent the children under their care have lost weight as a result of the war dietary, the Henley-on-Thames Guardians have decided to have them weighed periodically. At a certain boarding school all the boys were found to have lost weight—in some cases to the extent of 111lb—under the new food régime."—*Manchester Guardian.*

What did these young giants weigh before the War?

"Dr. A—— is the gifted author of his old Vicar, the late Dr. Bickersteth, who afterwards became Bishop of Exeter. He is also a son-in-law of the late Bishop."

Church Paper.

And apparently (by marriage) his own grandfather.

THE VOTE.

"And now," I said, "that you've got your dear vote, what are you going to do with it?"

"If," said Francesca, "you'll promise to treat it as strictly confidential I'll tell you."

"There you are," I said. "Unless you can make a secret out of it you take no pleasure in it. You're just like a lot of girls who ——"

"I'm not. I'm not even like one girl. I wish I was."

"I don't. I like your mature intellect. I can't do without your balanced judgment."

"Thanks; it's pleasant to be appreciated as one deserves. And now I'll tell you what I'm going to do with my vote. When the time comes I shall take it with me into what's called a polling-booth, and I shall demand a piece of paper, and then—yes, then I shall destroy the sanctity of the home and neglect my children, and, incidentally, I shall break up the Empire, and do all the other dreadful things that you and the others have been prophesying; and I shall do them simply by making a cross opposite the name of the candidate who's got the nicest eyes and the prettiest moustache. That's what I shall do with my vote. I shall vote with it by ballot. What else could I do?"

"Great Heaven! Francesca, how can you be so frivolous? Are you aware that politics, in which you are now to play a part however humble, are a serious matter?"

"I know," she said, "and that is why they'll be all the better for an occasional touch of lightness. There's some Latin quotation about Apollo, isn't there, my Public School and University man? Well, I'm all for that."

"But," I said, "you don't know how dangerous it is to be light and humorous at public meetings or in the House of Commons. A man gets a reputation for that sort of thing, and then he's expected to keep it up; and, anyhow, it gives him no influence, however funny he may be. The other men laugh at him, but distrust him profoundly."

"Pooh!" said Francisca. "That's all very well for men—they have little humour and no wit——"

"My dear Francesca, how can you venture to fly in the face of all experience——"

"Men's experience," she said; "it doesn't count. You've often said that smoking-room stories are the dullest in the world."

"How you do dart about," I said, "from subject to subject. Just now you were in a polling-booth and now you're in a smoking-room."

"And heartily ashamed to be found there—stale tobacco and staler stories. Why have a smoking-room at all when everybody's grandmother has her own cigarette-case and her own special brand of cigarettes?"

"We ought rather," I said, "to have two smoking-rooms to every house, one for me and the likes of me and the other for the grandmothers."

"Segregating the sexes again! Surely if we have mixed bathing we may have mixed smoking."

"And mixed voting," I said.

"That is no real concession. We have wrung it from you because of the force and reasonableness of our case."

"Say rather the force and Christabelness of your case."

"Anyhow, we've got it."

"And now that you've got it you don't really care for it."

"We do, we do."

"You don't. It's not one of the important subjects you and your friends talk about after you've quite definitely got up to go and said good-bye to one another."

"What," said Francesca, "does this man mean?"

"He means," I said, "those delightful and lingering committee meetings, when you have nearly separated and suddenly remember all the subjects you have forgotten."

"Now," she said, "you are really funny."

"I'm a man and can only do my best."

"That's the pity of it; but now you've got the women to help you."

"So I have. Well, *au revoir* in the polling booth."

"Anyhow, *à bas* the smoking-room."

R. C. L.



WAR ECONOMY.

Aunt Liz. "Where yer goin', Tiny?" *Tiny.* "Pictures."
Aunt Liz. "Got yer money?" *Tiny.* "No."
Aunt Liz. "What yer goin' to do, then?" *Tiny.* "Shove in."
Aunt Liz. "All right. Mind yer don't get runned over."

"Hot pennies and halfpennies were thrown from the windows at a West Hartlepool wedding party. One fell down the back of a schoolboy, burning him, and has been awarded £5 damages."—*Eastern Daily Press.*

And did the poor boy get nothing?

"The Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury has a very full agenda. Reports of the respective Joint Committees on the Royal Letters of Business, Purity of Life and the Revision of the Dictionary . . . will be taken into consideration; and, afterwards, several motions on a variety of topics will be brought forward. One of these begs the War Office to provide some means of protecting, when necessary, ladies of education working in munition factories 'from the profane language and swearing of the officials under whom they work.'"—*Church Courier.*

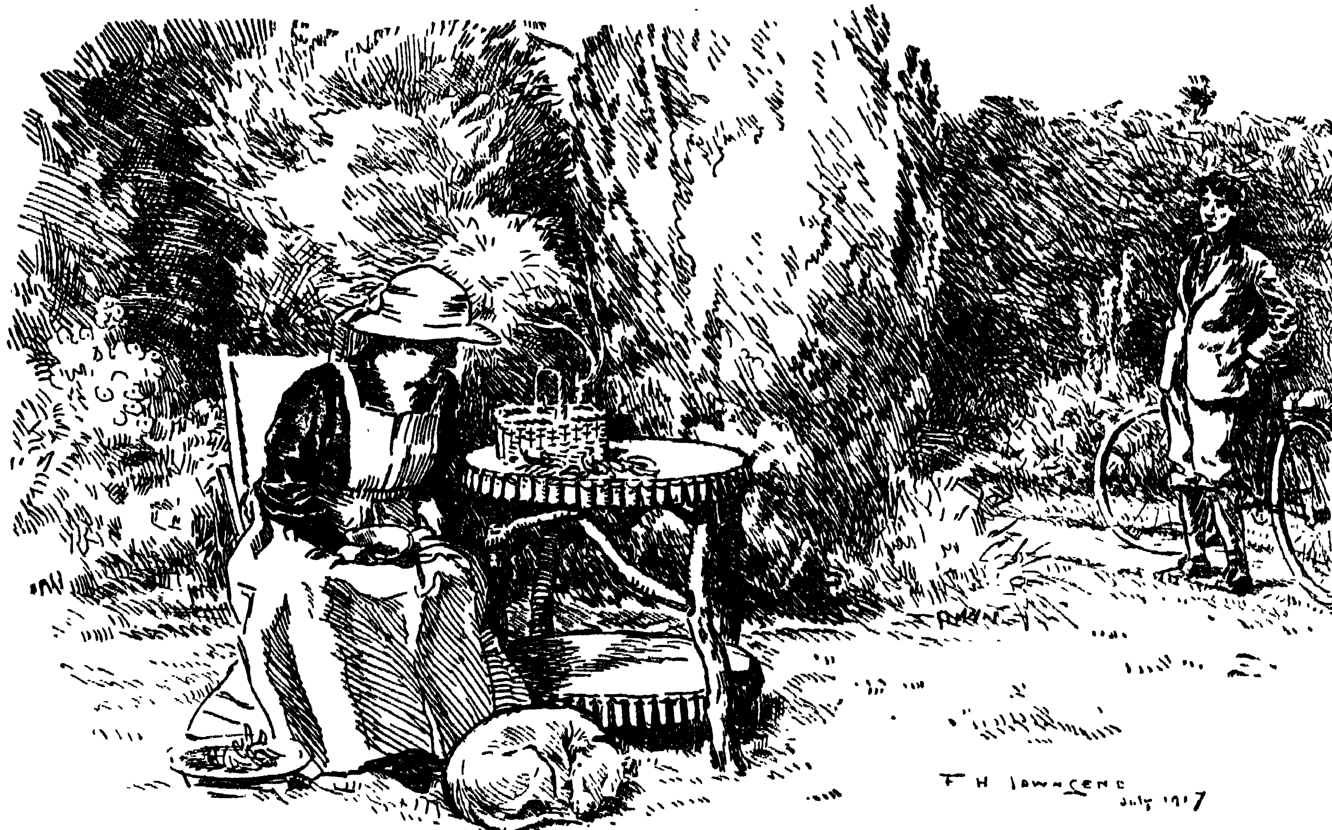
The dictionary certainly needs revising if this sort of language appears in it.

"After doing a few rounds of the field a wha he 'naives' call a errific speed, he calf leaped a high wall inoa nohehr field, and, followed by a number of men, made sraigh for he cliffs. Fearing nohing, he animal jumped from the cliff."—*Daily Dispatch.*

It is conjectured that the unfortunate animal was missing its "t."

"Wanted Plain Dressmaker, who goes out daily, for altering and re-making."—*Irish Paper.*

After a few days of this process she may hope to be a plain dressmaker no longer.



Mistress (*to under-gardener, who has been up to be examined for the Army*). "I SUPPOSE, JOHN, YOU TOLD THEM YOU WOULD NOT BE EIGHTEEN UNTIL THE END OF THE MONTH?"

John. "NO USE, MUM. YOU ONLY GETS CHEEK UP THERE IF YOU SAYS ANYTHING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The Candid Courtship (LANE) is a story full of good talk; by which I do not at all mean brilliant epigram and verbal fireworks, but direct and genuine conversation, just so far manipulated by the author that it advances the business in hand without becoming artificial. I must add, however, that Miss MADGE MEARS occasionally displays the defects of her qualities, to the extent of sacrificing syntax to ease, even in passages of pure narrative, with results that might offend the precisionist. But after all it is what she has to say that matters most; and the story of *The Candid Courtship* will hold you amused and curious to the end. I will not spoil it by re-telling, save to indicate that (as the title implies) it is about a suitor who, in proposing to the girl of his choice, confessed to her that he had a past. Not a very lurid past, but quite bad enough for the G.O.H.C., who happened to entertain strong views on sex-equality. So, as vulgar persons say, the fat was in the fire —more especially when the lady of the past turned up again, not past at all, but very pleasantly intriguing with another, and that other own brother to the girl herself. A pretty complication, and leading up to an admirable scene of tragi-comedy over a double elopement and a pursuit, which you must certainly read. Do not, however, be led to think that the story is at all farcically treated; Miss MEARS is far too serious an artist to neglect the graver aspects of her theme. Briefly, an excellently human and stimulating novel, whose only drawback is that recent events have caused the suffrage atmosphere in which it is set to taste somewhat stale.

Between anarchy and anarchy the history of unhappy Mexico is spanned for the space of a generation by the colossal figure of the soldier-president, *Diaz* (CONSTABLE). Mr. DAVID HANNAY, writing with exquisite literary workmanship in the series of biographies entitled collectively *Makers of the Nineteenth Century*, presents this typically "strong" man as neither hero nor villain, but as a human being with human limitations, even more as a Mexican with the characteristics of a Mexican. Amongst a populace hopelessly divided by race, untrained in self-government and cursed with a natural twist for lawlessness only equalled by its hatred of work, *Diaz* stands for a tyranny certainly, but for a unified orderly tyranny, preferable, one might think, to a myriad petty outlawries. If little of the country's wealth found its way beyond the narrowest of circles during his long control, and if certain Indian tribes were shamefully enslaved—a fact which is neither denied nor condoned—still railways and harbours did get themselves built and the dictator himself lived a life of uncorrupt simplicity. He has been blamed for failure to establish enduringly the civilisation that Europe thought had been attained, but on this the author's verdict is an unhesitating acquittal. Only a god could have done better, he thinks, and, in a series of illuminating analyses of the material to be moulded he shows how anything more than a superficial improvement was humanly impossible. Until that day of absorption in the United States which Mr. HANNAY considers fortunately inevitable, Mexico has no chance, he maintains, of even a moderately good government except under a firm dictatorship; and so he renders no small homage to the man who, all his failures notwithstanding, did for a time lift his country from the anarchy to which in his old age it reverted. Sober reading in all conscience, but for the manner of the writing one can have nothing but joyous praise.

His own modesty must preclude Mr. Punch from indicating those chapters in *Soldier Men* (LANE) that appear to him the most worthy of praise. But of course, if you specially want to know, a glance at the preliminary acknowledgments . . . Anyhow, parental prejudice apart, these studies of military life, mostly on the Egyptian Front, form a sufficiently entertaining and interesting volume. In this war of many fronts and facets, literature seems a little to have deserted the desert; it is therefore good that a writer so well equipped as "YEO" should tell us a little of what our soldiers there are doing for the cause, the special variety of beastliness that they are enduring (to read the chapter called "Plagues of Egypt" is enough to make one seek out an English wasp and embrace it with tears of affection), and the courage and humour that support them in their task. Something more than this, too; the wholly illogical and baffling humanity that—one likes to think—helps to differentiate the British fighting man, and must surely cause certain European people such bewildered qualms, if they ever hear of it. Read, for example, that grim and moving story of the Corporal who thought shooting was too good for Bedouin rebels, and what he actually did to a family of them who interrupted these reflections. But I forgot; this is one of the chapters that I was not going to mention.

Miss MARGARET PETERSON'S *Fate and the Watcher* (HURST AND BLACKETT) was already reminding me strongly of *The Broken Road* when I found that one of her characters had been struck by this same idea: "Lady Daring was not easy in mind, remembering the look in Prince Channa's eyes the evening of the ball. She had a vague memory of a novel by Mason that she had once read which dealt more or less with the same situation." This naïve admission must be my excuse for making odious comparisons between the two books and saying that Mr. MASON'S novel, which also treats of a native prince's love for an English girl, is on bigger and broader lines. In *Fate and the Watcher* the heroine and the cause of all the trouble is a waif taken literally from the gutter. She develops into a most unscrupulous minx, and, although we are led to suppose that her defects of character were largely due to her origin, I am prepared to allot to *Sir Henry* and *Lady Daring*, who adopted her, their fair share in the blame. A girl of the sweet type, endowed liberally with virtues, is produced as an antidote to the minx, but is no match for her. The present is not perhaps the most happily chosen time for a novel with such a theme, but I can at least say that Miss PETERSON is an expert in her subject and is never at a loss for incident. And *Ruth* (if that will console you) pays full price for her sins.

Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN is the complete partisan. He will believe always the worst of an enemy, the best of a friend—a credulous loyal fellow. And in *Italy at War* (DENT) he sets out to tell us a good deal that is interesting about the fine feats of our Italian Allies, especially of those Titanic gymnasts, the heaven-scaling Alpini. It is fair to warn the reader that it is a rather desultory scrap-book of the type the War has made common; fair also to add that some of the chapters least connected with the War are exceedingly interesting, as that about the elaborate sport of pigeon-netting at Cava dei Terreni. What I like least about our ready author is his fatuous little jokes, such as "Noli remained a sovereign republic for centuries . . . had her own bishopric (hence the phrase '*Noli episcopari*')"; or, "Briand came to Rome the other day with much *brio*." And inconsequences like this: "One of Disraeli's heroes discovered two nations: the rich and the poor. In a similar spirit General February may be said to command two distinct armies." All the same, an interesting book.



Returned Soldier. "WELL, JOHN, I DON'T SEE MUCH CHANGE IN THE OLD PLACE SINCE I WENT AWAY."

Old Villager. "OH, WE AIN'T SUCH STICK-IN-THE-MUDS AS YOU MAKE OUT, MY LAD. W'Y, AIN'T YOU NOTICED THAT OLD MRS. HUBBLE 'AS GOT A NEW PAIR O' SPECS?"

I am no pacificist, but I am bound to admit that the moment seems distinctly ripe for a cessation in one minor War product, namely the trench-book. Perhaps some form of armistice might be arranged, to last, say, six months; at the end of which time (should the War last so long) the changed conditions of campaigning on German soil might at least give our impressionists a chance of originality. I have been inspired to these comments by a perusal of *Mud and Khaki* (SIMPKIN), in which Mr. VERNON BARTLETT has reprinted from *The Daily Mail* and elsewhere a number of vigorous and realistic studies of life on the Western Front. Perhaps, as a whole, the collection is a little more grim than most; but there are not wanting touches of light comedy, in, for example, the comments of an admirable philosopher named "*Pongo*" *Simpson*. For the rest the book is precisely what you can gather from its title. In his preface the author tells us that his object in writing it has partly been to correct a lack of appreciation among stay-at-homes of the hardships and heroism of their defenders. But does there really breathe a man with soul so dead as to belittle these to-day? I should be ashamed to think so. Still, do not suppose that I regret that Mr. BARTLETT should have been goaded by whatever motive into print. Far from it, for he is clearly a writer of gifts. But I suggest that he should next time exhibit them to us in some (dare I say?) less trenchant guise.

"CHRISTENING LUCK.

While going down the Canongate one day last year, I was presented with a parcel by a lady carrying a baby, which contained bread and cheese, cakes, and a threepenny piece."—*Scots Paper.*

Thrifty little beggar!

CHARIVARIA.

NOT one of the morning papers advocated the appointment of Sir ERIC GEDDES to be First Lord of the Admiralty. A big scoop this for the Government.

* * *

A shortage of paper yarns is reported from Germany. The coarser varieties have apparently all been monopolised by the Imperial Government.

* * *

A foolish rumour is going the rounds to the effect that a music-hall comedian has confessed that he has never made a joke about the Mess in Mesopotamia. It is feared that the recent hot weather has affected the poor fellow.

* * *

In the absence of the sea-serpent this year a tope weighing thirty-nine pounds has been captured at Hastings. The fisherman who caught it declares that if he had known it was a tope at the time he would not have been in such a hurry to sign the pledge.

* * *

The FOOD-CONTROLLER is calling for strict economy in the use of ice. It is not generally known that after it has been warmed a little in front of the fire the stuff will keep almost indefinitely.

* * *

The order prohibiting the use of enemy languages over the telephone is said to be causing some inconvenience. Several persons intercepted by the operator in the course of a guttural conversation have been subsequently shown to have been talking Swiss.

* * *

A Pittsburg inventor is reported by Mr. MARCONI to have discovered a method of bottling light. If he can bottle anything lighter than the new Government ale his claim to be a wizard is established.

* * *

A safe weighing three hundredweight has been stolen from a branch post-office in the Gray's Inn Road. It is believed that in the excitement caused by an air-raid alarm it was snatched up by a customer who mistook it for his hat.

* * *

A man applied at Willesden Police Court recently for advice as to what he should do with a loaf of War bread which was uneatable, as he dared not destroy it and could not eat it. His only objection to keeping it as a pet was a fear that it would never become really fond of children, although it might in time prove a good house-guard with which to ward off burglars.

* * *

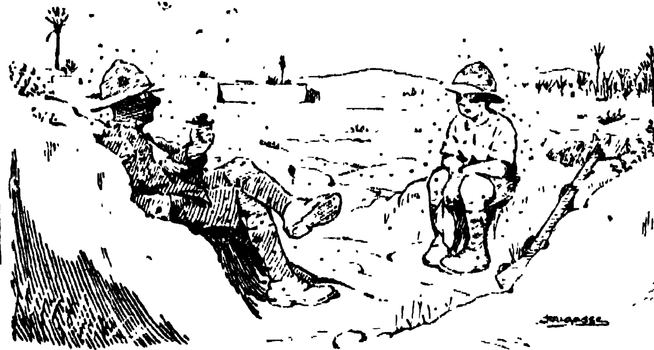
At the Birmingham Assizes a man has been sent to prison for publishing a pamphlet entitled "Questions for Parsons." He now contemplates a new pamphlet entitled 'Back Answers to the Bench."

* * *

Owing to the fact that the political situation is not quite clear in Germany the Reichstag has been adjourned. It is expected also that an attempt will be made to adjourn the War.

* * *

A writer in *English Mechanics* declares that a cornet played near caterpillars will cause them to drop to the ground and die. We understand that the R.S.P.C.A. plead with allotment-holders to destroy these pests by a less gruesome method.



New Hand. "FLIES SEEM PRETTY AWFUL OUT HERE, CORPORAL"
Hardened Campaigner. "WOT FLIES?"

* * *

A motor lorry laden with petrol dashed into the front of a house at Hazelgrove when the family was not at home. It is only fair to say that the driver did not know they were out.

* * *

The Barcelona to-Bilbao motor race has been postponed owing to strikes in Spain. A few sharp lessons like this will, we feel certain, have the effect of discouraging the habit of striking.

* * *

Some men, said a man before the Swindon Guardians, take up angling in order to go into the country to enjoy a smoke. It is not known why the others do it.

* * *

The Board of Agriculture point out that there is an abundant supply of kippers on the market at reasonable prices. This will come as a great boon to music-hall audiences, who find that the kippers used by comedians are getting rather frayed at the edges through constant wear.

* * *

"Bad language is used at Billingsgate not so much by the porters as by the buyers," said a witness at a City inquest last week. A purchaser at this market declares that the language is often provoked by the fish. Only last week he had a heated argument with a very talkative haddock.

* * *

England has lost first place in Germany, for America is said to be the most hated country now. The morning hate of the German family with ragtime obbligato must be a terrible thing.

* * *

"The National Service Department," said Mr. BECK in the House of Commons, "is desirous of remaining where it is." If we are to believe all we read it will take a great deal to move this department.

* * *

"Cod liver oil," says a weekly paper, "is the secret of health." Smith minor sincerely regrets that our contemporary has not kept the secret.

* * *

The *Vossische Zeitung*, referring to the appointment of Dr. MICHAELIS, says "there is no chance of his clubbing together with the big industrialists and misguided agitators." So long however as they are clubbed separately we shall not grumble.

* * *

Waste-paper in Westminster, it is stated, has gone up from £2 10*s*. to £7 a ton. Why, it is asked, cannot the Government come to the rescue and publish the full reports of the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia Commissions?

* * *

Boxes of matches with jokes on them, we are told, are now on sale. Several correspondents who were charged two-pence for a box complain that they are unable to see the joke.

* * *

An Irish newspaper, *The Kilkenny People*, has been suppressed for seditious utterances. People are wondering what it can possibly have said.

* * *

There will be no flag-day on August 26th.

* * *

A girl clerk in a Surrey bank has explained a shortage of a half-penny in her postage-stamps by admitting that she swallowed one. It is thought that the extremely low price tempted her.

ON VIMY RIDGE.

To B. S. B., July 11th.

ON Vimy Ridge I sit at rest
With Loos and Lens outspread below;
An A.D.C.—the very best
Expounds the panoramic show;
Lightly I lunch, and never yet
Has quite so strong an orchestration
Supplied the music while I ate
My cold collation.

Past Avion through the red-roofed town
There at our feet our white line runs,
Fresnoy's defences, smoking brown,
Shudder beneath our shattering guns,
Pop-pop!—and Archie's puffs have blurred
Some craft engaged to search the Bosch out—
I hold my breath until the bird
Signals a wash out.

Scarce I believe the vision real,
That here for life and death they fight;
A "Theatre of War," I feel,
Has set its stage for my delight,
Who occupy, exempt from toll,
This auditorium, green and tufty,
Guest of the Management and sole
Object in mufti.

And now along the fretted ground
Where Canada's "BYNG Boys" stormed their way,
I go conducted on the round
That GEORGE OF WINDSOR did to-day;
Immune he trod that zone of lead,
And how should I, who just write verses,
Hope to attract to my poor head
Their "Perishing Percies"?

Bapaume had nearly been my tomb;
And greatly flattered I should be
If I could honestly assume
The beastly shell was meant for me;
But though my modesty would shun
To think this thought (or even say it),
I feel I owe the KAISER one
And hope to pay it. O. S.

HOW TO CURE THE BOSCH.

"Yes, I seen a good bit o' the Bosch, one way and another, before he got me in the leg," said Corporal Digweed. "Eighteen months I had with 'im spiteful, and four months with 'im tame. Meaning by that four months guarding German prisoners."

"And what do you think of him at the end of it?" I asked.

Digweed leant back with a heavily judicial air.

"Some o' these Peace blighters seem to think he's a little angel, basin' their opinion, I suppose, on something I must 'a' missed during my time out. On the other hand there's a tidy few thinks that one German left will spoil the earth. Now me, I holds they're both wrong. The second's nearer than what the first is, I don't deny. But a incident what occurred in that Prisoners' Camp set me thinking that you might make something o' Fritz yet, if you only had the time and the patience.

"We had a batch of prisoners come in what I saw at once was a different brand to the usual. There wasn't that—well, that distressin' lack o' humility that you mostly finds showin' itself after we've had them a week or two. There seemed about 'em almost a sort o' willingness to learn that put 'em in a class by themselves. I sez to the interpreter, 'There's something odd about that lot. You find out what it is;' which he does. And what do you think it was? *They was convicts.* All men in for a long term, what had served five years and more o' their sentences and was let out to fight.

"It seemed to me at first the rummiest thing that ever I see. But I've thought it over and thought it over, and now it's as clear as day. When the Bosch is kept in a watertight compartment for a bit, he gets back to being more or less of a human being. His whole trouble's really through being surrounded by other Bosches. They got tellin' each other what a great nation they are, and how they was born to inherit the earth, and that it's only forestalling nature a bit to go and take it now, and so on—each going one better than the last. They keep on contaminatin' one another till what do you get? Why, me and you spending our old age a-teaching of 'em humility.

"Now, with these 'ere convicts it was another story. 'Stead o' keep talkin' about German culture and what rotters all the rest o' the world was, their heads had plenty o' time to cool while they picked their oakum or what not—resultin' in quite a fairly decent lot o' men, as I say. Yes, it's very interesting and instructive. I believe it's the solution of the question, 'How to cure the Bosch,' I do. If you could keep 'em all apart from each other for five years you'd find they'd be quite different. I daresay they wouldn't mind it so much either."

"If I was a Bosch I should be thankful," I said. "But wouldn't there be difficulties about this segregation?"

Digweed waved them aside.

"There's always difficulties," he said. "But you mark my words, that's the thing to do. It would help it along, too, to give 'em the right sort of books and papers to read. Why, if you worked the thing properly, they might mostly be cured in two years or two and a half."

I shook my head. "There are some you'll never cure," I said.

"There'd be stubborn cases, I won't deny. And a few incurables, as you say. But the first thing to do is to advertise the idea. You make a speech about it, Sir. When you're proposing a vote of thanks to a Duchess for openin' a bazaar, you bring it up. I've heard people before now take that kind of opportunity to bring something forward what they'd got on their chest."

"I'm not likely to get a chance like that," I said; "but I'll see if I can write an article about it."

Whether Digweed will consider the article worthy of the subject I cannot say. Perhaps the Editor of *Punch* is less fastidious.

FOR OUR SAILORS.

The current week is "Navy Week," and Mr. Punch begs to urge his kind friends to take their part in the great organised effort to raise a large sum for the benefit of our sailors and their families—R.N., R.N.R., R.N.V.R., trawlers and mine-sweepers. The nation owes them all a debt that can never be paid. The fund is to be administered on the lines of King Edward's Hospital Fund. An All-American matinée will be given in this good cause at the Victoria Palace on Thursday, July 26th, and *Trelawny of the Wells* (with Miss IRENE VANBRUGH) at the New Theatre on Friday. Gifts for the fund may be addressed to Commodore Sir RICHARD WILLIAMS-BULKELEY, Bt., at the offices of "Navy Week," 5, Green Street, Leicester Square, W.C. 2.



THE SCRAPPER SCRAPPED.



Sergeant (to cadet). "Sit back, Sir! Sit back! Think wot a blinkin' fool you'd look if 'is 'ead was to come orf!"

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXIII.

My dear Charles,—I never meant to give myself away; I meant to go on talking about the old War till the end, just as if I was taking a leading part in it, so that you should have still believed I was doing the bull-dog business with the best of them. But no, let me be honest and tell you that I have practically ceased to be a dog. The only painful connection I can boast of recently with the War is that, having cause to travel from place to place in this country, I was unhappy enough to strike six meatless days in succession, which gave me to think that even embusquing in France has its drawbacks. On the seventh day I was accused, by good people who know not Thomas, of being (1) a Russian, (2) an American, (3) a Belgian, and (4) an Irishman, which made me feel that these gaudy colours I have burst into are not so famous as I supposed; and on the eighth day I find myself insulted in twenty-seven places by an angry mosquito, whom in the small hours of the morning I had occasion to rap over the knuckles and turn out of my billet. And I've got a nasty cold, and nobody loves me or cleans my buttons, and if I want to go anywhere there are no more motor cars and they make me pay a penny for the tram, and my wife doesn't think I'm a hero any longer, and little James is being taught to blush and look away and start another subject when anybody says "Dad-dad," and (if you can believe this) I've just been made to pay a franc-and-a-half for a tin of bully beef.

But you don't sympathise, not a bit of it; why should you? I shouldn't if I were in your place. I should just cut off the supply of cigarettes and shaving-soap, stop wishing me good luck, and, with haughty contempt, say, "Call yourself a soldier!" Nevertheless, my friend, whatever I may *be*, I *look* extraordinarily magnificent, so much so that a short-sighted Major has taken his pipe out of his mouth as I have drawn near and has as good as saluted me. When he saw I was only a Captain (and a temporary Captain at that) he tried to cover his mistake; but he didn't deceive me; he didn't need to take his pipe out of his mouth in order to scratch his head, did he?

There is this to be said about being at war, you never know what is going to happen to you next. For the most part this is just as well. There is, however, a decent percentage of pleasant surprises, which is, I suppose, the only thing that makes the business tolerable. No orderly ever came up to the trenches, when I was in them, but he gave rise to the hope that he had orders for me to come out at once and command in chief. Some such orderly did arrive at last, but the instructions he gave me said nothing about taking over the B.E.F. Nevertheless orders were orders and I obeyed them and came out. Having a private conversation with Fortune on the way down the communication trench, I thanked her very sincerely for her kindness and said I was so grateful that I would never ask her for anything else.

But you know human nature as well as I do; I soon found myself saying what a hard life it was in an office, and how one missed the open-air life one had with one's regiment and the healthy appetite it gave one. Besides which, as I pointed out to Fortune, my solid worth wasn't being recognised as it should be. "I don't ask for favours," I told her. "All I ask is bare justice." Now, if I'd been Fortune, Charles, and a man had spoken to me like that, after all I'd done for him, I'd have had him marching up that communication trench again, with a full pack, at five o'clock in the very next forenoon.

But Fortune, ever kind and forgiving, did no such thing. She did remonstrate with me gently of nights, when the

noise of the bombardments was particularly fierce and prolonged. "What about those poor fellows right up in front," she said, "who are sitting out in the wind and the rain and going through *that?*" "Yes," said I, "what about them? Can't you do something for them? Do you know that this is their fourth night of it in succession, and the only bit of change you've been able to give them was sleet instead of rain on the Sunday?" That used to put Fortune in the cart, and she'd try and work the conversation round to my own case again. But what with the wind and the noise and the downpour and the mud, I was too hot on the other subject, and I said that Fortune ought to be ashamed of herself, carrying on like that; and it was a disgraceful war and the police ought to stop it, and I'd a very good mind to write to the papers about it.

Then the next day would be fine and dry and warm, and it would be early closing for the Bosch artillery, and the infantry would go marching past my office window, whistling and singing and behaving as if the whole thing was a jolly old picnic; and who'd be an inkslinger in such weather? And Fortune, modestly intruding, would say to me casually, "I think I've arranged that rather well, don't you?"

"Ah, you've arranged something at last, have you?" I'd say, assuming that she must be thinking about me, and I'd open my official envelopes with an unusual interest, feeling practically sure that one of them must contain immediate orders for me—the one and only me—to proceed forthwith to England and reorganise the War Office, taking over a couple of six-cylinder cars and a furnished flat in St. James's for the purpose.

Poor old Fortune! what could she say next? She'd look at me, more in sorrow than in anger, and murmur, "Aren't you forgetting that this is a war and you are supposed to be fighting it?" Did I blush for shame? Not I. As bold as brass I'd look old Fortune straight in the face and, with righteous indignation, would say, "I know as well as you do, Ma'am, that it is a war; but there's no reason why it shouldn't be a *just* war." Thinking it out I have never been quite able to see what I meant by that, as applied to my own case. However, I seem to have said the right thing, and it appears to have impressed Fortune very considerably, because—well, Charles, here I am.

Yet if there is justice in this world (and I subsist on the confident hope and belief that there is not) I know what the end of it must be. That confounded orderly, turned traitor, will one day search me out, however far I may have wandered from the battlefield meanwhile, and, saluting ironically, will hand me an envelope marked "URGENT, SECRET, CONFIDENTIAL, PERSONAL, PRIVATE." The contents will be a piece of news and some orders, and all that Fortune will have had to do with it will be to attach a forwarding slip, "Passed to you, please, for your information and necessary action." The news will be that for everyone else the War is over, and the infantry and the rest of them will take over forthwith my present circumstances, being free to revel in the trams and the mosquitoes and the nasty colds to their hearts' delight. The orders will be that for me the War is about to begin again in grim earnest, and that tomorrow at dawn I take over and defend till further notice, and against all the most noisy and loathsome inventions that man can devise, that sector of the trenches which extends from the Swiss frontier to the sea.

When that day comes I shall be too busy (taking cover) to have leisure to write to you. Meanwhile I shall still be in touch with life from time to time and will pass on to you such scraps as come my way. Yours ever, HENRY.



Bill. "I DESSAY SOME WOMEN CAN DO MEN'S WORK. BUT THEY'LL NEVER GIT MEN'S WAGES."

Joe (much married). "WOTCHERMEAN—*NEVER?* THEY ALWAYS 'AVE!"

"The India Office goes to Mr. Montagu."
The Star.

MAHOMET had to go to the Mountain, but Mr. MONTAGU is more fortunate.

OUR MIGHTY PENMEN.

By a Literary Expert.

The House of Boffin announces a revised edition of Mr. Elbert Pitts's *Final Words on Religion*, under the title of *Antepenultimate Words on Religion*. As Mr. Pitts observes in his arresting Preface, "Finality, in a time of upheaval, is a relative term, and I hope, at intervals of six months or so, to publish my penultimate, quasi-ultimate and paulo-post-ultimate views on the vital beliefs which underlie the fantastic superstructure of dogmatic theology." The new work will be illustrated with three portraits of the author by Mr. Marcellus Thom, taken at various stages of the composition of the work.

Mr. Pitts has also completed a new novel entitled *The Bounder of Genius*, and has kindly furnished us with a brief outline of its contents. The hero, who starts life as an artificial raspberry-pip maker and amasses a colossal fortune in the Argentine grain trade, marries a poor seamstress in his struggling days, but deserts her for a brilliant variety actress, who is in turn deposed by (1) the daughter of a dean, (2) the daughter of an earl, and (3) the daughter of a duke. Ultimately Jasper Dando, for that is his name, leads a crusade to Patagonia, where he establishes a new republic founded on Eugenics, China tea, and the Prohibition of the Classics. Mr. Pitts thinks it the finest thing he has done, and he is fortified in this conviction by the opinion of Mr. Stoot, the principal reader of the House of Boffin.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Hanley Potter will shortly issue, through the firm of Bloomer and Guppy, a selection from the reviews, notices and essays contributed by him to *The Slagville Gazette*. "They are interesting," says the author, "as the expression of a fresh and unbiassed mind, unfettered by any respect for established reputations or orthodox standards." The titles of some of the articles—"The Dulness of Dante," "The Sloppiness of Scott," "George Eliot as Pedant," "Jane Austen the Prude"—indicate sufficiently the richness of the treat provided in these stimulating pages.

The Centenary of Jane Austen is to be celebrated in a thoroughly practical manner by the House of Hussell. It will be remembered that, some thirty years ago, an effort was made to revive the waning popularity of Sir Walter Scott by the issue of a series of condensed versions of his novels, in which redundant passages, notes and introductions were removed and the salient features were compressed in a compact and animated narrative. In order to render justice to Jane Austen the process needed is diametrically opposite. Jane Austen's novels are short and singularly lacking in picturesqueness, emotion, colour. Mr. Hamo Bletherley, who has been entrusted with the task of infusing these elements into Jane Austen's staid and reticent romances, points out that her vocabulary was extraordinarily limited. Her abstinence from decorative epithets led to results that are bald and unconvincing. One may look in vain in her pages for such words as "arresting," "vital," "momentous" or "sinister." She never uses "glimpse," "sense" or "voice" as verbs. We look forward with eager anticipation to the results of Mr. Bletherley's courageous experiment.

In this connection we cannot too heartily congratulate Mr. Jerome Longmore, the well-known bookman and literary curio-collector, on his latest stroke of good luck. It appears that in a recent pilgrimage to Selborne he met the only surviving great-granddaughter of Sarah Timmins (charwoman at Chawton in the years 1810 to 1815), and purchased from her a pair of bedroom slippers, a pink flannel dressing-gown and a boa which had belonged to the great novelist. A full description of these priceless relics will shortly appear in *The Penman*, together with a life and portrait of Sarah Timmins, who married a pork butcher in Liphook and died in 1848. One of her letters establishes the interesting fact that Jane Austen never ate sausages.

We may add that Mr. Longmore is not one of those miserly collectors who brood over their treasures and deny the sight of them to others. On the contrary he takes the keenest pleasure in showing them to his friends, and at the present time is holding a series of informal receptions at his charming villa at Potter's Bar, at which, robed in Jane Austen's dressing-gown, wearing her boa and shod in her slippers, he presents a truly romantic and distinguished spectacle. We understand that the Potter's Bar authorities are favourably considering the proposal that warnings of air raids in that locality should be given by the appearance in public of Mr. Longmore in this striking dress.

"... Mr. Lloyd George, on whom, by devious paths, has descended the mantle of Lord Rosebery."—*Daily Express.*

Including the Primrose path, we presume.

PETHERTON'S PEDIGREE.

A stroke of luck enabled me to open an interesting little correspondence with my genial neighbour, Petherton, which resulted in one of those delightful passages-of-arms in which Petherton, at least, excels.

Dear Mr. Petherton (I began),—I have made a discovery which will, I am sure, interest you, though I am uncertain whether it will be as pleasing to you as to myself.

During certain research work at the Record Office I came across incontrovertible evidence that we are in some way related through a Petherton in the early part of the eighteenth century (*tempus* George II.) being sufficiently far-seeing to contract a marriage with a Fordyce. This Petherton, by name Edward, lived at Kirkby Lonsdale, and his wife, Emily Jane Fordyce, at Dent, in the same district.

I haven't a family tree by me, but know the late-lamented Emily Jane by name. She was part of the issue of one Henry Fordyce, who is in the direct line, absolutely non-stop, without changing, from the earliest known Fordyce to myself.

What a field for speculation is here opened up! With your scientific bent you will grasp the possibilities of the hereditary influence of my family on yours, supposing Edward Petherton to be a direct ancestor of your own. To me the unexpected result of my researches will give an added interest to our correspondence, and I await with eagerness your views as to the value and interest of my discovery.

Your kinsman,
Henry J. Fordyce.

Petherton cried "*Touché*" at once, and lunged at me in accordance with my plan of campaign.

Sir (he spluttered),—As a very busy man I must protest against your attempt to distract my attention by writing to me on a matter that is of no importance. That your discovery is of a somewhat disconcerting nature I will not deny, but that it is of any particular value or interest to me is hardly to be expected, seeing that it relates to a bygone century, and any defects acquired by the Pethertons from such a union will, I imagine, have been overcome by now.

The Fordyces were apparently a more attractive race in the eighteenth than in the twentieth century. I can scarcely imagine a present-day Petherton contracting such a *mésalliance*.

A direct ancestor of mine, Edward Petherton, as I see by the Family Bible in my possession, was born in 1699,



British Tar (confidentially to lady friend). "SHE'S SUNK ALL RIGHT."

married in 1728, and lived at Kirkby Lonsdale. His wife's name is not stated, but I can the more readily believe that he is the misguided individual to whom you refer, as he died in 1729, no doubt as the result of his rash act. His son, Primus Postumus Petherton, born, as his second name suggests, after his father's death, carried on the line. Any possible virtues or talents my family may possess are not, I am certain, from the distaff side of this union.

Yours faithfully,
FREDERICK PETHERTON.

I made a thrust in tierce:—

DEAR COUSIN FRED,—What a mine of information you are! I touch a spring and out comes Primus Postumus Petherton. The name conjures up visions of grey church towers, monumental urns and the eulogies in verse beloved of Georgian poets. I wonder whether Possy was a great letter-writer and kept poultry. By the way, what a lot of good things begin with a "P," and, talking of poultry, I notice yours are laying, or should be. They are certainly in full song these mornings.

I'm so glad that you're so glad that I'm a relation. When I was at the Record Office again yesterday I searched for more information about my new-found relatives. In fact I dug up the Petherton allotment thoroughly and unearthed Priscilla and Anne, both of CHARLES I.'s time, and Marmaduke of the Restoration.

I couldn't exhume a complete family tree, or no doubt I should have found all these worthies hanging on their respective branches, though Marmaduke might have dropped off, as he appears to have been a bit over-ripe from what I could gather from the records.

How are the Food Regulations suiting you? Judging from your last letter I'm afraid you are not taking enough starch. Of course I know it's gone up fearfully in price lately. Personally I've taken to wearing soft collars.

Your affectionate Cousin, H. F.

Aren't you pleased that potatoes have come in again? (Another good thing beginning with a P.)

Petherton ground his teeth for a last bout, and bade me come on.

SIR (he wrote),—I'm glad you've taken to soft collars. They will suit your soft head. As for food, I'm afraid you're not taking enough arsenic. A slight touch of relationship to my family has evidently turned your brain. I cannot say how sorry I am that you should have discovered the one flaw in my pedigree.

Yours faithfully,
FREDERICK PETHERTON.

I gave him one last little tweak under the ribs:—

DEAR OLD BOY,—Just a hurried line to say that all is forgiven and forgotten. The family feud (there must have been one, I'm certain) which has kept the Pethertons and the Fordyces apart for the last couple of centuries is a thing of the past, now that we two understand each other so thoroughly. I am only sorry I did not discover the strawberry mark on your left arm earlier, that I might the sooner have subscribed myself

Your long lost HARRY.

This either disarmed him or he threw away his weapon in disgust.

"Other houses have a good many books which have come down from posterity, mostly in odd volumes."
"*Claudius Clear*" in "*The British Weekly.*"

Some of those that we bequeath to our ancestors will be quite as odd.

It is rumoured that during the period of food-control a well-known Soho restaurant intends to change its name to the "Rhondda-vous."



Busy City-man to his Partner (as one of the new air-raid warnings gets to work). "If you'll leave me in here for the warnings I'll carry on while you take shelter during the raids."

THE LITTLE THINGS.

I used to be a peaceful chap as didn't ask for trouble,
An' as for rows an' fightin', why, I'd mostly rather not,
But now I'd charge an army single-'anded at the double,
An' it's all along o' little things I've learned to feel so 'ot.

It's 'orrid seein' burnin' farms, which I 'ave often seen 'ere,
An' fields all stinks an' shell-'oles, an' the dead among the flowers,
But the thing I've 'ated seein' all the bloomin' time I've been 'ere
Is the little gardens rooted up—the same as might be ours.

It's bad to see the chattos—which means castles—gone to ruins,
And big cathedrals knocked to bits as used to look that fine,
But what puts me in a paddy more than all them sort o' doin's
Is the little 'ouses all in 'eaps—the same as might be mine.

An' when the what's-it line is bust an' we go rompin' through it,
An' knock the lid off Potsdam an' the Kayser off 'is throne,
Why, what'll get our monkey up an' give us 'eart to do it?
Just thinkin' o' them little things as might 'ave been our own
(An' most of all the little kids as might 'ave been our own)!

C. F. S.

GOIN' BACK.

I'm goin' back to Blighty and a free-an'-easy life,
But I grant it ain't the Blighty of me pals:
They takes the Tube to Putney, to the kiddies and the wife,
Or takes the air on 'Ampstead with their gals;
My little bit o' Blighty is the 'ighway,
With the sweet gorse smellin' in the sun;
And the 'eather 'ot and dry, where a tired man may lie
When the long day's done.

There's picture-'alls in 'Ammersmith to suit them mates o' mine;
There's beer and 'addock suppers and cigars;
But I guess I'd sooner slog it where there's jest the scent o' pine
And over'ead an 'eap o' little stars;
The lights o' Charin' Cross and Piccadilly,
I'd swop 'em for the silver of the streams,
When the summer moon is lit and the bats begin to flit
And the dark earth dreams.

I'm goin' back to Blighty, to the little lonesome lanes,
The dog-rose and the foxglove and the ferns,
The sleepy country 'orses and the jolty country wains
And the kindly faces every way you turns;
My little bit o' Blighty is the 'ighway,
With the sweet gorse smellin' in the sun;
And the 'eather good and deep where a tired man may sleep
When the long day's done.



LONG LIVE THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR!

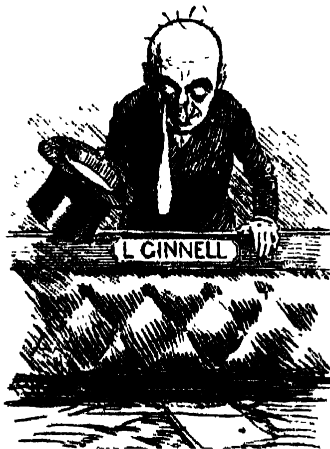
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 16th.—In the course of a discussion on "rope" in War-bread Mr. THORNE accused the West-End bakeries of mixing white flour with the "G.R." variety, and so supplying their wealthy customers with better bread than is procurable by his own constituents. Although no official confirmation of this charge was forthcoming Mr. THORNE appeared to be convinced of its accuracy. In his opinion the Government, following the historic example of PHARAOH, should give the bread to the people and the rope to the bakers.

It might not be accurate to say that in the matter of beer the Irishman wants but little here below, but he certainly wants that little strong; and being, in spite of a popular impression to the contrary, a seriously-minded person, he resents any reduction of his gravity. Mr. BRIDGEMAN'S gentle reminder that no Irish brewer need avail himself of the new regulations unless he pleases quite failed to satisfy the Nationalists that a new item had not been added to Ireland's catalogue of grievances.

Tuesday, July 17th.—For some weeks Mr. GINNELL has been absent from his place. No one has gone so far as to suggest that the Roll of the House should be called in order to bring back the hon. Member to his Parliamentary duties. But considerable curiosity was aroused by his recent statement that he proposed to make one more appearance at Westminster before retiring permanently to Ireland to watch over the growth of the Sinn Fein Republic. To-day was the day. Question 45, "Mr. Ginnell, to ask the Prime Minister, &c., &c.," was eagerly awaited. There was no saying that the hon. Member, if dissatisfied with the reply, would not hurl the Mace at the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, so as to ensure a properly dramatic exit. At last No. 45 was reached; but Mr. GINNELL was not there to put it. Once more the Saxon intellect had been too slow to keep up with the swift processes of the Celtic cerebellum. Mr. GINNELL has on more than one occasion made what his compatriots call a "holy show" of himself; but he refuses to do this sort of thing to order.

Mr. HOUSTON is still harping upon the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S recent confession of his ship-owning gains, and laboured hard this afternoon to convince the Committee that ship-owners in general were in no sense profiteers. He failed, however, to avert the wrath of Mr. DENNISS, who declared that if, after what had been revealed, any shipowner was made a peer, he should move to abolish the peerage.



THE EMPTY SEAT.
MR. PUNCH DROPS A SILENT TEAR AT THE DEPARTURE OF ONE OF HIS BEST PUPPETS.

This day the KING in Council decreed that the Royal House should forthwith abandon all German titles and known henceforth as the House Windsor. No one will be better pleased than Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, who for months past has been unsparing in his efforts to purge the Upper House of enemy peers, and to-night had the satisfaction of seeing a Bill for that purpose read a second time. His prophecy that such measure could be passed in three minutes was not quite borne out; but that was chiefly because the hon. Member himself occupied a quarter-of-an-hour in complaining of the Government's delay in introducing it.

Wednesday, July 18th.—Sir HENRY DALZIEL has been labouring under the delusion that the R.N.A.S. and the R.F.C. are so mortally afraid of trespassing upon one another's aerial preserves that the former will not attack an enemy plane travelling over land, or the latter over sea. Dr. MACNAMARA for the Navy, and Mr. MACPHERSON for the Army, informed him that there was no truth in the suggestion; but Colonel CLAUDE LOWTHER, remembering that there were once Two Macs who delighted in spoofing their audiences, refused to be comforted until categorically assured that between R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. there is "sufficient cohesion."

This was BALFOUR'S day. Never since he gave up the Leadership of the Unionist Party six years ago has he more completely dominated the scene. Mr. BONAR LAW had announced that the Government had on third thoughts decided not to set up a new tribunal to try the persons affected by the Mesopotamia Report. The military officers would be dealt with by the Army Council. As for Lord HARDINGE, the Government, "on the representations of the FOREIGN SECRETARY," had again refused his proffered resignation. If any Members disapproved, let them propose a Vote of Censure or move the adjournment.

It was perhaps fortunate for the Government that Mr. DILLON accepted the challenge. During the War the Member for East Mayo has lost such authority in the House as he once possessed. Criticism on the conduct of the campaign from one who boasts that he has never stood upon a recruiting-platform lacks sincerity. Mr. BALFOUR, always at his best when defending a friend, laid about him lustily, and convinced the majority of the House, not very friendly at the outset, that it would be an act of gross injustice to remove a great public servant because the Commission—on whose evidence, without further inquiry, you could not hang a cat—had reported adversely on his conduct in an entirely different capacity.



LORD HARDINGE'S CHAMPION.
MR. BALFOUR LETS OUT.

To add to the force of this appeal came Sir HEDWORTH MEUX'S striking testimonial

—"I have known Lord Hardinge from a boy." After that, small wonder that the House rejected Mr. Dillon's motion by 176 to 81.

Thursday, July 19th.—The only thing that keeps Mr. Reddy at Westminster is his delight in acting as Chorus to Major Pretyman Newman. Whenever the hon. and gallant Member asks a question Mr. Reddy, in a piping voice of remarkable carrying power, immediately puts another, designed to throw doubt upon his personal prowess or his military capacity. Major Newman had several Questions on the Paper this afternoon, and, as he had just announced the withdrawal of his valuable support from a Government so lost to all sense of propriety as to welcome Messrs. Churchill and Montagu to its fold, Mr. Reddy's comments were awaited with pleasurable anticipation.

Alas! for once he was not in his place. Even when Major Newman elicited the damning information that some members of the Dublin Metropolitan Police occasionally employ a German barber there was no penetrating voice from the back benches to ask, "Why doesn't the honourable Mimber go and shave them himself?"

Mr. Jowett wants the Home Secretary to withdraw the permission he gave some time ago "to employ women on the night-turn in wool-combing." Several much-married Members are afraid that whatever he may decide the objectionable practice will continue.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

They came from untamable highlands,
From glens where their fathers were free,
From misty and mountainous islands
Set fast in the throat of the sea;
They fought for the honour of Britain;
They died in defence of the right;
Their deeds are in history written
In letters of light.

They fell where the Ganges is flowing;
They lie 'neath the Russian Redan;
Their dust o'er the desert is blowing
In the whirlwinds of far Kordofan;
The sons of Glen Orchy and Rannoch
Sleep sound by the slow-moving Scheldt,
And the bones of the men of Loch Fannich
Are white on the veldt.

But the Lews and Lochmaben and Gairloch
Still march to the battle array,
And the fighters from many a fair loch,
Like their fathers, leap forth to the fray;
Red flame tears the darkness asunder
Where the curtain of battle is drawn,
Where the clansmen through death-cloud and thunder
Go over at dawn.

In the strength of the hills and the heather,
With the salt of the sea in their blood,
They sweep from the trenches together
With the force of an onrushing flood;
Like the billows that beat upon Moidart
When gales from the Hebrides blow,
Like a storm on the mountains of Knoidart
They burst on the foe.



Hairdresser (with a view to business—to customer, who is getting rapidly bald). "There are plenty of hairdressers, you know, Sir, who profess to make a wig; but, when you've got it on, it looks nothing like a wig at all, Sir."

A film-drama:—

"It is the story of the poor orphan daughter of a South American aristocrat. She has become enamoured of a tradesman's son, but misapprehension having arisen, she becomes engaged to a man who apparently is well endowed with this world's foods."

Leicester Daily Mercury.

In these times, who can wonder at her choice?

From an article on the Royal Lineage:—

"After the extinction of the Billing Family . . . ."—*Daily Telegraph.*

A correspondent, writing upon House of Commons' notepaper, assures us that the above passage is a gross exaggeration.

"Charlie D. (Westminster).—We answer you in the words of Cassius, 'A plague o' both your houses.'"—*Town Topics.*

Were not the words those of *Mercutio* when he had failed to set up a Business Government in Verona?

"Apply weed-killers to garden walks and drives, using every precaution against domestic fowls and other bird-eating worms."

Irish Gardening.

Very careless of St. Patrick to leave these ornithophagous reptiles at large.

"Wanted, Few Men to travel with Hobby Horses.—Apply Murphy's Steam Galloping Horses, Abbeyleix, Queen's Co."

Irish Independent.

Now we understand Mr. Ginnell's sudden decision to quit Westminster.

THE TAP-ROOM.

OUR Reserve Battalion has a billiard-room, which is well patronised by all those cheerful souls who have escaped from France without permanent injury and resignedly await the second call.

To-night the "Tap-room" is in top form. A four-handed game of snooker is in as rapid progress as is reasonably possible. Every easy-chair is filled with a would-be player offering gratuitous advice in order to speed things up. A young war-scarred Captain is balanced on a rickety side-table, offering odds on the game in a raucous voice. The Mess-waiter strives to be in three places at once. Through all, the players, totally unnerved, play with a desperate attempt at concentration.

Suddenly the door opens, and the Colonel enters, heated and out of breath. His eye pierces through the tobacco smoke and transfixes the unhappy bookmaker. He requests him to take advantage of his position to open a window. The players examine the tips of their cues in sudden silence. The Colonel refuses the offer of six vacated chairs with a slightly impatient negative and inquires as to the probable length of the game. He accepts the obvious untruth that it has just ended, smiles with satisfaction, and proposes to the Adjutant a game of one hundred up.

The Colonel, after examining the cues with marked disapproval, eventually selects one of short length and pronounced weight. He then appropriates for his sole personal use the only piece of chalk, demands the spot ball, places it in position, and endeavours to cast his opponent's ball into a baulk pocket with a rapid back-hander. The Adjutant sprints round the table in pursuit.

The Colonel next addresses his own ball and propels it violently against the red, which, taken completely by surprise, bounds with a strong resilience from the top cushion, courses twice up and down the table and comes to a pause in the neighbourhood of the middle pocket. The Colonel tests the elasticity of the cushion with his thumb and gives way a foot to enable his opponent to begin a neat break of twenty-seven.

The Colonel, finding time hanging heavily on his hands, devotes this period to filling his pipe from a borrowed pouch; he then tramps determinedly back to the table and is about to pocket the red from a point of considerable vantage, when the Adjutant deferentially suggests that he is about to play with the wrong ball. The Colonel immediately strides round the table to where his command is clinging to the cushion, lifts the ball to convince himself that there is a spot on its surface, plants it back in a slightly more favourable position, and with one thrust of his cue projects it into open country. He then leaves the table without awaiting the result and resumes his pipe.

The Adjutant now compiles a fifteen break, pauses, notices the Colonel's inattention, and with typical lack of true discipline pots his opponent's ball and leaves the others in baulk. A horrified silence ensues. The Colonel, without noticing the delicacy of the situation, playfully slopes his "hipe" and marches back to the table. The awful truth is instantly laid bare. The colour of his face becomes of an imperial shade. He dumbly fumbles for his ball, which, with a last bid for exemption, eludes his fingers and rolls under the table.

Taking advantage of this the Colonel, with one glance of concentrated hate in the direction of his opponent, grapples with his choler, and by the time that his ball is returned under escort, has partially recovered himself. He is determined to show to his subalterns the value of coolness in an emergency. He places his ball with infinite care and walks round the table to examine the position from every point of view. His next move is to mark out elaborate angles with the assistance of chalk marks on the cushions. Having finally formed all his plans, he encourages his artillery with a few more rounds of chalk, approaches the field with studied and dignified calm, delivers his attack, and retires to watch the effect from his O. Pip.

His command, flying desperately across the open, loses direction, blunders hopelessly into an obstruction on the flank, retires in confusion, and makes a blind despairing dash for a shell-crater. Missing this by a fraction it loses all interest in life, wanders pitifully off at an unnatural angle, runs into the hostile force of the Adjutant, and comes finally into contact with the red.

The Colonel hastens to remark to the enthusiastic audience that this cannon only proves the possibilities of the noble game when accuracy is achieved. It is calculated to improve their marksmanship, to teach them to grasp an opportunity, to apply their tactical training, and to render them cool in the hour of crisis.

Inspired by this truth he attempts to pull off an awkward losing hazard. This effort is ruined by an appalling miscue which affects the new cloth. The Colonel justly blames the chalk, removes the pet-dog of the battalion from his path with his foot, and makes for the scoring-board. The volunteer marker inadvertently puts the Colonel's modest score on to the large total of the Adjutant.

At this critical moment an orderly fortunately arrives with a note from the Brigade office. The Colonel secures the missive, tears the envelope to shreds, runs his eye over the trivial contents, and curses the War. He then assumes an air of enormous importance, excuses himself, and stamps out into the night.



Ancient Heroine. "IT'S BEEN A TRYIN' TIME FOR ME, MRS. BLOGGS. MY SAVIN'S-BANK BOOK WAS UP IN LUNNON ALL THROUGH THAT AIR-RAID."

"It may be the bravery of ignorance that induces us to take this point of view, but the locality excuses ignorance to some extent, and the bravery still exists: Ovid has a line that might be learnt with advantage by our readers—

'Falliker augurio, spes bona saepe sus.'"

Nigerian Pioneer.

We do not recall this line in OVID; but the locality is notoriously unfavourable to Latin quotation. As HORACE says, *Hic Niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*

DR. SULLIVAN.

IT had been decided that there never was such a resemblance as is to be traced between my homely features and those of a visitor to the same hotel last year—Dr. Sullivan of Wigley Street. This had become an established fact, irrefutable like a proposition of Euclid, and one of my new friends, who was also a friend of the Dr. Sullivan of Wigley Street who had so satisfyingly and minutely anticipated my countenance, made it the staple of his conversation. "Isn't Mr. Blank," he would say to this and that *habitué* of the smoking-room as they dropped in from the neighbouring farms at night, "the very image of Dr. Sullivan of Wigley Street, who was here last year?" And they would subject my physiognomy to a searching study and agree that I was. Perhaps the nose—a little bigger, don't you think? or a shade of dissimilarity between the chins (he having, I suppose, only two, confound him!), but taking it all round the likeness was extraordinary.

This had been going on for some time, until I was accustomed, if not exactly inured, to it, and was really rather looking forward to the time when, on returning to London, I could trump up a sufficient ailment to call upon my double in Wigley Street and scrutinize him with my own eyes. But last night my friend had something of a set-back, which may possibly, by deflecting his conversation to other topics, give me relief. I hope so.

It happened like this. We were sitting in the smoking-room as usual, he and I, when another local acquaintance entered—one who, I gathered, had been away for a few weeks and whom I had therefore not yet seen, and who (for this was the really important thing to my friend) consequently had not yet seen me.

In course of time the inevitable occurred. "Don't you think," my friend asked, "that Mr. Blank is the very image of Dr. Sullivan of Wigley Street, who was here last summer?"

"What Dr. Sullivan's that?" the newcomer inquired.

"Dr. Sullivan of Wigley Street, who was fishing here last summer. Don't you remember him? The very image of Mr. Blank."

"The only Dr. Sullivan I know," replied the newcomer, "is Dr. Sullivan of Newcastle. He's a very old man by now. A very learned man too. He has a wonderful private museum. He——"

"No, no, the Dr. Sullivan I mean was from Wigley Street—a specialist—who took the Manor fishing last summer and stayed in the hotel."



Officer. "WANT A NEW MESS-TIN, DO YOU? WHERE'S YOUR OLD ONE?"
Private. "I HAVEN'T GOT IT, SIR." *Officer.* "WHY NOT?"
Private. "PLEASE, SIR, THERE'S A CHATEAU ON TOP OF IT, SIR."

"Dr. Sullivan of Newcastle is a very old man—much older than Mr. Blank here, and not a bit like him. He's a most interesting personality. He is the great authority on the South Sea Islanders. You should see his collection of Fiji war clubs."

"But that's not the Dr. Sullivan I mean. You must remember him," said my impresario; "we all used to meet evening after evening, just as we're doing now—Dr. Sullivan of Wigley Street, the specialist, a clean-shaven big man, exactly like Mr. Blank here. Everyone has noticed the likeness."

"Dr. Sullivan of Newcastle has a beard," said the newcomer. "And he's a very old man by now. A great receptacle of miscellaneous learning. He showed me once his collection of coins and medals. He's got coins back to the Roman Emperors and stories about every one of them. His collection

'Yes, but-

of idols is amazing. You never saw such comic figures as those natives worship. There's nothing he doesn't collect. He's got a mummy covered with blue beads. He's got skulls from all over the world, showing different formations. It's some years——"

"Yes, but——"

"—since I saw him last, and of course he may be——"

"Yes, but——"

"—dead. But if not he's a man worth knowing. If ever you go to Newcastle don't forget about him. But he must be very old by now. He——"

At this point I finished my glass and slipped away to bed. Consulting the mirror as I undressed, I smiled at the reflection that confronted me. "You can sleep well to-night," I said, "for there are signs that you are about to have a rest."

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg and Herr Michaelis.*)

Michaelis. I have called partly because I desired to offer my most tactful condolences to my distinguished predecessor in the high office which I hold, and partly because I thought you might be willing to give me some hints as to my conduct, for I should like to leave nothing undone that might make me a successful Chancellor.

Von Bethmann-Hollweg. Upon my word you are even more kind and considerate than I had expected. Even to exchange a word with a fallen Chancellor is a sign both of kindness and courage. I wonder how you could screw yourself up to the pitch of being so daring.

M. I am glad you think so, for that is how I myself felt it.

Von B.-H. Well, we will leave your courage out of the question. It is sufficiently proved by your acceptance of the Chancellorship. As to such advice as I am able to give, I must ask you first whether you are ready to have the boots of the All-Highest constantly wiped upon various parts of your person?

M. A true Prussian endures that with difficulty.

Von B.-H. But a true Prussian, it seems, can accustom himself to this form of friendship and confidence as to many others.

M. What others do you speak of?

Von B.-H. My worthy Michaelis, you really must have covered your eyes and stopped your ears ever since you were born, otherwise you could not possibly be so ignorant. Do you not know that if your great and beloved says a foolish thing or does an indiscreet one it will be your duty to shoulder the responsibility for it? And you can easily calculate yourself during how many hours of the day your back is likely to be without a burden of some sort. And mind you, you are not to expect to receive any gratitude for your toil.

M. But he speaks a kind word now and then, doesn't he?

Von B.-H. A kind word? Ha-ha. When I think of all that I have done for that man, the acts I have defended, the stupidities I have tried to convert into statesmanship, the tempers I have been the butt of, the childish insults I have had to tolerate, the theatricalities I have been compelled to treat as if they were the most glorious manifestations of Imperial splendour—when I think of all this and realise that he and I are both still alive, I marvel at such a spectacle of human endurance.

M. I must confess you are not very cheerful or very encouraging.

Von B.-H. I did not set out to cheer you up or to encourage you, but I thought it just as well that someone should tell you the truth.

M. Why aren't you glad then at having dropped your burden?

Von B.-H. I own I ought to be, but, as you hint, I am not. There are ways of doing things, and there is a real difference in walking quietly through a door and being kicked out through it with all possible violence.

M. But you have had the Hohenzollern Order presented to you and the All-Highest has written you with his own gracious hand a letter.

Von B.-H. Verbosa et grandis epistola venit a Capreïs. As for the Hohenzollern Order I don't care a snap of the fingers for it. Nor will you when your time comes.

M. I hope that will not be for many years.

Von B.-H. For your sake I hope your time may be short. In any case I must thank you most warmly for your tactful condolences.

THE REST-RUMOUR.

I know not in what rodent-haunted caverns,
By what rough tongues the tale was first expressed,
By choking fires or in the whispering taverns
With wine and omelette lovingly caressed,
Or what tired soul, o'erladen with a lump
Of bombs and bags which someone *had* to hump,
Flung down his load indignant at the Dump
And, cursing, cried, "*It's time we had a rest!*"

And so, maybe, began it. Some sly runner,
Half-hearing, half-imagining, no doubt,
Caught up the word and gave it to a gunner,
And, he embroidering, 'twas noised about
From lip to lip in many a trench's press
Where working-parties struggled to progress
Or else go back, but both without success,
"*Officer says Division's going out.*"

It found the Front. It came up with the rations;
The Corporals carried it from hole to hole;
And scouts behaved in strange polemic fashions
On what they thought would be their last patrol;
While Fritz, of course, from whom few things are hid,
Had the romance as soon as any did,
And said, thank William, he would soon be rid
Of yon condemned disturbers of his soul.

Nor were there few confirming little trifles,
For James, rejoining from the Base, had scann'd
Strange waiting infantry with brand-new rifles,
In backward areas, but close at hand;
And some had marked the D.A.Q.M.G.
Approaching Railhead in the dusk, and he
(Who, as a fact, was simply on the spree)
Had gone, of course, to view the Promised Land.

And what a land! Who had not heard its promise?
A land of quietude and no grenades,
Soft beds for officers, fair barns for Tommies,
And rich estaminets and gracious maids,
And half-an-hour from Abbeville by the train,
A land of rivulets and golden grain
(Where it would be impossible to train
And even difficult to have parades)!

Then it appeared the groom of General Harrison
Had news denied to ordinary men,
How the Brigade was going home to garrison
A restful corner of the Lincoln fen;
But weeks have passed and we are as we were;
And possibly, when Peace is in the air
And these dear myths have died of sheer despair,
They may come true—but not, I think, till then.

Feline Amenities.

"Cats' Happy Holiday Home.—Wired garden, Home comforts, References."—*Church Family Newspaper.*

From a notice of "Three Weeks":—

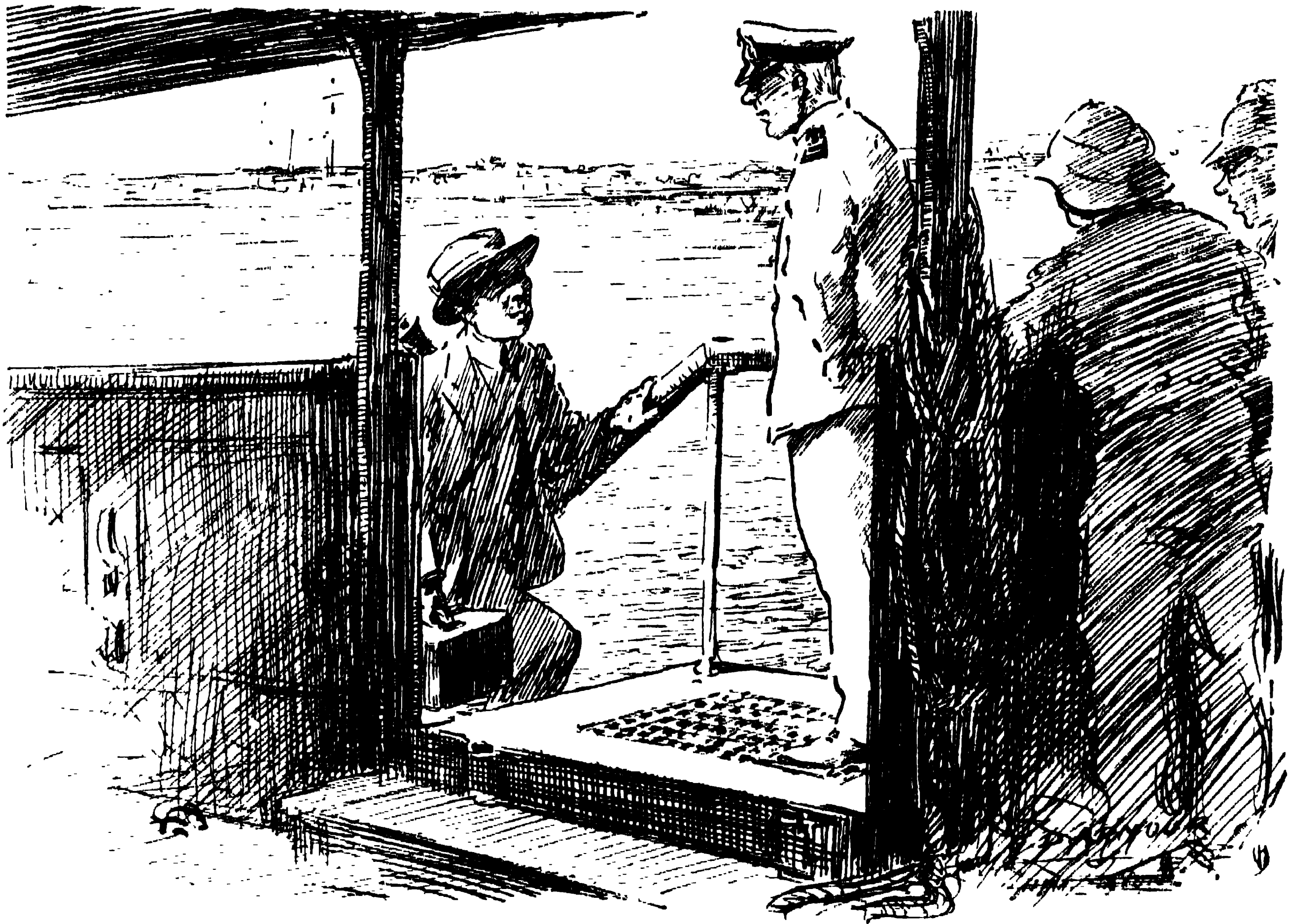
"The Queen of Croatia, one of those convenient operatic Balham royalties. . . ."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

Won't Tooting be jealous!

"To one who has been long enough away from the centre of things almost to forget what it is like, a walk along Pall Mall yesterday brought some curious reflections. From the Circus to Hyde Park Corner not a single luxurious private motor-car or horse-drawn carriage was to be seen. It was not the Pall Mall of old days."

Evening Paper.

No, it seems to have been much more like Piccadilly.



Troop ship Officer. "ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, SIR?"
Enterprising American. "I GUESS SO. I'M THE CINEMATOGRAPH OPERATOR WHO'S GOING TO TAKE A FILM THE FIRST TIME YOU'RE TORPEDOED, AND I'VE GOT A LETTER FROM YOUR FOLKS INSTRUCTING YOU TO GIVE ME EVERY FACILITY."

A SURPRISE PARTY.

"FIVE-AND-THIRTY wounded Tommies coming to tea and one of them coming to his death, but he doesn't know it," moaned Emily, and waved a knife round her head.

I saw what had happened. All this bun-baking and cake-making had been too much for my poor wife. She had been living in the oven for a week.

"You're overdone. Lie down and try to get a little nap before they come," I said soothingly. "Everything's ready."

"Will he die without a sound, or will he gurgle?" said Emily, and brought the knife within an inch of my nose.

"No one is going to die at our tea-party, dear," I said, and ducked.

"Not after swallowing *that?*" shrieked Emily, and lunged at me with the knife again.

I got it firmly by the handle this time, and I recognised Emily's special cake-knife, an instrument wrought to perfection by long years of service, sharp as a razor down both sides, with a flexible tip that slithered round a basin and scooped up the last morsels of candied-peel.

But the flexible tip was gone. I understood Emily's distraught condition. You can replace a diamond tiara; money won't buy a twenty-year-old cake-knife.

"Try and bear it, dear," I said.

Emily pointed to the table weighed down with Madeiras and rocks and almonds and sultanas and gingers. "It's inside one of them," she said.

For the moment I failed to grasp her meaning. She explained. "I've made six dozen. The knife was all right when I started: a little bent, nothing more. It was when I was mixing the last that I noticed the tip was missing."

It was a difficult position. There was no time to submit the cakes to the X-rays; the advance party was streaming through the gate.

"Dear fellows! I wonder which one it will be," said Emily, and clung round my neck.

I put her on one side. "I'll manage it; leave it to me," I said, and went forward and welcomed our guests. My mind was working clearly and rapidly, as it always does in a crisis. When I had got them seated round the tea-table, "My dear friends," I said, "this isn't a Christmas party, but my wife couldn't help indulging in a little Christmas fun. She's just whispered to me that she's put a surprise in one of the cakes. I know her. It won't be an ordinary sort of surprise. I should advise you all to keep a sharp look-out. There's a pound" (it was worth a pound to save a hero's throat from being cut) "for the man who finds anything in his cake which hasn't any business to be there."

Within five minutes two pebbles, a tin-tack, a chunk of wood and a black-beetle were on the tablecloth . . .

"Do you know that flutter's cost me five pounds, and there wasn't a sign of your infernal knife after all?" I said to Emily when they'd gone.

"I've just found it under the kitchen table," said Emily. "I *am* thankful."

"This company's year ended on the 40th June, and a good distribution is looked for by the market."—*Journal of Commerce.*

With such help from the calendar any company should do well.

THE SIGNAL SECTION.

You know how the great hunter who sleeps with his gun at his pillow is awake in an instant, with all his faculties alert, when the [illegible] spider breaks a twig in the jungle? You remember how the handsome highwayman, at the first far clatter of hoofs on the great North Road, is up and out on the scullery roof of the inn before you have turned the page, and is deep in Lonely Copse (wearing the serving-wench's stomacher) before his first fat pursuer has said, "Open in the name of the Law," below his window? Well, like Jimmy's bloodhound in *Punch*, I am very good at that.

But it is a telephone-bell that does it. You go down seventy-two steps—backwards, or you hit your head—to a German room, which smells German, and you will find my boudoir, furnished with sandbags, a shaving mirror and a telephone.

At eleven o'clock I lie on the sandbags and, like the great hunter, close my eyes immediately in dreamless sleep.

At five minutes past eleven the telephone-bell rings.

That is what I am good at. I leap to my feet and say "Hullo!"

Utter silence follows, save (as Mr. BEACH THOMAS would say) for the monotonous drone of the great shells bursting outside.

I repeat my original remark. "Hullo!" I say brightly, "Hullo! . . . Hullo!"

I shake the microphone. It sounds as though sand had got into it, and still there is silence. The minutes creep on and my voice begins to fail. Outside in the quiet night a solitary gas-alarm chirps a few quiet notes to the stars and is still. I continue to say "Hullo!"

At eleven-fifteen the operator at the other end finishes the story of what he said to her and what she, on the other hand, said to him, and turns refreshed to his instrument.

With a dexterous twist of his wrist he sounds a deafening peal in the bell at my ear, and says, "Hullo!"

I retaliate. When the score is vantage out, I put all the red tabs I can into my voice, and his tone changes. He is at once the cheerful and willing artisan, eager to please.

"Yes, Sir . . . Yes, Sir . . . Who do you want, Sir? This is Zed Esses Pip Ack five, Sir . . ."

"You called me," I say.

He is more hurt than angry at that. "Oh, no, Sir. You rang me up, Sir. This is Zed Esses . . ."

I nip that in the bud by saying "Hullo!" very loud. He realizes that the game is up.

"Speak to Division, Sir," he says curtly, and clicks before I can answer. A faint far gnat-voice says, "Is that Zed Ess?"

"No," I shout. "What the . . ."

"Through to Division," says gnat-voice and clicks me off. Another voice carries on the good work. Upstairs the shells burst playfully on the parapet, and under the starlit sky a gas cloud drifts slowly across the fields, almost hiding the cattle who are grazing peacefully there in the long wet grass.



New Tenant (digging up lawn and waste ground, to agent). "CAN YOU INFORM ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE MAN WHO OWNED THIS PLACE BEFORE ME?"

House Agent. "ER—HE'S IN FRANCE."

Tenant. "UM. WELL, *I HOPE HE COMES BACK SAFELY!*"

At midnight I am through to Division.

"Is that you?" says Division. "There is a list . . ."

"Finished, please?" says the operator so near and loud that I jump.

Division and I are at one here—we are agreed that we have not finished. Like the Brothers Crosstalk, we say so simultaneously, using the same swear-word.

The operator clicks off, baffled.

"That list of men for a bombing course," says Division.

"Yes, Sir," I reply brightly, though my heart sinks.

"You ought to have sent it in at 6 P.M.," says Division. "And it has not yet arrived."

I look at my wrist-watch, but realise too late that this graceful gesture is lost on him. "I am sorry, Sir," I reply with dignity, "but the delay was inevitable. It shall be with you on the breakfast-table. The difficulty of communication in this great War . . ."

Division laughs sardonically.

At ten minutes past twelve I go to bed again, and at twelve-fifteen an orderly shines an electric torch in my eyes in order to prevent my readi[illegible] wire which he hands me. It [illegible] "Ref. your S.C. 1985 please ask PIG if they have salvaged any German socks. A.A.A. urgent."

I stand up, and the orderly, completely unnerved by the sight of a Staff Captain in undress uniform, releases the button of his torch and retires under cover of darkness.

I twirl the handle of the telephone and listen. There is silence. I turn it again with vigour. For twenty minutes I behave like an organ-grinder. Towards dawn the bell rings and I receive an electric shock.

"Hullo!" says the operator.

I tell him what I think of him. When I have finished the sun is up and the first aeroplane is dropping its glad bombs on the dewy earth below.

I demand PIG. PIG is a Machine Gun Company. By breakfast-time I have discovered that PIG has salvaged socks, German, one.

I ring up Division . . .

It is a splendid force, as they used to say in *The Message from Mars*—it is a splendid force, the Signal Service.

And men sleeping among the rats in the front line wake for their coffee and hot water and envy me my undisturbed nights.

"The Vienna *Die Zeit* considers the political crisis in Germany as one of the chief consequences of the political utterances of English, American and French statesmen, demanding the demoralisation of Germany."

Sunday Times.

It seems superfluous.

"It is authoritatively announced that the American troops fighting in France will very shortly receive steel helmets, the design of the helmets being very similar to those worn by the French and British forces, but bearing, as insignia, the United States coat of mail."

Daily Graphic.

Head-protection is very necessary, but isn't this rather overdoing it?



Harassed Decorator. "I'M VERY SORRY, MUM, I 'AVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PAPER YOUR TWO TOP BEDROOMS. THEY TOOK AWAY MY LAST MAN A WEEK AGO FOR THE ARMY. SEEMS TO ME THEY THINK MORE OF THIS 'ERE WAR THAN THEY DO OF PAPER-'ANGING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

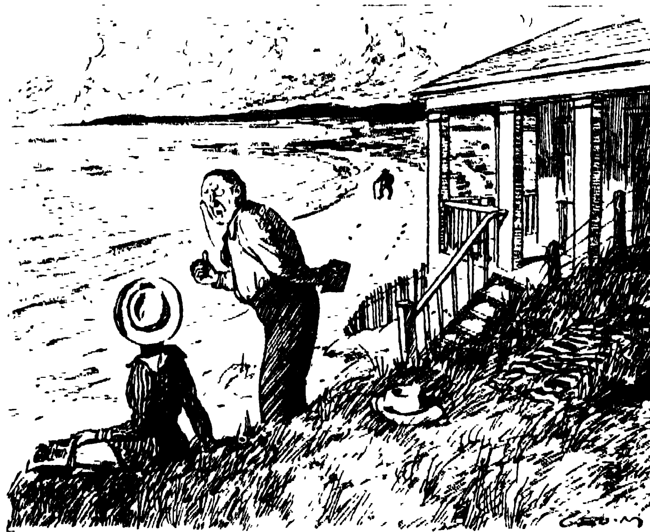
MR. HORACE BLEACKLEY, in his *Life of John Wilkes* (LANE), the "Father (*inter alia*) of Radicalism," provides a vast amount of honest entertainment, and has handled his vivid twopence-coloured subject with considerable skill. There is plenty of humour to be extracted from the vagaries of the friend of liberty. Some of the best of it may be found in the consideration of this unsuitable parentage of a solemn creed—for WILKES of Medmenham Abbey fame and *The Essay on Women* was certainly not reared on cocoa and flannel waistcoats. To the optimist hopeful of the progress of mankind the notion of the patriot buying his votes at Aylesbury at the price of five pounds a-piece will bring consolation. We do things at least a little better now. In other matters too we have made some slight advance. WILKES rode unmoved to Tyburn as sheriff to assist at the hanging of a young girl-wife (with a husband pressed for the Navy) for the stealing of a few yards of stuff in Ludgate Hill to buy bread for her starving children. Those who take pleasure in the playful repetitions of history may summon a smile for this passage: "The executive now [1769] held the legislature in complete subjection. The individual politician had lost his independence, the majority in the House of Commons had become the humble obedient servant of the Government of the day. Its members were merely pawns in the political game, and made every move as the ministerial hand directed them." As a Government-baiter WILKES could give points to our HOGGE and PRINGLE. He was much less dull for one good thing. I wish the code of our fastidious day would permit me to quote the naughtiest of witty retorts made by the patriot to his fellow-debauchee, Lord SANDWICH. But alas! I can only refer the discerning reader to page 69 of an excellent biography.

The title of *In the Wake of the War* (LANE) is at least one of cheery import, doubly welcome in these days when certain gloomsters seem anxious to assure us, in the manner of the apple-eater, that there ain't going to be no wake. Mr. HAROLD HODGE is by no means of this persuasion; he says, aptly enough, that if (as all but the cynics believe) the War is going to leave behind it a changed world the sooner we begin to arrange our plans for living in it the better. The particular questions to which he devotes a volume that (whatever you may think of its conclusions) is both practical and moderate, are those relating to "Parliamentary or Imperial Government." No one can deny that Mr. HODGE has thought clearly and with insight upon this theme. I liked the incisive candour of his excuse for daring, as an amateur, to criticise Parliamentary Government, namely, that while only a member could know it from within "on the other hand it is extremely difficult for one who is, or even has been, within to know it from without." A reflection that explains much. Mr. HODGE later elaborates this with some trenchant observations on what is called (more accurately than many persons suppose) the Game of Party, showing how the delight in rule-twisting, in scores, and in the chicane of Procedure came to exercise a wholly disproportionate spell over the mind of the professional politician. His remedy, an Imperial council, independent of Parliament and expressive of the popular will through the referendum, is ably worked out, with a due appreciation of its difficulties.

Mr. SHAN F. BULLOCK'S Irish-stories have given me so much pleasure that I feel myself an ingrate for setting down

the circumstance that his new novel, *Mr. Ruby Jumps the Traces* (Chapman and Hall), has given me very little. But truth must out. "Mr. Bullock Abjures Ireland" might have been the title, for there is nothing of his own romantic country, which he knows and loves so well, in it; but we have instead a minute study of suburbia and all the misunderstandings and ambitions and disappointments and high spirits that make up family life there. *Mr. Ruby* is a clerk in the City who, ascending one morning to the box of his omnibus, discovered that it was Spring, and, returning home that evening, found that he was out of tune with domesticity and in need of an adventure. The next day therefore he took a ticket to Morocco, telegraphed to his wife that he was going away on business, and set sail. Mr. Bullock does not convince me that *Mr. Ruby* was the man to do this; but never mind, he does it. From Gibraltar he returns to his shackles, which he really prefers, and the rest of the book shows how this break-away changes things, for his wife believes that there was another woman in the case, and his daughters take courage from his own fallibility, and so forth. The history is done with immense particularity and sympathy, but the dish has been insufficiently spiced. Mr. Bullock has, in short, thought more of the *Rubys* than of the reader.

In *Off Shore* (Pearson) the writer who chooses to be known as "Taffrail" has collected a round dozen of nautical sketches and short stories all impregnated with the authentic salt of the sea. I had occasion recently to commend in the highest terms the story of *Pincher Martin, O.D.*, by "Taffrail," and I am glad to record that I find in the present book most of the qualities (of course on a smaller scale) which made the long story of *Pincher* so brilliantly successful. I like all the new stories, but my favourite is "The Off Chance," in which the tables are most skilfully and dramatically turned on the Germans, and "the poor old Dragonfly" not only manages to save herself but also brings into port a German ship which by a wonderful stroke of boldness she has captured in spite of her own battered and shattered condition. This, I say, is my favourite, but there are others that run it pretty close, for instance "The Hole in the Cliffs," where love-making is mingled with adventure and both have their share in the destruction of a German U-boat. Nothing could possibly be more satisfactory than "the awful rending crash of riven steel" with which the story ends.



Dissatisfied Bungalow Tenant. "These holiday-makers are becoming a perfect nuisance. This is the third time in a fortnight we have been over-run."

Myola won the second prize in Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's "One Thousand Guineas Novel Competition." I state this bald fact partly as evidence that Miss (I am guessing) Musgrave's story has been examined and approved, and partly because I wondered for some time why it had failed to gain the highest award. The tale opens in North New Zealand, among scenes most picturesquely described and under conditions peculiarly intriguing. The heroine is found in the wilds by a cousin, *Dion Cosway*, who has come to search for her father and to tell him that he has succeeded to a great inheritance. On his arrival *Dion* discovers that the father has just died, and that *Myola*, who has suffered badly from paternal cruelty, is left alone to bury him. Admirable restraint is shown in the handling of this rather embarrassing situation. Afterwards *Myola* comes to England, and signs of the prentice hand begin to appear in the author's work. Her picture of English Society is lacking in distinction, and I was relieved when *Myola* took to her heels and returned to the place from which she came. Still there is undeniable power in this book and abundant promise of better work to come. Let me, however, beg Miss Musgrave to eschew trite asides, and not waste her time and ours in telling us, for example, that "regularity is ever the fetish of a good servant, and the making of one." This kind of thing does not help much in a novel of which the publishers' opinion—and I agree—is that it "touches the deepest roots of human feeling."

Those who know and admire (which is the same thing) the pleasant Irish stories of the late Miss Jane Barlow will turn eagerly to her posthumous novel, just published, *In Mio's Youth* (Hutchinson). They will not be disappointed. The story itself is very simple. *Mio*, short for *Hermione*, was an orphaned child, introduced, rather as a source of income than an object of love, into an Irish family "of limited means." Just what that phrase intends, the shifts and contrivances that it covers, is shown by Miss Barlow in her own gently satirical fashion. Poor *Mio*, naturally enough, did not have much of a time in such surroundings; later, however, there arrived the destined lover, who is indeed indicated with sufficient obviousness for the part from his earliest, very youthful appearance. As in other books from the same pen the actual plot is of less moment than the gallery of Irish portraits that embellish it. Miss Barlow has done nothing truer than the just-not-quite-out-at-elbows household of the *Quins*; it is a picture that has been painted many times, but never with greater insight, a more sympathetic humour, or fuller freedom from any yielding to the temptation of farce. It will add greatly to the regret that so natural a writer should have told us her last tale.

NOMS DE GUERRE.

["*Coburg*" *is the name of a common form of loaf.*]

The Royal House, determined to disown
Teutonic titles of unlucky omen,
Has added now to kindred names its own
Cognomen.

The East-End with its problems, like the West—
Loaves dear, bombs cheap—would gladly "put the kybosh"
On profiteers and on that other pest,
The sky-Bosch.

Thus, in accord, the highest in the land
Join with the proletariat—they 've both a
Desire to see brought low the "Coburg" and
The "Gotha."

CHARIVARIA.

The Imperial aspirations of King Ferdinand are discussed by a Frankfort paper in an article entitled "What Bulgaria wants." Significantly enough the ground covered is almost identical with the subject-matter of an unpublished article of our own, entitled "What Bulgaria won't get."

* * *

The cow which walked down sixteen stairs into a cellar at Willesden is said to have been the victim of a false air-raid warning.

* * *

"In Scotland," says Mr. Barnes's report on Industrial Unrest, "the subject of liquor restrictions was never mentioned." Some thoughts are too poignant for utterance.

* * *

According to the statement of a German paper "A Partial Crisis" threatens Austria. One of these days we feel sure something really serious will happen to that country.

* * *

The Medical Officer of the L.C.C. estimates that in 1916 the total water which flowed under London Bridge was 875,000,000,000 gallons. It is not known yet what is to be done about it.

* * *

The Army Council has forbidden the sale of raffia in the United Kingdom. Personally we never eat the stuff.

* * *

Nature Notes: A white sparrow has been seen in Huntingdon; a well-defined solar halo has been observed in Hertfordshire, and Mr. Winston Churchill was noticed the other day reading *The Morning Post.*

* * *

A boy of eighteen told the Stratford magistrate that he had given up his job because he only got twenty-five shillings a week. He will however continue to give the War his moral support.

* * *

The Austrian Emperor has told the representative of *The Cologne Gazette* that he "detests war." If not true this is certainly a clever invention on Karl's part.

* * *

We feel that the public need not have been so peevish because the experimental siren air-raid warning was not heard by everybody in London. They seem to overlook the fact that full particulars of the warning appeared next morning in the papers.

* * *

A man who obtained two hundred-weight of sugar from a firm of ship-brokers has been fined ten pounds at Glasgow. Some curiosity exists as to the number of ships he had to purchase in order to secure that amount of sugar.

* * *

A London magistrate has held that tea and dinner concerts in restaurants are subject to the entertainment tax. This decision will come as a great shock to many people who have always regarded the music as an anæsthetic.

* * *

The no-tablecloths order has caused great perturbation among the better-class hotel-keepers in Berlin. Does the Government, they ask sarcastically, expect their class of patron to wipe their mouths on their shirt-cuffs?

* * *

The chairman of the House of Commons' Tribunal complains that while cats drink milk as usual they no longer catch mice. This however may easily be remedied if the Food-Controller will meet them halfway on the question of dilution.

* * *

The public has been warned by Scotland Yard against a man calling himself Sid Smith. We wouldn't do it ourselves, of course, but we are strongly opposed to the police interfering in what is after all purely a matter of personal taste.

* * *

The bones of St. George have been discovered near Beersheba in Palestine by members of our Expeditionary Force. This should dispel the popular delusion which has always ascribed the last resting-place of England's patron saint to the present site of the Mint.

* * *

"War bread will keep for a week," stated Mr. Clynes for the Ministry of Food. Of course you can keep it longer if you are collecting curios.

* * *

It is announced that all salaries in the German Diplomatic Service have been reduced. We always said that frightfulness didn't really pay.

* * *

German women have been asked to place their hair at the disposal of the authorities. If they do not care to sacrifice their own hair they can just send along the handful or two which they collect in the course of waiting in the butter queue.

* * *

Hamlet has been rendered by amateur actors at the Front, all scenery being dispensed with. If you must dispense with one or the other, why not leave out the acting?

* * *

"To assist in the breaking-up of grass-land," we are told, "the Board of Agriculture proposes to allocate a number of horses to agricultural counties." The idea of allocating some of our incurable golfers to this purpose does not appear to have suggested itself to our slow-witted authorities.

* * *

"I have resigned because there is no further need for my services," said Mr. Kennedy-Jones. Several politicians are of the opinion that this was not a valid reason.



First ex-Knut. "Wouldn't care to be in Blighty now, Reg., when it's rotten form to go in for fancy teas and that—what?"
Second ex Knut. "Honk!"

An Expansive Smile.

"SIX HUNDRED SQUARE MILES.
British Grins Since Last Year."
The Statesman (India).

The *Berliner Tageblatt* says that Herr Michaelis in the critical passages measured his words "as carefully as if they were meat rations." A wise precaution, in view of the likelihood that he would have to eat them.

From a Cinema advertisement:—

"Keeps you on the edge of your seats throughout the five acts of a story that unfolds itself midst the romantic purloins of Italy and England."—*Australian Paper.*

We gather that the scene is laid in the thieves' quarter.

TO WILLIAM AT THE BACK OF THE GALICIAN FRONT.

Once more you follow in Bellona's train,
(Her *train de luxe*) in search of cheap *réclame*;
Once more you flaunt your rearward oriflamme,
A valiant eagle nosing out the slain.

Not to the West, where Rupprecht stands at bay,
Hard pushed with hounds of England at his throat,
And Willie's chance grows more and more remote
Of breaking hearts along The Ladies' Way;

But to the East you go, for easier game,
Where traitors to their faith desert the fight,
And better men than yours are swept in flight
By coward Anarchy that sells her shame.

For here, by favour of your new allies,
You'll see recovered all you lost of late,
When, tried in open combat, fair and straight,
Your Huns were flattened out like swatted flies.

Well, make the most of this so timely boom,
For Russia yet may cut the cancer out—
Her heart is big enough—and turn about
Clean-limbed and strong and terrible as doom.

But, though she fail us in the final test,
Not there, not there, my child, the end shall be,
But where, without your option, France and we
Have made our own arrangements further West.

O. S.

DUSTBIN.

He dropped in to tea, quite casually; forced an entry through the mud wall of our barn, in fact. No, he wouldn't sit down—expected to be leaving in a few minutes; but he didn't mind if he *did* have a sardine, and helped himself to the tinful. Yes, a bit of bully, thanks, wouldn't be amiss; and a nice piece of coal; cockchafers very good too when, as now, in season; and, for savoury, a little nibble with a yard of tarred string and an empty cardboard cigarette-box. Thank you very much.

"Why, the little brute's a perfect dustbin," said my mate; and "Dustbin" the puppy was throughout his stay with us.

For six weeks did Dustbin—attached for rations and discipline—accompany us on our sanitary rounds; set us a fine example of indiffence to shell fire, even to the extent of attempting to catch spent shrapnel as it fell; and proved the wettest of wet blankets to the "socials" of the local rats. Then, as happens with sanitary inspectors in France, there arrived late one afternoon a despatch requesting the pleasure of my society—in five hours' time—at a village some twenty kilos distant as the shell flies. I found I should have fifteen minutes in which to pack, four hours for my journey, and forty-five minutes between the packing and the start in which to find a home for Dustbin.

"Take the little dorg off you?" said a Sergeant acquaintance in the D.A.C. "I couldn't, Corp'l. Why, I don't even know how I'm goin' to take the foal yonder"—he glared reproachfully at a placid Clydesdale mare and her tottering one-day-old; "and 'ow I'm goin' to take my posh breeches——"

I left him hovering despondently over his equipment and a pile of dirty linen.

We tried the M.G.C. We were on the best of terms and always had been; they said so. They apologised in advance for the insanitary conditions I might find; inquired after my health; offered me some coffee and generally loved me; but they couldn't love my dog. The Cook even went so far as openly to associate my guileless puppy with a shortage of dried herrings in the sergeants' mess.

Passing through the R.A.M.C. transport lines I rescued Dustbin from a hulking native mongrel wearing an identity disc. I judged the Ambulance would not be wanting another dog; but there was still hope with the Salvage Company.

The Salvagier whom I met upon the threshold of the "billet" (half a limber load of bricks and an angle iron) was quite sure the Salvage Company couldn't take a dog, as they had an infant wild boar and two fox cubs numbering on their strength; but he thought that he could plant my prodigy with a friend of his, a bombardier in the R.G.A., the only other unit within easy distance. We headed for the R.G.A.

It was just at this point that there occurred one of those little incidents so dear to the comic draughtsman, but less popular with "us." A moaning howl, a rushing hissing sound, a moment of tense and awful silence, a devastating crash, and the R.G.A. officers' bath-house, "erected at enormous trouble and expense" by a handful of T.U. men and myself the day before, soared heavenwards with an acre or two of the surrounding scenery. "Yes," said the Salvage gentleman as he regained his perpendicular, "as I was sayin', 'is size is in 'is favour (you'd better git down ag'in, Corp'l)—'is size is in 'is favour; 'e'll go in a dixie easy, or even in a—(there's another bit orf the church)—even in a tin 'at, if you fold 'im up, but I'm 'fraid the 'eads ain't much in favour of a dog. Leastways the ole man I *know* was a member of the Cat Club—took a lot o' prizes at the Crys'l Pala . . .

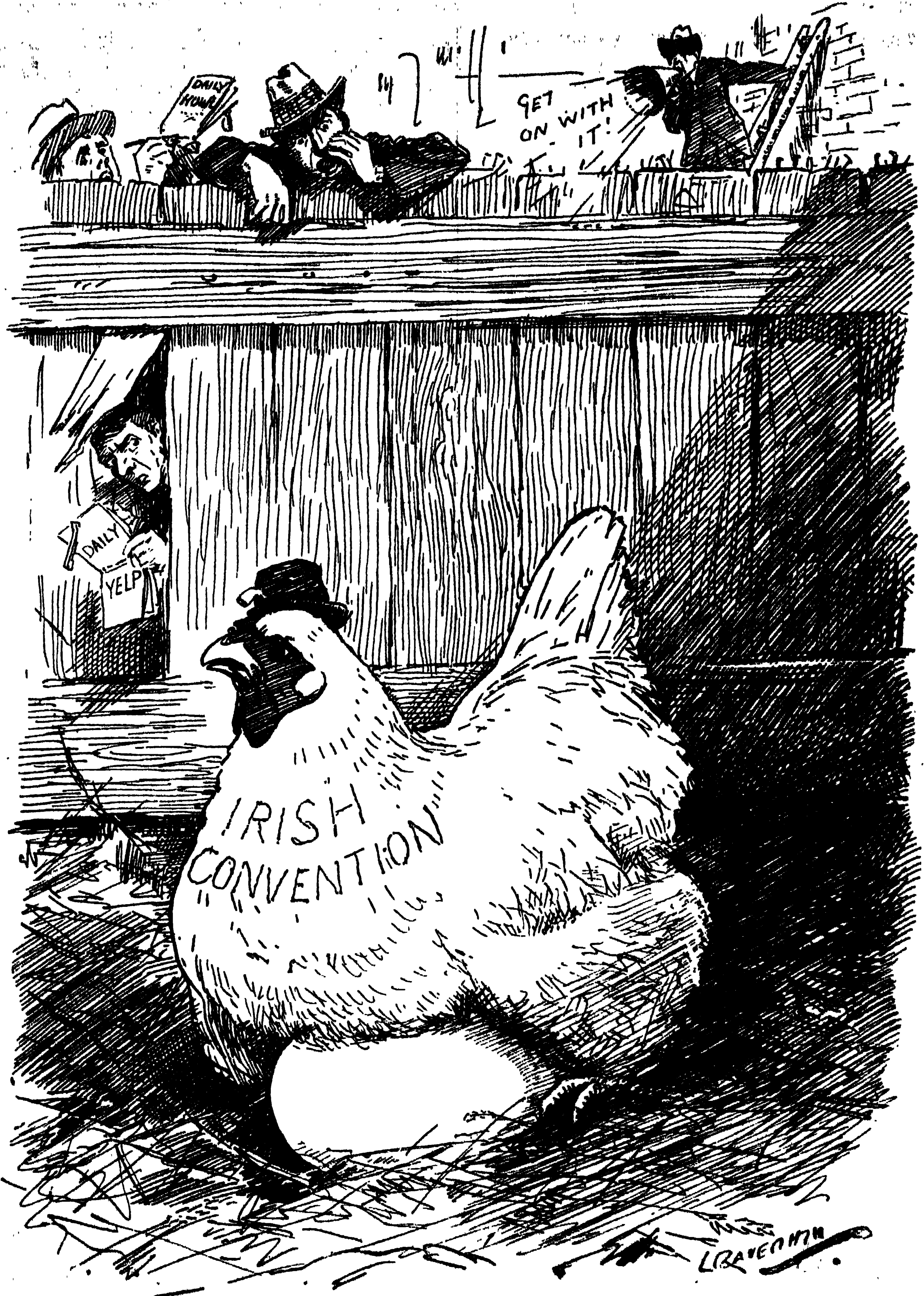
"I think we'd better run this little bit, Corp'l," my guide said suddenly. It was advisable. A sprint along some two hundred yards of what had once been a road, with a stone wall (like a slab of *gruyère* now, alas) upon our right, and we should once more have the comfortable feeling one always enjoys in a "hot" village when there are houses upon either hand. A trolley load of rations held the middle of the road; the ration party was, I believe, in the ditch upon the left; and a strangled voice exclaimed after each burst, "Oh crummy! I do 'ope they don't 'it the onions."

We gave our forty-seventh impersonation of a pair of starfish, and then legged it for the apparent shelter of the houses. At least I did; the salvage man, less squeamish, found a haven in an adjacent cookhouse grease-trap and dust-shoot. I listened intently, but it was only the falling of spent shrapnel, not the patter of Dustbin's baby but quite enormous feet. A stove-pipe belching smoke and savoury fumes protruded itself through the pavement on my right. Through the chinks in the gaping slabs there came the ruddy flicker that bespoke a "home from home" beneath my feet; and then, still listening for signs of Dustbin, I heard—

"Didn't I tell you, Erb, to stop up that extra ventilation 'ole with somethin'?—and now look wot's blown in. 'Ere, steady on, ole man; that's got to last four men for three days."

"Well, I'm ——," chimed in another voice, "if the bloomin' tin ain't empty. Why, I only just opened it—that's a 'ole Maconochie 'e's got inside 'im, not countin' wot you've just . . . Poor little beggar must be starvin'. You're welcome to stop and share our grub, young feller, but I've got to go on p'rade wiv that—that's a belt, that is . . ."

I turned towards the dimly lighted road that led to —— [Censored]. Dustbin had found a home.



A FATEFUL SESSION.

Sitting Hen. "GO AWAY! DON'T HURRY ME!"

THE MUDLARKS.

The scene is a School of Instruction at the back of the Western Front set in a valley of green meadows bordered by files of plumy poplars and threaded through by a silver ribbon of water.

On the lazy afternoon breeze come the concerted yells of a bayonet class, practising frightfulness further down the valley; also the staccato chatter of Lewis guns punching holes in the near hill-side.

In the centre of one meadow is a turf *manège*. In the centre of the *manège* stands the villain of the piece, the Riding-Master.

He wears a crown on his sleeve, tight breeches, jack-boots, vicious spurs and sable moustachios. His right hand toys with a long, long whip, his left with his sable moustachios. He looks like Diavolo, the lion-tamer, about to put his man-eating chums through hoops of fire.

His victims, a dozen Infantry officers, circle slowly round the *manège*. They are mounted on disillusioned cavalry horses who came out with Wellington and know a thing or two. Now and again they wink at the Riding-Master and he winks back at them.

The audience consists of an ancient Gaul in picturesque blue pants, whose *métier* is to totter round the meadows brushing flies off a piebald cow; the School Padre, who keeps at long range so that he may see the sport without hearing the language, and ten little *gamins*, who have been splashing in the silver stream and are now sitting drying on the bank like ten little toads.

They come every afternoon, for never have they seen such fun, never since the great days before the War when the circus with the boxing kangaroo and the educated porks came to town.

Suddenly the Riding-Master clears his throat. At the sound thereof the horses cock their ears and their riders grab handfuls of leather and hair.

R.-M. "Now, gentlemen, mind the word. Gently away—tra-a-a-at." The horses break into a slow jog-trot and the cavaliers into a cold perspiration. The ten little *gamins* cheer delightedly.

R.-M. "Sit down, sit up, 'ollow yer backs, keep the hands down backs foremost, even pace. Number Two, Sir, 'ollow yer back; don't sit 'unched up like you'd over-ate yourself. Number Seven, don't throw yerself about in that drunken manner, you'll miss the saddle altogether presently, coming down—can't expect the 'orse to catch you *every time*.

"Number Three, don't flap yer helbows like an 'en; you ain't laid an hegg, 'ave you?



Inquiring Lady (ninety-ninth question). "And what are you in the Navy, may I ask?"
Tar. "I'm a flag-wagger, Marm—yes."
Inquiring Lady. "Oh, really! And what do you wag flags for?"
Tar (in a ring-off voice). "Makin' ready for the peace celebrations."

"'Ollow yer backs, 'eads up, 'eels down; four feet from nose to croup.

"Number One, keep yer feet back, you'll be kickin' that mare's teeth out, you will.

"Come down off 'is 'ead, Number Seven; this ain't a monkey-'ouse.

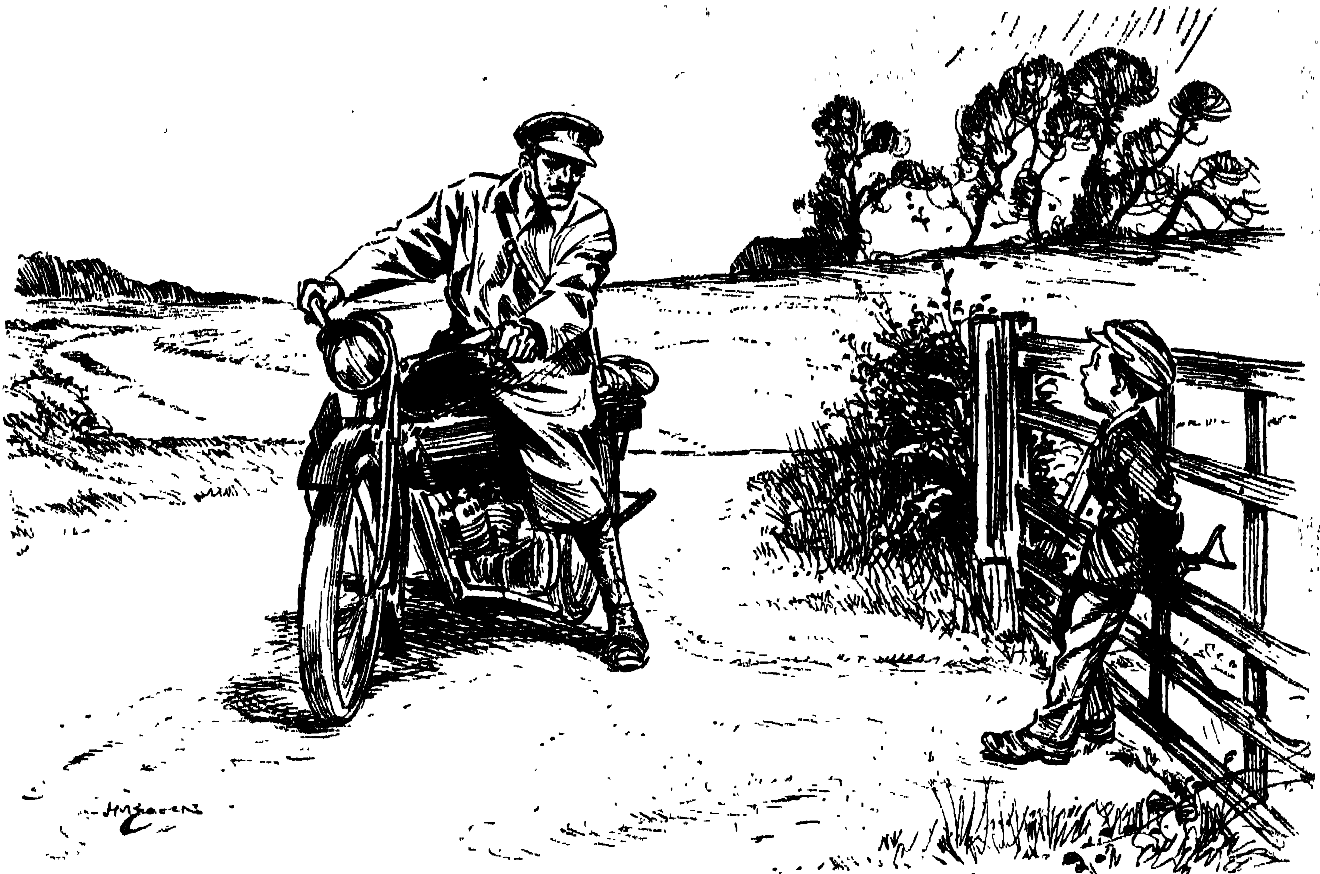
"Keep a light an' even feelin' of both reins, backs of the 'ands foremost, four feet from nose to croup.

"Leggo that mare's tail, Number Seven; you're goin', not comin', and any'ow that mare likes to keep 'er tail to 'erself. You've upset 'er now, the tears is fair streamin' down 'er face—'ave a bit of feelin' for a pore dumb beast.

"'Ollow yer backs, even pace, grip with the knees, shorten yer reins, four feet from nose to croup. Number Eight, restrain yerself, me lad, restrain yerself, you ain't shadow-sparrin', you know.

"You too, Number Nine; if you don't calm yer action a bit you'll burst somethin'.

"Now, remember, a light feelin' of



Motor Cyclist. "DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT AN AEROPLANE COMING DOWN SOMEWHERE NEAR HERE?"
Boy. "NO, SIR. I'VE ONLY BEEN SHOOTIN' AT SPARRERS."

the right rein and pressure of the left leg. Ride—wa-a-alk! Ri'—tur-r-rn! 'Alt—'pare to s'mount—s'mount! Dismount, I said, Number Five; that means get down. No, don't dismount on the flat of yer back, me lad, it don't look nice. Try to remember you're an horfficer and be more dignified.

"Now listen to me while I enumerate the parts of a norse in language so simple any bloomin' fool can understand. This 'll be useful to you, for if you ever 'ave a norse to deal with and he loses one of 'is parts you'll know 'ow to indent for a new one.

"The 'orse 'as two ends, a fore-end—so called from its tendency to go first, and an 'ind-end or rear rank. The 'orse is provided with two legs at each end, which can be easily distinguished, the fore legs being straight and the 'ind legs 'avin' kinks in 'em.

"As the 'orse does seventy-five per cent. of 'is dirty work with 'is 'ind-legs it is advisable to keep clear of 'em, rail 'em off or strap boxing-gloves on 'em. The legs of the 'orse is very delicate and liable to crock up, so do not try to trim off any unsightly knobs that may appear on them with a hand-axe—a little of that 'as been known to spoil a norse for good.

"Next we come to the 'ead. On the south side of the 'ead we discover the mouth. The 'orse's mouth was constructed for mincing 'is victuals, also for 'is rider to 'ang on by. As the 'orse does the other forty-five per cent. of 'is dirty work with 'is mouth it is advisable to stand clear of that as well. In fact, what with his mouth at one end and 'is 'ind-legs at t'other, the middle of the 'orse is about the only safe spot, and *that is why we place the saddle there.* Everything in the Harmy is done with a reason, gentlemen.

"And now, Number Ten, tell me what coloured 'orse you are ridin'?

"A chestnut? No 'e ain't no chestnut and never was, no, nor a raspberry roan neither; 'e's a bay. 'Ow often must I tell you that a chestnut 'orse is the colour of lager beer, a brown 'orse the colour of draught ale, and a black 'orse the colour of stout.

"And now, gentlemen, stan' to yer 'orses, 'pare to mount—mount!

"There you go, Number Seven, up one side and down the other. Try to stop in the saddle for a minute if only for the view. You'll get yourself 'urted one of these days dashing about all over the 'orse like that; and 'sposing you was to break your neck, who'd get into trouble? *Me*, not you. 'Ave a bit of consideration for other people, please.

"Now mind the word. Ride—ri'—tur-r-rn. Walk march. Tr-a-a-at. Helbows slightly brushing the ribs—*your* ribs, not the 'orse's, Number Three.

"Shorten yer reins, 'eels down, 'eads up, 'ollow yer backs, four feet from nose to croup.

"Get off that mare's neck, Number Seven, and try ridin' in the saddle for a change; it'll be more comfortable for everybody.

"You oughter do cowboy stunts for the movin' pictures, Number Six, you ought really. People would pay money to see you ride a norse upside down like that. Got a strain of wild Cossack blood in you, eh?

"There you are, now you've been and fell off. Nice way to repay me for all the patience an' learning I've given you!

"What are you lyin' there for? Day-dreaming? I s'pose you're goin' to tell me you're 'urted now? Be writing 'ome to Mother about it next: 'DEAR MA,—A mad mustang 'as trod on me stummick. Please send me a gold stripe. Your loving child, ALGY.'

"Now mind the word. Ride—Can—ter!"

He cracks his whip; the horses throw up their heads and break into a canter; the cavaliers turn pea-green about the



Convalescent Lieutenant. "CHEERIO, MARTHA! I'VE GOT ANOTHER PIP."
Martha. "LAWKS, SIR! I 'OPE IT WON'T MEAN MORE VISITS TO THE 'OSPITAL."

chops, let go the reins and clutch saddle-pommels.

The leading horse, a rakish chestnut, finding his head free at last and being heartily fed-up with the whole business, suddenly bolts out of the *manège* and legs it across the meadow, *en route* for stables and tea. His eleven mates stream in his wake, emptying saddles as they go.

The ten little *gamins* dance ecstatically upon the bank, waving their shirts and shrilling "*À Berlin! À Berlin!*"

The ancient Gaul props himself up against the pie-bald cow and shakes his ancient head. "*C'est la guerre,*" he croaks.

The deserted Riding-Master damns his eyes and blesses his soul for a few moments; then sighs resignedly, takes a cigarette from his cap lining, lights it and waddles off towards the village and his favourite *estaminet*.

PATLANDER.

"Some of these fish have already found their way to Leeds, and, it must be added, have not met with a very cordial reception. Although the fish may be bought at what might be described as an attractive price, they do not appear likely to move for some time."
Yorkshire Paper.

But if the hot weather continues——

SENSES AND SENSIBILITY.

I.

From Fred Golightly, comedian, to Sinclair Voyle, dramatic critic.

DEAR VOYLE,—I am not one ordinarily to take any notice of remarks that are overheard and reported to me; but there are exceptions to every rule and I am making one now. I was told this evening by a mutual friend and fellow-member that at the Buskin Club, after lunch to-day, in the presence of a number of men, you said that the trouble with me was that I had no sense of humour.

Considering my standing as a comedian, hitherto earning high salaries and occupying the place I do solely by virtue of my comic gifts (as the Press and Public unanimously agree), this disparagement from a man wielding as much power as you do is very damaging. Managers hearing of it as your honest opinion might fight shy of me.

I therefore ask you to withdraw the criticism with as much publicity as it had when you defamed me by making it.

Why you should have made it at all I can't imagine, for I have often seen you laughing in your stall, and we have been friends for many years.

Believe me, yours sincerely but sorrowfully, FRED GOLIGHTLY.

II.

From Sinclair Voyle, dramatic critic, to Fred Golightly, comedian.

DEAR GOLIGHTLY,—You have been misinformed. I didn't say you had no sense of humour; I said you had no sense of honour.

Yours faithfully, SINCLAIR VOYLE.

III.

From Fred Golightly, comedian, to Sinclair Voyle, dramatic critic.

DEAR OLD CHAP,—You can't think how glad I am to have your disclaimer. I disliked having to write to you as I did, after so many years of good fellowship, but you must admit that I had some provocation. It is a pretty serious thing for a man in my position to be publicly singled out by a man in yours as being without a sense of humour. However, your explanation puts everything right, and all's well that ends well. Yours as ever, FRED.

"PEACE CRANKS AND CROOKS."
Evening Standard.

The right hon. Member for Woolwich objects. He has nothing whatever to do with Ramsayites.

JIMMY—KILLED IN ACTION.

Horses he loved, and laughter, and the sun,
A song, wide spaces and the open air;
The trust of all dumb living things he won,
And never knew the luck too good to share.

His were the simple heart and open hand,
And honest faults he never strove to hide;
Problems of life he could not understand,
But as a man would wish to die he died.

Now, though he will not ride with us again,
His merry spirit seems our comrade yet,
Freed from the power of weariness or pain,
Forbidding us to mourn—or to forget.

A LITERAL EPOCH.

That there rumpus i' the village laast Saturday night? Aye, it were summat o' a rumpus, begad! Lor! there aren't bin nothin' like it not since the time when they wuz a-gwain' to burn th' ould parson's effigy thirty-fower year ago (but it niver come off, because 'e up an' offered to contribute to the expenses 'isself, an' that kind o' took the wind out on't).

Ye see, Sir, there 's just seven licensed 'ouses i' the village. Disgraceful? Aye, so 'tis, begad! — on'y seven licensed 'ouses — an' I do mind when 'twas pretty nigh one man one pub, as the sayin' is. Howsomever, to-day there 's seven, and some goes to one and some goes to totherun.

Well, laast Friday night me an' Tom Figgures an' Bertie Mayo an' Peter Ledbetter an' a lot more on us what goes to Reuben Izod's at The Bell, we come in to 'ave our drink. And, mind you, pretty nigh all on us 'ad a-bin mouldin'-up taters all day, so 's to get *them* finished afore the hay; so us could do wi' a drop. Aye, aye!

Well, fust thing us knowed — no more 'n a hour or two after -Mrs. Izod was a sayin' to old Peter Ledbetter, as 'er set down a fresh pint for 'n, "That 's the laast drop o' beer i' the 'ouse," 'er says.

"*Whaat!*" says Peter, though there warn't no call for 'im to voice the gen'ral sentiments, 'coz you see, Sir, 'e 'd a-got the laast pint an' us 'adn't.

"There 's a nice drop o' cider, though," says Mrs. Izod. "Leastways, when I says a nice drop, there 's a matter o' fifteen gallons, I dessay," 'er says.

"I 'ave drunk cider at a pinch," says Bertie Mayo, cautious-like, "and my ould father, I d' mind, 'e 'd used to drink it regular."

"Ah, that 'a did!—an' mine too, and 'is father afore 'un," says Tom Figgures; "but I reckon 'tisn't what 'twas in them days."

"Well, you may do as you 'm a-minded 'bout 'avin' it," says Mrs. Izod; "but no more ain't beer what 'twas neether, come to that."

"You 'm right there, Missus," says all the rest on us.

An' then Bertie Mayo, 'oo 's allus a turr'ble far-seeing sort of chap, 'e says, "Reckon the trolley 'ull be along fust thing i' the marnin' from the brewery, Missus?" An' when Mrs. Izod 'er says as 'er didn't know, but 'twas to be 'oped as 'twud, a sort of a blight settled down on the lot on us, which I reckon is a pretty fair way o' puttin' it, for a blight allus goes 'and-in-'and wi' a drought.

Well, either us finished that evenin' up on cider or us finished the cider up that evenin'—there warn't much in it one way or t'other. An' next day—this bit as I 'm a-tellin' you now us niver 'eard tell on till arterwards, but I 'm a-tellin' it *yeou* just as it 'appened —next *daay* (that were Sat'rday, mind) there was a turr'ble to-do in the arternoon, for there warn't nobbut limonade in the house when them timber-haulin' chaps stopped to waater the engin'. Well, you may reckon! . . .

An' then, when us come 'ome from work, us found the door o' The Bell shut an' locked, an' "Sold Out" wrote on a piece o' cardboard i' the parlour winder by Reuben Izod's second child! Begad, that was sommut if yeou like! Us stud there a-gyaupin' an' a-gyaupin', till at last Peter Ledbetter give a kick at the door and 'ollers out, "Whatten a gammit do 'ee call this 'ere, Reuben Izod? 'Tis drink us waants, not tickets for the Cook'ry Demonstration." (Turr'ble sarcastic 'e do be sometimes, Peter Ledbetter).

"I aren't got none," says Reuben from be'ind the door.

"Well, cider, then," says Bertie Mayo.

"Tall 'ee I aren't got narrun—beer, cider, nor limonade — nary a drop. 'Tiddn' no manner o' good for you chaps to stan' there. You 'd best toddle along up to The Green Dragon an' see if Mas'r Holtom 've got any."

Well, bein' as no one iver yet 'eard tell o' one publican tellin' ye to go furder a-fild and get sarved by another publican (savin' as 'twas a drunken man as 'e wanted to be shut on), us was struck so dazed-like as us went along the road wi' never a word. But us 'adn't got 'alfway theer afore us met Johnnie Tarplett, Jim Peyton, and a lot more on 'em all comin' along the road towards we.

"Where be gwain'?" says Johnnie Tarplett.

"Us be gwain' along to The Green Dragon to get a drop o' drink," says Tom Figgures.

"The Green Dragon's shut 'owever," says Johnnie Tarplett. "Us was a-gwain' along——"

"Aye, aye!" us sings out. "So 's The Bell shut too!"

Well, then us all took and went along to The Reaper, an' *that* were shut, an' The Dovedale Arms (which is an oncomfortably superior sort of a 'ouse, dealin' in sperrits) was down to ginger-wine, an' The Crown and The Corner Cupboard an' The Ploughman's Rest was all crowded out an' gettin' down to the bottom o' the casks.

An' then, when us took an' thowt as 'twould be 'ay-makin' next week, an' dry weather all round, us stuud i' the road and spak our thowts out.

"Dom the Keyser!" says Peter Ledbetter, to gie us a start like.

"Niver knowed sich a thing afore in all my born days," says Bertie Mayo. "Niver knowed The Bell shut yet, not since 'twas first opened six years afore th 'ould Queen come to the throne."

"Reckon sich a thing niver 'appened afore i' the history o' Dovedale parish," says Johnnie Tarplett.

"Niver since Will'um Conqueror," says Jim Peyton.

"Niver since Noah 'isself," says Tom Figgures.

"'Tis a nepoch, look you," says Peter Ledbetter. An' though us didn' know what 'a meant no more'n 'a did 'isself, us were inclined to agree wi 'm. Oh, 'tis a Greek word meanin' a stoppage, is it? Well, if what you say be *trew*, Peter Ledbetter was right 'owever, an' them Greeks is at the bottom of all the trouble, as I said in The Bell five nights ago—my son bein' at Salonika, as you do know, Sir.

An' arter a bit us all went along home, all on us tryin' to remember what us knowed about home-brewin'. An' if you gentlefolks doan't get your washin' done praperly this wik 'tis along o' the tubs bein' otherwise engaged.

W. B.

Commercial Candour.

"By partial dissembling we are able to offer this high-grade Car at a price within the reach of those desiring the best."
New Zealand Herald.

"At Ormskirk rejected army horses sold by auction realised £30 to £60. The average was over £30."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

We always like to have our sums done for us.

BEACHVILLE

IS TOO BRACING!

If you have a LIVER, BEACHVILLE will make you feel ABSOLUTELY ROTTEN!

If you have not, BEACHVILLE will give you one within 24 HOURS!

SHRIMPINGTON

THE GRAND(?) PARADE ON A WET DAY

STATISTICS show that the AVERAGE RAINFALL at SHRIMPINGTON is HIGHER than that at *any* other watering-place in the United Kingdom.

CHALKCLIFFE

NO PLACE FOR CHILDREN

Children who do not fall off the cliffs invariably catch measles. Many do *both*.

BARWASH

For BEASTLY BATHING from a BEACH of BROKEN BOTTLES

If this doesn't put you off, write to the Town Clerk for the Medical Officer's report on the Town Water Supply.

HOW TO UNBOOM OUR HOLIDAY RESORTS.

[In view of the official discouragement of railway-travelling something should be done to eradicate from the minds of the public any favourable impressions created by the posters of the past.]



TRIALS OF A CAMOUFLAGE OFFICER.

Flapper. "Oh, I've heard such wonderful things about camouflage—making men look like guns, and guns like cows, and all that sort of thing. Couldn't you do some of your tricks here?"

THE INCORRIGIBLES.

How an exasperated Adjutant would like to address the new Guard.

"Guard! for I still concede to you the title,
Though well I know that it is not your due,
Being devoid of everything most vital
To the high charge which is imposed on you;
Listen awhile—and, Number Two, be dumb;
Forbear to scratch the irritable tress;
No longer masticate the furtive gum;
And, Private Pitt, stop nibbling at your thumb,
And for a change attend to my address.

"Day after day I urge the old, old thesis—
To reverence well the man of martial note,
Nor treat as mere sartorial caprices
The mystic marks he carries on his coat,
And how to know what everybody is,
The swords, the crowns, the purple-stainéd cards,
The Brigadiers concealed in Burberries,
And render all those pomps and dignities
Which are, of course, the *raison d'être* of guards.

"With what avail? for never a guard is mounted
That does not do some wild abhorrent thing,
Only in hushed low tones to be recounted,
Lest haply hints of it should reach the King—
Dark ugly tales of sentinels who drank,
Or lost their prisoners while imbibing tea,
Or took great pains to make their minds a blank
Whene'er approached by gentlemen of rank,
And, when reproved, presented arms to me!

"There is no potentate in France or Flanders
You will not heap with insult if you can.
For lo! a car. It is the Corps Commander's;
The sentries take no notice of the man,
Or fix him with a not unkindly stare,
And slap their butts in an engaging way,
Or else, too late, in penitent despair
Cry, 'Guard, turn out!' and there is no guard there,
But they are in *The Blue Estaminet*.

"Weary I am of worrying and warning;
For all my toil I get it in the neck;
I am fed up with it; and from this morning
I shall not seek to keep your crimes in check;
Sin as you will—I shall but acquiesce;
Sleep on, O sentinels—I shall not curse;
And so, maybe, from sheer contrariness
Some day a guard may be a slight success;
At any rate you cannot well do worse."

Light on the Situation.

"Front of Crown Prince Rupprecht.—At night the firing engagement slackened but little, and near Hellwerden it again rose to very great intensity."—*Admiralty, per Wireless Press, July 26th.*

Readers who shared the doubt of *The Times* as to the existence of "Hellwerden" (which doesn't appear in the maps) will be interested to learn from one of our correspondents, who knows it well, that it exists all right, but is only visible in the very early morning. *The Times* of July 28th bears out this statement.

Our correspondent adds the information that "Hellwerden" is sometimes spelt Morgendämmerung.



RUSSIA'S DARK HOUR.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 23rd.—The country awoke this morning to find itself threatened with a first-class political crisis and possibly a General Election to follow. Members dwelling temporarily on the Western Front had reluctantly torn themselves from their dug-outs on the receipt of a three-line whip, and had repaired post-haste to Westminster.

The trouble was nominally about the agricultural labourer and his minimum wage. Should it be twenty-five shillings, as set down in the Corn Production Bill, or thirty shillings, as proposed by Mr. Wardle, the Leader of the Labour Party? The Amendment had the assent of the hard-shell Free-Traders, who were glad to snatch at any chance of defeating the proposed bounty to the farmer. They had been further incensed by the appointment of Messrs. Montagu and Churchill to the Ministry, and hoped perhaps that some of the extreme Tories would help them to give the Prime Minister a good hard knock.

Mr. Prothero made it plain from the outset that the Government meant to stand or fall by the proposal in the Bill; and most of the friends of the agricultural labourer prudently preferred twenty-five shillings in the hand to thirty shillings in the bush; with the result that the amendment was defeated by 301 to 102.

Mr. Hogge called attention to the anomalous position occupied by Dr. Addison. The late Minister for Munitions and future Minister for Reconstruction is for the moment only an ordinary Member. Ought he not therefore to be re-elected before taking up his new appointment? Mr. Speaker's judicious reply, "I do not appoint Ministers," left one wondering what sort of an appearance the Treasury Bench would present if he did.

Tuesday, July 24th. — Major Hunt and Mr. King, though in some respects not unlike one another—each combining a child-like belief in what they are told outside the House with an invincible scepticism in regard to the information they receive from Ministers inside — are rarely found hunting in couples. But they made common cause to-day over the alleged award of the Distinguished Service Order to persons who had never been near the firing line, and they refused to accept Mr. Macpherson's assurance that it was only given for service in the field. Mr. King knew for a fact that a gentleman in France who had only served in the Post-Office had received it—presumably for not deserting his post; while Major Hunt could not understand how anyone should have earned it for fighting at home. "How has this country been attacked?" he asked indignantly. Air-raids evidently do not count with this gallant yeoman.



Papa McKenna lectures young Bonar on extravagance. Even when sowing his wildest oats he (Papa) never came anywhere near seven million pounds per diem.

Efficiency, not economy, is the Prime Minister's watchword. Sir Edward Carson as a Member of the War Cabinet will have no portfolio, but will enjoy the not inadequate salary of five thousand a year for what the Profession calls "a thinking part." The new Minister of Reconstruction is to have two thousand a year; and we shall no doubt hear shortly that he has begun his labours by reconstructing another hotel for the accommodation of his staff.

With the spirit of expansion pervading the Head of the Government, it is not surprising that the expenditure of the country continues to rise. The panting estimators of the Treasury toil after it in vain. Mr. McKenna's passionate plea for a limit to our war-expenditure would have carried more weight if he had shown any sign during his own time at the Exchequer of being able to impose one. As it was, Mr. G. D. Faber's interjection, "Do you want to limit munitions?" quickly reduced him to generalities. The House had to rest content with Mr. Bonar Law's assurance that, though we could not go on for ever, we could go on longer than our enemies.

Wednesday, July 25th.—In answer to Mr. Pemberton-Billing the Under-Secretary for War stated that since the outbreak of hostilities there had been forty-seven airship raids and thirty "heavier than air" raids upon this country, "making seventy-eight air-raids in all." It is believed that the discrepancy is explained by Mr. Billing's unaccountable omission on one occasion to make a speech.

He made one to-night of prodigious length, which brought him into personal collision with Major Archer-Shee. Palace Yard was the scene of the combat, which ended, as I understand, in Archer downing Pemberton and Billing sitting on Shee. Then the police arrived and swept up the hyphens.



THE SECRET SERVICE IN THE HOUSE.
Mr. King has suspicions of something nefarious.

Opinions differ as to Mr. King's latest performance. Some hold his complaint, that the Government had introduced detectives into the precincts of the House, to have been perfectly genuine, and point to his phrase, "I speak from conviction," as a proof that he was trying to revenge himself for personal inconvenience suffered at the hands of the minions of the law. Others contend that he knew all the time the real reason for their presence — the possibility that Sinn Fein emissaries would greet Mr. Ginnell's impending departure with a display of fireworks from the Gallery.

Thursday, July 26th. — Mr. Ginnell put in a belated appearance this afternoon in order to make a dramatic exit. But the performance lacked spontaneity.

Indeed honourable Members, even while they laughed, were, I think, a little saddened by the sight of this elderly gentleman's pathetic efforts to play the martyr.

Only twenty Members agreed with Mr. Ramsay Macdonald in believing, or affecting to believe, that the recent resolution of the German Reichstag was the solemn pronouncement of a sovereign people, and that it only requires the endorsement of the British Government to produce an immediate and equitable peace. Not much was left of this pleasant theory after Mr. Asquith had dealt it a few of his sledge-hammer blows. "So far as we know," he said, "the influence of the Reichstag, not only upon the composition but upon the policy of the German Government, remains what it has always been, a practically negligible quantity."

Any faint hopes that the pacifists may have cherished of a favourable division were destroyed by Mr. Snowden in a speech whose character may be judged by the comment passed on it by Mr. O'Grady, just back from Russia, that "Lenin had preached the same doctrine in Petrograd."

The Rest Cure.

Tribunals please copy.

"It is understood that the French Consul at Lourenco Marques, M. Savoye, has, owing to ill-health, asked his Government to allow him to return to Army duties."—*Cape Times.*

"Lady —— set the fashion of arriving at the altar with empty hands. She is the first bride to have had such an important wedding without the etceteras of bouquet or prayerbook, bridesmaids, pages, or wedding-cake."—*News of the World.*

Far too big a handful.

150 Years Ago—July 20, 1767.

" the borough treasurer of West
of £41,000 on the municipal
s of £35,000 on the elec-

mpton Daily Echo.

tury was not so
nt time as we

to teach little
per.

os with the
achment, we

MILITARY AIDES.

Last year, owing to the pressure of other engagements, we did not mark out the tennis-lawn at "Sunnyside." This year the matter has been taken out of our hands by the military powers.

Nevin was the first to think of it.

"What about a game of tennis?" he suggested one bright morning in May. "Keep us from going to seed."

It was his second day of leave after three months in the Ypres salient, so the change may have been too sudden for him.



Tommy ("mopping up" captured trench). "Is there anyone down there?"

Voice from dug out. "Ja! Ja! Kamerad!"

Tommy. "Then come out here and fraternise."

"That's a toppin' notion," echoed Bob; "let's raid 'old Beetle's' museum and dig out the posts."

So Captain Richard Nevin, R.E., and Second-Lieutenant Robert Simpson, R.G.A., took the affair into their own hands.

Having seen the same forces co-operating on previous occasions, I determined to keep clear of them. Besides, I am only "old Beetle."

They found the posts in the tool-shed, and, borne upon the initial enthusiasm of their venture, began to sink a sort of winze on each side of the lawn. Up to this point they were perfectly amicable.

Then Nevin, who is a thoughtful person, said suddenly, "I suppose you made quite sure that the line of these posts will cross the centre of the court?" And then, before Bob could retort, added, "Of course you ought to have made absolutely certain of that. As it is we had better leave this and find the corner irons."

Corner irons that have remained undisturbed for some twenty-four months have a way of concealing themselves. At the end of ten minutes the seekers began to show signs of impatience. Such terms as "angles," "bases," "centres," interspersed with "futiless," "sodamsure," "knowseverything" were cast upon a hazardous breeze.

Eventually they found one of the angles. To the ordinary layman this would have meant the beginning of the end. But Captain Richard Nevin and Second-Lieutenant Robert Simpson are made of different stuff. They scorn the easy path. They have stores of deep knowledge to draw upon which place their calculations beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. After they had made a searching examination of the exhumed angle, Bob pulled out a pencil, prostrated himself behind it and then proceeded to gaze ecstatically over the top.

I moved my chair slightly south, and pretended to regard the apple-blossom, and when Nevin went into the house and brought out something which dimly resembled a ship's sextant I had the extreme presence of mind not to make any inquiries.

Margery drifted up with a pink duster.

"What ever are they doing?" she asked.

"Hush!" I whispered; "Bob has just got the range of a supply train on the far side of the rockery, and if Nevin (Nevin is the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg) doesn't get the longitude of Bob's battery in the next minute or so it's all up with his day's rations."

Suddenly Bob rose and made some calculations on an old envelope.

"That means three rounds battery fire," I said, "and the Prince loses his lunch."

Not satisfied with this success, Bob went indoors and looted the hall of

three walking-sticks and Margery's new sunshade.

"What's he going to do now?" said Margery, with one eye on the sunshade.

He walked to the far end of the lawn and manœuvred in a small circle. "The water-jackets are boiling," I replied, "and they've run out of cold water. He's divining with the sun shade. Look!"

Bob suddenly drove the sunshade into the ground. There was a sharp crack and—well, he found another iron. Of course he tried to explain to Margery that it was an absolute accident and he only wanted to get a sighting post; but that was mere self-effacement, and I said so.

Things began to happen quickly after this, and if Private James Thompson had not put in an unexpected appearance they might have completed the job without any further difference of opinion.

In the merry days before war was thrust upon us, James Thompson was an architect of distinction. Obviously an architect of distinction can reduce the difficulty of laying out a tennis-court to an elementary and puerile absurdity. For half-an-hour the demonstration was carried on in the garden, and, after Private Thompson had twice been threatened with arrest for using insubordinate language to a superior, it was decided to finish the discussion in my study, assisted by the softening influence of the Tantalus.

Not for a hundred pounds would I have ventured into the study. I picked up *The Gardening Gazette* and engrossed myself in an interesting piece of scandal about the slug family.

Suddenly Margery appeared at the double.

"Do you know," I exclaimed excitedly, "it was the wireworm after all."

"Come on," Margery panted irrelevantly, "buck up and we can finish it before they come out again."

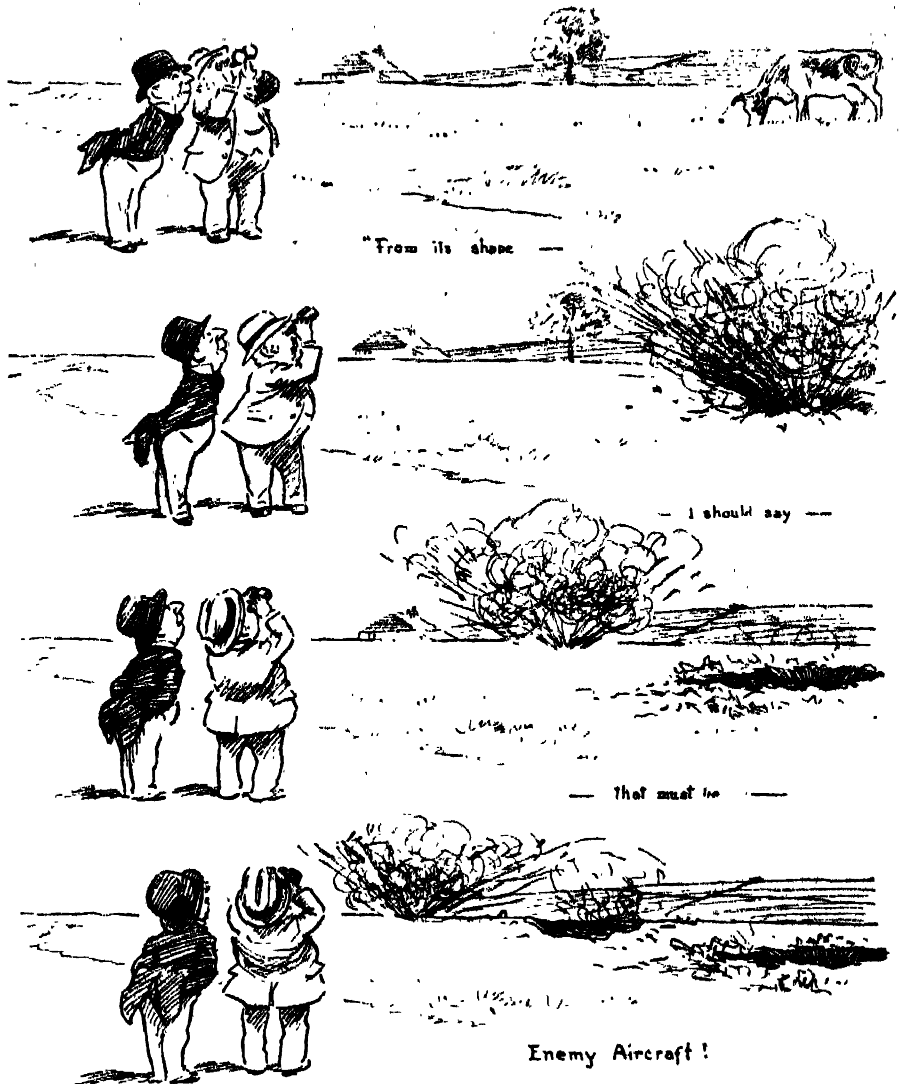
In her hand she held a tape-measure and an official diagram of a tennis-court.

Five minutes later the experts emerged from the house.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Nevin aggressively, "what have you been up to?"

"Oh," I replied, flicking over a page on weed-killers, "Margery and I thought we had better find the remainder of the tennis-court while you were having a rest. Margery's gone for a ball of string, and if Bob fetches the marker you can mark the court out now."

Nevin's retort was addressed solely to Private James Thompson, who had in an unfortunate moment given way to laughter of an unmilitary character.



THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

BOYCOTTING THE BARD.

["Contributors are particularly requested not to send verses. They are not wanted in any circumstances and cannot be printed, acknowledged or returned."—*British Weekly, July 19th.*]

I once believed the "Man of Kent"
To be the Muses' firm supporter
And only less benevolent
To bards than Mr. C. K. Shorter.

But this untimely cruel blow
Has quite irrevocably shattered
The hopes which till a week ago
My fondest aspirations flattered.

Wounds that are dealt us by our friends
Are faithful, but the name endearing
Of friend is hardly his who lends
And then denies the bard a hearing.

How then, O brother songsters, can
You take it lying down, and meekly
Submit to this tyrannic ban
Laid on you by *The British Weekly!*

No, no, you'll rather emulate
The Minstrel Boy, and we shall find you
Storming its barred and bolted gate
With reams of lyrics slung behind you.

"The time is ripe for the authorities to stop all street traffic and to order all unauthorised persons to take cover under penalty at the approach of the air raiders."—*Daily Paper.*

Personally, as a means of shelter we prefer the coal-cellar to any penalty.

"Will Mr. Russell deny that 600 million gallons of milk were produced in Ireland last year, of which half went to the creameries and more to the margarine factories and to England?"—*Letter in Irish Paper.*

The Irish gallon would appear to be as elastic as the Irish mile.

"DIVISIONAL SIGNS."

THE purpose of a Divisional Sign is to deceive the enemy. Let us suppose that you belong to the 580th Division, B.E.F. You do not put "580" on your waggons and your limbers and on the tin-hats of your Staff. Certainly not. The enemy would know about you if you did that. You have a secret sign, such as tramps chalk on your wall at home, to let other tramps know that you are a stingy devil with a dog. There are many theories as to how these signs are chosen. One is that a committee of officers sits *in camerâ* for forty-eight hours without food or drink till it has decided on an arrow or a cat, or a dandelion, rampant.

Let us take it that a cat is chosen—a quiet thing in cats—crimson on a green-and-white chess-board background. Forthwith (as adjutants say) a crimson cat on a green-and-white chess-board back-ground is painted and embroidered on everything that can be painted and embroidered on—limbers and waggons and hand-carts and arm-bands and the tin-hats of the Staff. And the Division goes forth as it were masked, disguised, just like one of Mr. LE QUEUX's diplomatist heroes at a fancy-dress ball, wearing a domino. You perceive the mystery of it? None of your naked numbers for us B.E.F. men. The Division marches through a village, and the dear old Man Who Knows, cropping up again in the army, says, "Ha! A red cat on a green-and white chess-board back-ground? That's the Seventeenth Division."

You see it now? The enemy agent overhears. The false news is sent crackling through the ether to Berlin (wireless, my dear, in the cellar, of course). The German General Staff looks up the village on a map, and sticks into it a flag marked 17. Not 580, mark you. And the General Staff frowns, and Majesty pushes the ends of its moustache into its eyes at the knowledge that the Seventeenth Division is in ——.

And all the time it is in ——! And the agent pockets his cheque. So wars are won and lost.

Just conceive the romance of it. It is heraldry gone mad.

Myself, however, I incline to another theory as to the origin of these symbols. A Higher Command enters his office. Higher Commands always enter. The office is hung, like a studio in one of Mr. GEORGE MORROW's pictures, with diagrams of circles and triangles and crosses and straight lines. The Higher Command, being a man of like passions with ourselves, has just finished tinned Oxford marmalade and a cigarette. He heads for the "IN" basket on his desk and takes from it the "Arrivals and Departures" paper. "Ha!" says he to the lady secretary, "I see six new divisions landed yesterday." He pauses. Outside there is no sound to be heard save the loud and continuous crash of the sentry's hand against his rifle as he salutes the passing A.D.C.'s. "What about signs?" says the Higher Command. The lady secretary says nothing. She floods the carburettor of the typewriter preparatory to thumping out "Ref. attached correspondence" on it.



Dugal. "I DOOT, TAMMAS, THERE'S SOME INFORMEESHUN THAT MAN LLOYD GEORGE HAS GOT THAT WE HAVENA GOT."

The Higher Command stares at the diagrams on the wall. He is feeling strangely light-hearted this morning. He has won five francs at bridge the night before from the D.A.D.M.O. A.D.G.S. And more circles and squares have somehow lost their savour for him. He plunges. "What about a lion?" he says.

The lady secretary opens the throttle and plays a few bars on the "cap." key.

"A red lion?" says the Higher Command seductively.

"It has already been done," says the lady secretary coldly.

"Who by—I mean by whom?" inquires the H.C. indignantly.

"By the Deputy Assistant Director of Higher Commands, when you were on leave last week," she tells him.

He mutters a military oath against the D.A.D.H.C. Then his face clears.

"Tigers?" he suggests hopefully.

"We might do a green tiger," she says reluctantly.

"With yellow stripes!" shouts the H.C.

"On a mauve background," says she, warming to it.

And so one division is disposed of. But it is not always so, of course.

After a Hun counter-attack, for instance, the H.C. may gaze morosely on his geometrical figures and throw off a little thing in triangles and St. Andrew's crosses. Or when the moon is at the full you may have a violet allotted to you as your symbol. One never knows. My own divisional sign, for instance, is an iddy-umpty plain on a field plainer. We vary the heraldry by ringing changes on the colours. On our brigade arm-band it becomes an iddy-umpty gules on a field azure. If I could be quite sure of the heraldic slang for puce I would tell you what it is on our Army Corps arm-band. On a waggon it used to be an iddy-umpty blank on a field muddy. But administrative genius has changed all that. A routine order, the other day, ordered a pink border to be painted round it, and this first simple essay of the departed Morse goes now through the villages of France in a bed of roses.

We wish sometimes that our conditions were changed as easily as our signs.

Another Impending Apology.

"The Lord Provost will preside over the meeting at which Mr. Churchill will speak in Dundee this afternoon.

Many thousands of people are leaving Dundee for their annual holiday."

Manchester Daily Dispatch.

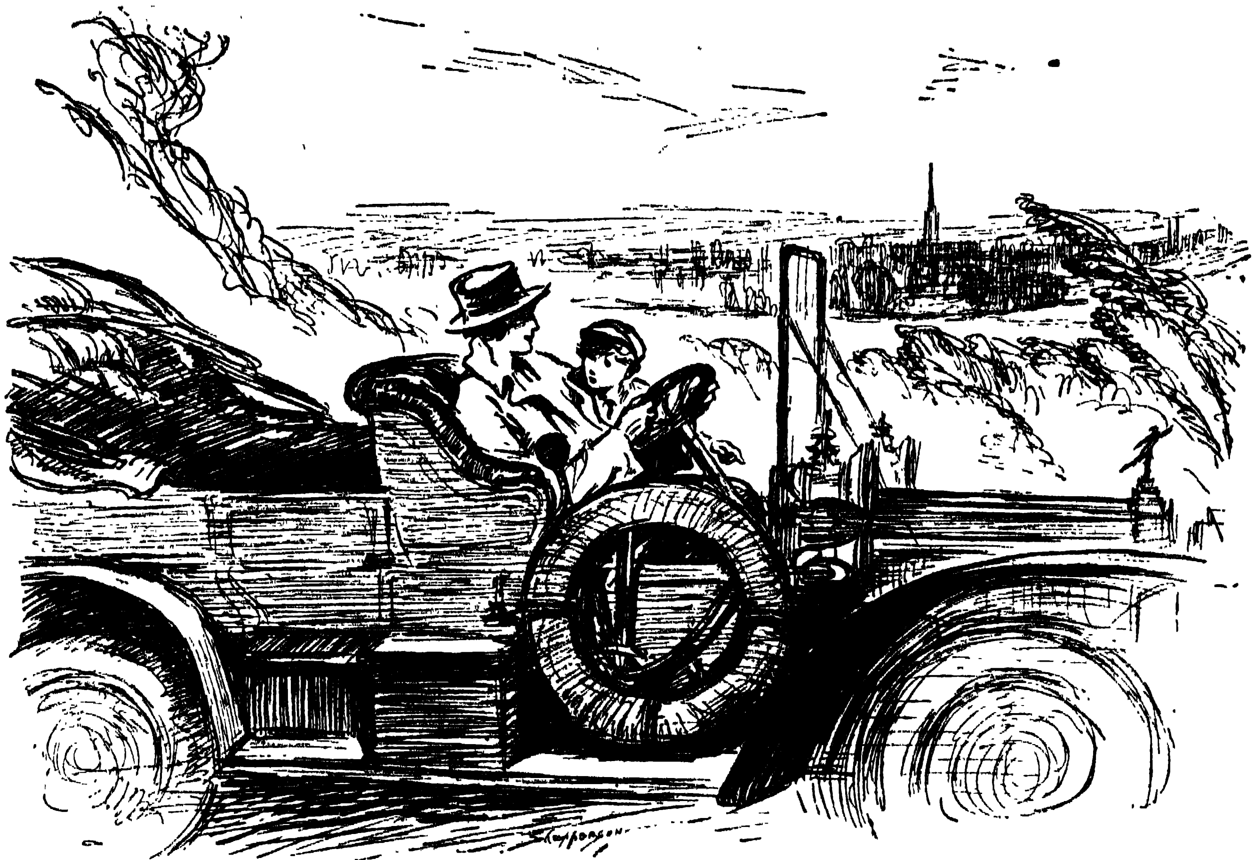
"Mr. Alderman Domoney, in remanding at the Guildhall to-day two boys charged with theft, said he always liked to deal leniently with boys so young and to give the ma fresh start in life."—*Evening Paper.*

Not a word about the pa, you observe; yet we daresay he was equally responsible.

From the Orders of a Battalion in France:—

"The undermentioned N.C.O.'s and men will parade at 10.30 a.m., bringing with them their gas-helmets and the unexpired portion of their rations."

It is surmised that this refers to the cheese-issue.



Basil. "Mummy, aren't we exceeding the speed ration?"

BULLINGTON.

It was in the high midsummer and the sun was shining strong,
And the lane was rather flinty and the lane was rather long,
When, up and down the gentle hills beside the stripling Test,
I chanced to come to Bullington and stayed a while to rest.

It was drowned in peace and quiet, as the river reeds were drowned
In the water clear as crystal, flowing by with scarce a sound;
And the air was like a posy with the sweet haymaking smells,
And the Roses and Sweet-Williams and Canterbury Bells.

Far away as some strange planet seemed the old world's dust and din,
And the trout in sun-warmed shallows hardly seemed to stir a fin,
And there's never a clock to tell you how the hurrying world goes on
In the little ivied steeple down in drowsy Bullington.

Small and sleepy there it nestled, seeming far from hastening Time,
As a teeny-tiny village in some quaint old nursery rhyme,
And a teeny-tiny river by a teeny-tiny weir
Sang a teeny-tiny ditty that I stayed a while to hear:—

"Oh the stream runs to the river and the river to the sea,
But the reedy banks of Bullington are good enough for me;
Oh the road runs to the highway and the highway o'er the down,
But it's just as good in Bullington as mighty London town."

Then high above an aeroplane in humming flight went by,
With the droning of its engines filling all the cloudless sky;
And like the booming of a knell across that perfect day
There came the guns' dull thunder from the ranges far away.

And, while I lay and listened, oh the river's sleepy tune
Seemed to change its rippling music, like the cuckoo's stave in June,
And the cannon's distant thunder and the engines' warlike drone
Seemed to mingle with its burthen in a solemn undertone:—

"Oh the stream runs to the river, and the river to the sea,
And there's war on land and water, and there's work for you and me;
And on many a field of glory there are gallant lives laid down
As well for sleepy Bullington as mighty London Town."

So I roused me from my daydream, for I knew the song spoke true,
That it isn't time for dreaming while there's duty still to do;
And I turned into the highroad where it meets the flinty lane,
And the world of wars and sorrows was about me once again.

C. F. S.

REMEMBRANCE.

"Stop, Francesca," I cried. "Don't talk; don't budge; don't blink. Give me time. I've all but——"

"What *are* you up to?" she said.

"There," I said, "you've done it. I had it on the tip of my tongue, and now it has gone back for ever into the limbo of forgotten things, and all because you couldn't keep silent for the least little fraction of a second."

"My poor dear," she said, "I *am* sorry. But why didn't you tell me you were trying to remember something?"

"That," I said, "would have been just as fatal to it. These things are only remembered in an atmosphere of perfect silence. The mental effort must have room to develop."

"Don't tell me," she said tragically, "that I have checked the development of a mental effort. That would be too awful."

"Well," I said, "that's exactly what you *have* done, that and nothing less. I feel just as if I'd tried to go upstairs where there wasn't a step."

"Or downstairs."

"Yes," I said, "it's equally painful and dislocating."

"But you're not the only one," she said, "who's forgotten things. I've done quite a lot in that line myself. I've forgotten the measles and sugar and Lord RHONDDA and the Irish trouble and your Aunt Matilda, and where I left my *pince-nez* and what's become of the letters I received this morning, and whom I promised to meet where and when to talk over what. You needn't think you're the only forgetter in the world. I can meet you on that and any other ground."

"But," I said, "the thing you made me forget——"

"I didn't."

"You did."

"No, for you hadn't remembered it."

"Well, anyhow I shall put it on to you, and I want you to realise that it's not like one of your trivialities——"

"This man," said Francesca, "refers to his Aunt Matilda and Lord RHONDDA as trivialities."

"It is not," I continued inexorably, "like one of your trivialities. It's a most important thing, and it begins with a 'B.'

"Are you sure of that?'

"Yes, I'm sure it begins with a 'B'—or perhaps a 'W.' Yes, I'm sure it's a 'W' now."

"I'm going," said Francesca with enthusiasm, "to coax that word or thing, or whatever it is, back to the tip of your tongue and beyond it. So let's have all you know about it. Firstly, then, it begins with a 'W.'"

"Yes, it begins with a 'W,' and I feel it's got something to do with Lord RHONDDA."

"That doesn't help much. So far as I can see, everything now is more or less nearly connected with Lord RHONDDA."

"But my forgotten thing isn't bread or meat. It's something remoter."

"Is it Mr. KENNEDY-JONES?" said Francesca. "He's just resigned, you know."

"No, it's not Mr. KENNEDY-JONES. How could it be? Mr. KENNEDY-JONES doesn't begin with a 'W.'"

"If I were you, I shouldn't insist too much on that 'W.' I should keep it in the background, for it's about ten to one you'll find in the end that it doesn't begin with a 'W.' At any rate we've made two short advances; we know it isn't Mr. KENNEDY-JONES, because he doesn't begin with a 'W,' and we are not very sure that it begins with a 'W.'"

"Keep quiet," I said, flushing with anticipation. "I'm getting it . . . your last remark has put me on the track. . . . Silence. . . . Ah . . . it's DEVONSHIRE CREAM! There—I've got it at last. I feel an overwhelming desire for Devonshire cream."

"The sort that begins with a 'W.'"

"Well, it's got a 'V' in it, anyhow."

"And it isn't Devonshire cream at all. It's really Cornish cream—at least Mary Penruddock says it is."

"Cornish or Devonshire, that's what I must have, if Lord RHONDDA's rules allow it."

"All right, I'll get you a pot or two if I can. But are you sure you won't forget it again?"

"If I do," I said, "I can always remember it by the 'W.'" R. C. L.

THE CHANGE CURE.

["The only way to make domestic service popular is for a duchess to become a tweeny-maid."—*Evening Paper.*]

IT may be that a modern *Mene, Mene*
Will force the Duchess to become a tweeny;
But, ere this democratic transformation
Secures the "old nobility's" salvation,
Some other changes are not less but more
Needful to aid our progress in the War.

For instance, with what rapture were we blest
If Some-one gave his nimble tongue a rest
And, turning Trappist, stanched the fearsome gush
Of egotistic and thrasonic slush;
Or if Lord X. eschewed his daily speeches
And took to canning Californian peaches;
Or if egregious LYNCH could but abstain
From "ruining along the illimitable inane"
At Question-time, and try to render PLATO's
Republic into Erse, or grow potatoes;
Or if our novelists wrote cheerful books,
Instead of joining those superfluous cooks
Who spoil our daily journalistic broth
By lashing it into a fiery froth.

Counsels of sheer perfection, you will say,
In times when ev'ry mad dog has his day,
Yet none the less inviting as the theme
Of a millennial visionary's dream.

And as for Duchesses turned tweeny-maids
Or following other unobtrusive trades
There's nothing very wonderful or new
Or difficult to credit in the view;
For DICKENS—whom I never fail to bless
For solace in these days of storm and stress—
Found his best slavey in *The Marchioness.*

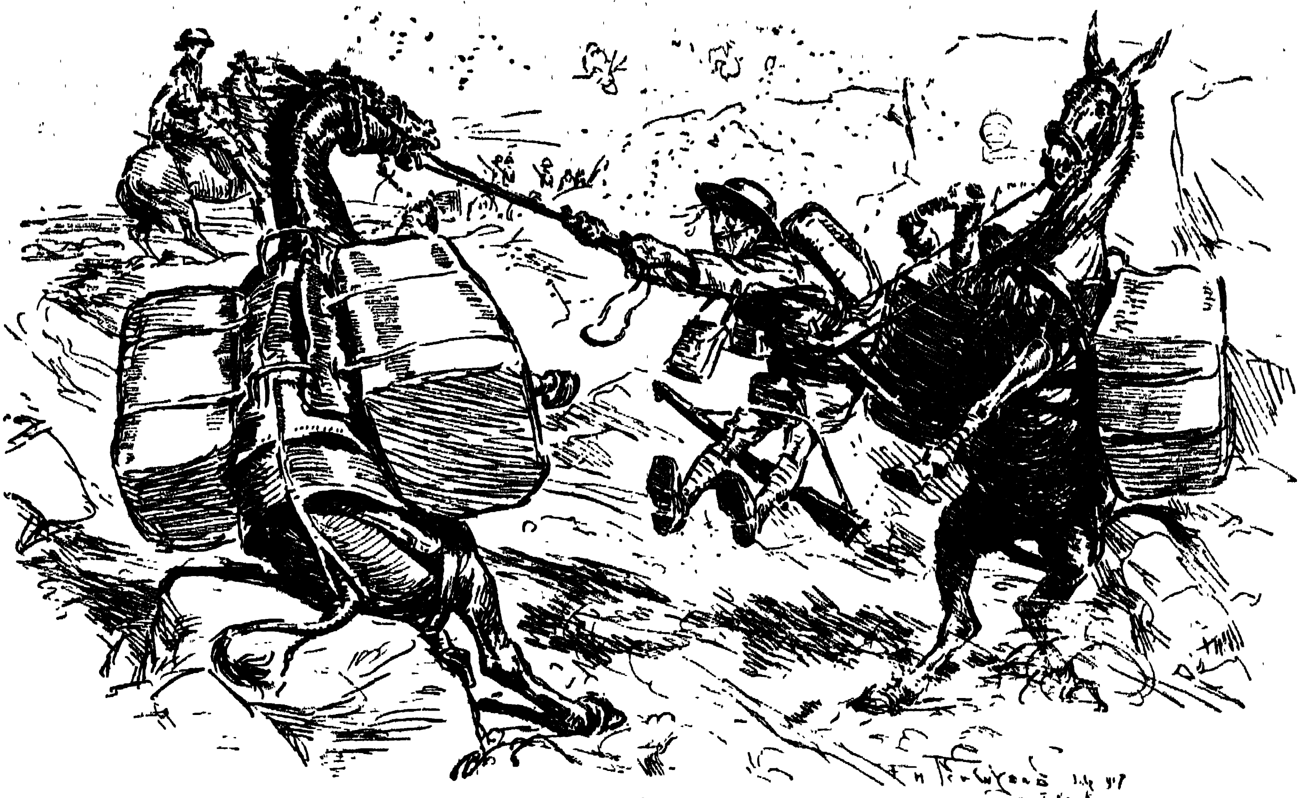
Who invented the name "Sammies"?

"They are 'Sammies' now, and the name probably will stick along with 'Tommy,' 'poilu' and 'Fritz.' . . . The christening was one of those spontaneous affairs, coming nobody knows how."
Kansas City Star.

Mr. Punch, ever reluctant to take credit to himself, feels nevertheless bound to say that the suggestion of the name "Sammies" for our American Allies appeared in his columns as long ago as June 13th. On page 384 of that issue (after quoting *The Daily News* as having said, "We shall want a name for the American 'Tommies' when they come; but do not call them 'Yankees'; they none of them like it") he wrote: "As a term of distinction and endearment, Mr. Punch suggests 'Sammies'—after their uncle."

"London.— —— House. Bed, breakfast 4s., per week 24s. 6d. No other meals at present."

This should encourage the FOOD-CONTROLLER.



Transport Officer. "Confound it, man! What are you doing? Don't tease the animals!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Hansi, the Alsatian caricaturist and patriot, who escaped a few months before the War, after being condemned by the German courts to fifteen months' imprisonment for playing off an innocent little joke on four German officers, and did his share of fighting with the French in the early part of the War, is the darling of the Boulevards. They adore his supreme skill in thrusting the irritating lancet of his humour into bulging excrescences on the flank of that monstrous pachyderm of Europe, the German. *Professor Knatschke* (Hodder and Stoughton), aptly translated by Professor R. L. Crewe, is a joyous rag. It purports to be the correspondence of a Hun Professor, full of an egregious self-sufficiency and humourlessness and greatly solicitous for the unhappy Alsatian who is ignorant and misguided enough to prefer the Welsch (*i.e.* foreign) "culture-swindle" to the glorious paternal Kultur of the German occupation. And Hansi illustrates his witty text with as witty and competent a pencil. Hansi has, in effect, the full status of an Ally all by himself. He adds out of the abundance of his heart a diary and novel by *Knatschke's* daughter, *Elsa*, full of the artless sentimentality of the German virgin. It is even better fun than the Professor's part of the business. Naturally the full flavour of both jokes must be missed by the outsider. Hansi is the more effective in that he chuckles quietly, never guffaws and never rails. Fun of the best.

There is not much left for me to say in praise of Mr. Jack London's dog-stories; and anyhow, if his name on the cover of *Jerry of the Islands* (Mills and Boon) is not enough, no persuasion of mine will induce you to read it. Those of us to whom dogs are merely animals—just that—will find this history of an Irish terrier dull enough; but others who have in their time given their "heart to a dog to tear" will recognise and joyously welcome Mr. London's sympathetic understanding of his hero. *Jerry's* adventurous life as here told was spent in the Solomon Islands, which is not, I gather, the most civilized part of the globe. He had been brought up to dislike niggers, and when he disliked anyone he did not hesitate to show his feelings and his teeth. So it is possible that for some tastes he left his marks a little too frequently; but in the end he thoroughly justified his inclination to indulge in what looked like unprovoked attacks upon bare legs. For unless he had kept his teeth in by constant practice he might never have contrived to save his beloved master and mistress from a very cowardly and crafty attack. Good dog, *Jerry*!

I admit that the fact of its publishers having branded *The Road to Understanding* (Constable) as "A Pure Love Story" did not increase the hopes with which I opened it. Let me however hasten also to admit that half of it certainly bettered expectation. That was the first half, in which *Burke Denby*, the heir to (dollar) millions, romantically defied his father and married his aunt's nursery governess, and immediately started to live the reverse of happy-ever after. All this, the contrast between ideals in a mansion and love in a jerry-built villa, and the thousand ways in which *Mrs. Denby* got upon her husband's nerves and generally blighted his existence, are told with an excellently human and sympathetic understanding, upon which I make my cordial congratulations to Miss Eleanor H. Porter. But because the book, however human, belongs, after all, to the category of "Best Sellers" it appears to have been found needful to furbish up this excellent matter with an incredible ending. That *Mrs. Denby* should retire with her infant to Europe, in order to educate herself to her

husband's level, I did not mind. This thing has been done before now even in real life. But that, on returning after the lapse of years, she should introduce the now grown-up daughter, unrecognised, as secretary to her father! "Somehow . . . you remind me strangely. . . . Tell me of your parents." "My daddy . . . I never knew him." Or words to that effect. It is all there, spoiling a tale that deserved better.

The voracious novel-reader is apt to hold detective stories in the same regard that the Scotchman is supposed to entertain towards whisky—some are better than others, but there are no really bad ones. *The Pointing Man* (HUTCHINSON) is better than most, in the first place because it takes us "east of Suez"—a pleasant change from the four-mile radius to which the popular sleuths of fiction mostly confine their activities; and, secondly, because it combines a maximum of sinister mystery with a minimum of actual bloodshed; and, lastly, because our credulity is not strained unduly either by the superhuman ingenuity of the hunter or an excess of diabolical cunning on the part of the quarry. Otherwise the story possesses the usual features. There is the clever young detective, in whose company we expectantly scour the bazaars and alleys of Mangadone in search of a missing boy There are Chinamen and Burmese, opium dens and curio shops, temples and go-downs. Miss MARJORIE DOUIE has more than a superficial knowledge of her stage setting, and gets plenty of movement and colour into it. And if she has elaborated the characters and inter-play of her Anglo-Burmese colony to an extent that is not justified either by their connection with the plot or the necessity of mystifying the reader we must forgive her because she does it very well—so well indeed that we may hope to see *The Pointing Man*, excellent as it is in its way, succeeded by a contribution to Anglo-Oriental literature that will do ampler justice to Miss DOUIE's unquestionable gifts.



TALE OF A GREAT OFFENSIVE.

"'E SEZ TO ME, 'YOU'LL GET A THICK EAR!' I SEZ, 'WHO?' 'E SEZ, 'YOU!' I SEZ, 'ME?' 'E SEZ, 'YUS!' I SEZ, 'HO!'"

Our writers appear willing converts to my own favourite theory that the public is, like a child, best pleased to hear the tales that it already knows by heart. The latest exponent of this is the lady who prefers to be called only "The Author of *An Odd Farmhouse*." Her new little book, *Your Unprofitable Servant* (WESTALL), is a record of domestic happenings and impressions during the early phases of the War. The thing is skilfully done, and in the result carries you with interest from page to page; though (as I hint) the history of those August days, when Barbarism came forth to battle and Civilisation regretfully unpacked its holiday suit-cases, can hardly appeal now with the freshness of revelation. Still, the writer brings undeniable gifts to her more than twice-told tale. She has, for example, perception and a turn of phrase very pleasant, as when she speaks of the shops in darkened London conducting the last hour of business under lowered awnings, "as if it were a liaison." There are many such rewarding passages, some perhaps a little facile, but, taken together, quite enough to make this unpretentious little volume a very agreeable companion for the few moments of leisure which are all that most of us can get in these strenuous days.

I enjoyed at a pleasant sitting the whole of Mr. FRANK SWINNERTON'S *Nocturne* (SECKER). I don't quite know (and I don't see how the author can quite know) whether his portraits of pretty self-willed *Jenny* and plain love-hungry *Emmy*, the daughters of the superannuated iron-moulder, are true to life, but they are extraordinarily plausible. Not a word or a mood or a move in the inter-play of five characters in four hours of a single night, the two girls and "*Pa*," and *Alf* and *Keith*, the sailor and almost gentleman who was *Jenny's* lover, seemed to me out of place. The little scene in the cabin of the yacht between *Jenny* and *Keith* is a quite brilliant study in selective realism. Take the trouble to look back on the finished chapters and see how much Mr. SWINNERTON has told you in how few strokes, and you will realise the fine and precise artistry of this attractive volume. I can see the lights, the silver and the red glow of the wine; and I follow the flashes and pouts and tearful pride of *Jenny*, and *Keith's* patient, embarrassed, masterful wooing as if I had been shamefully eavesdropping.

Fool Divine (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) stands to some extent in a position unique among novels in that its heroine is also its villainess, or at least the wrecker of its hero. *Nevile del Varna*, the lady in question, is indeed the only female character in the tale, and has therefore naturally to work double tides. What happened was that young *Christopher*, a superman and hero, dedicate, as a volunteer, to the unending warfare of science against the evil goddess of the Tropics, yellow fever, met this more human divinity when on his journey to the scene of action, and, like a more celebrated predecessor, "turned aside to her." Then, naturally enough, when *Nevile* has gotten him for her husband and when love of her has caused him to abandon his project of self-sacrifice, she repays him with scorn. And as the unhappy *Christopher* already scorns himself the rest of the book (till the final chapters) is a record of deterioration more clever than exactly cheerful. The moral of it all being, I suppose, that if you are wedded to an ideal you should beware of taking to yourself a mortal wife, for that means bigamy. Incidentally the book contains some wonderfully impressive pictures of tropical life and of the general beastliness of existence on a rubber plantation. At the end, as I have indicated, regeneration comes for *Christopher*—though I will not reveal just how this happens. There is also a subsidiary interest in the revolutionary affairs of Cuba, which the much-employed *Nevile* appears to manage, as a local Joan of Arc, in her spare moments; and altogether the book can be recommended as one that will at least take you well away from the discomforts of here and now.

CHARIVARIA.

"No amount of War Office approval will make hens lay," says *The Weekly Dispatch*. These continuous efforts to shake our confidence in the men entrusted with the conduct of the War can only be regarded as deplorable.

* * *

A workman in a Northern shell factory has been fined five pounds for having his trousers fastened on with iron nails. Why he abandoned the usual North Country method of having them riveted on him was not explained.

* * *

Charlie Chaplin, says a message from Chicago, has not joined the U.S. Army. He excuses himself on the ground that Mr. Pemberton-Billing, who is much funnier, is not in khaki.

* * *

A woman told the Lambeth magistrate that her husband had not spoken to her for six weeks. It is a great tribute to the humanity of our magistrates that the poorer people should go to them with their joys as well as their sorrows.

* * *

Cruises on the Thames and Medway estuaries will only be permitted on condition that the owners of pleasure craft agree to increase the nation's food supply by catching fish. Merely feeding them will not do.

* * *

A man who was seen carrying a grandfather clock through the streets of Willesden has been arrested. It seems to be safer, as well as more convenient, to carry a wrist-watch.

* * *

Newhaven, it is stated, is suffering from a plague of butterflies. All attempts to persuade them to move on to the Métropole at Brighton have so far been successfully resisted.

* * *

Table-napkins have been forbidden in Berlin and special ear-protectors for use at meal-times are said to be enjoying a brisk sale.

* * *

When the fourteen-year-old son of German parents was charged in a London Court with striking his mother with a boot, the mother admitted that she had cut the boy's face because he had called her by an opprobrious German name. On the advice of the magistrate the family have decided to discontinue their subscription to the halfpenny press.

* * *

"I should like to give you a good licking, but the law won't allow me," said Mr. Bankes, K.C., the new magistrate for West London, in fining a lad for cruelty to a horse. The discovery that even magistrates have to forgo their simple pleasures in these times made a profound impression upon the boy.

* * *

Herr Erzberger has expressed a desire for "half an hour with Mr. Lloyd George" to settle the War. In view of the heavy demands upon the Premier's time it is suggested in Parliamentary circles that Major Archer-Shee should consent to act as his substitute.



The Bantam. "An' I don't want none of yer narsty looks neither, or it's me an' you for it."

* * *

The idea of giving raid warnings by the discharge of a couple of Generals has been unfavourably received by the Defence authorities.

* * *

A German shell which passed through a Church Army Hut was found to have been stamped with the initials "C.A." in its passage through the building. The clerk, whose duty it is to attend to matters of this kind, has been reprimanded for not adding the date.

* * *

A small boy at Egham, arrested for breaking a bottle on the highway, said that he did it to puncture motor tyres. If the daily bag included only one Army motor-car, with nothing better than a Staff-Colonel as passenger, the entertainment was considered to be well worth the risk.

* * *

"If I saw the last pheasant I would kill it and eat it," says Lord Kimberley. Food hog!

* * *

We hear that, as a result of Herr Michaelis' disclaimer, the Germans are about to appoint a Commission to find out who (if anybody) is carrying on the War.

* * *

Women have reinforced the bell-ringers at Speldhurst, Kent. As no other explanation is forthcoming, we can only suppose they are doing it out of malice.

A man charged at a London Police Court with being drunk stated that he had been drinking "Government ale." It appears now that the fellow was an impostor.

Another man who wrote a letter protesting against the weakness of the official stimulant inadvertently addressed his letter to the Metropolitan Water Board.

* * *

A correspondent who has just spent a day in the country hopes the Commission now dealing with Unrest will not overlook one of its principal causes—namely wasps.

* * *

There has been a great falling-off in the number of visitors to Stratford-on-Avon, and it is expected that a new and fuller Life of the Bard will shortly be published.

* * *

A Surrey soldier, writing from The Garden of Eden, says, "I think it is a rotten hole, and I don't blame Adam for getting thrown out." Still it is rather late to plead extenuating circumstances.

"James · · was remanded at the Thames Police Court on a charge of stealing nine boxes of Beecham's pills, valued at £5."
The Times.

So little? What about those advertisements?

"I was surprised to hear of Baron Heyking's dismissal from his post of Russian Consul-General in London. I had only been talking to him the day before—and then came his dismissal by telegram!"
"Candide," in "The Sunday Pictorial."

Some of our journalists have a lot to answer for.

THE KAISER'S ORIENTAL STUDIES.

A DISTINGUISHED Neutral, who has just returned from Germany after residing for some time in the neighbourhood of Potsdam, informs us that the KAISER has been taking a course of Oriental literature in view of his proposed annexation of India, and has lately given close attention to the works of Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE. The Distinguished Neutral has been fortunate enough to secure the KAISER's personally annotated copies of the Indian poet's *Stray Birds* and *Fruit-Gathering*. From these volumes we have the pleasure of reproducing a selection of Sir RABINDRANATH's aphorisms and fantasies, accompanied in each case by the KAISER's marginal reflections:—

"*I cannot choose the best. The best chooses me.*" *R. T.*

Very true. I never chose the Deity. He chose Me. W.

* * *

"*Through the sadness of all things I hear the crooning of the Eternal Mother.*" *R. T.*

Sometimes, too, I hear the groaning of the Unforgettable Grandfather. W.

* * *

"*Life has become richer by the love that has been lost.*" *R. T.*

I wish I could feel this about America. W.

* * *

"'*Who draws me forward like fate?*' '*The Myself striding on my back.*'" *R. T.*

That cannot be right. I always said I didn't want this War. W.

* * *

"*Wrong cannot afford defeat, but Right can.*" *R. T.*

"This ought to console poor old HINDENBURG." W.

* * *

"*Listen, my heart, to the whispers of the world with which it makes love to you.*" *R. T.*

I must pass this on to TIRPITZ. W.

* * *

"*We come nearest to the great when we are great in humility.*" *R. T.*

Quite right. I always make a point of acknowledging the assistance of my Partner. W.

* * *

"*I shall stake all I have and when I lose my last penny I shall stake myself, and then I think I shall have won through my utter defeat.*" *R. T.*

I don't think. W.

* * *

"*The noise of the moment scoffs at the music of the Eternal.*" *R. T.*

All the same I could do with some more big guns. W.

* * *

"*The Spring with its leaves and flowers has come into my body.*" *R. T.*

I dislike all Spring offensives. W.

* * *

"*Let me not look for allies on life's battlefield, but to my own strength.*" *R. T.*

I wonder where Austria would have been by now if she had taken this attitude. W.

* * *

"*Wayside grass, love the star, then your dreams will come out in flowers.*" *R. T.*

That reminds me that I must write and thank TINO for his letter enclosing a bunch of edelweiss. W.

* * *

"*My heart has spread its sails for the shadowy island of Anywhere.*" *R. T.*

Personally I should be content with the solid island of Great Britain. W.

* * *

"*Woman, when you move about in your household service your limbs sing like a hill stream among its pebbles.*" *R. T.*

I have often noticed this in some of our Berlin butter queues. W.

* * *

"*Let my thoughts come to you, when I am gone, like the after-glow of sunset.*" *R. T.*

I doubt if this beautiful thought would appeal to LITTLE WILLIE. W.

* * *

"'*Who is there to take up my duties?*' *asked the setting sun.*
'*I shall do what I can, my Master,*' *said the earthen lamp.*" *R. T.*

I shall make LITTLE WILLIE learn this bit by heart. W.

* * *

"*The real with its meaning read wrong and emphasis misplaced is the unreal.*" *R. T.*

Yes; it's very hard on WOLFF's Bureau. W.

* * *

"*My heart longs to caress this green world of the sunny day.*" *R. T.*

I find it most unfortunate that all the best places in the sun should be already occupied. W.

* * *

"*While I was passing in the road I saw thy smile from the balcony and I sang.*" *R. T.*

O dreams of the East! O Baghdad! W.

* * *

"'*The learned say that your light will one day be no more,' said the firefly to the stars. The stars made no answer.*" *R. T.*

That's what I should have done, but MICHAELIS would keep on talking. W.

* * *

"*God is ashamed when the prosperous boast of His special favour.*" *R. T.*

This must be some other god, not our German one. W.

* * *

"*Power takes as ingratitude the writhings of its victims.*" *R. T.*

And quite rightly. That's all the thanks I got when my heart bled for Louvain. W.

* * *

"*Kicks only raise dust and not crops from the earth.*" *R. T.*

Very sound. Roumania has been most disappointing. W.

* * *

"*Timid thoughts, do not be afraid of me. I am a poet.*" *R. T.*

I shall send a copy of my collected poems to FERDIE. W.

O. S.

WAR AND MY WARDROBE.

As I am not a banker or a high official swell,
I never felt a pressing need for dressing extra well;
And yet there were occasions, in days not long remote,
When I assumed the stately garb of topper and frock-coat.

But war's demands, if you desire to tread the simple road,
Are somewhat hard to reconcile with the Decalogue of Mode;
So I gave away my topper to the man who winds our clocks,
With a strangely mixed assortment of collars, ties and socks.

And if I haven't parted from my dear old silk-faced friend
It isn't out of sentiment—all that is at an end—
It's simply that the highest bid, in cash paid promptly down,
I've had from any son of SHEM is only half-a-crown.

"The plots cultivated by the men who have learned in the best school of all—experience—stand out clearly among the others. There is no overcrowing on their land."
Evening News.

The truly great are always modest.

"Wanted, September and October, a comfortably Furnished House; five bedrooms, in adjoining counties."
East Anglian Daily Times.

It sounds a little detached.



THE COUNTERBLAST.

Kaiser. "HAD A GLORIOUS TIME ON THE EASTERN FRONT."

Hindenburg. "A LITTLE LOUDER, ALL-LOUDEST. I CAN'T HEAR YOU FOR THESE CURSED BRITISH GUNS IN THE WEST."



"What do you mean by throwing stones at those boys?"
"It's orl right, Sir. We're learnin' 'em to take cover for air raids."

THE MUD LARKS.

Out here the telephone exists largely as a vehicle for the *jeux d'esprit* of the Brass Lids. It is a one-way affair, working only from the inside out, for if you have a trifle of repartee to impart to the Brazen Ones the apparatus is either indefinitely engaged, or *Na poo* (as the French say). If you are one of these bulldog lads and are determined to make the thing talk from the outside in, you had better migrate *chez* Signals, taking your bed, blankets, beer, tobacco and the unexpired portion of next week's ration, and camp at the telephone orderly's elbow. After a day or two it will percolate through to the varlet's intelligence that you are a desperate dog in urgent need of something, and he will bestir himself, and mayhap in a further two or three days' time he will wind a crank, pull some strings, and announce that you are "on," and you will find yourself in animated conversation with an inspector of cemeteries, a jam expert at the Base, or the Dalai Lama. If you want to give back-chat to the Staff you had best take it there by hand.

A friend of mine by name of Patrick once got the job of Temporary Assistant Deputy Lance Staff Captain (unpaid), and before he tumbled to the one-way idea his telephone worked both ways and gave him a lot of trouble. People were always calling *him* up and asking *him* questions, which of course wasn't playing the game at all. Sometimes he never got to bed before 10 P.M., answering questions; often he was up again at 9 A.M., answering more questions—and such questions!

A sample. On one occasion he rang up his old battalion. One Jimmy was then Acting Assistant Vice-Adjutant. "Hello, wazzermatter?" said Jimmy. "Staff Captain speaking," said Patrick sternly. "Please furnish a return of all cooks, smoke-helmets, bombs, mules, Yukon-packs, tin bowlers, grease-traps and Plymouth Brothers you have in the field!"

"Easy—beg pardon, yes, Sir," said Jimmy and hung up.

Presently the phone buzzed and there was Jimmy again.

"Excuse me, Sir, but you wanted a return of various commodities we have in the field. What field?"

"Oh, the field of Mars, fat-head!" Patrick snapped and rang off. A quarter of an hour later he was called to the phone once more and the familiar bleat of Jimmy tickled his ear. "Excuse me, Sir—whose mother?"

On the other hand the great Brass Hat is human and makes a slip, a clerical error, now and again sufficient to expose his flank. And then the humble fighting-man can draw his drop of blood if he is quick about it. To this same long-suffering Jimmy was vouchsafed the heaven-sent opportunity, and he leapt at it. He got a chit from H.Q., dated 6/7/17, which ran thus:—

"In reference to 17326 Pte. Hogan we note that his date of birth is 10/7/17. Please place him in his proper category."

To which Jimmy replied:—

"As according to your showing 17326 Pte. Hogan will not be born for another four days we are placed in a position of some difficulty.

"P.S.—What if, when the interesting event occurs, 17326 Pte. Hogan should be a girl?

"P.P.S.—Or twins?"

Our Albert Edward is just back from one of those Army finishing schools where the young subaltern's knowledge of Shakespeare and the use of the globes is given a final shampoo before he is pushed over the top. Albert Edward's academy was situated in a small town where schools are main-

tained by all our brave Allies; it is an educational centre. The French school does the honours of the place and keeps a tame band, which gives tongue every Sunday evening in the Grand Place. Thither repair all the young ladies of the town to hear the music. Thither also repair all the young subalterns, also for the purpose of hearing the music.

At the end of every performance the national anthems of all our brave Allies are played, each brave Ally standing rigidly to attention the while, in compliment to the others. As we have a lot of brave Allies these days, all with long national war-whoops, this becomes somewhat of a strain.

One morning the French bandmaster called on the Commandant of the English school.

"Some Americans have arrived," said he. "They are naturally as welcome as the sunshine, but" (he sighed) "it means yet another national anthem."

The Commandant sighed and said he supposed so.

"By the way," said the *chef d'orchestre*, "what is the American national anthem?"

"'Yankee Doodle,'" replied the Commandant.

The Chief Instructor said he'd always understood it was "Hail, Columbia."

The Adjutant was of the opinion that "The Star-Spangled Banner" filled the bill, while the Quartermaster cast his vote for "My country, 'tis of thee."

The *chef d'orchestre* thrashed his bosom and rent his coiffure. "*Dieu!*" he wailed, "I can't play all of them—*figurez-vous!*"

Without stopping to do any figuring they heartily agreed that he couldn't. "Tell you what," said the Commandant at length, "write to your music-merchant in Paris and leave it to him."

The *chef d'orchestre* said he would, and did so.

Next Sunday evening, as the concert drew to a close, the band flung into the *Marseillaise*, and the subalterns of all nations leapt to attention. They stood to attention through "God Save the King," through the national anthems of Russia, Italy, Portugal, Rumania, Serbia, Belgium, Montenegro and Monte Carlo, all our brave Allies. Then the *chef d'orchestre* suddenly sprang upon a stool and waved above his head the stripes and stars of our newest brave Ally, while the band crashed into the opening strains of "When de midnight choo-choo starts for Alabam." It speaks volumes for the discipline of the allied armies that their young subalterns stood to attention even through that.

PATLANDER.

THE GENTLEST ART.

PRIVATE Elijah Tiddy looked at his watch. There was still half-an-hour to the great moment for which the battalion had waited so long. Most of the men had decided to fill up the time by eating, drinking or sleeping, but Private Tiddy had two other passions in life—one was his wife, and the other the gentle art of letter-writing. At all possible and impossible moments Private Tiddy wrote letters home. To some men this would have been an impossible moment—not so to Tiddy, who, if he hadn't been first a plumber and then a soldier, would have made an inimitable journalist.

So he sat down as best he could with all that he carried, and extracted a letter-case from an inside pocket. It was a recent gift from the minister of his parish, who knew and shared Tiddy's weakness for the pen, and it filled his soul with joy. He fingered the thin sheets of writing-paper lovingly, as a musician touches the strings, and thoughtfully sucked the indelible pencil which Mrs. Tiddy had bought for him as a parting present when she said good-bye to him at the bookstall.

"Dearest Wife," he began. Then at a shout he hastily drew in his feet as a man dashed past him with a heavy burden. "I nearly got it in the neck a minute ago," he wrote, "but I'm all right, and this is a fine place if it wasn't for the noise. They never seem to stop screeching and the smoke is fair awful, and as soon as you think everything is quiet another comes. I am quite alone at this minute, but don't you go for to worry; they'll be back soon and then perhaps I'll get a bit of something. It's pretty hard where I am sitting and I can't write you much of a letter, what with the cramp in my legs and the noise and wondering how soon the Sergeant will come and tell us to move up nearer our part of the line. I can see some of the line, not our bit, from where I am sitting. It's shining just lovely in the sun.

"Dear wife, this isn't a bit like home, but it still makes me think of you at our station buying me that pencil and all, just as the train come in. I think of you all the time wherever I am, but the noise is something cruel, and here comes the Sergeant to tell us to prepare. I shan't have time to get a drink first; but it don't matter; I'd rather write to you than anything; and this pad what the minister gave me is fine. I keep it in my left breast pocket. Please tell him it hasn't stopped a bit of stuff yet, but I am sure it will soon. Remember me to everybody. Love and kisses from your Elijah."

Mrs. Tiddy duly received the letter and shed proud tears at the thought of her husband, obviously on the eve of a great advance, or even lying out hungry and wounded in No Man's Land (she hovered between the alternatives), but still cheery and finding time and energy to write to his wife.

It was only a too observant neighbour who discovered that the postmark was London, S.E. But even she has not yet decided whether Elijah Tiddy is of intention the biggest liar in the East Mudshires, or whether he only saw Waterloo Station with the eye of the literary man.



Sailor (rebuking pessimist). "O' COURSE SOME O' THEM U BOATS GETS AWAY. WOT D'YER THINK WE 'UNT 'EM WITH? FILTERS?"

History Plagiarizes from Fiction.

"Mr. Ginnell: Everybody in the House is excited but myself. Even you, Mr. Speaker, are excited."—*Parliamentary Debates.*

"'It's my opinion, sir,' said Mr. Stiggins . . . 'that this meeting is drunk, sir. Brother Tadger, sir . . . *you* are drunk, sir.'"

Pickwick Papers.

AN OLD SONG RESUNG.

"O ever since the world began
There never was and never can
Be such a very useful man
As the railway porter."

So ran the rhyme that in my youth
I thought perhaps outstripped the truth,
But now, when longer in the tooth,
Freely I endorse it.

In calling out a station's name
He is undoubtedly to blame
For failing, as a rule, to aim
At clear enunciation;

But, since the War, he hasn't struck
Or downed his tools—I mean his truck—
And plays the game with patient pluck
Like a sturdy Briton.

He's often old and far from strong,
But still he doesn't "make a song"
About his lot, but jogs along
Steadily and bravely.

He doesn't greet with surly frowns
Or naughty adjectives and nouns
A tip of just a brace of "browns"
Where he once got sixpence.

But better far than any meed
Of praise embodied in this screed
Is Eric Geddes' boast that he'd
Been a railway porter.

THE TOWER THAT PASSED IN THE NIGHT.

It was in the beginning of things, when the gunners of the new army were very new indeed, and the 0000th Battery had just taken up its first position on the Western Front. As soon as the guns were satisfactorily placed the O.C. began a careful survey of the enemy positions. Slowly he ran his field-glasses over the seemingly peaceful landscape, and the first thing he noticed was a small, deserted, half-ruined tower with ivy hanging in dark masses down its sides.

"We must have that removed at once," he said to the Captain. "It's the very place for an observation post. Probably one of their best. How long do you think it will take you to get it down?"

"Oh, we ought to do it in an hour," was the confident reply.

But the hour passed and the tower remained just as peaceful, just as suitable for an O.P. as ever. The only change was that many other features of the adjacent landscape had been resolved into their component parts.

The battery was disappointed, but not unduly so. They knew what was the matter; a couple of hours' work should give them the range, and then——

But, when evening came and the tower still stood untouched, 0000th Battery began to be worried indeed. A little more of this and they might as well blow themselves up. They would be disgraced, a laughing-stock to the whole Front. After hopeless arguments and bitter recriminations they turned in with the intention of beginning again bright and early in one last stupendous effort.

Great and shattering was their surprise when the dawn showed them no tower at all, nothing but a heap of rubble in the midst of desolation. The hated O.P. had disappeared in the night.

0000th Battery rubbed its eyes and wild surmise ran from man to man.

"An unexploded shell must 'ave gorn orf in the night."

"A mine may 'ave bin laid under 'er, and somethink's touched it off, like."

But the real explanation, stranger still, was supplied later by a letter dropped from a Taube flying over the Battery's position. It ran thus:—

"Having noticed with regret that the enemy objected to the tower in front of X position, the Ober-Kommando gave orders to have it removed, in the interests of the surrounding country."



Betty (after flash of lightning). "Count quickly, Jenny! Make it as far away as you possibly can."

"Once or twice in the course of his speech Mr. Macdonald spoke of himself and his Labour friends as 'we.' 'Who are "we"?' sharply challenged Mr. Wardle, reviving a question familiar in the annals of split parties. 'You knof perfectly wel thlat you are not inclueddin the "we,"' was the retort."
Manchester Guardian.

Pretty crushing, wasn't it?

FRAGMENT OF A TRAGEDY.

Dramatis Personæ.

A Staff Officer.
A Colonel.
A Captain.
A Herald.
Chorus of Officers' Servants and Orderlies.

Scene.—*Exterior of Battalion Headquarters Dug-out.*

Leader of Chorus. Ho! friends, a stranger cometh, by his dress
Some nobleman of leisure, I should guess;
Come, let us seem to labour, lest he strafe:
A soldier ever eye-washes the Staff.

Chorus start work, singing.

Brighter than the queenly rose,
Brighter than the setting sun,
Brighter than old Ginger's nose
The raiment of the gilded one.

The red tab points towards each breast,
The red band binds his forehead stern;
The rainbow ribbons on his chest
Proclaim what fires within him burn.

Upon his throne amid the din
He sits serene—yet sometimes stoops
To take a kindly interest in
The trousers issued to the troops.

Enter Staff Officer.

Staff Officer. Ho, slaves! your Colonel seeking have I come.
L. of C. This is his house, but he is far from home.
Staff O. And whither gone? Reply without delay.
L. of C. Ask of the Captain. See, he comes this way.

Enter Captain *from dug-out.*

Captain. Immaculate stranger, hail! What lucky chance
Has brought you to this dirty bit of France?
Staff O. Not chance. A conscientious Brigadier
Has sent me hither.
Captain. And what seek you here?
Staff O. I seek your Colonel.
Captain. He is up the line.
'Tis said the foe will soon explode a mine,
And we must be prepared should he attack.
Staff O. I think I will await his coming back.
Captain. Then chance to me at least has been most kind;
Come, let me lead you where a drink you'll find.
[*They enter dug-out and are seen relieving their thirst.*

Chorus. Beyond the distant bower,
Where skirted men abide
And in an uncouth language
Their skirted children chide;
Beyond the land of sunshine,
Where never skies are blue,
There lives a silent people
Who know a thing or two.
All is not gold that glitters,
And *sirops* are rather sad;
All is not Bass that's "bitters,"
And Gallic beer is bad;
But out of the misty regions
Where loom the mountains tall
There comes the drink of princes—
Whisky, the best of all.

Staff O. This is my seventh drink, and yet, alas!
The Colonel comes not.
Captain. Fill another glass.
Staff O. I will [*he does*]. The bottle's finished, I'm afraid.
Captain. It does not matter. I drink lemonade.
L. of C. A doom descends upon this house, I fear;
That was the only bottle left us here.

Enter Herald.

Herald. The Colonel comes. Let no ill-omened word
Escape the barrier of your teeth. I heard
Men say his temper's in an awful state;
Therefore beware lest some untoward fate
Befall you; and I do not think I'll wait.

Enter Colonel.

He sees empty whisky-bottle, looks at Staff Officer, and——

[*Here the fragment leaves off.*

"Turnouts. Odd colour miniature pony, 36in. high, used to children, coming 5 years, and Swiss governess and brown harness; can be seen any time, a miniature lot; £25."
The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart.

It may be right to turn out aliens, but is not this rather hard on the miniature Swiss Governess?

From an auctioneer's advertisement:
"Grandfather Clocks, and other Arms and Armour."—*Manchester Guardian.*

In these days even our oldest clocks are expected to strike for their country.

"Herr Harden says:—
'The aim of our enemies is—
Democracy;
The right of nations to self-government;
An honest, and not merely a specious, diminution of arguments.'"
Provincial Paper.

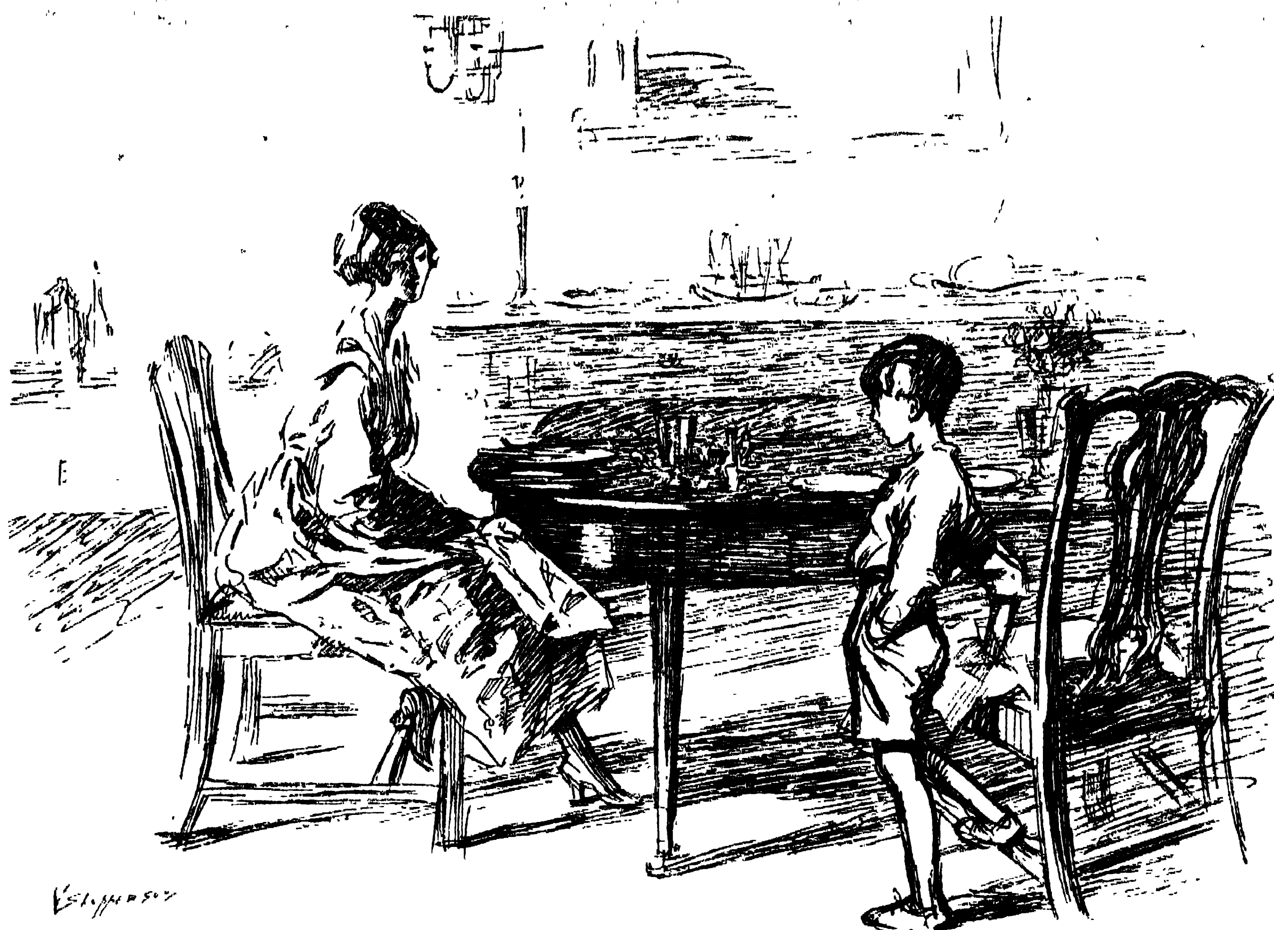
So far as this last aim is concerned the German Government appears to agree with the Allies, for it has just suppressed Herr Harden's journal.

DAVID.

The War brought about no more awful clash of personalities than when it threw David and myself into the same dug-out. Myself, I am the normal man—the man who wishes he were dead when he is called in the morning and who swears at his servant (1) for calling him; (2) for not calling him. My batman has learnt, after three years of war, to subdue feet which were intended by nature to be thunderous. His method of calling me is the result of careful training. If I am to wake at 7 a.m. he flings himself flat on his face outside my dug-out at 6 a.m. and wriggles snake-like towards my boots. He extracts these painlessly from under last night's salvage dump of tin-hats, gas-masks and deflated underclothes, noses out my jacket, detects my Sam Browne, and in awful silence bears these to the outer air, where he emits, like a whale, the breath which he has been holding for the last ten minutes. And meanwhile I sleep.

At 6.55 a.m. he brings back boots, belt and jacket. This time he breathes. He walks softly, but he walks. He places the boots down firmly. He begins to make little noises. He purrs and coughs and scratches his chin, and very gradually the air of the dug-out begins to vibrate with life. It is like *Peer Gynt*—the "Morning" thing on the gramophone, you know; he clinks a toothbrush against a mug, he pours out water. It is all gradual, *crescendo*; and meanwhile I am awakening. At 7 a.m., not being a perfect artist, he generally has to drop something; but by that time I am only pretending to be asleep, and I growl at him, ask him why he didn't call me an hour ago, and then fall asleep again. I get up at eight o'clock and dress in silence. If my batman speaks to me I cut myself, throw the razor at him, and completely break down. In short, as I say, I am the normal man.

With David it is otherwise. David is a big strong man. He blew into my dug-out late one night and occupied the other bed—an affair of rude beams and hard wire-netting. He spread himself there in sleep, and silence fell. At dawn next morning an awful sound hurled me out of dreams towards my revolver. I clutched it in sweating terror, and stared round the dug-out with my heart going like a machine-gun. It was not, however, a Hun counter-attack. It was David calling for his servant. As the first ray of the sun lights the Eastern sky David calls for his servant. His servant is a North-countryman. Sleeping far off in some noxious haunt, he hears David's voice and instantly



Basil. "Mother, I think Satan must be about." *Mother.* "Why, dear?"
Basil. "Isn't it Satan that makes *very* good people feel bad?" *Mother.* "Yes, dear."
Basil. "Well, I feel as if I didn't want to go and wash my face."

begins to speak. His voice comes swelling towards us, talking of boots and tunics. As he reaches the dug-out door he becomes deafening. He and David have a shouting match. He kicks over a petrol-tin full of water, smashes my shaving mirror, and sits on my feet while picking up the bits.

Meanwhile David is standing on his bed and jodelling, while his batman shrieks to him that his wife said in her last letter to him that if he doesn't get a leaf soon the home 'll be bruk up. Then David starts slapping soap on to his face like a bill-sticker with a paste-brush. His servant drops a field boot on to my stomach, trips over an empty biscuit-tin and is heard grooming a boot without.

David now strops his razor. It is one of those self-binding safety razors which is all covered with cog-wheels and steam-gauges and levers and valves. You feed the strop into it like paper into a printing-press, and it eats up the leather as low people eat spaghetti, making all the time a noise like a mowing-machine. David loves that. He whistles gay tunes while it happens. He whistles while he shaves. He cannot whistle while brushing his teeth, but he brushes his teeth as a man might wash down a cab in a large yard with plenty of room.

The moment it is over he whistles again. Then he does deep breathing at the door of the dug-out. (Aeroplanes passing overhead have had narrow escapes from being dragged into the dug-out by sheer power of suction, when David deep-breathes.) Then he does muscle exercises. He crooks his finger and from behind you see a muscle like a mushroom get up suddenly in the small of his back, run up his spine and hit him under the left ear.

Meanwhile he is whistling, and his batman is making sparks fly out of the buttons, which he cleans with glass-paper and gun-cotton just outside the door.

At eight, when I get carefully out of bed, David is beginning to don his shirt. At nine we move together towards breakfast.

I am training David to say "Rah! Rah!" against the day when he and General Roosevelt meet in a communication trench. I am sure they will take to each other at once.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

["The plain truth is that there are very few jobs that could not be done by women as well as they are being done by men."—*Daily Paper.*]

Chloe, in the placid days
Ere the war-clouds gathered,
I was prodigal in praise
Of your charm and winning ways;
You became a cult, a craze
(Heavens, how I blathered!);
With an ardour undismayed and treacly
I proposed (without success) bi-weekly.

Now, my dear, it's up to you
To become the hero;
Show us how a man should woo
When he wills to win, and do
Teach us how to bill and coo
With our hopes at zero.
Chloe, for a change (it may amuse you),
You propose to me—*and I'll refuse you.*

From an auction catalogue:—

"Princess, Brown Mare, 7 years, 15-3, has been ridden by a nervous person, good manners, trained to the High School, Hant-le-Cole."

Haute École manners are usually of the best and we are glad that Hant-le-Cole, which we have been unable to find on the map, provides no exception.



A MISFIT.

Recruit. "It's no use, guv'nor. I 'ates an' detests 'orses, an' they fair loathes me. It's a hengine driver I am—not an 'orse-driver."

THE INVESTITURE.

Be silent, guns! for Bernard is invested,
And wheresoe'er the slaves of strife are found
Let your grim offices be now arrested,
Nor the hot rifle shoot another round,
Nor the pale flarelights toss,
But for a space all devilry be barred,
While Mars hangs motionless in pleased regard
And the hushed lines look West to Palace Yard,
Where on his breast our King has pinned the Cross.

Oft in the Mess have we rehearsed that moment,
In old French farms have staged the Royal Square,
Or in cool caves by Germans made at Beaumont,
Though there indeed we had no space to spare,
So lifelike was it all,
And when King George (the Padre 's hard to beat
In that great *rôle*), surrounded by his suite,
Pinned on the cover of the potted meat,
The very Hippodrome had seemed too small.

Or we would act the homing of our Hector,
Flushed up with pride beneath the ancestral fir,
The cheering rustics and the sweet old Rector
Welcoming back "our brave parishioner;"
And since the lad was shy
We made him get some simple phrases pat
To thank them for the Presentation Bat,
While Maud stood near (the Adjutant did that),
So overcome that she could only sigh.

Ah! Bernard, say our pageants were not wasted,
Not vain the Adjutant's laborious blush!
Was it to Maud this glowing morn you hasted
With yonder bauble in its bed of plush—
Or was it that Miss Blake?
Say not you faced, with ill-concealed dismay,
Your thronging townsmen and had nought to say,
Or from your King stepped tremblingly away
With someone else's Order by mistake!

Surely you shamed us not! for all that splendour
Can scarce have been more moving to the heart
Than our glad rites, the Princess not so tender
As was myself, who always took that part;
I cannot think the King,
Nor gorgeous Lords, nor Officers of State,
Nor seedy people peering through the gate,
Felt half so proud or so affectionate
As those far friends when *we* arranged the thing.

A. P. H.

Disconcerting News for the Kaiser.

Woman to Vicar: "Please Sir will you write to our George in France? 'is number is a 'undred and eleven million four thousand and six."

"The inmates of buses have changed, too. All classes travel side by side, the perspiring flower girl, with her heavy basket of roses, the charwoman clutching her morning purchase of fish, the daintily dressed lady going out to dinner, &c."—*The Daily Chronicle.*

A very early dinner, apparently; perhaps with the charwoman.



FREEDOM RENEWS HER VOW.

August 4th, 1917.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 30th.—The *obiter dicta* dropped by Mr. Bonar Law in the course of debate are gradually furnishing the House with an almost complete autobiography. To-day it learned that while, unlike Mr. Balfour, he reads a great many newspapers he does not include among them a certain financial organ which makes a speciality of spy-hunting in high places.

When the National Insurance Scheme was set on foot there were great complaints because some Friendly Societies were not allowed to share in its administration. Possibly the officials thought them a little too friendly in their ways. One of them, we learned to-day, employed an auditor who signed the return with a mark, like *Bill Stumps;* while another auditor had a habit of signing it in blank and leaving the secretary to fill in the figures.

Mr. Asquith used to allow his colleagues so much freedom of action that his Administration was nick-named "the Go-as-you-please Government"; and eventually it went as he did not please. But I cannot recall under his gentle rule anything quite so free-and-easy as Mr. Henderson's visit to Paris. That a member of the War Cabinet should attend a Conference of French and Russian Socialists at all is in itself a sufficiently remarkable departure from Ministerial etiquette, but that he should be accompanied by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, whose peculiar views upon the questions of war and peace have so recently been repudiated by the Government and the House of Commons, makes it still more extraordinary. In the circumstances it was almost surprising to learn that the complaisance of the Government did not extend to furnishing Mr. Macdonald with a war-ship for his journey.

What Mr. Balfour, who is responsible for the foreign policy of this country, thinks about it all one can only surmise, for he said nothing directly on the subject in his great speech to-night—a speech which earned him the unique tribute of a compliment from Mr. Pringle. But the Foreign Secretary's warning to the House not to try to anticipate the work of the Peace Congress may well have been inspired by apprehensions as to what the amateur diplomatists were saying at that moment in Paris.

Tuesday, July 31st.—An attempt to obtain further light on the Henderson-Macdonald excursion met with little success. Mr. Bonar Law professed to see nothing unusual in Mr. Henderson's taking part in a Labour Conference, and declared, on the somewhat slender ground that only the Allies were represented, that it was not of an international character. Mr. Hogge essayed to move the adjournment, but had omitted to have his motion ready. The result of his hurried effort to draft one was not satisfactory, for the Speaker



RAMSAY MACDONALD IN PARIS.

"Arc de Triomphe! The word has a sinister sound."

ruled that it constituted an attack on Mr. Henderson and ought not in fairness to be moved until the right hon. gentleman was back in his place. So the Government escaped—for the moment.

Wearing a jacket suit of Navy blue, and escorted by Lord Edmund Talbot and Mr. Rawlinson, the new First Lord of the Admiralty walked up the floor to take the Oath. Members noted with satisfaction the buoyancy of his step and the firmness of his chin. If looks go for anything the Navy in his hands will not relax the bull-dog grip upon the enemy that it has maintained these three years.



The "Shee-Billing" Autumn wear for Members—and policemen of the House of Commons.

Asked whether the Government proposed to institute a prosecution in regard to the disturbance of the peace (with alleged profane language) that recently occurred within the precincts of the Palace of Westminster, Sir George Cave gravely recited the words of the statute providing that an offender in such circumstances was liable to have his right hand stricken off. All eyes instinctively turned to see how Mr. Pemberton-Billing was taking it; but any anxiety that he may have felt was relieved when the Home Secretary added that the statute in question was repealed in 1828.

A question put by Sir Henry Craik about a C1 recruit included the statement that he was "suffering from Addison's disease"; and Mr. Hogge voiced the general curiosity when he asked, obviously out of solicitude for the late Minister of Munitions, "What is Addison's disease?" It is believed that the reply, if one had been given, would have been "Over-dilution."

Good progress was made with the Corn Production Bill, and on the vexed question as to how far allowances should be reckoned as part of the minimum wage an amendment was inserted enabling the Wages Boards to secure for the labourer a little more in cash and less in kind.

In the Lords a satisfactory account of the recent negotiations between British and German Commissioners at the Hague was given by Lord Newton. Incidentally he disposed of the suggestion that there had been anything in the way of fraternization. Both sides had held strictly to the business in hand, which was the exchange of prisoners, not of compliments.

Wednesday, August 1st.—The Peers were to have had another field-day, for Lord Selborne had put down a motion calling attention to the alleged sale of honours. But, to the relief of certain of the recently ennobled, who could not be sure what the Unnatural History of Selborne might contain, the discussion was postponed.

Three hours' talk over Mr. Henderson's dual personality left the Commons still vague as to how a Cabinet Minister becomes a Labour delegate at will. Perhaps the Channel passage may have had something to do with it.

THE PICTURE POSTCARDS.

A little family party, with an acquaintance or two added, sat in deck chairs (at twopence each) at the head of the pier. Their complexions proved that there had been sun at Brightbourne in some strength. Their noses were already peeling a little, and the ladies had bright scarlet patches in the V of their blouses. To supply any defects in the entertainment provided by the ocean itself they had brought paper-covered novels, the two most popular illustrated dailies and chocolate. The boy and girl shared *Roaring Chips* or some such comic weekly. The father and his gentleman-friend smoked their pipes. All were placid and contented, extending their limbs to receive every benediction that sun and sea air could confer.

A little desultory conversation having occurred—"There's a lady at our boarding-house," said one of the acquaintances, "who reads your hand wonderfully," a languid argument following on palmistry, in which one of the gentlemen disbelieved, but the other had had extraordinary experiences of the accuracy of the science—the mother of the boy and girl suddenly remembered that not yet had postcards been sent to Auntie and Uncle, Gus and Beatty, Mr. Brown and Mrs. Venning.

"We promised, you know," she said guiltily.

"Better late than never," said the father's friend jocularly.

"That's right," said the father.

"Come along," said the gentleman-friend to the boy and girl, "we'll go and choose the cards. There's a stall close by," and off they started.

"Don't let them see everything," the prudent mother called out, having some acquaintance with the physical trend of the moment in postcard humour, which has lost nothing in the general moral enfranchisement brought about by the War, one of the most notable achievements of which is the death and burial of *Mrs. Grundy*.

"Go on!" said the boy, with all the laughing scorn of youth. "We've seen them all already."

"You can't keep kids from seeing things nowadays," said the father sententiously. "Bring them up well and leave the rest to chance, is what I say."

"Very wise of you," remarked one of the lady-friends. "Besides, aren't all things pure to the pure?"

Having probably a very distinct idea as to the purity of many of the postcards which provide Brightbourne with its mirth, the father made no reply, but turned his attention to the deep-water bathers as they dived and swam and climbed on the raft and tumbled off it. . . .

"Well, let's see what you've got," said the mother as the foraging party returned.

"We've got some beauties," said the daughter—"real screams, haven't we, Mr. Gates?"

"Yes, I think we selected the pick of the bunch," said Mr. Gates complacently, speaking as a man of the world who knows a good thing when he sees it.

"My husband's a rare one for fun," said his wife. "A regular connoozer."

"There's a pretty girl at the post-card place," said the boy. "Mr. Gates didn't half get off with her, did you?"



ANY PORT IN A STORM.

Mr. Gates laughed the laugh of triumph.

"She's not bad-looking," he said, "but not quite my sort. Still——" He stroked his moustache.

"Now, Fred," said Mrs. Gates archly, "that'll do; let's see the cards."

"This one," said the girl, "is for Gus. He's been called up, you know, so we got him a military one. You see that girl the soldier's squeezing? She's rather like his young lady, you know, and it says, 'Come down to Brightbourne and learn how to carry on.' Gus'll show it to her."

The mother agreed that it was well chosen.

"Where's Beatty's?" she asked.

"Here's Beatty's," said the boy; "I chose it. The one with the shrimp on it. It says, 'At Breezy Brightbourne. From one giddy young shrimp to another.' Jolly clever, isn't it? And this is for Mr. Hatton, because he's so fond of beer. You see there's a glass of beer, and it says underneath, 'Come where the girls are bright and the tonic's all right.' There was another one with a bottle called 'The Spirit of Brightbourne,' but we thought beer was best."

"What about Uncle?" the mother asked.

"Oh!" said the girl, "there's a lovely one for him. Three men on their hands and knees licking up the whisky spilt from broken bottles."

"Good Heavens!" said the father, "you can't send him that."

"I think not," said the mother. "If you sent Uncle that, all the fat would be in the fire."

"It's very funny," said the boy.

"Funny, yes," said the father. "But funniness can be very dangerous. Good Heavens!" and he mopped his brow, "you gave me quite a turn."

"Very well, who shall we give it to?" the boy asked. "We mustn't waste it."

"I don't care who has it so long as it's not your Uncle," said the father. "And what have you got for your Aunt Tilly?"

"This one," said the girl. "An old maid looking under the bed for a man and hoping she'll find one."

"Goodness, Maria!" said the father, "are your children mad? The idea of sending such a thing to Tilly!"

"But she is an old maid," said the girl.

"Of course she is," said the father. "That's the mischief."

"Well, there's rather a good one where a wife is going through her husband's trousers and saying, 'Brightbourne's the place for change,'" said the girl. "Would that suit?"

"Of course not," snapped her father.

"Or the one where the bed is full of fleas?" the boy suggested.

"No jokes about fleas," said the father sternly. "No, you must change those for something else. Don't be funny at all with either your Uncle or Aunt. We can't run any risks. Send them local views—coloured ones, of course, but strictly local."

"Mr. Gates helped us," said the boy meanly.

"Mr. Gates doesn't know all the facts," said the father.

"He can guess one or two of them," said Mr. Gates, jingling his pocket.

"Fred is so quick," said his admiring wife.

"Well, and what are the others?" the mother asked. "There's Mr. Brown and Mrs. Venning. Why shouldn't

Mr. Brown have the whisky one? I'm sure he'd laugh. But you couldn't send Mrs. Venning the old maid."

"We got this for Mr. Brown," said the boy. "The nurse bringing the father twins and calling them two 'pink forms.'"

"That's dashed good," said Mr. Gates, "don't you think?"

"Very smart," said the father. "That's all right. And what about Mrs. Venning?"

"Well," said the girl, "we thought she'd like this one—a man and a woman kissing in a tunnel, and he says the tunnel cost ten thousand pounds to make, and she says it's worth it, every penny."

"Very good," said the father; "I like that. Get me another of those and I'll send it to a friend of mine in the City. And I'll go to the shop myself and help you to choose the local views for your Uncle and Aunt Tilly. It's a case where care is necessary."



First Actor (in khaki, to second ditto). "HULLO, OLD BOY—WORKING?"
Second Actor. "YES, OLD CHAP, AND HAIG HAS BOOKED ME FOR THE AUTUMN TOO."

THREE DAUGHTERS OF FRANCE.

Château ——, France.

To M. PUNCH.

CHER MONSIEUR,—Shall I write to you of the toil, the fatigues which my sisters and I must endure at the hands of our country's Allies, without kindling in your breast that flame of chivalry which is the common glory of our two races? *C'est incroyable.*

Let us then to my complaint.

We lived for many years, my two sisters and I, in the service of our dear master, who owned a beautiful château in the North of France.

Our duties were simple—to entertain the guests of M. le Vicomte after dinner on those evenings upon which he gathered his friends around him.

For the rest we lived in the ease which his kind generosity knew how to provide. We loved our own particular boudoir, with its books, its pictures, its comfortable fauteuils and its soft green cushions.

Oh, Monsieur, it makes me to weep when I think of my beautiful sisters—the one with her laughing rosy cheeks, the other pale as ivory, save for one little black spot, which no man surely could call a blemish.

Those were happy days. Often we kissed, my sisters and I, for very joy.

Then it came—this terrible War. M. le Vicomte was called away in the cause of *la belle France*; but we would not desert our home. One day, we said, it shall be as of old.

And as the months went by it was whispered that the English would make of our château a house of rest for their officers who were recovering themselves of their wounds. And we were glad, for we promised ourselves to entertain our brave Allies. Thus might we too serve *la patrie.*

They came. *Mon Dieu!* Is it now a hundred years that we hurry to and fro in their service? A House of Rest! *Ma foi!* Morning, noon and night they come, these countrymen of yours. Never can we rest. Hither and thither do they drive us. No longer are our cushions soft and caressing; the cloth upon our table is stained, and see—here is a hole.

Ah, it is cruel! Our beauty is decayed. The cheeks of my poor sister, that once were so rosy, have lost their colour and our figures their rounded grace.

We are loyal, Monsieur, and, though we are no longer pleasing to look upon, we do not grudge our service. But we beg of you, kind M. Punch, to procure for us a respite from our labours, that we may recover something of our former lustre. Thus shall you merit the undying gratitude and your countrymen regain the devoted services of what were at one time three of France's fairest billiard-balls.

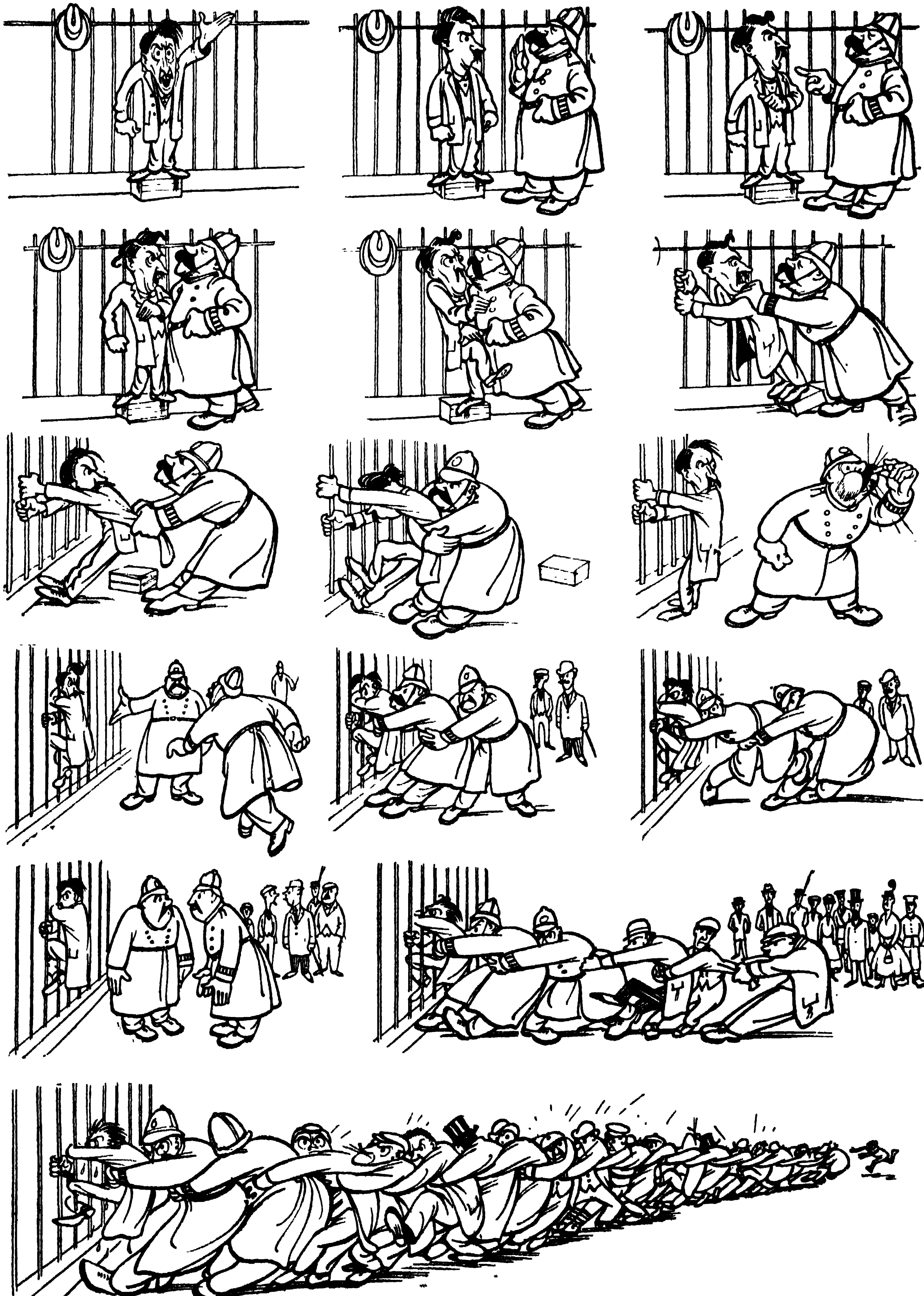
Agréez, cher Monsieur, etc., etc.

The Fatal Embrace.

"There is a good story of how at an election meeting in Cork a few years ago, when he was a candidate, one of a crowd of working women pushed her way into a brake from which he was addressing a throng in the market square and suddenly put her arm round his neck and killed him." *Times of India.*

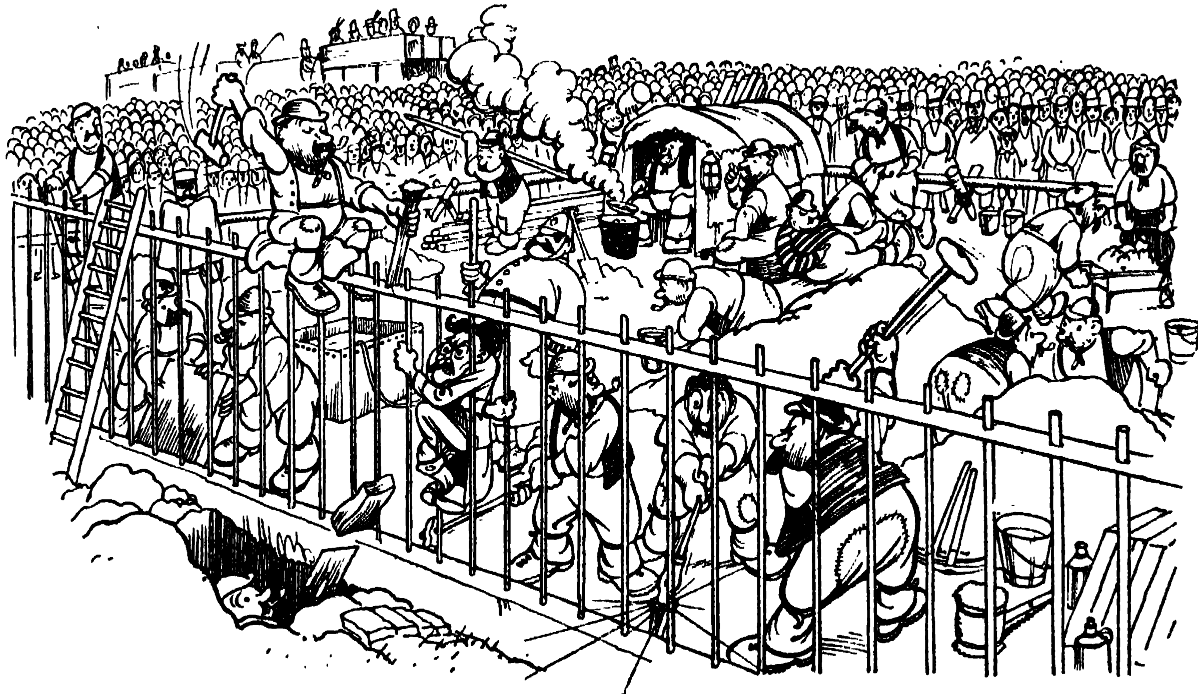
"At the Port Elizabeth Town Council meeting, Mr. Mackay asked could nothing be done to the seats at Humewood? The resin was oozing out of them. He had had a valuable pair of pants completely ruined, and the same thing might happen to any lady." *South African Paper.*

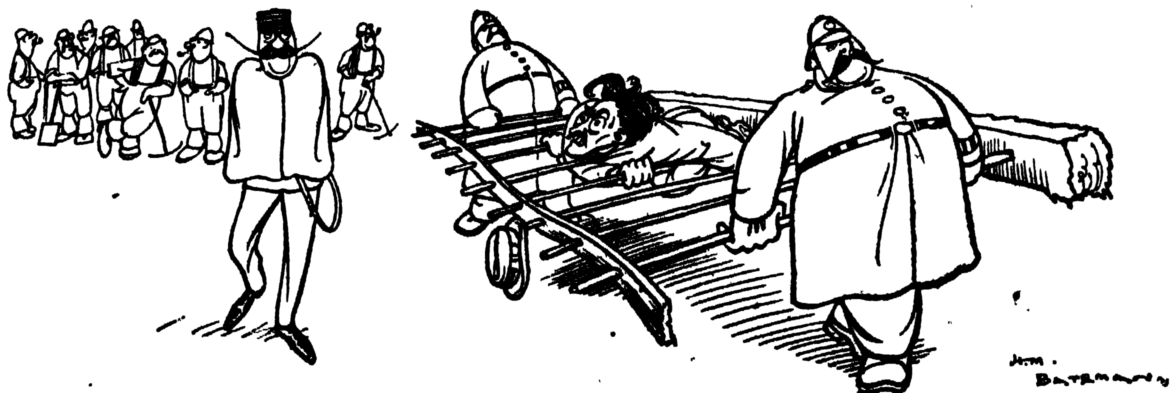
Our trousered Amazons must not be discouraged.



"PRISONER, WHEN ARRESTED, CLUNG TO THE RAILINGS."







"Prisoner, when arrested, clung to the railings."

THE TWELFTH—NEW STYLE.

(*Dreamt in a dug-out.*)

In my dream it was my first Twelfth after the ending of the War.

The party moved off in file up the slope of the moor, Sir Percy on his pony in front, then the guests with rifles at the trail, next the bearers and orderlies, and in the rear the ammunition-limbers and regimental baggage. A ration-party would follow later. There was to be no singing on the march, but pipes were allowed.

Just as we neared the crest of the hill, at a notice bearing the legend, "Keep below," the whole party entered a deep "boyau" leading right up to the trenches in front, from which branched off various passages to the gun pits, or butts, as we used to call them.

Our position was semi-circular in form and about three-quarters of a mile long; its main strength lay in a chain of machine-gun emplacements at intervals of about two hundred yards. These were, needless to say, all armoured, but it was nevertheless considered bad form to fire along the line.

Further back there were a couple of Archies and a battery of eighteen-pounders.

Our instructions had been as follows: "At 10 A.M. the artillery will open on enemy's main positions with H.E., and at the same time the Archies will maintain a barrage along the far side, to keep them from breaking away to Smithson's moor (a poor sportsman, Smithson; uses lachrymatories. All the birds we got off his place last year actually had tears in their eyes still). At 10.15 you will open fire with machine guns and rifles on anything under three hundred yards. At 10.30 the firing will stop and you will make your way to the assembly trenches, where bombs will be served out. At 10.35 the entire force will advance in open order. No prisoners will be taken."

My personal instructions were to hold my position with two men. Hastily lighting a cigarette and adjusting my map case, I was standing-to, when the telephone bell tinkled. "Hello," said Sir Percy's voice, "all ready? The planes are out." I glanced up at the two 500 h.p. Liddell and Scott monoplanes, which circled high up over the moor. "What do they report?" I asked. "Birds in force at a.2.B.c.d., x.y.z.6 and A.b.3.m., and small parties in and near the Heather Redoubt.

At 10.30 I left my smoking weapon and an empty flask, and at 10.35 went over the top. A little later I brought down no fewer than seven of the enemy with one beautifully timed bomb, and stole a furtive glance at the others. Nobody had seen me do it. However, I thought, I shall be able to tell them about it at least three times to night.

Meanwhile our bearers were collecting the enemy's dead and finishing off his wounded. Away to the left Sir Percy and half-a-dozen more were gathered round what I took to be the Heather Redoubt, and every now and then a little white puff of smoke broke from the ground.

"What's the idea?" I asked over the telephone. "Rabbit warren," answered Sir Percy. "Bombing 'em out. I always bomb 'em out. Smithson uses gas - poor sportsman, Smithson.

*   *   *   *   *

I was dozing lazily in the smoking-room, vaguely wondering if I could tell them about it a fourth time, when suddenly the dressing gong went, and someone shook me roughly by the shoulder. Outside a voice was shouting, "Gas!"

"Poor sportsman, Smithson," I muttered, struggling into my mask.

EXPERIENCES.

There are few of my friends whom I hold in higher respect than the Fladworths. Fladworth is a prosperous accountant, quite in the front rank of his profession, and for the last three years an indefatigable War-worker. His two sons joined up on the day War was declared; his three daughters are all nursing, and for the last two years their town house has been a convalescent home. Mrs. Fladworth is a saint of hospitality, and their country house is always full for the week-end with people who want a rest. And one can accept this hospitality with a good conscience because they can afford it. It does not involve the painful self-sacrifice shown by some people, of whom it has been happily said that, when their supplies are short, they will insist on your staying for a meal, "even if they have to kill a rabbit with a Christian name."

The Fladworths are charming hosts, but they have a weakness—a passion for intellectual games, serious variants, for the most part, on "Consequences," and a most trying ordeal for persons who cannot spell or are ignorant of history or general information. Moreover, to add to the strain, Fladworth is always inventing new games, "so that all may start fair." This happened on the occasion of my last visit, when he introduced the company to "Experiences." Every one, having contributed sixpence to the pool, was expected to describe the most interesting or exciting event in his or her life. One of the party, who did not compete, then decided which was the best experience, and the winner pocketed the pool.

I cannot remember all the episodes recounted, though they were for the most part serious and impressive. Mrs. Fladworth had heard Mr. Gladstone read the lessons in church; Fladworth had heard Tennyson recite "Come into the Garden, Maud" at a friend's house in the Isle of Wight; a young invalid airman, who was known to have had the most thrilling adventures, but, after the manner of his kind, never talked of his own achievements, told us how frightened he had been by the giant in his first pantomime. My turn came last, but I was not in the least helped by having had the longest time to prepare. I have a wonderful memory for futilities, and when called on could think of nothing better than my recollection of the arrival of *Hiawatha* at the Channel Islands and the delirium of the populace.

You can imagine my feelings when old Mr. Fladworth, *æt.* eighty-four and rather deaf, who was acting as judge, awarded me the prize on the ground that nothing was more interesting than the effect of poetry on the masses. I hadn't the courage to explain that it was not Longfellow's poem, but that terrible tarantellating American tune which electrified the Channel Islanders some ten years back. As none of the company was able or disposed to correct him there was nothing left for me to do but to rake in the sixpences. After all, the total only amounted to five and sixpence, and I compounded with my conscience by putting it in the plate on the following morning.

A Tale of the Horse Marines.

"The crew of the submarine made great efforts to refloat the vessel, but were unsuccessful. The cavalry advanced towards the spot and surrounded both the submarine and her crew, who surrendered."—*Daily Paper.*

"Lord Lambourne, in a farewell address to his late constituents at Waltham Abbey, said the honour which had been conferred on him was not degraded by a farthing of his money. Licensed victualler, of Queen's Road."

Woodford Times.

Are we to infer that the late Chairman of the Commons' Kitchen Committee is now in business on his own account?

"One of my informants says that he was awakened by shells passing beside his window which rushed screaming inland."

Daily Paper.

This was evidently "a magic casement opening on the foam of perilous seas." A French window would have shown more courage.



"Good gracious, Baby, here are some people coming! Get back to your dressing-room at once."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

It was a special duty of the late John F. Macdonald, who was cut off in his prime after incautiously adding to his journalistic labours in Paris the voluntary and too exacting duties of entertaining the wounded, to emphasize the *Entente Cordiale*. Ever since King Edward laid the foundation of that understanding between England and France, it was Mr. Macdonald's delight as well as his livelihood to study every facet of it, both in Paris and in London, and with unfailing humour and spirit, fortified by swift insight, to present each in turn to his readers. The two best papers in the first volume of the posthumous collection of his writings are those which describe in vivid kindly strokes the triumphant impact of the late King on the Parisians some fourteen years ago, and the visit, not long after, of five hundred London school-children to the French capital. Had Mr. Macdonald been spared to prepare this book himself, there is no doubt that he would have subjected his essays to revision and brought them into a more harmonious whole; but as they stand, gathered together in this volume, *Two Towns—One City* (Grant Richards), by the proud hands of his mother, they have charm and vitality and the authenticity of first-hand knowledge and lively sympathy. The War, as we have just been reminded by an impressive memorial service, has made deep gaps in the ranks of English journalists, and the loss of John F. Macdonald's quick eyes, happy choice of words, and intensely human apprehensions was far from being the least.

Whether you enjoy *The House in Marylebone* (Duckworth) will depend entirely upon your taste for the society of a number of hardworking but sentimental "business girls." For this is the whole matter of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's book. I call her girls sentimental, because (for all that they are supposed to be chiefly concerned with living their own lives) you will be struck at once with the extent to which they contrive to mix themselves up with the lives of any male creatures who venture over the horizon. "Our little republic," says one of its inmates towards the end of the book, "is firmly feminine and hasn't done much falling in love." Well, well—I suppose this is a question that turns upon your definition of the word "much;" to me personally they seldom seemed to be doing, or thinking about, anything else. Nor could I help reflecting how much fuller and more vigorous all Mrs. Clifford's cast would have found their existence to-day. Perhaps this feeling explains a slight impatience which the society of so much struggling femininity eventually produced in me. Young women still live in houses in the Marylebone Road; they still proclaim republics of hardworking celibacy, and fall briskly in love with the first eligible bachelor; but their vocations and their citizenship have both (*Hoch der Kaiser!*) grown out of all knowledge. So that charming writer, Mrs. Clifford, must forgive me if I could find only an historical interest, and no very robust one at that, in her amiable retrospect.

Agnes and Egerton Castle have certainly been well advised about their sub-title to *The Black Office and other Chapters of Romance* (Murray). For that is precisely what the tales are; and excellently romantic and thrilling chapters too, for the most part dated in the decade following the great Anglo-French peace of a century ago. Probably

you couldn't say off-hand what the Black Office was. Let me whisper. It was, amongst other things, a postal censorship that opened and perused all letters intended to cross the Channel. With what natural indignation would you, in July three years ago, have read of such monstrous activities! Truly, as the authors say, there is some interest in the comparison of then and now. Of the other stories, my own favourites would be 'The Resurrectionist" and "The Smile on the Portrait." The first of these is a haunting affair of body-snatching, rather of an early escapade of the notorious BURKE, who was asked to supply a red-haired corpse, and not finding one produced instead a gentleman who had yet to fulfil the condition precedent to body-snatching, *i.e.* who had to be killed first and snatched afterwards. This is certainly as grim as anything I have met over the Castellated signature. Beside it, "The Smile on the Portrait," the tale of a jealous husband who becomes a maniac, is almost soothing. They had clearly their little worries even a century ago. The CASTLES, as everybody knows, have always had the trick of adventurous fiction; *The Black Office, etc.*, proves that their hands have lost nothing of their cunning.

One has heard so often of works of "absorbing interest" that appeared at "the psychological moment" that one feels a bit squeamish about applying these phrases even to such a book as Mr. HARRY DE WINDT'S *Russia as I Know It* (CHAPMAN AND HALL); but honestly their appropriateness cannot be denied in view of the author's peculiar knowledge of the too mysterious country on which interest just now is so poignantly concentrated. He has not only traversed Siberia as few, even Russians, have done—that is an old though still thrilling story—but he has ranged at large over the whole country from Finland to the Crimea (the only two parts, by the way, which he has made me thirst to visit), and has gone with his eyes open. In the present volume, touching only incidentally on his journeyings and still less on politics, he has tried to satisfy the thousand-and-one questioners who, one imagines, have been plaguing him not a little lately as to those intimate details that really count in the life of a nation. He tells us for instance how the Russians do business and keep out the cold; how many of the women you could call pretty, and how much mutton a Kirghiz can eat. Though some of this is not new, yet the book has, as a whole, a most vivid freshness, and, if in the end the main effect is to make one content to live out of Russia, that is a tribute to the writer's frankness. At the least one is able to rejoice in his final verdict of unqualified enthusiasm for his hosts, since he found not merely acquaintances ready to welcome the popular English, but true and trustworthy friends in all classes of the community.



THE THEORIST.

Mrs. OLIVER ONIONS has a light puckish humour and a smooth if over-hasty pen, and I don't think she quite does her own intelligence (or ours) full justice in *The Bridge of Kisses* (HUTCHINSON). I liked her flapper heroine, *Joey*, and the naughty nephews, the *O.U.2's*, and her sapper lover, *The Bridge Builder*, who was a confoundedly long time over his work, by the way, but ultimately came into his own over his own bridge of kisses, built under a heavy barrage of needless misunderstandings. But *Joey's* pipsqueak shirker *fiancé*, *Hilary*, was altogether too foolish a travesty of a man ever to have gained her hand or, having gained it, to have held it against any real male in or out of khaki. The fact is that "BERTHA RUCK" can achieve something better than these meandering methods and this spinelessness of characterisation; and it is distinctly disappointing to see her content with the curate's egg standard.

It is time that some of our novelists put up a statue to NAPOLEON for services rendered to the cause of fiction. In Miss MAY WYNNE'S *A Spy for Napoleon* (JARROLD) his misdeeds and those of his minions are made to serve the purpose of emphasizing the loyalty of the heroine to her lover. This lover was an Englishman of a type sufficiently familiar in novels—cold and masterful, but, for some reason not apparent to me, extremely attractive. As he seemed to be roaming about France with the object of getting NAPOLEON out of the way by any means available, I am not certain that he was playing the game, even when we remember that the rules of it were lax enough at the beginning of the nineteenth century. But we are not asked to weigh carefully the merits of character. It is just a romance of incident, in which a hot pace is set at the start and kept up to the finish. In short you get a good run for your money, and that is all about it.

From a review of a novel:—

"Joan is pretty, and Stewart Auston . . . asks her to marry him. Joan refuses indignantly on the ground that his views and conduct are opposed to those which as a member of a Suffrage Society she is pledged to eradicate."—*The Saturday Westminster.*

Why the lady should resent her lover's endorsement of her own opinions is just one of those things that no fellah (unless he is a reviewer) can understand.

"Besides being Paul Von Hindenburg's second self, Ludendorff is the transportation expert of the Central Powers. He was ordered to go to the industrial cities along the Rhine and the Rhone rivers."
Evening Paper.

It is a pity that the second part of this enterprise had for geographical reasons to be abandoned, for we understand that Lyons would have given him a particularly warm reception.

"The Canadian Club gave a luncheon to-day in honour of the Canadian Highlanders, who have been a picturesque feature of the British recruiting week in New York. . . .

An exciting incident occurred during the luncheon, when two German waiters were ejected from the room. The Highlanders now go to Chicago to make a similar demonstration."—*Morning Paper.*

As nothing more has been heard of the matter, it is supposed that the Germans in Chicago prudently refused to wait for them.

CHARIVARIA.

"In the heroic days of 1914," says Count Reventlow, "God gave us our daily bread and our daily victory." We feel sure that, as regards the provision of victories, some recognition ought to be made of the able assistance of the Wolff Bureau.

* * *

We read with some surprise that, in the motor collision in which he participated recently, Mr. Winston Churchill's car *was run into* by another coming in the opposite direction. This is not the Antwerp spirit that the Munitions Department is waiting for.

* * *

A movement is on foot for the presentation of a suitable testimonial to the people of Dundee for returning Mr. Churchill to Parliament, after being distinctly requested not to do so by a certain morning paper.

* * *

"What shall we do with the Allotment Harvest?" asks *The Evening News*. It seems only too probable that, unless a national effort is made to preserve them, some of the world's noblest vegetables will have to be eaten.

* * *

"Just as a soldier gives his valour or a captain of industry his talent," said Lord Curzon, speaking on the sale of titles, "so a wealthy man gives his wealth, which is very often his only asset, for the benefit of his country." Nothing like a delicate compliment or two to encourage him in the good work.

* * *

A lively correspondence has been filling the columns of a contemporary under the heading, "The Facts about Bacon." The discussion seems to have turned upon the famous line, "There's something rotten from the state of Denmark."

* * *

Sixpenny paper notes are now being issued in various parts of Germany. If you can't find anything to buy with them you can use them to patch the new paper trousers.

* * *

Judging by his recent speech, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg has lost heart and found a liver.

* * *

At a recent inquest it was stated that a doctor had prepared a death certificate while deceased was still alive. The subsequent correct behaviour of the patient is regarded as a distinct feather in the medical profession's cap.

* * *

A nephew of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg has just joined the United States Navy, but the rumour that upon hearing this Hindenburg tried to look severe is of course an impossible story.

* * *

The sum of sixty pounds has been taken from the Ransom Lane Post Office, Hull, and burglars are reminded that withdrawals of money from the Post Office cannot in future be allowed unless application is first made on the prescribed form.

* * *

Baron Sonnino, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, was accorded a truly British welcome on his arrival in this country. It rained all day.

* * *

It appears from a weekly paper that the Kaiser is fond of nice quiet amusement. If this is so we cannot understand his refusal to have a Reichstag run on lines similar to the British Parliament.

* * *

Sir Edward Carson's physical recreations, says *The Daily Mail*, are officially stated to be riding, golf and cycling. Unofficially, we believe, he has occasionally done some drilling.

* * *

At a recent pacifist meeting in Bristol Councillor Thompson declared that he was with Mr. Lloyd George in the South African War, but was against him in the present campaign. The authorities are doing their best to keep the news from the Premier.

* * *

A man at Tottenham has been fined five pounds for feeding a horse with bread. We understand that action was taken on the initiative of the R.S.P.C.A.

* * *

The German Government is doing everything possible to curry favour with its people. It has now commandeered all stocks of soap.

* * *

A Bermondsey house of amusement has organised a competition, in which the competitors have to eat a pudding with their hands tied. This of course is a great improvement on the modern and more difficult game of trying to eat a lump of sugar in a restaurant with full use of the hands, and even legs.

* * *

An official notice in the British Museum Library states that readers will incur little risk during air raids, "except from a bomb that bursts in the room." It is the ability to think out things like this which raises the official mind so high above the ordinary.

* * *

The German Government, says the *Gazette de Lausanne*, is establishing a regular business base in Berne. We have no illusions as to the base business that will be conducted from it.

* * *

"When a German travels round the world," said Dr. Michaelis in a lecture delivered twenty-five years ago, "he cannot help being terribly envious of England." Funnily enough he is as envious as ever, even though the opportunities for travel are no longer available.

* * *

When the Folkestone raid syren goes off, a man told the Dover Council, it blows your hat off. On the other hand if it doesn't go off you may not have anywhere to wear a hat, so what are you to do?

* * *

Willesden allotment-holders are complaining of a shortage of male blooms on their vegetable-marrow plants. This is the first intimation we have had of the calling-up of this class.



"Nah, all them as is willin' to come along o' me, please signify the same in the usual manner. Carried unanimously."

THRILLS FROM THE TERMINI.

Mr. Punch, following the example of his daily contemporaries, despatched a representative to some of the great London termini to note the August exodus from town. The following thrilling report is to hand:—

At Waterton and Paddingloo great crowds continued to board the limited number of West-bound and South-west-bound trains. On being asked why they were leaving town, those of the travellers who answered at all said it was the regular time for their annual holiday and they wanted a change. They were mostly a jolly hearty lot, happily confident that at some time in the course of the next forty-eight hours they would be deposited in some part of the West or South-west of England. Those fortunate persons who had secured seats were sitting down, those who were unable to get seats were standing, and, in spite of the congested state of the carriages and corridors, almost all were smiling, the exceptions being those highly-strung and excitable passengers who had come to blows over corner seats and windows up or down. Many of the travellers carried baskets of food. Your representative, anxious to report on the quality and quantity of the provisions carried, ventured to peep into one of the baskets, and was in consequence involved in a rather unpleasant affair, being actually accused of having abstracted a sandwich!

The engine-driver, questioned as to whether he liked having passengers on the engine and whether he considered it safe for them, was understood to say that so long as they didn't get in his way it didn't matter to him, and as to its being safe for them, he jolly well didn't care whether it was safe for them or not. The guard, detained by the sleeve by your representative, who inquired how he felt about being almost crowded out of his brake by passengers, drew away his sleeve with some violence and his answer was quite unworthy to be reported. An elderly but strongly-built porter, with the luggage of fourteen families on his truck, and the fourteen families surrounding him and all talking at once, was approached by your representative for a little quiet chat, but he became so threatening that it was thought advisable to leave him alone.

At Ticvoria Station your representative found a seething mob intent on getting to those ever popular and already much overcrowded South-coast resorts, Paradeville, Shingleton-on-Sea, Promenade Bay, etc. The eleven-o'clock "Paradeville fast," due to start in half-an-hour, was at No. 20 platform. All sitting and standing room had been occupied for some hours, and the passengers were enjoying the sport of seeing the later arrivals running the whole length of the train and back again in the mad hope of finding places. Your representative managed to get a word with some of these later arrivals, and asked them how they liked running up and down, and whether they were much disappointed at not finding room; but the answers were mostly unsatisfactory and in some cases uncivil. The booking-clerk, questioned as to the phraseology employed by August holiday folk in asking for their tickets, whether it is "Third return, please," or "Third return," or "Third return and look sharp," showed by his answer that the expression "please" is falling into desuetude on these occasions, his exact words being "There's precious little 'please' knocking about, and anyone who has the cheek to tell me to 'look sharp' is jolly well kept waiting till the last!" Your representative, wishing to report at first-hand the experience of those who were travelling thirty in a compartment meant to accommodate ten in the "Paradeville fast," tried to get in and make a thirty-first, explaining that it was only for a minute and was with the object of getting local colour, but was forcibly expelled, and, falling on the platform and sustaining some slight contusions, decided to cease reporting on August scenes at the great termini for that day.

TWO DUMB WARRIORS.

I.—HYLDEBRAND.

WHEN the Heatherdale Hussars received a two-hours' notice to "trek" they, of course, dumped their mascot, Hyldebrand, a six-months-old wild boar, at the Town Major's. They would have done the same with a baby or a full-grown hippopotamus. The harassed T.M. discovered Hyldebrand in the next stable to his slightly hysterical horse the morning after the H.H. had evacuated, and informed me (his village Sanitary Inspector) that "as I was fond of animals" (he had seen me distributing fly-traps and painting horse-trough notice-boards) I was henceforth in sole command of Hyldebrand until such time as his owners should reclaim him. A grant of five sous *per diem* had been left for the piglette's maintenance.

I took charge of Hyldebrand, provided an old dog-kennel for his shelter, an older dog-collar for his adornment and six yards of "flex" for his restraint. I further appointed the runner—a youth from Huddersfield, nicknamed "Isinglass," in playful sarcastic comment on his speed—second in command. He was to feed, groom and exercise Hyldebrand. I would inspect Hyldebrand twice a week.

Hyldebrand rose fast in village popularity. One forgot that his parents had been shot for cattle maiming, body snatching, breaking into granaries and defying the gendarmerie on the public roads. But Hyldy was all docility. He ate his way through the grant, the office stationery, and the central tin dump with the most disarming *naïveté*. He was the spoilt darling of every mess. The reflected glory which Isinglass and myself enjoyed was positively embarrassing.

But as the summer advanced so did Hyldebrand. He became (to quote his keeper) a "battle pig," with the head of a pantomime dragon, forequarters of a bison, the hind-legs of a deer and a back like an heraldic scrubbing-brush. In March I had inspected him as he sat upon my knee. In June I shook hands with him as he strained at his tether. In mid-September we nodded to each other from opposite sides of a barbed wire fence. Yet Isinglass retained the most complete mastery of his ferocious looking protégé, and beneath his skilful massage Hyldebrand would throw himself upon the ground and guggle in a porcine ecstacy.

One sunny afternoon, when there had come upon the little village street the inevitable hush which preceded Hyldebrand's hour for exercise, I espied the village cripple making for his home with the celerity of an A 1 man. He glared reproachfully at me, and, with an exclamation of "*Sacré sanglier!*" vanished in the open doorway of the local boulangerie, that being nearer than his cottage. Then came Hyldebrand, froth on his snout and murder in his little eyes, and after him Isinglass more than living up to his equine namesake. I joined him, and, following Hyldy in a cloud of dust, the runner informed me between gasps that it was "along of burning his snout—raking for a bully-beef tin in the insinuator."

A band outside B Mess was nearing the climax of GRIEG'S "Peer Gynt" suite. Hyldebrand just failed to perpetrate the time-worn gag of jumping through the big drum, but he contrived to make that final crashing chord sound like the last sneeze of a giant dying of hay-fever. The rest the crowd saw through a film of dust. Hyldebrand headed for the turning by the school, reached it as the gates opened to release young France, and comedy would have turned to tragedy but for the point duty M.P. and his revolver.

There was a note and a parcel for



THE NEW LOAF.

Mr. Lloyd George. "LUCKY RHONDDA! BUT I TAUGHT HIM THOSE NUMBERS."



Monica (taken in to see her mother and her new sister, who is fretful—to nurse). "Take her away and bring one that doesn't cry."

me a day or so after. The note, which was addressed to and had been opened by the T.M., stated that Hyldebrand was being sent for by the Heatherdale Hussars on the morrow. Outside the parcel was scrawled, above the initials of the G.H.Q. officers' cook, a friend of mine, "It's top hole—try it with a drop of sauce." Inside was a cold pork chop!

II.—Ermyntrude.

It so happened in a quiet part of the line that men were scarce and work abundant, so it was decided to use mules to carry the rations further than usual. All went well until one night when friend Fritz changed his habits and put some assorted fireworks rather near the mules.

Now the transport, being human and moreover unaccustomed to fireworks, disliked this entertainment. Therefore they sought what shelter they could. In a few minutes the Hun repented, but no mules and no rations could the transport see. Moreover it began to rain. So back they went and spoke at great length of the hundreds of seventeen-inch which had blown up all the mules.

The morning began to come and a machine gun subaltern, looking at a black East in search of daylight, so that he might say, "It is now light; I may go to bed," was somewhat startled. "For," he said, "I have received shocks as the result of too much whisky of old, but from a split tea and chloride of lime—no! It must be the pork and beans." However, he collected eight puzzled but peaceful mules and handed them to a still more bewildered adjutant, who knew not if they were "trench stores" or "articles to be returned to salvage."

In the meanwhile the Transport Officer was making inquiries, and he recovered the eight mules. "All," he said, "are back, except Ermyntrude. I grieve for Ermyntrude, but still more for my driver's fate."

Where Ermyntrude spent the day no one knows. All that is known is of her conduct the next night. About eleven o'clock she stepped on a shelter, and, being a heavy mule, came into the trench abruptly. This worried but did not hurt her, and she proceeded down the trench at a steady trot, bumping into the traverses. She met a ration party, and for the first time in their lives they took refuge over the top, for Ermyntrude was angry.

Ermyntrude reached the end of the trench and somehow got out, heading, by chance, for Germany. That was her undoing. In a minute or so three machine-guns began firing, bombs and rifle shots were heard, and Verey lights innumerable flared. We never saw Ermyntrude again. But we heard of her—or rather we read of her—for the German official report wrote her epitaph, thus: "Near the village of —— hostile raiding detachments were repulsed by our machine-gun fire."

Motto for Allotment-Holders.

"Let us Spray."

"We welcome back to a position he once filled so well, the Rev. ——, who is taking on the pork of the parish for the duration of the war."—*Bath and Wilts Chronicle.*

We trust it will agree with him.

"Wanted, a Very Plain Girl, very good references and photo asked, to care for three children and do housework."—*Morning Paper.*

You can almost see the green-eyed monster lurking in the background.

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXIV.

My dear Charles,—Since I last wrote to you I have enjoyed seeing again an officer with whom I had many curious dealings in the past, and who, if half the facts he divulges about himself were true, would certainly be the wickedest Colonel in the B.E.F., notwithstanding that he fought busily in the early stages and had the best part of himself knocked out in so doing. He has performed many strange duties since, and the steps he took to qualify for one of them will, I think, illustrate for you his wickedness.

It has been found, on experience, that modesty is out of place when you are being called upon to state your qualifications for a post. The knowing, upon being asked if they possess certain attributes, reply in an immediate affirmative and add others, just to be on the safe side. It is felt that what is really required in this War is thrust and ingenuity, things which adequately make up for the absence of any specialist knowledge. Accordingly my friend found himself described as possessing, among other things, "French, fluent." It was not until he was informed that the Official Interpreter would like to hear a little of this that he looked more closely into the matter and discovered that he knew no French at all. Undismayed, he spent the two days' interval before the *vivâ-voce* examination in learning some. You might suppose that two days is a short time in which to become so familiar with a strange language that you may be able to understand and answer any question which may be put to you in it. My friend, however, did not let this worry him. He learnt by heart a long and detailed narrative, embracing all the most impressive idioms and all the most popular slang, the subject of which was an accident which had occurred to him in the earlier days of the campaign. It was a long and a vivid story, which, once started, would last indefinitely and could not be interrupted meanwhile.

Armed with no other knowledge of the French language than this, my friend duly presented himself before the Official Interpreter, greeted him with a genial salute and waited throughout his opening speech, which was in French and contained many inquiries.

My friend made no endeavour to follow these simple questions. He knew he couldn't succeed and had no intention of giving himself away by an attempt. Advancing towards the Interpreter's table and putting his right hand to his ear, "Pardon, monsieur," he said, "mais je suis un peu sourd, depuis mon accident."

"Quel accident?" said the Interpreter; after which my friend did not stop talking until he was passed out with a "French, garrulous."

We met quite recently and talked over things in general, telling each other, in confidence and on the best authority, all those exciting details of the progress of the War which men go on saying and believing until they are officially contradicted. Getting down to realities, he told me that he has now the greatest difficulty in believing in the War at all, though he is within ear-shot of it all the time. His difficulty is due to the last thing he saw before he left his office: three men standing at his gate, in that attitude of contented and contemplative leisure which one associates with Saturday afternoons and village pumps, looking at nothing in particular and spitting thoughtfully as occasion required. One of them was a British soldier, one a French soldier and one a German soldier. The whole picture suggested anything but war; if there was a war on, which nation was fighting against which? My friend, however, is somewhat oddly situated in this respect, since he commands for the moment a detachment of German prisoners in our back area. Some of them, he tells me, are extraordinarily smart. One Prussian N.C.O. in particular was remarkable. Dressed in his impressive overcoat, hatted for all the world like our Staff and carrying under his arm his dapper cane, this N.C.O. went round from group to group of working prisoners, accompanying the English sergeant in charge of the party and interpreting the latter's orders to the men. So striking was his get-up that all paused to look at him.



Soulful Soldier (carried away by red sunset). "By Jove! Look at that! Isn't it glorious?"
His Tent Mate. "Yus. Another muckin' 'ot day to-morrer."

Thinking it might please you, my friend showed me an official memo., which he had just received from one of his officers in command of an outlying detachment, and of course of the odds and ends of British personnel adhering thereto: cooks, guards, etc. The memo. ran as follows, and it repays careful study and thinking out; I give you the whole of it:—

"*To the Commanding Officer, Orderly Room, Hqrs.*

The undermentioned is in my opinion entirely unfitted for the duty to which he has been detailed with this detachment. He shows no signs of either intelligence or industry, and I propose, with your approval, to take the necessary steps to get rid of him forthwith.

A. B. Smith,
Capt. i.c. 'B' Detachment.

My friend was much concerned to hit upon exactly the right form of reply. Eventually we agreed:—

"*To Capt. A. B. Smith, i.c. 'B' Detachment.*
Good-bye.
C. D. Jones,
Lt.-Col., O.C., etc., etc."

Finally, let me tell you a disgraceful tale of my same friend, which does not refer to his present command, and is, I hope, untrue of him in any command.

The crowd for which he was then responsible was suddenly threatened with inspection by the General who is charged with the welfare of such people, and who very properly desired to satisfy himself that they were both well disciplined and well tended. So that success might be assured my friend had a rehearsal parade. All inspections and manœuvres being completed, my friend stood the crowd at ease and thus addressed them:-

"All ranks will take the utmost care to turn themselves out smartly for the inspection and to make the inspection a success. As the General passes along the lines inspecting you, you will stand rigidly to attention, eyes front. You will be asked if you have any complaints to make, and each of you will have an opportunity of making a complaint in the correct manner.

"In making his complaint the man should advance two paces forward, salute smartly, stand to attention and make his complaint.

"And, by Heavens, if anybody does !"

Yours ever, HENRY.

A TRACT FOR GROUSERS.

Ernest and I were seated by the river. It was very pleasant there, and it seemed a small thing to us that we were both still disabled.

"Did you ever say to yourself, when you were out there, that if ever you got out of it alive you'd never grumble at anything again?" said Ernest.

My reply was in the affirmative.

We were silent for a while, remorse weighing heavily upon us.

"The worst case," said Ernest at length, "was when I got my commission and came home for my kit."

I composed myself to listen, piously determined not to grumble however tedious I might find his recital.

"We'd been near a place called Ypres," he began.

"I seem to have heard the name," I murmured.

"I hadn't been sleeping really well for a week—we'd been in the trenches that time—and before that I had lain somewhat uneasily upon a concrete floor."

"Yes, concrete is hard, isn't it?" I said.

"We came out at three in the morning, and arrived at our billets about seven. I knew this commission was on the *tapis*—French word meaning carpet—so I hung round not daring to turn in. At eleven o'clock I had orders to push off home to get my kit. You'll guess I didn't want asking twice. I made my way to the railhead at once in case of any hitch, and had to wait some time for a train. It was a goods train when it came, but it did quite well and deposited me outside the port of embarkation about nine o'clock at night. I walked on into the port and found the ship that was crossing next morning. I went below in search of a cabin. There was a French sailor there to whom I explained my need."

"How?" I asked, for I do not share Ernest's opinion of his mastery of the French language, but he ignored this.

"It was dark down there," he went on, "too dark for him to see that I was in a private's uniform, so I put on a bit of side and he took me for an officer."

"A French officer?"

"Very likely. Anyway he found me a beautiful cabin with a lovely couch in it all covered with plush. You would have thought I should want nothing but to be left to sleep; but no, I saw that the officer in the next cabin had a candle, and there was no candle for me. Instantly my worst instincts were aroused. I felt I was being put upon. I demanded a candle. The sailor declared there wasn't one left."

"You're sure he understood what you were asking for?"

"Yes, I know that candle is *boogy*, thank you. I argued with him for ten minutes and then turned in, grumbling. Queer, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I said.

I sat there for a while, thinking over Ernest's story, which had, it seemed to me, something of the tract about it.

Later the midges began to attack us.

"Aren't these midges absolutely——" I began, and then stopped, remembering Ernest's tract. It only shows, as I said to Ernest, that we may learn something even from the most unlikely people.



First Artist. "BY GAD! OLD PARSLEY'S SURPASSED HIMSELF. LAMB CUTLETS, TWO CHOCOLATE CAKES AND THREE LUMPS OF SUGAR. RATTLING GOOD SUBJECT."

Second Artist. "I THOUGHT OF ONE NEARLY AS GOOD, BUT COULDN'T AFFORD THE MODELS."

"Wanted, a strong Boy, about 15 years old, for bottling, &c.—The Brewery, Brixham."
The Western Guardian.

"Waiter, bring me a bottle of the boy."

". . . contest the right of the Spanish authorities to intern damaged submarines seeking refuse in neutral ports."—*Star.*

The Spanish authorities are expected to reply that if that is what the U-boats are after there is no need for them to leave home.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(The German Crown Prince and Fritz, his Valet.)

The Crown Prince (in bed and yawning). Is that you, Fritz?

Fritz. Yes, your Royal Highness. What uniform shall I lay out for his Royal Highness?

The C. P. You can lay out the best I have—the one of the Death's Head Hussars, with all my stars and medals. I am expecting an important visit.

Fritz (with a meaning smile). If I might venture so far, I would suggest to his Royal Highness that he should wear the Trench uniform, which I arranged with the bullet-holes and the mud-splashes. It creates a greater effect, especially if the visitor be a lady.

The C. P. Fritz, you dog, how dare you? Very well, have it your own way and let it be the Trench uniform.

Fritz. I am only anxious to promote his Royal Highness's interest in every possible way.

The C. P. I know, I know. Only we shall have old Hindenburg growling and grunting and looking as black as a thundercloud. I cannot imagine what my revered father sees in that old wooden effigy, whose only idea of strategy is to retreat from strong positions. That, at any rate, is not the fashion in which I have learnt war. I'm thoroughly tired of hearing of all these Hindenburg plans, which come to nothing.

Fritz. Your Royal Highness is, of course, right. But what I say to myself is that the All-Highest, your Royal Highness's most gracious father, has in all this a deep-laid design to show conclusively that all these Hindenburg plans mean nothing, so that in the end true skill and merit may have a chance, and the chief command may be placed in the only hands that are fit to exercise it. Oh, yes, I know what I'm talking about, and everyone I meet says the same.

The C. P. I have always felt that that must be so. No matter, a time will come. By the way, Fritz, have you packed up the *Sèvres* dinner-service?

Fritz. I have already packed six from as many different French and Belgian houses, and have sent them to Berlin, according to your Royal Highness's directions. Which does your Royal Highness refer to?

The C. P. I mean the one with the simple pattern of pink flowers and the coat-of-arms.

Fritz. Yes, that I have packed like the rest and have sent off.

The C. P. And the silver dishes and the lace?

Fritz. Yes, they have all gone.

The C. P. Good. And the clocks?

Fritz. Yes, I did in every case what your Royal Highness ordered me to do.

The C. P. And you packed them, I hope, with the greatest care?

Fritz. I did; nothing, I am certain, will suffer damage.

The C. P. Excellent. War is, no doubt, a rough and brutal affair, but at least it cannot be said that we Prussians do not behave like gentlemen.

Fritz. Your Royal Highness speaks, as always, the plain truth. How different from the degenerate French and the intolerable English.

The C. P. Yes, Fritz; and now you can go. Stay; there was something I wanted to ask you. Dear me, I am losing my memory. Ah! I have it. How is my offensive getting on? Has any news come in from the *Chemin des Dames*?

Fritz. Your Royal Highness's offensive has not advanced to any great extent. The French last night recaptured all their positions and even penetrated into ours.

The C. P. Did they? How very annoying. Somebody bungled, of course. Well, well, I shall have to put it right when I have time. Have you finished laying out my uniform? Yes. Then you can go.

THE HUMILIATION OF THE PALFREY.

Where is she now, the pride of the battalion,
That ambled always at the Colonel's side,
A fair white steed, like some majestic galleon
Which takes deliberate the harbour tide,
So soft, so slow, she scarcely seems to stir?
And that, indeed, was very true of her
Who was till late, so kind her character,
The only horse the Adjutant could ride.

Ever she led the regiment on its journeys,
And held sweet converse with the Colonel's gee:
Of knights, no doubt, and old heroic tourneys,
And how she bare great ladies o'er the lea;
And on high hill-sides, when the men felt dead,
Far up the height they viewed her at the head,
A star of hope, and shook themselves, and said,
"If she can do it, dammit, so can we!"

But where is now my Adjutantial palfrey?
In front no longer but in rear to-day,
Behind the bicycles, and not at all free
To be familiar with the General's gray,
She walks in shame with all those misanthropes,
The sad pack-animals who have no hopes
But must by men be led about on ropes,
Condemned till death to carry S.A.A.,

And bombs, and beef, and officers' valises;
And I at eve have marked my wistful mare
By thronging dumps where cursing never ceases
And rations come, for oft she brings them there,
Patient, aloof; and when the shrapnel dropp'd
And the young mules complained and kicked and hopp'd,
She only stood unmoved, with one leg propp'd,
As if she heard it not or did not care;

Or heard, maybe, but hoped to get a Blighty;
For on her past she lately seemed to brood
And dreamed herself once more among the mighty,
By grooms beloved and reverently shoed,
But now she has no standing in the corps,
And Death itself would hardly be a bore,
Save that, although she carries me no more,
'Tis something still to carry up my food.

A. P. H.

The War-Note in Examinations.

Extract from Smith Minor's Scripture paper:—

"And when Jephthah saw his daughter coming to meet him he was very much upset. But he had to keep to his vow, so he gave her two months' leave and then he killed her."

Quoting a European statesman, saying the war would be won by the last 500,000 bushels of what, Mr. Hoover said."—*New York Times.*

We trust Mr. Hoover will hurry up with his peroration.

"I feel that I might claim almost a special kinship with Baron Sonnino, because I believe his mother was a Welsh lady."

"Weekly Dispatch" Report of Premier's Speech.

Baron Sonnino, by the way, who is of half-Scottish extraction, speaks English perfectly. How many of the master minds at our Foreign Office speak Italian perfectly?"

Weekly Dispatch" Secret History of the Week.

But in fairness to the "master minds" it should be remembered that few of them have the advantage of a Scotch father and a Welsh mother.



Hospital Wardmaid (who has shown the new matron into her room). "WELL, I MUST SAY I HOPE YOU'VE COME TO STAY. YOU'LL BE THE SIXTH MATRON I'VE TRAINED."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BETTER 'OLE."

I MUST congratulate Mr. CHARLES COCHRAN on his courage in transforming the Oxford Music-hall into a home of "the legitimate," and still more on his good fortune in securing for the initiation of his new venture the play which Captain BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER and Captain ARTHUR ELIOT have written round the adventures of "Old Bill." In form it resembles a *revue*, but I prefer to call it a play, because it possesses a plot, distinct if slight—an encumbrance banned by most *revue* producers; and because it contains an abundance of honest spontaneous fun. The authors start with the advantage, if it be an advantage, that the principal characters are already familiar to the audience through the medium of Captain BAIRNSFATHER'S popular drawings; but they have not been content with reproducing their well-known, now almost hackneyed, adventures, but have added many others which are new and yet "come into the picture."

Their greatest piece of luck was in finding a comedian exactly fitted to fill the part of the humble hero. Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER as *Old Bill* is absolutely "it." His make-up is perfect; he might have stepped out of the drawing, or sat for it, whichever you please. But, much more than that, he seems to have exactly realised the sort of man *Old Bill* probably is in real life —slow-speaking and stolid in manner, yet with a vein of common-sense underlying his apparent stupidity; much addicted to beer and other liquids, but not brutalized thereby; and, while often grousing and grumbling, nevertheless possessed almost unconsciously of a strong sense of duty and an undaunted determination to see it through. It is a tribute to the essential truthfulness of Captain BAIRNSFATHER'S conception and Mr. BOURCHIER'S acting that one comes away from *The Better 'Ole* feeling that there must be thousands of *Old Bills* at the Front fighting for our freedom.

Admirable work is done, too, by Mr. TOM WOOTTWELL as *Bert*, the incorrigible amorist, for whom each new girl is "the only girl," and who has an apparently inexhaustible supply of identity-discs to leave with them as "sooveneers"; and by Mr. SINCLAIR COTTER as *Alf*, the cynical humourist —"Where were you eddicated, Eton or Harrod's?" is one of his best *mots* —who spends most of his time in wrestling with an automatic cigar-lighter. I think it would be only poetical justice if in the concluding scene, when *Old Bill* comes into his own, the authors were for once to allow *Alf* to succeed in lighting his "fag."

Of the many ladies who add charm to the entertainment I can only mention Miss EDMÉE DORMEUIL, who as *Victoire* has an important share in the plot and saves *Old Bill's* life; Miss GOODIE REEVE, who sings some capital songs; and Miss PEGGY DORAN, who looks bewitching as an officer of the Woman Workers' Corps. The music, arranged by Mr. HERMAN DAREWSKI, is catchy and not uncomfortably original: and the scenery, designed by Captain BAIRNSFATHER, gives one, I should say, as good an idea of the trenches as one can get without going there. In fine I would parody *Old Bill* and say, "If you knows of a better show, go to it!" L.



Perfect stranger (to Jones, who has not forgotten Willie's birthday). "Ain't you ashamed to go batting these days?"

TO A MODERN MUSE.

O Metaphasia, peerless maid,
  How can I fitly sing
The priceless decorative aid
  To dialogue you bring,
Enabling serious folk, whose brains
  Are commonplace and crude,
To soar to unimagined planes
  Of sweet ineptitude.

Changed by your magic, common-sense
  Nonsensical appears,
And stars of sober influence
  Shoot madly from their spheres;
You lure us from the beaten track,
  From minding P.'s and Q.'s,
To paths where white is always black
  And pies resemble pews.

Strange beasts, more strange than the giraffe,
  You conjure up to view,
The flue-box and the forking-calf,
  Unknown at any Zoo;
And new vocations you unfold,
  Wonder on wonder heaping,
Hell-banging for the over-bold,
  And toffee-cavern keeping.

With you we hatch the pasty snipe,
  And all undaunted face
Huge fish of unfamiliar type—
  Bush-pike and bubble-dace;
Or, fired by hopes of lyric fame,
  We deviate from prose,
And make it our especial aim
  Bun-sonnets to compose.

I wonder did the ancients prove
  Responsive to your spell,
Or, riveted to Reason's groove,
  Against your charms rebel.
And yet some senator obese,
  In Rome long years ago,
May have misnamed a masterpiece
  De Gallo bellico.

We know there were heroic men
  Ere Agamemnon's days,
Who passed forgotten from our ken,
  Lacking a poet's praise;
But, though great Metaphasiarchs
  Have doubtless flourished sooner,
I'm sure their raciest remarks
  Have been eclipsed by S[illegible]r.

The Limit.

"The daily cost of the war has shown an alarming tendency to mount, and has gone beyond the 700 millions which some folk thought must be the limit a few months ago."
Sussex Daily News.

"Junior Assistant wanted to Grocery, Spirit and Provision business; send copy references and salary expected."—*Irish Paper.*

Quite a promising idea for getting more capital into a business.

INVENTIONS.

"Amongst a number of new inventions," says the *Frankfischer Tagwacht*, "is an imitation of the smell of Limburger cheese." This has caused some alarm and not a little interest in this country, as the following extracts will show:—

"Berlin Resident" states that he has too long been fed up with imitation meals, and for weeks past has had nothing to eat but holes from Limburger.

"Cynic" remarks that it is impossible for the German scientists to defeat the Wolff wireless at inventions.

Mr. Winston Churchill is anxious to know whether they have yet discovered a substitute for *The Morning Post.*

The Times Greenwich correspondent wires: "If they have invented a method whereby a news report will make a noise like 'Passed by Censor' will they wire terms?"

Inscription on a French picture postcard:—

"Une locomotive abandonée devant Thiepval.
One locomotive a profligate woman forepart Thiepval."

Smith minor is avenged.



THE REAL VOICE OF LABOUR.

Tommy. "SO YOU'RE GOING TO STOCKHOLM TO TALK TO FRITZ, ARE YOU? WELL, I'M GOING BACK TO FRANCE TO *FIGHT* HIM."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 6th.—This being Bank Holiday and the first fine day after a week's downpour, Members for the most part stayed away from Westminster. Some, it is charitably supposed, have gone to look after their allotments. Others, it is believed, have been kept away by a different reason. The taxicab-drivers, men constitutionally averse from extortion, have refused to enter the railway-station yards so long as the companies persist in exacting from them a whole penny for the privilege. Consequently some of our week-ending legislators are reported to be interned at Waterloo and Paddington, sitting disconsolately upon their portmanteaux. As an appeal to the Board of Trade elicited nothing more from Mr. G. Roberts than a disclaimer of personal responsibility, it is expected that redress will be sought from the Taxi-cabinet.

Mr. Henderson's dual personality continues to arouse curiosity. There was some justification for Mr. King's inquiry whether he went to Petrograd as a Ministerial *Jekyll* or a Labourist *Hyde*. Mr. Bonar Law assured the House that on this occasion at least Mr. Henderson went purely as a Cabinet Minister, guiltless of any duplicity.

Mr. Prothero enlivened the discussion on the Corn Production Bill by a new clause providing that where a farmer failed to destroy the rabbits on his land the Board of Agriculture should have power to do it for him and recover the expenses incurred. Sir John Spear expected that in some cases the rabbits secured would more than defray the cost of the capture, and declared that unless the farmer was allowed to keep the rabbits the Government would be guilty of "profiteering." As other agricultural Members appeared to share this view, Mr. Prothero, most obliging of Ministers, agreed to alter the word "cost" to "net cost." I hope no litigious farmer will seek to evade his liabilities on the ground that, as the Act only says "net cost," he need not pay for the ferrets.

Tuesday, August 7th.—Those peers who were supposed to be shaking in their shoes at the thought of Lord Selborne's impending revelations as to the means by which they acquired their honours might have spared their tremors. He opened his bag to-day, but no cat jumped out, not even the smallest kitten. If he had given a single concrete example of a peer who, having notoriously no public services at his back, must be presumed to have purchased his title, he would have created some effect. But the admission that all his information on the subject was confidential cut the ground from under his feet; and needless to say none of the Peers whom



THE FOUNT OF HONOUR AT WORK.
Lord Curzon can hardly believe it.

he hypothetically accused of buying their coronets responded to his appeal by standing forth in a white sheet and making open confession of his crime.

Lord Selborne was one of three heirs to peerages who a generation ago banded themselves together to resist elevation to the House of Lords. Another of them is Lord Curzon, who answered him to-night, and whose contempt for the Chamber which he now adorns seems to have grown with the years that he has spent in it. Reading between the lines of his speech a cynic could only infer that the Upper House, as at present constituted, is such a useless and superfluous assembly that it does not much matter who gets into it or by what venal ladder he climbs.

The only peers who ventured to get to close quarters with the scandal were Lord Knutsford, who told a moving tale of how a potential baronet diverted £25,000 from the London Hospital to a certain party fund, and thereby achieved his purpose; and Lord Salisbury, who declared from his knowledge of Prime Ministers that they were sick of administering the system of which Lord Curzon was so ostentatiously ignorant.

Many reasons have been assigned for Mr. Churchill's reinclusion in the Ministry, but I am inclined to think that the real one has only just been discovered. Mr. MacCallum Scott is one of the most pertinacious inquisitors of the Treasury Bench; he is also a whole-souled admirer of the Member for Dundee, and has written a book in eulogy of his achievements by sea and land. Mr. Churchill has rewarded this devotion by appointing Mr. Scott his private secretary, and, as it is contrary to Parliamentary etiquette for a Member holding this position to interrogate other Ministers, has thereby conferred a distinct benefit upon his new colleagues. Mr. Lloyd George is now reported to be on the look-out for other statesmen in whom Mr. Hogge and Mr. Pringle repose a similar trust, but so far without success; and it is thought that his only chance is to make Mr. Pringle an Under-Secretary on condition that he takes Mr. Hogge as his *âme damnée*, or *vice versâ*.

Wednesday, August 8th.—Lord Burnham shocked some of the more ancient peers by his skittish references to the coming Conference on the Second Chamber. When he expressed the hope that Lord Curzon would make an explicit statement, on the ground that their Lordships' House was in no need of a soporific, I fully expected one of the occupants of the mausoleum to rise and reprove him in the words of Dr. Johnson, "Sir, in order to be facetious it is not necessary to be indecent."

The advent of the feminine lawyer was rendered a little nearer when her champions successfully held up a Bill promoted by the Incorporated Law



Winston's gift to his new private secretary, Mr. MacCallum Scott.

Society until the Government undertook to find time for the discussion of a measure enabling women to become solicitors. Already *Shylock* is trembling at the prospect.

Thursday, August 9th.—When the House on two successive occasions rejected Proportional Representation it was generally thought that nothing more would be heard of the other proposals for securing minority representation. To-night, however, after a brisk debate, the "Alternative vote" in three-cornered contests was saved in a free division by a single vote; and it was further decided that "P.R." itself should be adopted at University elections, despite the unanimous opposition of the University Representatives.

THE CHOICE.

THE bright August sun certainly made the dining-room paper look dingy. It was a plain, self-coloured paper, but we were rather attached to it, and didn't like the idea of a change.

But there seemed no help for it, so I arranged to leave my office early on Friday afternoon, meet Alison at the Marble Arch tube station and go with her to choose a new paper.

When we reached the wall-paperer's lair we were ushered by an immaculate personage into a room that looked more like the dining-room of a private house than a part of business premises.

"Perhaps," I said, in an awed whisper, "you don't care to have anything to do with such trifling things as—er—wall-paper?"

"Indeed we do," said the nobleman. "Most important things, wall-papers. Where did you want it for?"

"For a room in my house, of course," I said. "Not for the garden."

"Oh, not for the garden. And what sort of house is yours?" he asked.

"A very nice house," I said.

"I meant what was the style of the house—Jacobean, Georgian?"

"Brixtonian rococo outwardly," I said, "as far as I can judge; but very snug inside. No doubt you could show us something we should like which would also satisfy your sense of propriety."

"I think it might be managed," he said, waving his hand towards two or three giant books of patterns.

"What we want," I said, "is something meaty."

"Ah, for the dining-room," he said.

"Well, it's a courtesy title," I said, "but really in these hard times we have reduced economy to such a fine art that I thought a wall-paper with body in it might help matters."

"I think I catch the idea," said the marquis. "Something that would make you feel more satisfied after dinner than you otherwise would feel, as it were."

"My dear Sir," I said, "you have hit it exactly. Yours is a sympathetic nature. How readily you have divined my thoughts! No doubt you too are suffering."

He sighed almost audibly. "How is the room furnished?" he said.

"Leading features," I said, "a Welsh dresser, rush-bottomed chairs, gate-legged table, bookcases——"



First dangerous Mule (to second ditto). "DON'T YOU GO NEAR HER, MATE—SHE'LL KICK YER."

"Saxe-blue carpet," said Alison.

"A most important detail," Lord Bayswater said. "Don't you think something of a chintzy nature would . . . etc."

Both Alison and I agreed that a prescription of that kind might possibly . . . etc.

I don't know what is comprised under the term chintzy, but it appeared to be a comprehensive one, for the nobleman descanted on the merits of the following patterns among others:—

(1) Cockatoos on trees, cockatooing.

(2) Pheasants on trees, eating blackberries.

(3) Other birds on trees, doing nothing in particular.

(4) Roses, in full bloom, half bloom, fading, falling.

(5) Forget-me-nots in bunches, ready for sale.

(6) Grapes doing whatever it is that grapes do.

(7) Other flowers and fruits, also acting after the manner of their kind.

Many other patterns were shown us and we spent an hour or two looking at them. Our host tried hard to push the cockatoos on to us. His idea was that the pattern would act as wall-paper and pictures combined. Alison's idea was that there would be too many portraits of cockatoos round the room, and I maintained that the wretched birds looked so realistic that I should certainly feel I ought to be giving them some food, and this would of course hardly assist my idea. The noes had it.

In the end we came away with four patterns (fruits and flowers) and a promise to let Lord Bayswater know which one we preferred. One of them I chose really to show my tailor, as it was a top-hole scheme for a winter waistcoat.

Alison and I spent the evening hanging the patterns up one after the other on one wall of the dining-room, and tried to paper the rest of the walls in the mind's eye, but at eleven o'clock we knocked off for the night and went to bed with headaches.

I fancy Alison must have had a disturbed night. As I was leaving the house after breakfast she said, "Have you made up your mind about those patterns?"

"No, I haven't," I said. "I'm going to leave it to you. Choose which you like."

"I've chosen," she said with an air of finality.

"Well," said Alison, when I reached home that evening, "it's up."

"Up?" I said. "The new paper, already?"

"Come and see," Alison said.

"By Jove, how well it looks!" I said. "You've chosen well. There's something familiar about it, though it looks almost new."

"Yes," said Alison, "Ellen and I cleaned it all over with bread-crumbs."

"Poor Lord Bayswater," I said. "But you've done the right thing. Wall-paper as usual during the War."

"The annual agricultural returns show that the increased area in England and Wales of corn and potatoes for the present harvest amount to no less than 347,0000 acres. This result exceeds all expectations."

Bradford Daily Argus.

We can well believe it.

From a sale advertisement:—

"LACE DEPT.
Ladies' Overalls and Breeches for the farm, garden, or home use, reduced in Price."

Daily Paper.

Cooler and cooler.



Angry Lady (on being told that Fido's favourite biscuits are now unobtainable). "NOTHING BUT THESE! REALLY, THIS WAR IS GETTING BEYOND A JOKE!"

"SKILLY."

PRIOR to "Skilly" being taken on the regimental strength, our canteen was the paradise of a battalion of mice, from whose nightly raids nothing was sacred. But from the day "Skilly" enlisted the marauders became less and less obtrusive. And "Skilly" grew sleek.

Then came a time of scarcity. Mice fought shy of the canteen, and "Skilly" visibly suffered from lack of nourishment. A sergeant's wife provided welcome hospitality; but no sooner was "Skilly" billeted outside the canteen than the plague returned, and so she was recalled urgently to active service. Again was the enemy routed; but again came the wilting-time of dire want. Virtue, however, did not go unrewarded a second time. "Skilly" had earned honourable mention, and representations to the proper quarters resulted in an order that she should be rationed so long as she remained on canteen duty.

With times of ease came time for love. In due course "Skilly" presented an absentee and unidentifiable spouse with five bouncing baby kittens. Throughout their extreme infancy the family throve; but the time came when the devoted mother was no longer able to supply sufficient nutriment for five lusty youngsters. Clearly something must be done, and the canteen sergeant was the man to do it. He sent in a proper formal application to the regimental powers, requesting that increased feline rations be ordered as "subsistence for Canteen Skilly and family of five."

Time passed, and—let this be read and remembered by all carping critics who accuse our army of want of method and business sense—in due course the application was returned, properly entered, checked, signed and countersigned. The verdict run thus: "Application on behalf of Canteen Skilly refused, as apparently she married off the strength of the regiment."

"No youth should be regarded educationally as a finished article at 1 years of age."
Yorkshire Post.

Mr. FISHER will be pleased.

"A MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE DAY."

I JOGGED along the footpath way
And leant against the stile;
"A merry heart goes all the day,"
Stoutly I sang the old refrain;
My own heart mocked me back again,
"Yet tire you in a mile!"

Well may I tire, that stand alone
And turn a wistful glance
On each remembered tree and stone,
Familiar landmarks of a road
Where once so light of heart I strode
With one who sleeps in France.

Heavily on the stile I lean,
Not as we leant of yore,
To drink the beauty of the scene,
Glory of green and blue and gold,
Shadow and gleam on wood and wold
That he will see no more.

Then came from somewhere far afield
A song of thrush unseen,
And suddenly there stood revealed
(Oh heart so merry, song so true!)
A day when we shall walk, we two,
Where other worlds are green.

THE REVIEWS FOR

(*A specimen article for the use of those editors who have come to the realisation that the contents of our heavier periodicals never change. All that is needed is the insertion of the right month and the survey can be used as a serial.*)

IN *The Umteenth Century and For-ever*, which is, as usual, alert and interesting, the place of honour is given to an article by Sir Vincent Stodge, M.P., on "Proportional Representation in New Patagonia." Sir Vincent's argument may or may not convince, but it is succinctly stated. Sir ERNEST CASSEL writes usefully on "Economy for Cottagers," and Lord Sopwith, in a paper on "Air Raids and Glowworms," shows how important it is that on dark nights there should be some compulsory extinction of the light of these dangerous and, he fears, pro-German, insects. Mr. HARRY DE WINDT describes "Galicia as I Knew It," and there are suggestive papers on "The Probable Course of History for the next Three Centuries," by the Dean of LINCOLN; "Potatoes as Food," by Sir WALTER RALEIGH; and "Hair in Relation to Eminence," by Dr. SALEEBY, in which all the strong men in history famous for their locks, from SAMSON to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, are passed in review. An excellent number, full of mental nutriment, is brought to a close by a symposium of Bishops on the petrol restrictions.

By a strange coincidence *The Short-sightly* also has a valuable paper on "Proportional Representation," by Mr. and Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON, who thus make their bow for the first time among what might be called our thinking novelists, their effort being in some degree balanced by an essay in the same number from so inveterate a politician as Mr. J. M. HOGGE, M.P., on the "Wit and Humour of WILLIAM LE QUEUX." There is also an anonymous article of great power on "Conscientious Objectors as Food for Racehorses," which should cause discussion, both by reason of its arguments and also through the secret of its authorship, which to the initiated is only of course a *secret de Polichinelle*. For the rest we content ourselves with drawing attention to "The Small Holding," by Lord PIRRIE; "Women and Tobacco," by the Manager of the Piccadilly Hotel; "Feud Control," by Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.; "Russia as I knew it," by Mr. HARRY DE WINDT; and "The Spirit of Ireland," by Sir JOHN POWER.

The Peremptory Review opens with Lord CURZON'S well-reasoned appeal to Labour to relinquish its attitude of criticism and trust the powers that be. Other notable articles deal with the possible effect of woman's franchise on the cult of Pekinese spaniels, the case pro and con. for a tunnel under St. George's Channel, and the philosophy of E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. Mr. HARRY DE WINDT writes of "Serbia as I Knew It." A spirited attack on the MINISTER of MUNITIONS by the Editor of *The Morning Post* brings an excellent number to a close.

Backwood's is, as usual, strong in the martial element, and is further proof that in the present conflict there is no excluding rivalry between pen and sword, but plenty of room for both. The article wittily entitled "Mess-up-otamia" should be read by everyone who is not tired of that theme. The trenchant author of "Reflections without Rancour" displays his customary vigilance as a censor of *bêtes noires*, not sparing the whip even when some of the animals are dead.

In the ever iconoclastic and live *Gnashing All Review* Mr. Smacksy is, as usual, at his most vigorous. Among the statesmen who come in for his attacks are Mr. ASQUITH and Lord HALDANE, both of whom are probably by now quite inured to his blows. Nothing could be more amusing than the renewed play which is made with the phrase, "spiritual home." Mr. Smacksy has also something to say to members of what might be called his own Party. Other articles deal with "The Psychology of the Pacifist," a trenchant exposure; "The Teeth of American Presidents," which contains a number of curious statistics; "The Film and the Future," by Viscount CHAPLIN; "The Honours List," in which the anonymous writer makes the revolutionary suggestion that the KING'S birthday should in future be marked by the withdrawal of old titles instead of the conferring of new. Mr. HARRY DE WINDT describes "Roumania as I Knew It"; "A Suggestion for the Settlement of the Irish Problem" is offered by Mr. GINNELL, M.P.; and Mr. C. B. COCHRAN utters a disinterested plea for "The Small Theatre."

The *Jinglish Review*, also famous for the activity of its fighting editor, has no fewer than four articles from his pen, of which the least negligible is perhaps that of "The Partition of Europe after the War." The others deal with "The Real Germany," "Sunday Journalism as a World Asset," and "HORATIO BOTTOMLEY the Prophet." Other contributions in a varied number include a series of votive verses to Mr. EDWARD MARSH, C.B., by a band of Georgian poets, on the occasion of his resumption of his duties as private secretary to Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. A charming study of leprosy, translated from the Russian of Lugubriski, brings the number to a close.

LONDON PRIDE.

UPON a lily-laden tide,
Where galleons rocked with sails blown wide
And white swans gleamed, there was a city
Whose citizens called "London Pride"
The flower that some call "None-so-Pretty."

It grew beside the frowning tower,
By RALEIGH'S walk and BOLEYN'S bower,
As frail as joy, as sweet as pity;
And "London Pride" they called that flower
Which country folk call "None-so-Pretty."

When London lads made holiday
In dewy hours o' th' month o' May,
And footed it with Moll and Kitty,
Among the maypole garlands gay
Be sure they plaited "None-so-Pretty."

When London lads in battle bent
Their bows beside the bows of Kent
('Tis told in many a gallant ditty)
Their caps were tufted as they went
With "London Pride" or "None-so-Pretty."

Oh, London is what London was,
And mighty food for pride she has;
Her saints are wise, her sinners witty,
And Picard clay and Flemish grass
Are sweet with stars of "None-so-Pretty."

"Sammies."

À propos of the note in our issue of August 1st, a Correspondent suggests that the Americans might go into action to the tune of "Tommy make room for your Uncle."

"A Leghorn pullet, belonging to Mrs. G. R. Bell, of Coxhoe, Durham, has laid an egg 3¼ oz. in weight, 7¼ in. in diameter, and 6¼ in. in circumference."—*Scotch Paper.*

Most interesting and novel, but very disconcerting to the mathematicians.

"The procession was headed by the choristers and songmen, and included the surplus clergy and the Very Rev. the Dean."
Yorkshire Herald.

No support here, you will note, for the recent suggestion that Deans are superfluous.





THE FAILURE OF THE FILM-THRILL.

Patients from the latest push at the pictures.

DUELLING EXTRAORDINARY.

THE contemplated single-stick encounter between Colonel ARCHER-SHEE and Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING recalls to mind a ludicrous affair which actually happened some years ago in a foreign city which I will here call Killemalivo.

Mr. Alec McTavish, a Briton many years resident in that fair capital and editor of the only English newspaper, had taken up stout verbal cudgels on behalf of the Americans, who had been viciously attacked in the columns of a local "daily." The United States of the North, in its capacity of "special" to the entire American continent, comes in for plenty of abuse when a new revolution is about to be perpetrated.

The strife had waxed fast and furious and eventually had taken on a personal tone, the editor of *La Muera* accusing the editor of the English paper of being "that lowest of all living things—a Texan." It will be remembered that in times gone by the State of Texas decided to desert its Latin parents and roost under the shadow of the eagle's wing, thereby earning for itself prosperity and an evil reputation—in certain quarters.

McTavish's editorial reply was a gem of satire and displayed an intimate knowledge of the antecedents of the rival editor.

At that time duelling was still prevalent, and it was not many days before the editorial sanctum of *The Tribune* was honoured by the visit of two officers in full-dress uniform.

The eventual outcome of their visit was that Mr. McTavish found himself pledged to fight a duel with a man who was, among other things, a first-class pistol shot and exceptionally expert with the "florette," all of which McTavish was not.

The affair looked particularly unpleasant—to McTavish, who was short, fat, and by no means young. But the dignity of the foreign population as represented by the editor of *The Killemalivo Tribune* must of necessity be upheld.

Faced by this quite unusual difficulty, McTavish bethought him of his old and tried friend, General O'Flynnone, an Irish-American of many years' residence in the Latin Americas. No one seemed to know his real name, and the title of General had come to him from his last place.

The General was delighted at the turn of events, agreed to be McTavish's second, and promised to get him through the affair with a whole skin and no loss of honour.

As the challenged party McTavish had choice of weapons, which was the crux of the situation, as the General pointed out.

Among the Killemalivo aristocracy the favourite weapons were the duelling pistol and the "florette," or rapier. The "pelado," or lower orders, preferred the "lingua de vaca," which means literally "cow's tongue," a nasty-looking knife of no mean proportions.

As O'Flynnone explained, the duel would have to be fought with "killing weapons"; nothing else would satisfy the bloodthirsty editor. Meanwhile he would think on the matter, and he advised McTavish to do likewise.

The following were the most unpleasant days of his life, as McTavish confessed afterwards. He was not a "conscientious objector," but he had no pressing wish to exterminate his opponent, as that would have necessitated a sudden and forcible exile from the land of his adoption; still less did he fancy an early demise in the interests of his paper.

Meanwhile the General visited the rival editor's seconds and arranged for a meeting in his own rooms to discuss final conditions.

O'Flynnone's rooms contained, among other things, a collection of curious and ancient weapons. The walls were decorated with all sorts and conditions of strange and barbarous instruments of slaughter; Zulu assegais, Afghan knives and Burmese swords hung in savage array.

The meeting took place on the following Sunday afternoon. The officers greeted the General agreeably enough, but saluted McTavish with the stiffness that the occasion called for.

"Well, Señores," commenced the General, after depositing his visitors in the most comfortable chairs, "to business. Mr. McTavish, as you will admit, has the choice of weapons."

The officers nodded assent.

"This gentleman," continued O'Flynnone, "comes of that most noble and warlike race—the Scotch. Fiercest of fighters, although they do not sometimes look it, the warriors of Scotland alone among all nations withstood the ravages of the conquering English. I feel sorry, very sorry for the 'caballero' whom you have the honour to represent."

The pause which followed was most impressive. The General's air was suggestive of dire things, as with dramatic suddenness he produced from beneath the sideboard two enormous double-edged battle-axes, which careful polishing had made to shine as new.

"These," said he, "are the weapons which Mr. McTavish has chosen—weapons of men, such as they use in his own country," he continued, brandishing one of them savagely. "And the fight will be on barebacked horses, for such is the custom of the Scotch."

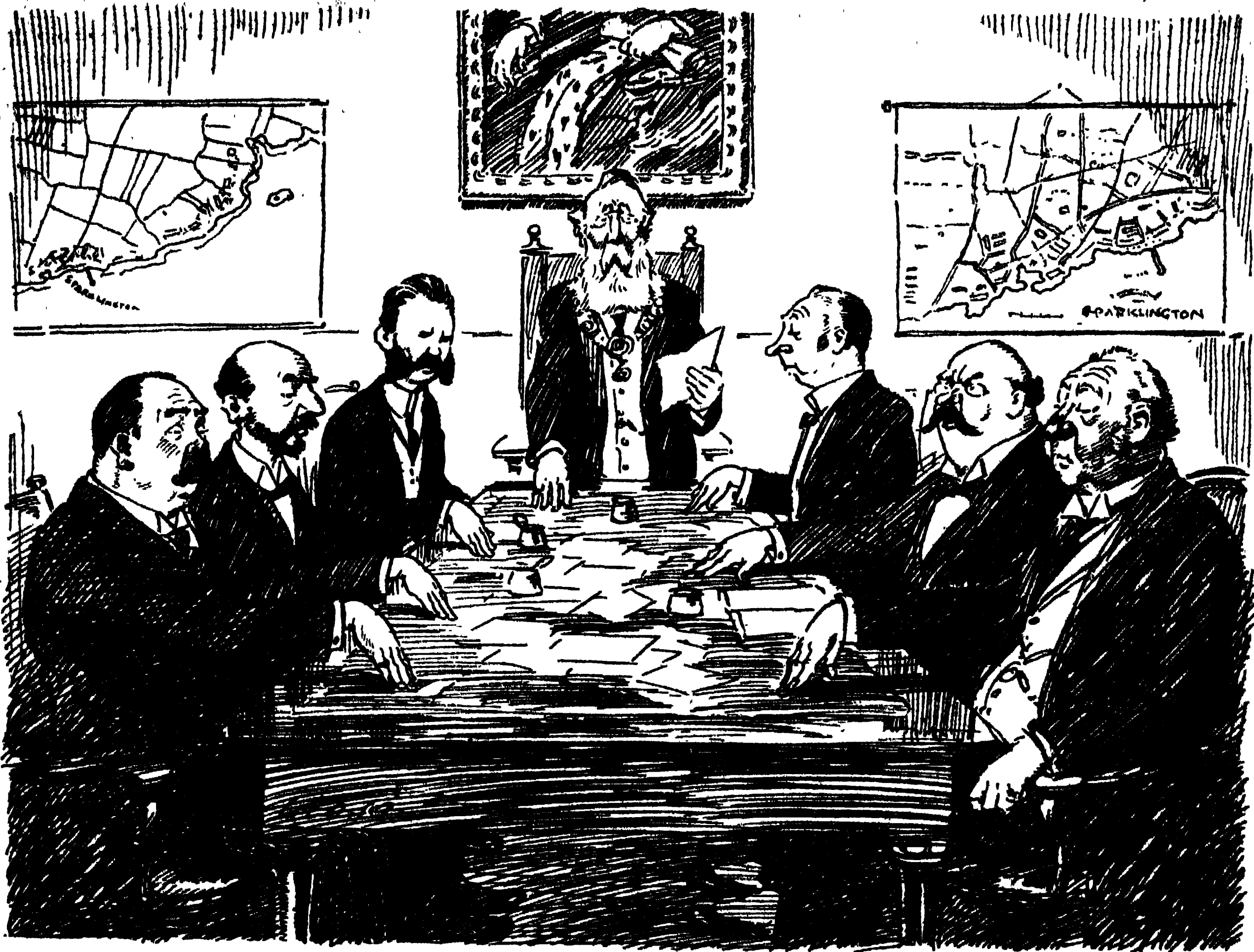
The duel did not occur.

THE GAME OF HIS LIFE.

I MET the mercurial Gosling at the club a few days ago. As I hadn't seen him for some time I asked if he had been on a holiday. "Yes," he said, "down at Shinglestrand. Golfing? No—yes. I did play one game, the first since the War, and rather a remarkable game it was. I'm a member of the golf-club there, and was down at the club-house one morning looking at the papers when a fat middle-aged man, about my age, asked me if I cared for a game. I didn't, but in a spirit of self-sacrifice said that I should be very glad. 'I think I ought to tell you,' he went on, 'that I don't care about playing with a 18-handicap man, and that I always like to have a sovereign on the match.' Now I never was much of a player—too erratic, I suppose. My handicap has gone up from 12 to 18, and the last time I played it was about 24. But, exasperated by his swank, I suddenly found myself saying, 'My handicap is 12.' 'Very well,' replied the fat man, 'I'll give you 4 strokes.' We went out to the first tee, and after he had made a moderate shot I hit the drive of my life. My second landed on the green and I ran down a long putt—this for a 4-bogey hole. I'm not going to bore you with details. I won the second and third holes, and then the fat man went to pieces. I never wanted any of my strokes and downed him by 5 and 3. As we re-entered the club-house my partner, who had become strangely silent, walked up to the board which gives the list of handicaps and looked at them. There was my name with 18 opposite it. 'I thought you said your handicap was 12,' he observed. 'Well,' I answered, 'it wasn't more than that this morning.' The fat man was very angry. He said he would report me to the committee, and he did. But the secretary (who happens to be my brother) played up nobly. He communicated with the secretary of the fat man's club, whom he happened to know, and, having found out that the fat man's handicap was not 6 but 12, he wrote to him to say that in view of the fact that 'the lies had been equally bad on both sides' the committee did not propose to take any action. The fat man got no change out of my brother and I kept my sovereign."

The Globe Trotters.

"Mr. and Mrs. ——, of Knysna, are on a visit to Knysna."—*South African Paper.*



The Mayor and Corporation of Sparklington-on-Sea solemnly touching wood on the occasion of their sending out to the Press a notice that their town has never suffered from enemy air-raids.

V.A.D.

There's an angel in our ward as keeps a-flittin' to and fro
With fifty eyes upon 'er wherever she may go;
She's as pretty as a picture and as bright as mercury,
And she wears the cap and apron of a V.A.D.

The Matron she is gracious and the Sister she is kind,
But they wasn't born just yesterday and lets you know their mind;
The M.O. and the Padre is as thoughtful as can be,
But they ain't so good to look at as our V.A.D.

She's a honourable miss because 'er father is a dook,
But, Lord, you'd never guess it and it ain't no good to look
For 'er portrait in the illustrated papers, for you see
She ain't an advertiser, not *our* V.A.D.

Not like them that wash a tea-cup in an officer's canteen
And then "Engaged in War Work" in the weekly Press is seen;
She's on the trot from morn to night and busy as a bee,
And there's 'eaps of wounded Tommies bless that V.A.D.

She's the lightest 'and at dressin's and she polishes the floor,
She feeds Bill Smith who'll never never use 'is 'ands no more;
And we're all of us supporters of the harristocracy
'Cos our weary days are lightened by that V.A.D.

And when the War is over, some knight or belted earl,
What's survived from killin' Germans, will take 'er for 'is girl;
They'll go and see the pictures and then 'ave shrimps and tea;
'E's a lucky man as gets 'er—and don't I wish 'twas me!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

In *No Man's Land* (Hodder and Stoughton) is revealed a breadth of vision which may astonish some of us who have been inclined to regard Sapper as merely a talented story-teller. Among the writers on the War I place him first, for the simple reason that I like him best; and I am not at all sure that I should like him any better if he cured himself of his cardinal fault. With his tongue in his cheek he dashes away from his story to give us either a long or short digression; no more confirmed digressionist ever put pen to paper, and the wonderful thing is that these wanton excursions are worth following. True, he often apologises for them, but I do not think that we need take these apologies seriously. This book is divided into four parts, "The Way to the Land," "The Land," "Seed Time," and "Harvest," and in "Seed Time," at any rate, we have a series of chapters which require not only to be read but to be thought over. But whether he is out for fun, as in "Bendigo Jones—His

Tree," or for pathos, as in "Morphia," he obtains his effects without the smallest appearance of effort. And I reserve a special word of praise for "My Lady of the Jasmine," and commend it to the notice of those pessimists who hold that only the French and the Americans can write a good short story. Thank the powers that be for SAPPER.

The Loom of Youth (GRANT RICHARDS) is yet another school story, but with a difference, the difference being, partly at least, that it is written by one who has so lately ceased to belong himself to the life described that his account must carry an authority altogether unusual. Here, one feels, is that strange and so-soon-forgotten country revealed for us from within, and by a native denizen. For this alone Mr. ALEC WAUGH's book merits the epithet remarkable; indeed, considered as the work of "a lad of seventeen," its vitality, discretion and general maturity of tone seem little short of amazing. Realism is the note of it. The modern schoolboy, as Mr. WAUGH paints him, employs, for example, a vocabulary whose frequency and freedom may possibly startle the parental reader. Apart from this one might call the book an indictment of hero-worship, as heroism is understood in a society where (still!) athletic eminence places its possessor above all laws. This in itself is so old an educational problem that it is interesting to find it handled afresh in a study of ultra-modern boyhood. The actual matter of the tale, individual character in its reaction to system, is naturally common to most school stories; but even here Mr. WAUGH has contrived to give an ending both original and sincere. Prophecy is dangerous; but from a writer who has proved so brilliantly that, for once, *jeunesse peut*, one seems justified in hoping that enlarged experience will result in work of the highest quality.



Allotment Tripper. "THIS HERE NORTH SEA DON'T HALF WANT WEEDING."

Quite a host of moral reflections, none of them very original, flock to one's mind in considering by what devious ways our Italian allies came to range themselves on the side of that freedom which they have always loved as well and bravely as any of the rest of us. For instance—a very stale reflection—one sees Germany overdoing her own cleverness and under-rating that of her neighbours—this more especially in her arrogant dominance of Italy's commerce; further, one notices the Hun's Belgian brutalities costing him dear in a quarter least expected; and again one realises Italy's decision as a thing mainly dependent, in spite of all Germany's taking little ways, on a righteous hatred of Austria—a consideration which brings one surprisingly near to gratitude towards the big-bully Government of Vienna. Our southern ally's loyalty to her beautiful "unredeemed" provinces, and her claim, which all right-minded Englishmen (I include myself) most heartily endorse, to dominate the historically Italian waters of the Adriatic, happily proved too strong for a machine-made sympathy for Berlin based on nothing better than a superficial resemblance between the histories of Piedmont and Prussia, and a record of nominal alliance with powers whose respect for paper treaties was always fairly apparent. All the same, in reading Mr. W. KAY WALLACE's essay in recent history, *Greater Italy* (CONSTABLE), a volume which I cannot too strongly commend for its admirable way of telling these and similar things, I am struck most of all by the super-incumbent mass of Germanism that had to be burst asunder before the true Italy broke free. The story of that liberation is romance of an amazing order, for in it one sees the very soul of a great and ancient people struggling to renewal of life. It is more than good to have such an ally, it is an inspiration.

If you wish to complete your knowledge of the working of our new armies and learn something of the business of the A.S.C. you can do so without being bored in *L. of C.* (CONSTABLE), by Captain JAMES AGATE. The author is one of that bright band of Mancunians which *The Manchester Guardian* has attached to its august fringes. He writes of the business in hand, the vagaries of stores and indents and mere men and brass hats, on this and the other side of the Channel, all with a very light and engaging pen, and then spreads himself on any old far-off thing that interests him, such as the theatre, perhaps a little self-consciously and with a pleasant air of swagger most forgivable and, indeed, enjoyable. His chief preoccupation is with art and letters, it is clear; but, turning from them to the handling of urgent things and difficult men, he faces the business manfully. Of the men in particular he has illuminating things to say, redounding to their credit and, by implication, to his. To those who appreciate form in penwork this book may be safely recommended.

The Welcome.

"Mr. F. H. ——, the newly co-opted member of the Hampstead Board of Guardians, attended his first meeting of the Board on Thursday, and lost his umbrella."—*Hampstead and Highgate Express.*

"BEET COMMISSION CONCLUDES BUSINESS.

Petrograd, July 9.—Except for a few final conferences with the members of the Russian Government, the work here of the Root Commission virtually has been concluded."

The Daily Gleaner (Jamaica).

How headlines jump to conclusions! The Hon. ELIHU ROOT is, we feel confident, anything but beet.

From a Parish Magazine:—

"BOY SCOUTS.—The troop held their annual sports on Saturday. . . The burden of arrangements for all fell upon the Scoutmaster (Rev. ——), and showed how great is the need for him to have some capable assistants."

Still, was it quite tactful to say so?



A poultry fancier, hearing that defences at the Front are sometimes disguised as hen-houses, determined to reverse the process. Being a bit of an artist he disguised his hen-house by giving it a warlike appearance. The enemy was stricken with panic.

CHARIVARIA.

Eighty eight policemen were bitten by dogs in 1913, but only forty-four in 1915, says *The Daily Mail*, and quotes a policeman as saying that "dogs are not half so vicious as they used to be." The true explanation is that policemen no longer taste as good as in the old rabbit-pie days.

* * *

Recent heavy rain and the absence of sunshine have, it is stated, caused corn in Essex to sprout in the ear. This idea of portable allotments is appealing very strongly to busy City men.

* * *

Feeling about the Stockholm Conference is changing a little, and several people suggest that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald might be sent as a reprisal.

* * *

Sixty-seven children were recently lost on one day at New Brighton. The fact that they were all restored to their parents before nightfall speaks well for the honesty of the general public.

* * *

The German authorities have further restricted the foods to be supplied to dogs, and German scientists are now trying to grow dachshunds with a shorter span.

* * *

"We have a Coal Controller, but where is the coal?" plaintively asks a contemporary. There is no satisfying the jaundiced Press.

* * *

A well-dressed female baby a month old has been found under the seat of a first-class compartment in a train on the Chertsey line. Several mothers have written to congratulate her upon her courageous and unconventional protest against the fifty per cent. increase in railway fares.

* * *

A Glasgow woman has been fined a guinea for trying to enlist in the Irish Guards. Only the Scottish Courts carry pride of race to these absurd lengths.

* * *

It is announced that the recent increase in the price of bacon was sanctioned by the Food Controller. The news has given great satisfaction to law-abiding consumers, who bitterly resented the unauthorised increases (upon which this is a further increase) that were made under the old *régime*.

* * *

A dress made from banana skins is now being exhibited in London. It is, we believe, a *négligé* costume, the sort of thing one can slip on at any time.

* * *

"If you had let the boy eat it, it would have punished him a great deal more than I can," said the North London magistrate to a man who was prosecuting a boy for stealing an unripe pear. It is a splendid tribute to the humanity of our stipendiary magistrates that the heroic offer of the boy to accept the greater punishment was promptly refused.

* * *

A workman at Kinlochleven, Argyllshire, found a live crab in a pocket of sand at a depth of more than ten feet. On being taken to the police-station and shown the "All Clear" notice the cautious crustacean consented to go straight home.

* * *

At a flower-day sale at Grimsby one thousand pounds was paid by a local shipowner for a blue periwinkle. In recognition of his generosity no charge was made for the pin.

* * *

A Vienna telegram states that the Emperor Karl has handed the Grand Cross of St. Stephen to the German Chancellor. The latter quite rightly protests that Herr Bethmann-Hollweg is the real culprit.

* * *

From Scotland comes the news that an inmate of a workhouse has received an income-tax form to fill in. This is considered to be but a foretaste of the time when all income-tax papers will have to be addressed to the workhouses.

* * *

In a Gloucester meadow, Lieutenant Jaggard has picked a mushroom weighing ten ounces and measuring twenty-seven inches in circumference. Eye-witnesses describe the gallant officer's enveloping movement as a really brilliant piece of single-handed work.

* * *

The Prussian Military Press Bureau, among its other fantasies, has discovered with horror that Calais has been leased to England for ninety-nine years. Our own information is that the situation is really worse than that, the lease being granted alternatively for ninety-nine years "or the duration of the War."

* * *

An official statement points out that the work of the National Service Department is continuing without interruption pending the appointment of a new Director-General. It appears that the members of the staff have expressed a desire to die in harness.

IDYLLS OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

A Fragment.

So spake Sir Gerard (U.S.A.) and ceased.
Then answered William, talking through his hat:
"When first the heathen rose against our realm,
That haunt of peace where all day long occurred
The cooing of innumerable doves,
I hailed my knighthood where I sat in hall
At high Potsdam the Palace, and they came;
And all the rafters rang with rousing *Hochs*.
So to my feet they drew and kissed my boots
And laid their maily fists in mine and sware
To reverence their Kaiser as their God
And *vice versâ;* to uphold the Faith
Approved by me as Champion of the Church;
To ride abroad redressing Belgium's wrongs;
To honour treaties like a virgin's troth;
To serve as model in the nations' eyes
Of strength with sweetness wed; to hack their way
Without superfluous violence; to spare
The best cathedrals lest my heart should bleed,
Nor butcher babes and woman, or at least
No more than needful—in a word, behave
Like Prussian officers, the flower of men.
I bade them take ensample from their Lord
Of perfect manners, wearing on their helms
The bouquet of a blameless Junkerhood,
And be a law of culture to themselves,
Though other laws, not made in Germany,
Should perish, being scrapped. For so I deemed
That this our Order of the Table Round
Should mould its Christian pattern on the spheres,
Itself unchanged amid a world new-made,
And men should say, in that fair after-time,
'The old Order sticketh, yielding place to none.'
So he. Whereat that other held his peace,
Seeming, for courtesy, to yield assent.
But, as within the lists at Camelot
Some temporary knight mislays his seat
And falls, and, falling, lets his morion loose,
And lights upon his head, and all the spot
Swells like a pumpkin, and he hides the bulge
Beneath his gauntlet lest it cause remark
And curious comment—so behind his hand
Sir Gerard's cheek, that had his tongue inside,
Swelled like a pumpkin . . . . O. S.

THE STOCKING OF PRIVATE PARKS.

As I came out on to the convalescents' verandah my brother James looked up from his paper.

"Did I ever tell you about a certain Private Parks?" he asked. "He was with me in Flanders in the early days. He came out with a draft and lasted about two months. Rather a curious type. Very superstitious. If a shell narrowly missed him he must have a small piece to put in his pocket. If while standing on a duck-board he happened to be immune while his pals were being knocked out he would carry it about with him all day if possible. On one occasion he was very nearly shot for insubordination, because he would go out into No-man's-land after a flower which he thought would help him.

"Not that his superstition was purely selfish. Once, when he had had two particularly close shaves during the day, he insisted upon sleeping outside the barn where we were billeted. 'I'm absolutely certain to have a third close shave,' he said, 'and if I'm in the billet someone will get it.'

"The Corporal let him lie down in the farmyard, but a little later he crept up the road about fifty yards to make things more certain."

"And I suppose the barn was hit and he escaped?" I put in, feeling that I had heard this story before.

"You don't know Private Parks," said James. "About two o'clock in the morning a shell fell on the road not ten yards from him. Bits of it must have made a pattern all round him, but not one hit him, and when he'd picked himself out of the ditch he went back to the billet, knowing all was then safe.

"Then one day when we were in the front line there came up with the mail a parcel for Private Parks. I was near when he opened it. When he saw the contents he gave a sigh and a curious resigned expression came over his face.

"'What's she sent you?' I asked.

"'It's from my old aunt, Sir,' he said. 'It's a stocking.' 'Only one?' 'Yes,' he said with great solemnity. 'The other one's been pinched?' I asked. 'No, Sir. The parcel's not been opened. It simply means that I shall lose a leg to-day,' he added. He wasn't panicked at all. But, as to reassuring him, I might as well have argued with a tank.

"We'd had a very quiet time, but that evening the Hun put over a pretty stiff bombardment. We stood to, but we all thought it was only a little extra evening hate, except Private Parks. He kept saying, 'They're coming across,' till we told him not to get the wind up. But he hadn't got the wind up. Only he knew they were coming.

"And they did come. Just after it was dark they made a biggish raid and got into our front trench a little to our right. We started bombing inwards, but the slope of the ground was awkward, and they seemed to be having the best of the fun.

"Then Parks jumped up on to the parapet with a pail of bombs and ran along. He fairly got among them, and by the time he was hit in the right leg they were mostly casualties or prisoners. I saw him on the stretcher going back. He was in some pain, but he smiled, and said, 'One stocking will be enough now, Sir.'"

"Very extraordinary," I began, but James stopped me.

"I haven't finished," he said. "When about three months later I went down to Southmouth Convalescent Camp, almost the first man I saw was Private Parks. He was still on crutches, but *he had two legs*. I greeted him, and then I couldn't resist saying, 'What about the stocking?'

"'I'll tell you, Sir,' he said. 'For a week after I was wounded it was a toss up whether they took the leg off or not. Then a parcel arrived for me. It was the other stocking. My aunt had discovered that she had left it out. That evening the surgeon decided that they need not amputate. I knew they wouldn't, of course, as soon as I received the parcel.'"

James had really finished this time, and after a moment's reflection I said, "I wonder if that's true."

"Do you flatter me?" he asked.

"I don't know about that. Not with intent," I said, "though it would really be more to your credit if you'd made it up."

"As a matter of fact," said James, "I did make it up. It was suggested to me by the heading to a letter in this paper—'The Stocking of Private Parks,' though that appears to be upon quite a different subject. Something agricultural, I gather."

"By a comparison of the wet and dry bulb registrations the dew point and the humility of the atmosphere is determined."

Banbury Guardian.

In the first week of August, at any rate, the atmosphere had no reason to swank.



THE INTRUDERS.

American Eagle (*to German Peace Doves*). "GO AWAY; I'M BUSY."



Chatty Waiter (to visitor growing stouter every day). "I'M SURE, SIR, YOUR STAY HERE IS DOING YOU GOOD. WHY, YOU'RE TWICE THE GENTLEMAN YOU WERE WHEN YOU CAME."

A LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Dear ——,—We got here safely, with the usual submarine scares *en route*, but apparently no real danger. Vessels going westward from England are not much the U-boats' concern, nor are the U's, I guess, particularly keen on wasting torpedoes on passenger ships. What they want to sink is the goods.

Anyway, we got here safely. It is all very wonderful and novel, and the interest in the War is unmistakable; but what I want to tell you about is an experience that I have had in the house of one of the leading picture collectors here—and the art treasures of America are gradually but surely becoming terrific. If some measure is not passed to prevent export, England will soon have nothing left, except in the public galleries. Of course, for a while, America can't be so rich as if she had not come into the War, but she will be richer than we can ever be for a good many years, while the steel people who make the implements of destruction at Bethlehem will be richest of all. What my man makes I cannot say, but he is a king of sorts, even if not actually a Bethlehem boss, and the Medici are not in it! I have introductions to all the most famous collectors, but, hearing of his splendours, I went to him first.

Well, I sent on my credentials, and was invited to call and inspect the Plutocrat's walls. You never saw anything like them! And he refers to his collection only as a "modest nucleus." He has agents all over the world to discover when the possessors of certain unique works are nearing the rocks. Then he offers to buy. As his wealth is unlimited, and sooner or later all the nobility and gentry of England, France, Italy and Russia will be in Queer Street, his collection cannot but grow and become more and more amazing. He even had the cheek to send the Trustees of the National Gallery a blank cheque asking them to fill it up as they wished whenever they were ready to part with Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne." Though he calls himself a patriot, directly the War is done he will make overtures to Germany. There is a Vermeer in Berlin on which he has set his heart, and another in Dresden.

I could fill reams in telling you what he has. But I confine myself to one picture only, which he keeps in a room by itself. I am not so foolish as to pretend to *know* anything, but to my eyes this picture was nothing whatever but the Louvre's "Monna Lisa."

That being of course impossible, "What a wonderful copy!" I said.

"You may indeed say so," replied my host.

I looked at it more closely, even applying a pocket magnifying-glass.

"There was not a contemporary duplicate?" I inquired. "Could Leonardo have painted two?"

The Chowder King, or whatever he is called, smiled inscrutably. "No doubt he *could*," he said. "But perhaps," he continued, "you have not seen the Louvre picture since it was put back after the theft?"

"Not to examine it closely," I replied.

He laughed softly and led the way to the door.

Now what I want to know is, is it possible that——?

This terrible thought has been haunting me day and night.

I have asked many Americans to tell me about this collector and his methods, but I can get no exact information. But it seems to be agreed that he would stick at nothing to get a coveted work beneath his roof. If I have many more such shocks as he gave me I shall give up paint altogether and specialise in photography or the three-colour process.

Anyway, it is God's own country, and I will tell you my further adventures as I have them. To-morrow I am to attend a reception at the White House to hear Ella Wheeler Wilcox recite an Ode at the President.

Yours, X. Y. Z.

THE MUD LARKS.

Time NIGHT.

SCENE.—*A shell-pitted plain and a cavalry regiment under canvas thereon. It is not yet "Lights out," and on the right hand the semi-transparent tents and bivouacs glow like giant Chinese lanterns inhabited by shadow figures. From an Officers' mess tent comes the tinkle of a gramophone, rendering classics from "Keep Smiling." In a bivouac an opposition mouth-organ saws at "The Rosary." On the left hand is a dark mass of horses, picketed in parallel lines. They lounge, hips drooping, heads low, in a pleasant after-dinner doze. The Guard lolls against a post, lantern at his feet, droning a fitful accompaniment to the distant mouth-organ. "The hours I spent wiv thee, dear 'eart, are—Stan' still, Ginger—like a string of pearls ter me—ee . . . Grrr, Nellie, stop kickin'!" The range of desolate hills in the background is flickering with gun-flashes and grumbling with drum-fire—the Bosch evensong.*

A bay horse (shifting his weight from one leg to the other). Somebody's catching it in the neck to-night.

A chestnut. Yep. Now if this was 1914, with that racket loose, we'd be standing to.

A gunpack horse. Why?

Chestnut. Wind up, sonny. Why, in 1914 our saddles grew into our backs like the ivy and the oak. In 1914——

A black horse. Oh, dry up about 1914, old soldier; tell us about the Battle of Hastings and how you came to let WILLIAM'S own Mounted Blunderbusses run all over you.

A bay horse. Yes, and how you gave the field ten stone and a beating in the retreat to Corunna. What are your personal recollections of NAPOLEON, Rufus?

Chestnut. You blinkin' conscripts, you!

Black. Shiss! no bad language, Rufus—ladies present.

Chestnut. Ladies, huh. Behave nice and ladylike when they catch sight of the nosebags, don't they?

A skewbald mare. Well, we gotta stand up for our rights.

Chestnut. S'truth you do, tooth and hoof. What were you in civil life, Baby? A Suffragette?

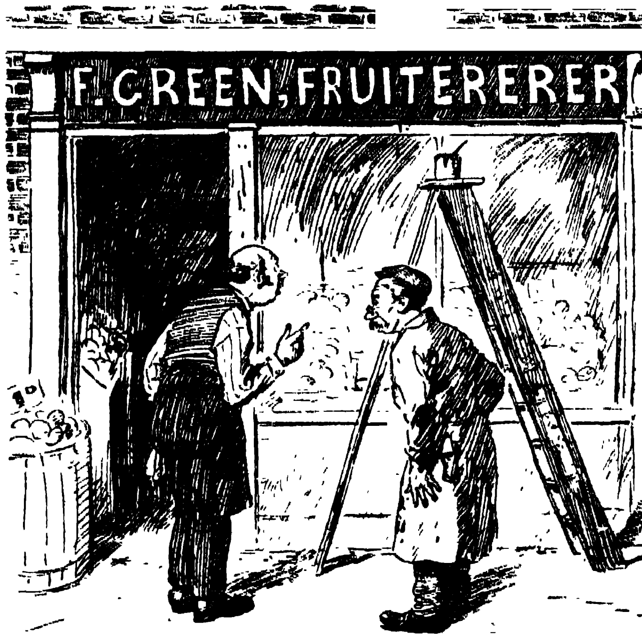
Skewbald. No, I wasn't, so there.

Bay. No, she was a footlights favourite; wore her mane in plaits and a star-spangled bearing-rein and surcingle to improve her fig-u-are; did pretty parlour tricks to the strains of the banjo and psaltery. *N'est-ce pas, chérie?*

Skewbald. Well, what if I did? There's scores of circus-gals is puffect lydies. I don't require none of your familiarity any'ow, Mister.

Bay. Beg pardon. Excuse my bluff soldierly ways; but nevertheless take your nose out of my hay-net, please.

A Canadian dun. Gee! quit weavin' about like that, Tubby. Can't you let a guy get some sleep. I'll hand you a cold rebuff in the ribs in a minute. Wazzer matter with you, anyhow?



Mr. Green. "IT DOESN'T SEEM TO ME TO LOOK QUITE RIGHT."
Artist (engaged solely on account of shortage of labour). "WELL, SIR, THE PANEL WAS A BIT ON THE LONG SIDE, BUT I THOUGHT I'D SPUN THE LETTERING OUT VERY NICE."

Tubby. Had a bad dream.

Black. Don't wonder, the way you over-eat yourself.

Bay. Ever know a Quartermaster's horse that didn't? He's the only one that gets the chance.

Skewbald. And the Officers' chargers.

Voice from over the way. Well, we need it, don't we? We do all the bally head-work.

Bay. Hearken even unto the Honourable Montmorency. Hello, Monty there! Never mind about the bally head-work, but next time you're out troop-leading try to steer a course somewhat approaching the straight. You had the line opening and shutting like a concertina this morning.

An iron-grey. Begob, and that's the holy truth! I thought my ribs was goin' ivery minnut, an' me man was cursin' undher his breath the way you'd hear him a mile away. Ye've no more idea of a straight line, Montyavic, than a crab wid dhrink taken.

Monty. Sorry, but the flies were giving me gyp.

Canadian dun. Flies? Say, but you greenhorns make me smile. Why, out West we got flies that

Iron-grey. Och sure we've heard all about thim. 'Tis as big as bull-dogs they are; ivery time they bite you you lose a limb. Many a time the traveller has observed thim flyin' away wid a foal in their jaws, the rapparees! F'all that I do be remarkin' that whin one of the effete European variety is afther ticklin' you in the short hairs you step very free an' flippant, Johnny acushla.

A brown horse. Say, Monty, old top, any news? You've got a pal at G.H.Q., haven't you?

Monty. Oh, yes, my young brother. He's got a job on HAIG'S personal Staff now, wears a red brow-band and all that—ahem! Of course he tells me a thing or two when we meet, but in the strictest confidence, you understand.

Brown. Quite; but did he say anything about the end of the War?

Monty. Well, not precisely, that is not exactly, excepting that he says that it's pretty certain now that it—er—well, that it will end.

Brown. That's good news. Thanks, Monty.

Monty. Not a bit, old thing. Don't mention it.

Iron-grey. 'Tis a great comfort to us to know that the War will ind, if not in our day, annyway some time.

Canadian dun. You bet. Gee, I wish it was all over an' I was home in the foothills with the brown wool and pink prairie roses underfoot and the Chinook layin' my mane over.

Iron-grey. Faith, but the County Cork would suit me completely; a roomy loose-box wid straw litter an' a leak-proof roof.

Tubby. Yes, with full meals coming regularly.

A bay mare. I've got a two-year-old in Devon I'd like to see again.

Monty. I've no quarrel with Leicestershire myself.

Gunpack horse. Garn! Wot abaht good old London?

Chestnut. Steady, Alf, what are you grousing about? You never had a full meal in your life until Lord DERBY pulled you out of that coster barrow and pushed you into the Army.



Venus. "HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN THE ARMY?" *Mars.* "OH, ABOUT THREE CHEQUE-BOOKS."

Tubby. A full meal in the Army—help!

Brown. Listen to our living skeleton. Do you chaps remember that afternoon he had to himself in an oat-field up Plug Street way? When the grooms found him he was lying on his back, legs in the air, blown up like a poisoned pup. "Blimy," says one lad to t'other, "'ere's one of our observation bladders the 'Un 'as brought down."

Chestnut. I heard the Officer boy telling the Troop Sergeant that he'd buy a hay-stack some day and try to burst you, Tubby. The Sergeant bet him a month's pay it couldn't be done.

Tubby. Just because I've got a healthy appetite——

Brown. Healthy appetites aren't being worn this season, Sir—bad form. How are the politicians' park hacks to be kept sleek if the troop-horse don't tighten his girth a bit? Be patriotic, old dear; eat less oats.

Chestnut. That Mess gramophone must be red-hot by now. It's been running continuous since First Post. I suppose somebody's mamma has sent him a bottle of ginger-pop, and they're seeing life while the bubbles last.

Monty. Yes, and I suppose my young gentleman will be parading to-morrow morning with a *camouflage* tunic over his pyjamas, looking to me to pull him through squadron drill.

Iron-grey. God save us, thin!

A Mexican roan. Buenas noches!

Gunpack horse. Hish! Orderly Officer. 'E's in the Fourth Troop lines nah; you can 'ear 'im cursin' as he trips over the heel shackles.

Monty. Hush, you fellows. Orderly Officer. *Bong swar.*

* * * * *

Once more heads and hips droop. They pose in attitudes of sleep like a dormitory of small boys on the approach of a prefect. The line Guard comes to life, seizes his lantern and commences to march up and down as if salvation depended on his getting in so many laps to the hour. From the guard-tent a trumpet wails, "Lights out."

PATLANDER.

HYMN FOR HIGH PLACES.

IN darkened days of strife and fear,
When far from home and hold,
I do essay my soul to cheer
As did wise men of old;
When folk do go in doleful guise
And are for life afraid,
I to the hills will lift mine eyes
From whence doth come mine aid.

I shall my soul a temple make
Where hills stand up on high;
Thither my sadness shall I take
And comfort there descry;
For every good and noble mount
This message doth extend—
That evil men must render count
And evil days must end.

For, sooth, it is a kingly sight
To see God's mountain tall
That vanquisheth each lesser height
As great hearts vanquish small;
Stand up, stand up, ye holy hills,
As saints and seraphs do,
That ye may bear these present ills
And lead men safely through.

Let high and low repair and go
To where great hills endure;
Let strong and weak be there to seek
Their comfort and their cure;
And for all hills in fair array
Now thanks and blessings give,
And, bearing healthful hearts away,
Home go and stoutly live.

"Classical Master for endurance of war wanted."—*Scotsman.*

Humane letters are very sustaining.

"MARCHING ON!

The council of the Chippewa tribe of North American Indians, by a two to one majority, have accorded the suffrage to their squaws."
The Vote.

As SHAKSPEARE was on the point of saying, "Suffrage is the badge of all our tribe."

THE SPOIL-SPORT.

["The Town Clerk of Colwyn Bay informs us that the fish caught there the other day by two youths was a dogfish and not a shark, as reported, and that its size was much overestimated."—*Manchester Guardian.*]

O gallant youths of Colwyn Bay,
With what unmitigated rapture
Did I peruse but yesterday
The story of your famous capture!

Alone ye did it, or at least
'Twas next to being single-handed;
No other helped to catch the beast,
No strength but yours the monster landed.

But now comes in the cold Town Clerk,
Who has meticulously stated
It was a dogfish—not a shark—
In size much overestimated.

So ye intrepid striplings, who
Made all your school-fellows feel humble,
Are mulcted of your honours due
By an officious Cambrian Bumble.

But, though your generous hearts be sore,
Take comfort: all the true patricians
Of intellect have been at war
With frigid, rigid statisticians.

I too have suffered from the rule
Of sceptics, icily pedantic,
Who blighted, ere I went to school,
My dreams when they were most romantic.

For once, when swinging on a gate,
With hands that doubtless daubed it jammily,
I saw a lion, sure as fate,
And fled indoors to tell the family.

But when I told them, all agog,
My aunt, a lean and acid spinster,
Snapped out "the doctor's yellow dog";
And nothing I could say convinced her.

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour—"
Since Homer, Hannibal or Strongbow,
Men of outstanding mental power
Are charged with drawing of the long bow.

Great travellers—not your Grants or Spekes
Who lived with dwarfs, or tamed gorillas,
Or scaled imaginary peaks
Upon the backs of pink chinchillas,

Or in some languorous lagoon
Bestrode the awe-inspiring turtle,
Or in the Mountains of the Moon
Saw rocs athwart the zenith hurtle—

All, all have had their fame aspersed
By rude Town Clerks or senior wranglers;
But those who have been treated worst
Are the heroic tribe of anglers.

THE NEW GOLF.

"Let's go and play the new golf," said James.

Now as I understand it there are four kinds of golf. First, the ordinary golf, as played by all people who are not quite right in their heads; second, the ideal golf, to be played by me (but not till I get to heaven) on a bowling-green with a croquet-mallet, the holes being sixty-six feet apart and both cutting-in and going-through strictly prohibited; third, the absurd golf, as played by James in pre-war days on his private nine-hole course; and fourth, it seemed, the new golf, such as James would be liable to create during a recovery from shell-shock.

James is one of those people who, possessing what *Country Life* would call one of the lesser country-houses of England, has an indeterminate bit of ground beyond the garden, called, according to choice of costume, "the rock-garden," "the home-farm," "the grouse moor," or "no rubbish may be shot here." James calls his own particular nettle-bed (or slag heap) "the golf-course."

When anyone went to stay with James, he was adjured to "bring-your-golf-clubs-old-man-as-I-can-give-you-a-bit-of-a-game-on-my-own-course-only-a-nine-hole-one-you-understand." And when James went—far more willingly—to stay opposite the Germans, until an interesting visit was short-circuited by shell shock, he showed himself so wonderfully at home in dug-outs and shell-holes and mine-craters, so completely undisturbed by the wearifual lack of any green on the course over which his battalion was playing, that he rose from Second-Lieutenant to Lieutenant with almost unheard-of celerity in the space of two years and nine months. And now the absurd figure-of-eight nine-hole course, the third hole of which was also the seventh, and the first the ninth, had been complicated into a war kitchen garden, and James, bored with ordinary difficulties and discomforts, had evolved the new golf.

"Come on," said he, burning with the zeal of a martyr-burner, "I'll show you the ground."

"Can't I see it by standing up in the hammock?" I protested.

We approached the dark demesne, which was now pretty decently clothed with potatoes, artichokes, rhubarb, raspberry-canes, marrows and even cucumber-frames. In the midst was a large open cask which filled itself by a pipe from a former six-inch water-hazard. Here James began to propound the mysteries.

"The game," he said, "is a mixture of the old golf, tiddleywinks, ludo and the race game."

"Not spillikins?" I protested. "A game I rather fancy myself at."

"For your information, please," continued James in his kindliest military manner, "I may remark that a mashie is the club mostly used—except when it is necessary to keep low between, say, two clumps of potatoes."

"So as not to rouse the wireworms," I nodded. "Yes—go on."

"The conditions of the game are governed by the necessity of paying due respect to the vegetable hazards. There is only one hole on the course."

"If you remember," I said, "I told you long ago that that was all there was room for, but you would persist in making it nine."

"The hole," said James, "is the water-butt. You have to get into that. By the way, your balls are floaters, I hope?"

"Only six of 'em," I said. "However, I dare say you won't mind if I grub up a few potatoes to carry on with afterwards. So we hole out in the water-butt? That's the tiddleywinks part of it, I suppose? Go on."

"There are various penalties," he explained. "If you get among the potatoes, you add ten to your strokes and start again at the tee. If you are bunkered in the raspberries, you lift out——"

"Step back three paces out of sight and pick one over your left shoulder?" I inquired hopefully. "I shall often find myself in the raspberry hazard."

"And if," concluded James sternly, "you are so clumsy as not to avoid the cucumber-frames——"

"Say no more," I begged. "I understand. I shall ask for the time-table, shake hands, thank you for a most delightful visit, and express my regrets that any little *contretemps* should have arisen to hasten my departure."

"—you add fifty to your strokes. Five for the marrows and the rhubarb—in each case returning to the tee."

"And the artichokes," I asked, surveying a thick forest of them guarding the right flank of the water-butt—"what is *their* market value?"

"No penalty," said James grimly, "except staying there till you get out."

"One last piece of information. What is bogey for this hole?"

"About two hundred, I think," said James; "but no doubt you'll lower it."



Major. "WHY HAVE YOU PUT THAT CLOTH OVER HIS HEAD?"
Private Mike O'Flanagan (harassed by restive horse). "SO AS HE WON'T KNOW HE'S BEING GROOMED, SORR."

"I don't know," I replied. "That's about my usual at the old game." And therewith I made my tee, drove and went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf.

* * * * *

After hoeing the vegetables with a mashie for a hot two hours, I fought my way out of the rhubarb on all fours, with a golf-ball between my teeth, and then strode doggedly back to the tee and drove into the virgin artichoke forest. While I toyed there with the sub-soil, the unwearied James went to earth among the marrows. Hastily I heeled my ball into the ground (to be retrieved by James months later and announced as a curious scientific result of growing artichokes on a golf course), uttered a cry of triumph, and strolled out into the open.

"A hundred and seventy-nine. My game, I think," I announced.

James extricated himself and walked with me to the butt.

"Hullo!" I said, "it's sunk. Thought it was a floater. It ought to be for a half-crown ball."

"You mustn't lose it," said James suspiciously. "We'll let off the water and get it out."

"No, no," I protested. "It's not one that I really valued. Oh, very well," I added indifferently, feeling in my pocket for a non-floater.

James stooped to open the tap, and I popped the new ball in unobtrusively.

It floated. And the next instant James stood up and saw it.

After that of course there was nothing left to do but to ask for the time-table, shake hands, thank James for a most delightful visit, and express my regrets that any little *contretemps* . . .

W. B.

"——'s new Pattern Books of
WALLPAPERS
will be sent on loan free of charge.
N.B.— -'s use adhesive paste, which has been expressly prepared to conform with the Food Controller's regulations."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

So it is no use waylaying the paper-hanger on the chance of getting a free meal.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

"*Anti-Reprisal.*"- If you are out walking, and enemy aeroplanes are dropping bombs on your side of the street, it is advisable to cross over to the other side. Never shake your umbrella at the enemy 'planes. A taxi-driver might think you were signalling to him.

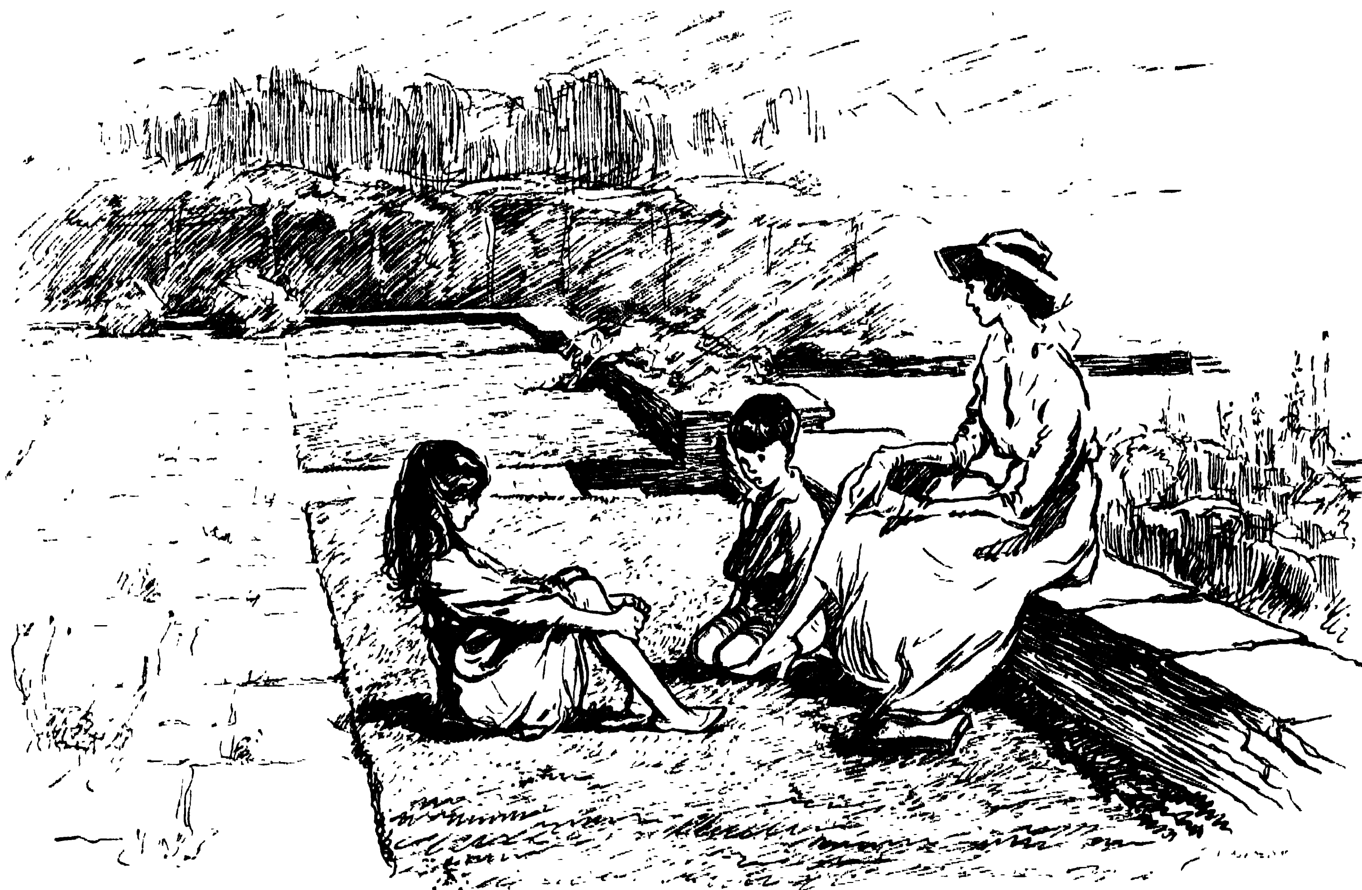
Some of our street urchins are quite bucking up in their education. The other day a small boy called out to a Frenchman, "Pourquoi n'êtes-vous pas en bleu? *Slackeur!*"

"Unique Old-World Cottage (big), about 30 min. door to West End, yet rural seclusion; frequent express trains, last 12 p.m.; nothing like it so close town; suit antique lover."
Observer.

This should make a beautiful retreat for an elderly *Lothario's* declining years.

"The Basement Tea Room is near the Boot Dept., where Afternoon Teas at moderate prices are obtainable."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

Very *à propos — des bottes.*



Governess. "WELL, MOLLIE, WHAT ARE LITTLE GIRLS MADE OF?" *Mollie.* "'SUGAR AND SPICE AND ALL THAT'S NICE.'"
Governess. "AND WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?" *Mollie.* "'SNIPS AND SNAILS AND PUPPY DOGS' TAILS.' I TOLD BOBBIE THAT YESTERDAY, AND HE COULD *HARDLY* BELIEVE IT."

THE BOMBER GIPSY.

COME, let me tell the oft told tale again
  Of that strange Tyneside grenadier we had,
Whom none could quell or decently constrain,
  For he was turbulent and sometimes bad,
Yet, stout of heart, he dearly loved to fight,
And spoke his fellows on a gusty night
In some high barn, where, huddled in the straw,
  They watched the cheap wicks gutter on the shelf,
How he was irked with discipline and law,
  And would fare forth to battle by himself.

This said, he left them and returned no more;
  But whispers passed from Vimy to Verdun,
Where'er the fields ran thickliest with gore,
  Of some stray bomber that belonged to none,
But none more fierce or flung a fairer bomb,
Who ran unscathed the gamut of the Somme
And followed Freyberg up the Beaucourt mile
  With uncouth cries and streaming muddy hair;
But after, when they sought his name and style
  And would have honoured him—he was not there.

But most he loved to lie upon Lorette
  And, couched on cornflowers, gaze across the lines
At Vimy's heights—we had not Vimy yet—
  Pale Souchez's bones and Lens among the mines,
The tall pit-towers and dusky heaps of slag,
Until, like eagles on the mountain-crag
By strangers stirred, with hoarse indignant shrieks
  Gunners emerged from some deep-delvéd lair
To chase the intruder from their sacred peaks
  And cast him down to Ablain St. Nazaire.

And rumour said he roamed the rearward ways
  In quiet seasons when no battle brewed,
The transport, homing through the evening haze,
  Had seen and carried him, and given him food;
And he would leave them at Bethune canteen
Or some hot drinking-house at Noeux-les-Mines,
Where he would sit with wine and eggs and bread
  Till the swart minions of the A.P.M.
Stole in and called for him, but found him fled
  Out at the back. He was too much for them.

Too much. And surely thou shalt e'er be so;
  No hungry discipline shall starve thy soul;
Shalt freely foot it where the poppies blow,
  Shalt fight unfettered when the cannon roll,
And haply, Wanderer, when the hosts go home,
Thou only still in Aveluy shalt roam,
Haunting the crumbled windmill at Gavrelle
  And fling thy bombs across the silent lea,
Drink with shy peasants at St. Catherine's Well
  And in the dusk go home with them to tea.

A. P. H.



THE "KNIGHTLY MANNER."

Belgium. "AS LONG AS THERE IS MOTION IN MY BODY,
AND LIFE TO GIVE ME WORDS, I'LL CRY FOR JUSTICE!"

Kaiser. "JUSTICE SHALL NEVER HEAR YOU. I AM JUSTICE!"

Beaumont and Fletcher, Valentinian, III. 1.

["There is no longer any international law."—*The Kaiser to Mr. Gerard.*]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 13th.—In a certain political club there used, before the War, to be a popular pick-me-up compounded of a little whisky, a little Angostura and a good deal of soda-water, and known after its inventor as "a Henderson." In one respect the speech explaining his resignation which the right hon. Member for Barnard Castle delivered this afternoon resembled this eponymous beverage, for it was decidedly effervescent. But the other ingredients were wrongly apportioned—too much of the bitters and not enough of the mellowing spirit.

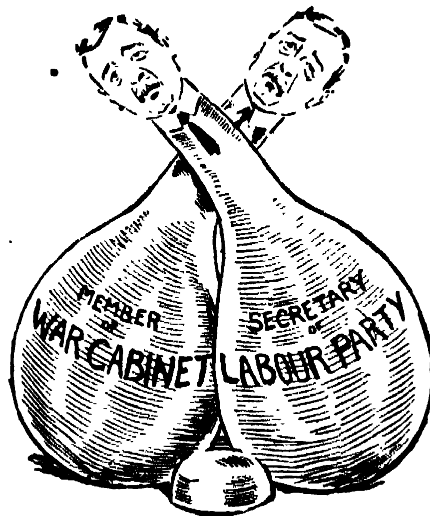
His initial mistake was not realising in time that, as Mr. ASQUITH put it, a man cannot permanently divide himself into watertight compartments. As member of the War Cabinet and Secretary of the Labour Party, he seems to have resembled one of those twin salad-bottles from which oil and vinegar can be dispensed alternately but not together. The attempt to combine the two functions could only end, as it began, in a double fiasco.

It is fortunate for the Ministry of Munitions that it possesses a spokesman so bland and imperturbable as Sir WORTHINGTON EVANS. In successive answers he informed the House that near Birmingham the Ministry was evicting 130 allotment holders on the eve of their harvest, in order to build a new factory; and that simultaneously it was abandoning in the West of England the site of another gigantic factory, on which a cool million had already been spent. Coming from almost any other Minister this amazing example of how not to do it would have raised a storm of supplemental inquiries, if not a motion for the adjournment. But the House accepted Sir WORTHINGTON'S calm and matter-of-fact narration as quietly as if it were the last word in efficiency and co-ordination.

I was a little premature last week in assuming that Mr. MACCALLUM SCOTT had been silenced by his appointment as Mr. CHURCHILL'S private secretary. A long question to the Board of Trade, on the subject of horse-hides, followed by a series of supplementaries delivered with his customary emphasis, showed that he is not yet resigned to his muzzle. He is not, however, entirely oblivious of the customary etiquette in this matter, for he recited his catechism from the third bench behind Ministers, and only when it was over descended to the second bench, where private secretaries most do congregate.

Tuesday, August 14th.—Mr. KING has a legitimate grievance against the Government spokesmen. Two Nationalist Members having been allowed to go to the United States to collect funds for their party, he asked yesterday whether he too would be permitted to proceed abroad on a similar mission. Mr. BONAR LAW, with his habitual courtesy, replied that he, personally, would not offer any objection. But this afternoon, on putting an almost identical question to Lord ROBERT CECIL, Mr. KING was informed, with a touch of *brusquerie*, that "there are some people to whom we should not think of granting a passport." He cannot reconcile these replies, which seem to him to afford convincing proof that the Government does not know its own mind.

The Ministry of Munitions, in order to cater for the spiritual needs of the



THE DOUBLE FIASCO.
MR. HENDERSON.

new population at Gretna, has simultaneously provided sites for the Church of Scotland, the Church of England, the Roman Catholics and the Congregationalists. The local blacksmith is said to be aggrieved by all this ecclesiastical rivalry.

The HOME SECRETARY has determined to put a stop to the practice of whistling for taxicabs in London. It is suggested that he would confer a still greater boon on his fellow-townsmen if he would provide a few more taxis for them not to whistle for.

Mr. PETO complained once more of the refusal of the War Office to employ "manipulative surgeons" in the Army, and called in aid the testimony of Mr. HODGE, the Minister of Labour, as a proof of Mr. BARKER'S miraculous powers. Sir WATSON CHEYNE, the newest Member of the House, pointed out that unfortunately all bone-setters were not BARKERS; and, fortified by this expert opinion, Mr. MACPHERSON declined to say more than that private soldiers might go to these unconventional practitioners at their own risk.

Wednesday, August 15th.—Taking the view that a Corn Production Bill was intended to produce corn, Lord CHAPLIN made an effort to secure that the bounties should be paid in accordance with the crops harvested and not upon the acreage sown. But the Government, unwilling to risk a quarrel with the other House at this late period of the Sesson, declined to accept the amendment. The bounties therefore will fall, like the rain, upon good and bad land alike, though in the interests of the general taxpayer I trust not quite so heavily.

To take down the Ladies' Grille, Sir ALFRED MOND informed the House, would only cost a matter of five pounds. All the same I think there was some disappointment in certain quarters, including the gilded cage itself, that this momentous question should be disposed of without debate. Several sparkling orations, teeming with wit and persiflage, were nipped in the bud. A score of ungallant fellows, including several whom I should have diagnosed as ladies' men, opposed the removal, but they were outnumbered eight to one.

Mr. WALTER LONG introduced a Bill to enable the Government to prospect for oil in the United Kingdom. If this should necessitate the appointment of a Controller of Bores he will find abundance of work.

Contrary to expectation Mr. CHURCHILL succeeded in piloting the Munitions of War Bill through its remaining stages in double-quick time. Its progress was facilitated by his willingness to abolish the leaving-certificate, which a workman hitherto had to procure before changing one job for another. Having had unequalled experience in this respect he is convinced that the leaving-certificate is a useless formality.

Thursday, August 16.—Owing to the House meeting at noon the usual time-limit for Questions did not apply. Messrs. PRINGLE and HOGGE were especially active. With a meaning glance in their direction the HOME SECRETARY, replying to a complaint of Mr. GULLAND that the representation of the Northern Kingdom would not be increased by the Representation of the People Bill, observed that he saw no sufficient reason for extending the number of Scottish Members.

Food-stocks going up, thanks to the energy of the farmers and the economy of consumers; German submarines going down, thanks to the Navy; Russia recovering herself; Britain and France advancing hand-in-hand on the Western Front, and our enemies fumb-



The upper picture indicates what goes on behind the Ladies' Grille in the imagination of the House. The lower picture indicates the grim reality.

ling for peace—that was the gist of the message with which the Prime Minister sped the parting Commons. But, fearing perhaps that he might have made them unduly optimistic, he concluded with a warning that not until next year could we expect to reap the fruits of our labours.

An attempt by Messrs. Macdonald and Snowden to keep the Stockholm fires burning quickly fizzled out. Mr. Ellis Griffiths mocked at the claim of those elegant *doctrinaires* to speak for British Labour, and Mr. Bonar Law told them frankly that the Government had no intention of letting them go to Stockholm to chat with our enemies.

"Neu propius tectis taxum sine."
Vergil: Georg. IV. 47.

Do not signal for a taxi near houses.

War Economy.

"The Federated Chamber of Court Dressmakers of Paris has informed the Government that for the winter season 1917-18 the length employed for woollen costumes will not exceed 4 yds."—*Yorkshire Evening News.*

From the report of a motoring accident:—

"The car pulled up in about a year and a half."—*Kentish Mercury.*

Quicker than the War, anyhow.

From an article headed "Exclusive War Information":—

"Vertical parallel Lines that do not look so—an optical Illusion almost as curious as that which makes Soldiers invisible when dressed in Combinations of bright Colours."
Popular Science Siftings.

We do not think our contemporary ought to give away military secrets like this.

POLITICAL PICK-ME-UPS.

Recent revelations as to the way in which our leading Statesmen keep themselves fit have been almost entirely concerned with their physical recreations. Further investigations make it clear that they owe their fitness quite as much to diet, to alternating one form of brain-work with another or to the consolations of music.

Thus Mr. Balfour, who has little time for golf nowadays, finds his most refreshing recreation in reading the speeches of Lord Northcliffe, co-ordinating them with those of Burke and Pericles, and setting them to music in the style of Handel, his favourite composer.

Lord Rhondda finds his chief solace in gratifying his literary tastes. In philosophy he is at present a convinced Rationalist. He is devoted to the study of Bacon, but not averse from the lighter sort of fiction, having a special preference for cheerful stories published in a cereal form.

The Prime Minister, it may not be generally known, recruits his energies by frequent perusal of the plays of Shakspeare. At present he is conducting a correspondence with Sir Sidney Lee and Professor Gollancz on the esoteric significance of *Labour's Love's Lost.*

Mr. Winston Churchill is a voracious novel-reader of catholic tastes. Just now he is revelling in *Called Back* and *The House on the Marsh*, which are being read aloud to him by his private secretary.

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., the Democratic Controller, is a confirmed fruitarian, and attributes his robust health to a diet of Morella cherries and Carlsbad plums, washed down with Stockholm tar-water.

Mr. John Burns, who happily describes himself as "a dormant volcano," has of late found an agreeable stimulant in the performance of solos on the muted first violin.

Lastly, Mr. Leo Maxse keeps himself keyed up to concert pitch by coining new nicknames for Lord Haldane. The list already extends to four figures.

"Khartum has the reputation of being a very hot place this time of year. But last June must have been fairly damp if the meteorological statistics published by the 'Sudan Times' are correct. The rainfall during this month amounted to no less than 33.6 kilometres. No wonder a man I know there wrote to say the other day that sometimes the rain is too heavy for him to go on sleeping on the roof, and this in spite of a waterproof sheet. A life-belt would probably be more useful."—*Egyptian Mail.*

Only Noah's Ark would really meet the case.



First Tommy. "WHAT ARE YER GOING TO DO WITH IT?"
Second Tommy (with tiny prisoner). "FIX IT ON THE BONNET OF THE GENERAL'S MOTOR-CAR."

MATILDA

(From our Adjutant's Diary).

THE depôt has decided that Matilda is a notable puppy. I could not tell you her particular make, but our motor cyclist artificer described her as a "1917 model; well upholstered but weak in the chassis and unreliable in the differential on hairpin bends; in fact, built for comfort and not speed."

Matilda became a celebrity all in one day. The C.O. wrote the following chit to her master:—

"O.C. 'A' Company.—If your dog *must* stroll into my orderly-room, will you please see that she is kept reasonably clean? Please take necessary action, initial and return."

Matilda was bathed and sent back for inspection to the C.O., with a chit from O.C. "A" Company, pointing out that, as he couldn't initial her, he had put his office stamp on her tummy and hoped it wouldn't rub off.

The C.O. pronounced Matilda to be moderately clean. As she was conducting the trumpeter back to "A" Company she fell into a vat of by-products near the mess hut. She couldn't be washed again, as the Quartermaster had already written three scathing chits about the previous use of depôt disinfectant. Matilda spent the night licking herself clean in the detention cell.

The staff of "A" Company loved Matilda in spite of the fact that her conduct was prejudicial to good order and military discipline, and that she constantly used abusive language to her superiors. Even the Company Sergeant-Major loved her. He might have loved her still, but . . . and that 's the story.

Brown was the depôt nuisance. He had a conduct sheet filled up in red and black, and his entries would have been even more numerous if he had not possessed a great gift of cunning. He had had several passages of arms with the C.S.M. of "A" Company and had emerged unscathed more than once.

On the occasion of this story Brown was being tried for using abusive language to a superior officer, to wit, the said C.S.M. The abusive language consisted of one very striking epithet. The charge was read over to Brown, and the C.S.M. was called upon to give evidence. He stepped smartly forward. Matilda loitered between his legs . . . and then, I regret to say, the C.S.M. applied the same epithet to Matilda that Brown had applied to him.

The case was reluctantly dismissed, and Matilda is out of favour with the C.S.M.

"It was my first experience of a sandstorm, and I can tell you that the sensation was a most terrible one. With the aid of my assistants I got off the camel, which immediately stretched itself in the sand, and moistening my handkerchief pushed it across my face."
Sydney Herald (N.S.W.).

Wise and dexterous creature! We presume it drew the moisture from its internal reservoir.

"The second cook, who is an American citizen, managed when the Germans ordered the lifeboats to be given up to hide one under his raincoat."—*Western Mail.*

One of the collapsible sort, no doubt.

"Some very daring entrances were forced into these fortresses. One single soldier not directly concerned with the attack found 20 bottles of champagne in one, drank a glass or two, and went forward to seek for others. Squeezing into one he discovered a German officer in bed."—*Daily Mail.*

It must have been a bantam who thought of this ingenious ruse.

THE NORTH ATLANTIC TRADE.

As I was walking beside the docks I met a pal o' mine
I sailed with once on the Colonies run in Thomson's Blue Star Line;
Said I, "What cheer—what brings you here?" "Why, 'aven't you 'eard?" he said;
"I'm under the Windsor 'ouse-flag now in the North Atlantic trade.
We sweep a bit an' we fight a bit—an' that's what we like the best—
But a towin' job or a salvage job, they all go in with the rest;
When we aren't too busy upsettin' old Fritz an' 'is frightfulness blockade,
A bit of all sorts don't come amiss in the North Atlantic trade."

"And how does old Atlantic look?" "Oh, round an' about the same;
'E 'asn't seemed to alter a lot since I've been in the game:
'E's about as big as 'e always was, an' 'e's pretty well just as wet
(Or, if there's some parts anyway dry, well, I 'aven't struck none yet!),
There's the same old bust-up, same old mess, when a green sea breaks inboard,
An' the equinoctials roarin' by the same as they 've always roared,
An' the West Wind playin' the same old larks 'e's been at since the world was made—
They've a peach of a time, 'ave sailormen, in the North Atlantic trade."

"And who's your skipper, and what is he like?" "Oh, well, if you want to know,
I'm sailin' under a hard-case mate as I sailed with years ago;
'E's big an' bucko an' full o' beans, the same as 'e used to be
When I knowed 'im last in the windbag days when first I followed the sea.
'E was worth two men at the lee fore brace, an' three at the bunt of a sail,
'E'd a voice you could 'ear to the royal-yards in the teeth of a Cape 'Orn gale;
But now 'e's a full-blown lootenant an' wears the twisted braid,
Commandin' one of 'is Majesty's ships in the North Atlantic trade."

"And what is the ship you're sailin' in?" "Oh, she's a bit of a terror—
She ain't no bloomin' levvyathan, an' that's no fatal error!
She scoops the seas like a gravy-spoon when the gales are up an' blowin',
But Fritz 'e loves 'er above a bit when 'er fightin' fangs are showin'.
The liners go their stately way an' the cruisers take their ease.
But where would they be if it wasn't for us, with the water up to our knees?
We're wadin' when their soles are wet, we're swimmin' when they wade,
For I tell you small craft gets it a treat in the North Atlantic trade!"

"And what is the port you're plying to?" "When the last long trick is done
There'll some come back to the old 'ome port—'ere's 'opin' I'll be one;
But some 'ave made a new landfall, an' sighted another shore,
An' it ain't no use to watch for them, for they won't come 'ome no more.
There ain't no 'arbour dues to pay when once they 're over the bar,
Moored bow an' stern in a quiet berth where the lost three-deckers are,
An' there's Nelson 'oldin' 'is one 'and out an' welcomin' them that's made
The roads o' Glory an' the port of Death in the North Atlantic trade!"

C. F. S.

SELF-DENIAL.

"And what," I said, "did you do during the Great War, Francesca?"

"In the first place I fine you a sum not exceeding one hundred pounds for asking me such a question. In the second place I retort upon you by telling you that one of the things you're going to do during the Great War is to give up marmalade."

"What! Give up the thing which lends to breakfast its one and only distinction? Never."

"That," she said, "sounds very brave; but what are you going to do if there isn't any marmalade to be obtained for love or money?"

"Mine," I said, "has always been the sort you got for money. I have not hitherto met the amatory variety; but if it's really marmalade I'm prepared to have a go at it."

"And that," she said, "is very kind of you, but it's quite useless. For the moment there's no marmadale of any kind to be had."

"None of the dark-brown variety?"

"No."

"Or the sort that looks like golden jelly?"

"Not a scrap."

"Or the old-fashioned but admirable kind? The excellent substitute for butter at breakfast?"

"That must go like the rest. It has been a substitute for the last time."

"Impossible," I said. "Everything is now a substitute for something else. Marmalade started being a substitute long ago, and it isn't fair to stop it and let the other things go on."

"Well," she said, "what are you going to do about it? If you can't get Seville oranges how are you going to get Seville orange marmalade?"

"Oh, that's it, is it?"

"Yes, that's it, more or less. And now let's have your remedy."

"You needn't think," I said, "that I'm going to take it lying down. I shall go up to London and defy Lord Rhondda to his face. I shall write pro-marmalade letters to various newspapers. I shall form a Marmalade League, with branches in all the constituencies so as to bring political pressure to bear. I shall head a deputation to the Prime Minister. I shall get Mr. King or Mr. Hogge or Mr. Pringle, or all three of them, to ask questions in the House of Commons. In short I shall exhaust all the usual devices for giving the Government a thoroughly uncomfortable time."

"In short you will do your patriotic best to help your country through its difficulties and to put the interest of the nation above your own convenience."

"Francesca," I said, "you must not be too serious. I was but attempting a jest."

"This is no time for jests. I can't bear even to think of your joining the Brigade of Grousers who are always gird-

ing at the Government. I won't stand your being a girder. So make up your mind to that."

"Very well," I said, "I will endeavour not to be a girder; but you simply *must* get me a pot or two of marmalade."

"And allow the Kaiser to win the War? Not if I know it. Besides, I don't like marmalade."

"There you are," I said. "You don't like marmalade—few women do—and so you're going to make a virtue for yourself by forcing *me* to give it up. My dear, you've given the whole show away."

"Don't juggle with words," she said, speaking with a dreadful calm. "I may be able to get a pot or two—say at the outside a dozen pots. Well, if I manage it I will inform you——"

"Yes," I said eagerly.

"If I manage it," she repeated, "you shall know of it, and you shall make your self-denial complete and efficacious."

"I don't like the way in which this sentence is turning out."

"You shall have a pot in front of you at breakfast, and you shan't touch a shred of it."

"Francesca," I said, "you're a tyrant. But no, you wouldn't be mean enough to do it—before the children too."

"Perhaps, as a concession, I would allow you a little marmalade in a pudding at luncheon."

"But I don't like marmalade in a pudding at luncheon. I like it on toast at breakfast."

"But you're not going to have it on toast at breakfast."

"Well," I said, "I shall conduct reprisals. For every time you don't allow me to have any I shall destroy something you like—a blouse or a hat. If I'm to give up the essence of Dundee or Paisley you shall at least give up hats."

"But the marmalade will remain."

"Yes, and the hats will all perish. That's where I come in."

"Don't buoy yourself up with that notion," she said. "You'll have to pay for the new ones—or owe."

R. C. L.

Commercial Candour.

From a tailor's advertisement:—

"Have you any Blue Serges?
Yes! We have —— (regd.) in Stock.
The Suit to Order . . 63/-
Will last about another month"

Southern Daily Echo.

Quotation from an article in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in praise of sandals:—

"When people saunter through the town without hats—who still wears a hat?—why should they not go without stockings?"

Times.

Well, the explanation may be that while the German head is hot the German feet are cold.



"Oh, Constable, I can't get a taxi. They all say it's their dinner-hour. Is it any good my waiting?"

"I can't say, Miss. If you was on the spot you *might* be able to catch one afore their tea-hour begins."

MR. PUNCH'S "SPORPOT."

Two Summers ago Mr. Punch gave an account of the Sporpot (or Spaerpot, meaning a savings-box), a familiar institution which our little guests from Belgium brought over with them to England. The idea was taken up by certain schools in South Africa, and a competition was started to see which of them could fill the biggest Sporpot to make a fund for helping to restore the homes of Belgian exiles. This year the Eunice High School for Girls at Bloemfontein comes out first, and the second honours fall to the St. Andrew's Preparatory School for Boys at Grahamstown. The total sum of thirty-two pounds collected by the competing schools has been forwarded to and received by the author of the *Punch* article and will be used by him for the purpose desired.

Mr. Punch begs to offer his congratulations to the winners and his best thanks to all who have contributed so generously from their personal savings to the needs of the children of our Ally.

A Tough Proposition.

"Ducks (15) For Sale, 7 years old; 4s. each."—*Staffordshire Sentinel.*

WHISPER, AND I SHALL HEAR.

There's nothing like a newspaper for spreading disease. You wake up in the morning, feeling fit to do a day's digging on your allotment; you come down to your breakfast Rhonddalay and eat more than your allowance. Then you open the newspaper, glance at the latest accession to the ranks of the Allied Powers, and suddenly, "Plop!" you find there is a new disease raging, and before you know where you are you discover that you have got it badly.

That is how I discovered that I was the possessor of a heart murmur. By putting my hand on the spot under which I had been taught, and still believed, my heart to be, I felt rather than heard a distinct burbling.

I went to the telephone and fixed up an appointment with a specialist.

"It's only a murmur now," I said when I reached the consulting-room, "only a mere whisper, but ——"

The doctor tapped me vigorously. Being very absent-minded I said, "Come in," the first time.

"You were rejected for this, I suppose?" he said.

"No, cow-hocked or spavined, I forget which," I said. "This hadn't started then."

The rite was quite a lengthy one, and at the conclusion the heartsmith said, "M yes, there is a slight murmuring, certainly."

He wrote me out a prescription, and I felt the murmur myself distinctly when parting with three of the greater Bradburys and three shillings.

On the way home I ran into Beatrice.

"Well, old thing," she said, "what's the matter? I saw you coming out of Dr. Cox's"

"Yes," I said. "I've got a heart murmur. I don't know what the poor thing's been trying to say, but it's been murmuring like anything all the morning."

"Perhaps you're in love," she suggested.

"By Jove, I never thought of that. I wonder," I said, "if it's anything to do with you. If this were not such a public place y ,, l like to put your head against my top left hand waistcoat pocket and listen. Perhaps it's saying something about you."

"Have you taken to writing poetry about me?" she said. "That's always a sign."

"Now I come to think of it," I said, "I did feel a bit broody the other day, and hatched a line or two, but I can't say for certain that I had you in my mind. The lines ran like this:—

"Oh, glorious female, like a goddess decked,
No wonder that we crawl on bended knee—"

"Rotten," said Beatrice. "You couldn't have been thinking of me. I'm not a female."

"You have the right plumage for the hen-bird," I said. However, what did me was 'decked.' I could only think of three rhymes, 'wrecked,' 'flecked' and 'stiff-necked.' You're not any of those by any chance?"



"Heard the latest rumour up from the back, George? War's going to be over next week."

"Ho. Well, I hope it don't upset my going on leave next Tuesday."

"There's 'circumspect,' suggested Beatrice.

"Ah! Come and have lunch," I said, "and we'll talk it over. Some place where I can hold your hand and really find out if you are the cause of it all."

"Do you think I ought to?" she said.

"Good heavens! Of course you ought," I said. "It's most important. My heart's only murmuring now, but it may start shouting soon, and a silly ass I shall look walking about in the street with a heart yelling 'Beatrice' at the top of its voice."

As regards meat and drink I consider that Beatrice overdid it for a war-time lunch. She didn't give me any time to hold her hand, she was so busy.

"It's curious," I said, as I watched the amount of food that was going her way, "but my heart seems to have stopped murmuring altogether."

"Has it?" she said. "Oddly enough, mine's begun."

"Your luncheon has overstrained you," I said.

I had a letter from Beatrice the next morning.

Dear Jimmy (she wrote),—You were wrong. Mine was a real murmur. It's been coming on for some time, but not on your account. It's murmuring for Basil Fludger. He's on leave, and we fixed things up last Tuesday. I didn't tell you when I met you, because I was afraid you wouldn't want to take me to lunch, and I *did* enjoy it.

Yours ever, Beatrice.

If my heart gets really noisy I do hope it won't shout for Beatrice. It would be so useless.

"Let us go hence, my heart; she will not hear" (*Swinburne*).

CIGARISTICS.

["According to an enterprising American scientist a man's character can be told from the way he smokes a cigar."—*Weekly Paper.*]

For instance, a man who snatches a cigar from somebody else's mouth and smokes it himself may be assumed to be of a grasping disposition.

The man who while smoking a cigar burns his finger is a man of few words and quick of action. Plumbers never burn their fingers like that.

The man who smokes his cigar right through without removing it from his mouth is a deep thinker. Lord Northcliffe always smokes one cigar right through before deciding what England really wants, and two when he has to decide which Cabinet Minister must go.

The man who accepts a cigar from a friend, lights it, sniffs and drops it behind his chair has no character worth mentioning.

Mem. for Agriculturists.

Protect the birds and the insects will be in their crops. Destroy the birds and the crops will be in the insects.

"S. P. (Lincoln).—Humming-birds don't hum with their mouths. The humming is the vibration of their wings while flying—for the same reason that a blue-bottle or an aeroplane hums."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

So it is not the pilot rubbing his feet together, as we had been taught to believe.



Uncle. "BY JOVE, THERE'S A NICE QUIET-LOOKING GIRL JUST COME IN. WONDER WHO SHE IS."
Niece. "HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST. MUST BE PRE-WAR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The Safety Candle (CASSELL) might have been called, but for the fact that the title has been used already, A Comedy of Age. For this is what it is—only perhaps less a comedy than a tragedy. *Agnes Tempest* was called the Safety Candle, for the ingenious reason that, though attractive, she burnt nobody's wings. Returning as a middle-aging widow, after an unhappy wifehood in Africa, she meets on the boat two persons, *Captain Brangwyn*, a young man, and a girl-mother calling herself *Antonina Pisa*. Hence the tears. *Brangwyn* she marries, doubtfully, half-defiantly, despite the difference in years between them; *Antonina* is taken as a companion and very soon developes into a sick-nurse. For in the space between the ship-board engagement and the wedding a railway accident changes poor *Agnes* from a still beautiful and active woman to a nerve-ridden invalid. But in spite of this she and *Brangwyn* marry; and (with the much too attractive *Antonina* always in evidence) you can guess the result. One odd point; you will hardly get any distance into Miss E. S. STEVENS' exceedingly well-written story without being struck by its resemblance to one of Mr. HICHENS' romances. The relative positions of the members of the triangle, middle-aged wife, young husband, and girl are exactly those of *The Call of the Blood*; while the Sicilian setting is identical. But this of course is by no means to accuse Miss STEVENS of plagiarism; her development of the situation, and especially the tragedy that resolves it, is both original and convincing. The end indeed took me wholly unawares, since as a hardened novel-reader I had naturally been expecting—but read it, and see if you also are not startled by a refreshing departure from the conventional.

If there still linger in the remoter parts of Cromarty or the Balls Pond Road certain unsophisticated persons who believe that the stage is one long glad symposium of wine, woman and song they will be interested to know that Mr. KEBLE HOWARD has written his latest novel, *The Gay Life* (JOHN LANE), with the express object—or so he says—of disillusioning them. He has no use for the cynic who declared that there are three sexes, men, women and actors. His Thespians are gay because they are happy, and happy because (though poor) they are virtuous. The crowning ambition of their lives of honest toil is not unlimited silk-stockings and champagne suppers, but the combined and unqualified approval of Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER and Miss HORNIMAN. I fear the Philistines will not be much impressed with Mr. KEBLE HOWARD's championship. In the first place he selects for his heroine a girl of what used to be known as the "lower orders." Yet it is more than doubtful if the lower orders have ever done anything for Mr. KEBLE HOWARD except open his cab-doors and bring his washing home on Saturday night. Otherwise he would not make his East End of London heroine talk an argot of which fifty per cent. is pure East Side Noo York. True, "the curtain" finds her in New York in the arms of a faithful and acrobatic American, so perhaps it doesn't matter much. Meanwhile she has become the idol of the Manchester School, enjoyed an unsuccessful season in partnership with the late Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, and signed a contract with

the Schuberts to tour the States, and all without any apparent diminution of the guileless flow of "Whitechapel" with which she won the hearts of her first employers. It is courageous of Mr. Howard to place on record his apparent belief that a total absence of the three "R's" and any number of "h's" cannot debar a strong minded daughter of the slums from the higher rungs of the histrionic ladder.

When a warm-hearted and law-abiding gentleman, who has kept open-house for many guests, suddenly discovers that these guests have plotted against him, have read his private correspondence, have caused explosions in his garden, have attacked his neighbours from the vantage-ground of his house, and altogether have behaved as if he didn't exist, he is not unlikely to be both shocked and angry, and to denounce to the world the crew of traitors and assassins who have imposed on his kindness and hospitality. This is what happened to Uncle Sam at the hands of the German conspirators for whom he had unconsciously provided a base of operations. A full account of the doings of this poisonous gang is given in *The German Spy in America* (Hutchinson), by John Price Jones, a member of the staff of the New York *Sun*. It is not easy for anyone, least of all for a good American, to refrain from indignation at the baseness of the rogues who thus battened for many months on the United States and their people. The book is soberly and clearly written, and is commended by Mr. Roosevelt in a Foreword, to which are added another Foreword by the Author, and an Introduction by Mr. Roger B. Wood, formerly U.S. Assistant-Attorney in New York.



Barber. "My tonic 'air-restorer is to the bald 'ead what the beneficent spray is to the blighted toober."

With whatever sharpness of criticism I had approached *Ma'am* (Hutchinson), the edge of it would have been turned by the statement upon the fly-leaf that the author, M. Beresford Ryley, died while the novel was still in manuscript, and that it has been revised for the press by her friend, Mr. E. V. Lucas. As things are, having before me only the pleasant task of praise, I am the more sorry that I cannot increase that pleasure by telling the writer how much I have enjoyed a wholly admirable story. She had above everything the rare art of writing about homely and familiar matters unboringly. *Ma'am* (a not too happy title) begins in a dull parish, where its heroine is the newly-wedded wife of the curate. You will have read no more than the opening pages (descriptive of the terrible Sunday evening supper which the pair took at the Vicarage—a supper of cold meat and a ground-rice mould, whereat four jaded and parish-worn persons lacerated one another's nerves) before you will have realised gratefully that the story and its characters are going to be alive with a very refreshing and unpuppetlike vitality. Eventually, of course, more happens than Vicarage suppers. An old lover of *Griselda* (Mrs. Curate) turns up, and many most unparochial events follow upon his arrival. The scene shifts to Naples, and we meet a villaful of men and women, all of them admirably original and human. Not for a great while have I read a story so unforced and appealing. It is indeed a sad thought that this graceful pen will give us nothing more of its quality.

When you hear the title or see the cover of *The Heel of the Hun* (Hodder and Stoughton) your blood may begin to curdle and your flesh to creep. Be assured. When I think of some of the war-books vouchsafed to us Mr. J. P. Whitaker's is almost tame, and I venture to say that it might be read out loud at a party of sock knitters without a stitch being dropped. Mr. Whitaker was in Roubaix and, presumably because he was believed to be an American, was allowed considerable freedom. So, before he escaped into Holland, he saw some things which were not for British eyes, and he tells us about them with a staidness altogether unusual in this kind of book. Although he forgets to mention the fact, his articles have already appeared in *The Times*, and I can see no particular reason why they should have been gathered together in this brief volume. Anyhow, I must believe that the Hun's heel fell less heavily on Mr. Whitaker than upon most people who have had the misfortune to be introduced to it.

An author who can choose so fascinating a title as *The Way of the Air* (Heinemann) certainly has much in his favour, and this not only because of the more or less temporary connection between aeronautics and victory, but because just lately we have all been talking large and free about peace-time developments of the craft in the near future. Personally I have already arranged to take my wife's mother for a short week-end in the Holy Land in the Spring of 1920; and a forty-eight hours' mail service to Bombay is an event of to-morrow. Thus, if Mr. Edgar C. Middleton's book fails to secure general appreciation, he must place the blame elsewhere than with his subject, and it is a fact that by some repetitions and contradictions, as well as by a tendency to let one down at what should be the critical point of his yarns, he has done something to alienate a public—such as myself—entirely predisposed in his favour. It remains to say, all the same, that this little volume is in the main a sincere and obviously well-informed account of the doings of the men of our air services, full of incident and achievement utterly beyond belief an unbelievably short time ago. In the pages he devotes to prophecy—an irresistible temptation—he is on controversial ground, and his apparent preference for the "gas-bag" as the principal craft of the future will certainly not find general acceptance. Much more to my liking is his suggestion that duck chasing and shooting from an aeroplane—it has already been done at least once—may become a recognised sport.

CHARIVARIA.

GERMANY is a bankrupt concern, says *The Daily Mail*. A denial is expected every hour from Herr MICHAELIS, who is Germany's Official Deceiver.

* *
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Much sympathy is felt in Germany for Admiral VON TIRPITZ, whose proposed cure in Switzerland is off. His medical adviser has advised him to take a long sea voyage, but failed to couple with the advice a few particulars on how to carry it out.

Patrons of the royal theatres in Germany who pay in gold can now obtain two seats for the price of one. This is not the inducement it might seem to be. The German who used to buy one ticket and occupy two seats is almost extinct.

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A chicken with four legs and four wings is reported from Soberton. Did it come from any other place we should receive the story with suspicion.

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"New Labour troubles are brewing," declares *The Evening News*. The chief Labour trouble, however, seems to be not brewing.

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One sportsman, says a news item, has landed seventy-seven pounds of bream at Wrexham. It may have been sport, but it has all the earmarks of honest toil.

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A man charged with smoking in a munitions factory told the court he was trying to cure the toothache. A fine was imposed, the Bench pointing out that the man was lucky not to have lost the tooth altogether.

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As a means of preserving the memory of hero M.P.s, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL suggests a name-plate on the back of the seats they had in the House. We understand that Mr. GINNELL resolutely refuses to have such a plate on the back of his old seat.

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Honour where honour is due. A man named KITE told the Willesden magistrate that he had joined the Royal Flying Corps, and the magistrate refrained from being funny.

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Light cars are now becoming very popular, says *The Autocar*. We understand that they have always been preferred by pedestrians, who realise that they make only a slight indentation in the person as compared with the really heavy car.

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"Whatever else may happen," says a contemporary, "the final decision as to Stockholm rests with the Government." Our contemporary is far too modest. A few months ago the final decision would have rested with the stunt Press.

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Portsmouth is to have three M.P.s, we read, under the Proportional Representation scheme, though it is not known what Portsmouth has done to deserve this.

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Something like a panic was caused in the City the other day when the news got round that no mention of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL appeared in a *Morning Post* leader.

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A postwoman charged at Old Street Police Court admitted that she had swallowed a postal order and a pound Treasury note. Some women have a remarkable objection to using the ordinary purse.

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A woodworm in the timbering of Westminster Hall has been attacked with a gas-spray by the Board of Works. The little fellow put up a gallant fight and died bravely defending his third line trenches against a vastly superior force.

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The Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* says that so far £18,000,000,000 has been spent on the War. But even those who contend that it might have been more cheaply done admit that the notice was too short to enable the belligerents to call for tenders.

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In a Brixton tramway car the other morning Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, it is announced, had to borrow coppers from a companion to pay his fare. The most popular explanation is that he had spent all his money in buying the latest editions of the evening papers.

According to the Acton magistrate, under new instructions boys over fourteen must pay their own fines or go to prison, parents paying the fines for those below that age. This class legislation is bitterly resented by some of our younger wage-earners, who intend to insist upon their right to pay for their own amusements.

People living next door to a post-office where burglars blew open the safe thought it was an air raid and went into the cellar. A suggestion that signals, clearly distinguishable from those used in air raids, should be used on these occasions, is under consideration in the right quarter.

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The FOOD CONTROLLER has advised the Liverpool Corporation that vegetable marrows are not fruit. There is a growing belief among jam manufacturers that Lord RHONDDA's business ability has been overrated.



A HINT.

Unsuccessful Competitor at the Allotment-holders' Show. "I AIN'T MAKING ANY COMPLAINT, MR. SMITH, BUT W'EN THE FUST PRIZE FOR ONIONS GOES TO THE JUDGE'S BROTHER-IN LAW AND THE FUST PRIZE FOR MARRERS TO 'IS WIFE'S GRANDFATHER, IT MAKES YER THINK A BIT, THAT'S ALL."

CALLING A CAB.

["But how to get a cab without whistling—that is the problem."—*Evening News*.]

A VERY good plan is to purchase a camp-stool and sit down in the Strand until a taxicab breaks down. When you are sure that the driver is not looking step inside.

Taxi drivers are human, and if caught young can be made so tame that they will take fares by the hand.

An excellent plan is to make a noise like a road under repair. But be careful that the driver does not make a noise like a cab going over a human body.

The essential thing is to interest the driver in your personal affairs. If you see a car rushing along stand in the road. When the cab pulls up, ask the driver if he would like to see your cigarette pictures.

A HEAD CASE.

We were discussing that much discussed question, whether it is better to be wounded in the leg or in the arm, when young Spilbury butted in.

"I don't know about legs and arms," he said, "but I know there are certain advantages in having your head bound up." Spilbury's own head was bound up, and we all said at once that of course the head was much the worst place in which to be wounded.

"It may be," said Spilbury. "But what I said was that there are certain advantages in having your head bound up. That's not quite the same thing as being wounded in the head. For instance, I wasn't wounded in the head. I was wounded in the jaw. But they can't bandage the jaw without bandaging the head, which I have found has certain advantages."

"I can't see where they come in," said Cotterell, "except so far as personal appearance goes, of course. I won't say that that nun-like head-dress doesn't become you. You look almost handsome in it."

"It is extremely polite of you to say so," said Spilbury, "but I was not thinking of that. I was thinking of Dulcie."

There was silence for a space, and then Cotterell said, "If you do not mention her other name, you may tell us about Dulcie."

"I became acquainted with Dulcie," Spilbury began, "or the lady I will call Dulcie—for that is not actually her name—while we were quartered at a camp somewhere in England. Friendships ripen quickly in war-time. I was signalling officer, and perhaps I signalled to Dulcie rather more than I meant. I won't say I was wholly blameless in the matter."

"I shouldn't," said I.

"I won't," said Spilbury. "After I went out we corresponded. But after a little I began to see I had perhaps over-estimated my affection for Dulcie. At the time I was wounded I had owed her a letter for some time, I remember. When I got back to England I did not let Dulcie know at once, but after a while she heard where I was in hospital and came to see me. In the meantime I had met Daphne."

"This is a highly discreditable story," said Cotterell. "I am sorry I allowed you to tell it."

"I won't finish it, then," said Spilbury complacently.

"Yes, you must finish it now."

"Well, I didn't quite know what to do about it. I had felt when we were somewhere in England that Dulcie brought out all that was best in me. I found now that Daphne brought out still more."

"She must have been a clever girl," I said.

"She was," said Spilbury, "but I saw that if they both tried at once they might bring out almost too much. I had to act quickly, for Dulcie was already by my bedside."

"'Well, Reggie,'" she said.

"I looked at her kindly but firmly.

"'I think there is some mistake,' I said. 'I don't remember having met you.' Then I pointed to my bandaged head, and added, 'I may have forgotten. My memory isn't very good.'

"Well, she chatted a bit about general subjects, and then departed. I don't mind saying I felt rather a worm. Also I wasn't quite sure that Dulcie couldn't bring out more that was good in me than Daphne, after all. So I thought about it a bit, and then wrote and said I'd remembered her now, and would she come again to see me? She wrote back and said she would, and I must congratulate her as she was just engaged to be married. That was a rotten day, I remember, because in the afternoon Daphne came and said that she was engaged to be married too. A perfect epidemic. But that's beside the point."

"The point was, if I remember rightly," said Cotterell, "that it's a great advantage to have your head bandaged. Have you quite proved it?"

"No," said Spilbury thoughtfully. "Now you mention it, I hardly think I have. But if my story acts as an example and a warning I shall be satisfied."

So as an example and a warning (though of what or to whom is not too clear) I have recorded it.

MUSICAL MURMURINGS.

(By our Orchestral Expert.)

The full programme for the season of Promenade Concerts which opened last Saturday is, as usual, a most interesting document, and we are of course glad to see that our gallant Allies are so well represented. But it is the function of the critic to criticise, and we may be permitted to express a mild regret that our native school, though by no means excluded, does not make so good a show as its energy and talents would seem to warrant. Our native composers are especially noticeable for their wide range of themes, for the Celtic and Gaelic glamour which they infuse into their treatment of them, and for their realistic titles. We have drawn up a list of instrumental works which illustrate these characteristics, but which are unfortunately conspicuous by their absence from Sir Henry Wood's scheme. As, however, it is subject to alteration we are not without the hope that some of them may yet be included in the list of works to be heard at the Queen's Hall in the next six weeks.

Symphonic Variations. "Father's lost his collar-stud." *Hans Halfburn.*

Keltic Koronach. "Wirrasthrue." *Seumas Macdthoirbwlch.*

Funeral March of a Conscientious Objector. *Nelson Wellington.*

Siamese Lullaby for Sixteen Trombones. *Quantock de Banville.*

Fantasia. "Wardour Street." *Yokeling Ffoulkes.*

Manx Meditation for Revolving Orchestra. "Laxey Wheel." *Bradda Quellyn.*

Overture. "Glasgow Fair." *Talisker McUsquebaugh.*

Cambrian "Sneeze" for Full Orchestra. *Taliesin Jones.*

Orchestra Musings on Irish Railway Stations. *Dermod MacCathmhaoil.* (*a*) Stillorgan. (*b*) Dundrum. (*c*) Bray.

Burblings from Bute. *Diarmid Dinwiddie.*

Dithyrambic Ode. "The Belles of Barmouth." *Ivor Jenkins.*

Valse Fantastique. "Synthetic Rubber." *Marcellus Thom.*

CHEMIN DES DAMES.

In silks and satins the ladies went
Where the breezes sighed and the poplars bent,
Taking the air of a Sunday morn
Midst the red of poppies and gold of corn—
Flowery ladies in gold brocades,
With negro pages and serving-maids,
In scarlet coach or in gilt sedan,
With brooch and buckle and flounce and fan,
Patch and powder and trailing scent,
Under the trees the ladies went—
Lovely ladies that gleamed and glowed,
As they took the air on the Ladies' Road.

Boom of thunder and lightning flash—
The torn earth rocks to the barrage crash;
The bullets whine and the bullets sing
From the mad machine-guns chattering;
Black smoke rolling across the mud,
Trenches plastered with flesh and blood—
The blue ranks lock with the ranks of gray,
Stab and stagger and sob and sway;
The living cringe from the shrapnel bursts,
The dying moan of their burning thirsts,
Moan and die in the gulping slough—
Where are the butterfly ladies now?

Patlander.

"No persons were injured and no houses were bit by the bombs."—*Sunday Pictorial.*

But they barked horrid.



CORNERED.

KAISER (*having read Mr. GERARD'S German reminiscences*). "I NEVER SAW A MORE ABOMINABLE TISSUE OF DELIBERATE TRUTHS."



A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

"Mother, Nurse put me right into the very coldest part of the sea."

THE BROWN CART-HORSE.

"Brain-fag! That's wot we 'orses are suffering from. Ah! there's bin a deal o' queer things 'appen since they women started on the farm! I shan't never forget the first time one of them females come into my stall. The roan pony, wot's got sentimental thro' being overlasting driven in the governess-cart, sez she was a pretty young woman. I never noticed nothing 'bout 'er 'cept the pink rose in 'er button-'ole. I never 'eard tell of a farm 'and with a pink rose in 'is shirt before. Maybe such carryings on is all right for they grooms an' kerridge-'orses, but it ain't 'ardly decent for a respectable farm 'orse. So when this 'ere woman come along I up and 'as a grab at it. D'ye think she'd 'it me? I never 'ad such a shock in me life, not since I went backwards when the coal-cart tipped! Lor, lumme! if she didn't catch 'old of me round the neck an' kiss me! 'Oh, you darlin'!' she said, 'did you want me rose then, ducky?' I'm a brown 'orse, but I tell you I blushed chestnut that morning. 'Course the roan pony next door started giggling, and then she 'ad to go and kiss 'im, and that settled 'is little game.

"Well, then she come along with the collar. I need 'ardly tell you 'ow often she tried to fix it on the wrong way round. There I 'ad to stand with 'er shoving the blooming thing till I thought my 'ead would 'ave dropped orf. Being a female, it took 'er some time before she thought of putting the big end of the collar up first, but when she did I just took and put me 'ead thro' and nipped orf 'er rose. 'If that don't fetch you,' I sez, 'nothink will.' If that woman 'ad clouted me on the 'ead then, I'd 'ave loved 'er; 'stead o' which she calls out to 'er pal 'oo was mucking round cleaning out the stalls with a broom-'andle, 'May!' she sez. 'Oh, do look!' she sez, 'this 'ere dear 'orse,' she sez, ''as bin and ate my rose!'

"Well, when we done all the kissing and that, she led me out of the stall, and I promise you I was a sight! My bridle was over one eye and my girths 'anging loose. Maybe that was my own fault; when she started to pull in the straps 'course I blew meself out, same as any 'orse would, just to give 'er something to pull on. 'Oh dear!' says the female. 'Poor 'orse, this 'ere girth's too tight!' Any'ow, when we did get to the 'ayfield she 'ad to fetch a man to put me into the rake. Well, 'e told her 'ow to go on, and we moves orf. That wasn't 'arf a journey! Wot with 'er pulling one way an' pulling another, I got fair mazed. Arter a bit I stopped. ''Ave it your own way then,' I sez. Next minute I 'eard 'er calling out like a train whistle to the bailiff, 'oo was passing. 'Smith!' she sez, 'this pore 'orse is tired!' And Smith sez, 'Tired!' 'e sez; ''e's lazy!' And with that 'e fetched me one. 'All right, my girl,' I thinks; 'you wait a bit.'

"This 'ere field run past a railway, and when Smith 'ad gone I seen one of the signals on the line go down. 'That's the ticket!' I sez, and when the train come by I up and shook me 'ead. The woman didn't say nothing, so I gives a 'op with all me feet at once. Still she don't say nothing, and I couldn't feel 'er on the reins, so I done a few side steps. And then she spoke, and this is wot she sez: 'Oh!' she sez, 'please don't!' and started crying.

"There's no vice about me, and when she begun 'er game I stopped mine. You'd 'ardly believe it, but that 'ere woman got down orf that 'ere rake and she come round to my 'ead and, 'Pore darling,' she sez, 'was you frightened of the train then?' Me! wot's 'ad me life in the London docks till I come 'aying 'long of the War.

"Ah! I reckon the roan pony's right. You can't 'ave the larst word with females!"

"For sale—A large stone gentleman's diamond ring, set in a solid gold band."

Cork Examiner.

The National Museum should not fail to secure this remarkable relic of the Palæolithic Age.

From a report of Mr. Henderson's speech on Stockholm:—

"The Prime Minister has been in favour again. What was a virtue in May ought of this conference once, and he may be so not to be a crime for us in August."—*Daily Dispatch.*

The Stockholm atmosphere appears to be fatal to clearness of statement.

SUAVITER IN MODO.

PROFOUND stillness reigned in the wardroom of H.M.S. *Sinister*, broken only by the low tones of the Paymaster and the First Lieutenant disputing over the question of proportional representation and by the snores of the Junior Watchkeeper, stretched inelegantly on the sofa. The rest of the occupants were in the coma induced by all-night coaling. Into this haven of quiet burst the ship's Doctor in a state of exaggerated despair. He groaned and, sinking into a chair, mopped his forehead ostentatiously. The disputants ceased their discussion and watched him intently as though he were some performing animal.

"Gentlemen," said the Paymaster presently in tones of sepulchral gloom, "the neophyte of ÆSCULAPIUS, to whose care the inscrutable wisdom of Providence has entrusted our lives, is being excruciatingly funny. Number One says it is belated remorse for the gallant servants of His Majesty whom he has consigned to an untimely grave."

"Poor jesting fool," said his victim, "little he knows that even now Heaven has prepared a punishment fitted even to his crimes. I have seen it—nay, I have spoken with it."

"Suppose," intervened the Commander, "that you postpone this contest of wits and let us have your news."

"Certainly, Sir," acquiesced the Doctor. "It's Pay's new assistant. He's . . ." the Doctor paused in search of adequate expression, "he's here. He is, I fancy, at this moment slapping the skipper on the back and asking him to have a drink. He called me 'old socks.'" The Doctor shuddered. "Then he said he expected this was some mess; Naval messes were always hot stuff. He wanted to spin me yarns of his infant excesses, but I choked him off by telling him he ought to report to the skipper. You'll have to look after him, Pay. That will give you some honest work for a change."

It must be confessed that at lunch the newcomer justified the Doctor's worst forebodings. Afterwards the First Lieutenant and the Paymaster had an earnest colloquy. Then the latter sought his new assistant; he found him gloomily turning over the pages of a six-months-old illustrated paper.

"What do you think of the ship?" he asked cheerfully.

"Rotten slow lot," replied the A.P.; "I tried to make things hum a bit at lunch and they all sat looking like stuffed owls."

"Ah, you'll find it different this evening after the Commander has gone. Bad form to tell smoking-room yarns while he's here."

Meanwhile the First Lieutenant visited the Commander in his cabin.

"Very well," said the latter on parting; "only mind, no unnecessary violence."



Jack (who has been bowled by a ball which kept very low). "BLOOMIN' U-BOAT TACTICS!"

"I understand, Sir. I hope it won't be necessary."

The Assistant Paymaster had no cause to complain of lack of hilarity at dinner. The most trivial remark was greeted with roars of merriment. When the KING's health had been drunk the Commander pleaded letters and left the ward-room. Instantly a perfect babel arose. Everyone seemed to be asking everyone else to have a drink. The newcomer selected a large whisky.

"Wilkes," said the First Lieutenant, "one large whisky, one dozen soda, one dozen ginger-beer and two large bottles of lime-juice."

"Large bottles, you blighter!" he yelled after the back of the astonished marine who went out to fulfil this remarkable order.

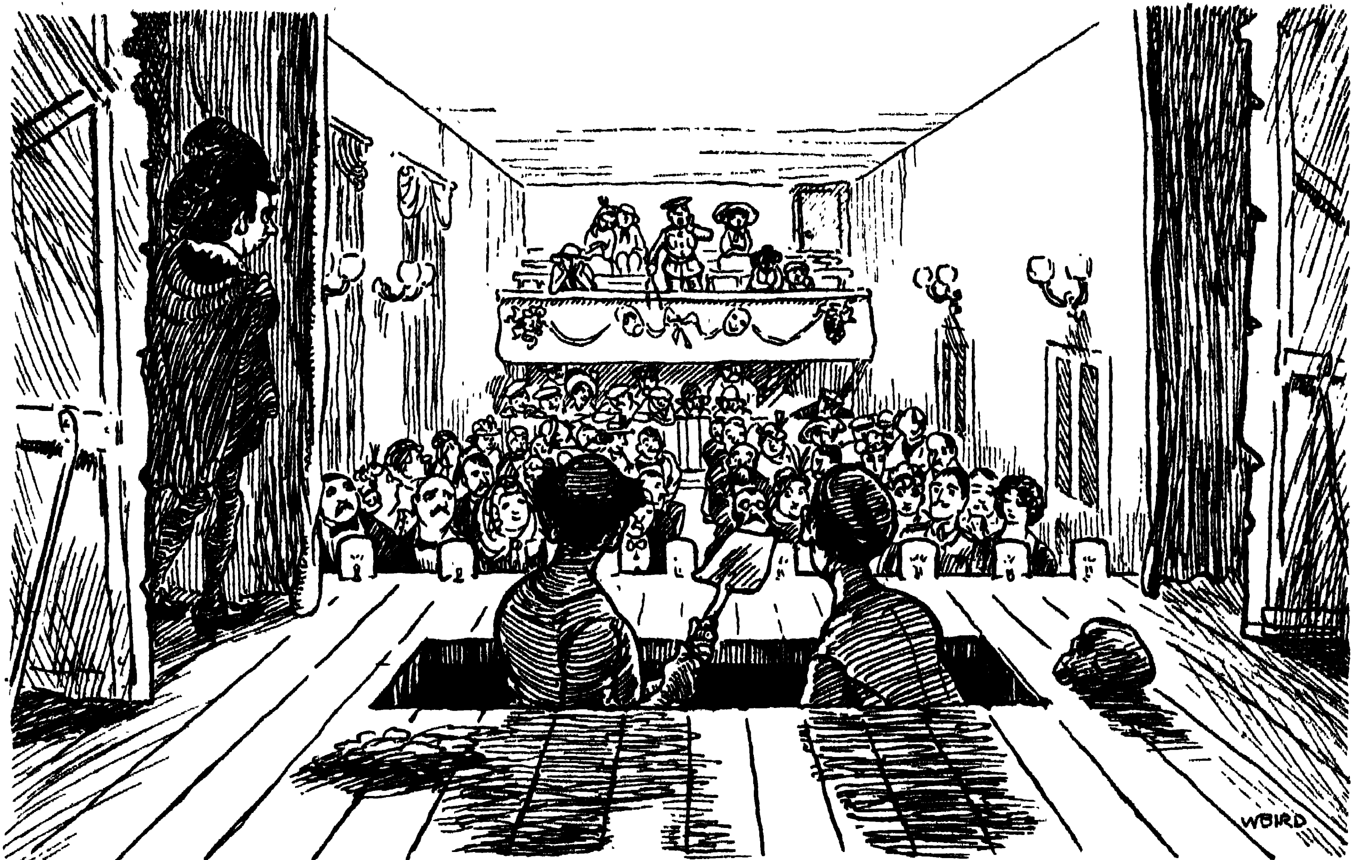
"Now," said the Junior Watchkeeper, when all the glasses had been filled, "I call on Number One for a song." Amid vociferous applause the First Lieutenant, clasping a huge tumbler of ginger-beer, rose unsteadily. Without the semblance of a note anywhere he proceeded to bawl "A frog he would a-wooing go." A *prima donna* at the zenith of her fame might have envied his reception. The Junior Watchkeeper broke half the glasses in the transports of his enthusiasm. "Come along, Doc," said the singer as soon as he could make himself heard; "give us a yarn." With the assistance of his neighbours the Doctor placed one foot on his chair and the other on the table. "Say, you fellows," he said thickly, "jolly litl' yarn—Goblylocks an' Three Bears."

Overcome, apparently, by tender recollections he was silent, and fixed the walnuts with a dreamy stare.

"Go on, Doc.!" "Goldilocks, Goldilocks." "The Doc," said the Paymaster, "was always a devil for the girls."

"Pay," remonstrated the First Lieutenant sorrowfully, "that's the third half-penny for swearing this year. You mean that the Doctor has always evinced a marked partiality for the society of the gentler sex."

Punctuated at the more exciting points with breathless exclamations of horror and amazement from his audience, the Doctor's rendering of the story proved an overwhelming success. As he painted in vivid periods the scene where Goldilocks was discovered by all three bears asleep in the little bear's bed, the First Lieutenant broke down completely and had to be patted and soothed into a more tranquil frame of mind before the story could proceed. Then there was a spell of musical chairs, the First Engineer obliging at the piano, and afterwards giving a tuneful West-Country folk-song at the Doctor's request. The Junior Watchkeeper, declaring his inability to remember an [illegible] read half a column from the "Situations Vacant" portion of *The Times*, and amid the ensuing applause slipped quietly from the room in obedience to an unspoken signal from the First Lieutenant. After the Second Engineer had given an exhibition of what he asserted to be an Eskimo tribal dance, the First Lieutenant addressed the Assistant Paymaster.



Voice from gallery (during grave-digger scene in "Hamlet"). "Ain't yer going to 'ave no parapet?"

"Now then, young fellow, it is your turn. D' you want to give us a yarn?"

But the boy had learned his lesson. "I'm afraid I don't know any yarns that would interest you, Sir," he said. "If you don't mind I think I'll turn in."

The First Lieutenant smiled on him with the mature wisdom of twenty-seven summers. "Quite right, my lad. By the way, you might look in at the bath-room on the way to your cabin and tell the Junior Watchkeeper that we shan't want the bath that he is filling from the cold tap. I'm very glad we shan't."

"Now is the opportunity for carrying out the recommendation of a Select Committee in 1908 that there should be a common gallery for men and women."—*The Vote.*

A sort of Mixed Grille, in fact.

"Wanted, Upper Housemaid of two; wages £30; 5 maids; two ladies in family; quiet country place."—*Daily Paper.*

Who said our upper classes are not feeling the War?

"Required, very small nicely Furnished House or Cottage. Bathroom and good private girls' school within easy walk essential."
Daily Paper.

There is nothing so invigorating as a little walk before one's bath.

SEMPER EADEM.

A prisoner, Gunner Grogan, E.,
To-day will be brought up to me
For impudence and sloth;
Reveillé only made him sneer;
Aroused, he lipped a Bombardier
(And very natural—both).

And I shall counter, with disdain,
His feeble efforts to explain
Or justify such deeds.
It will be funny if I fail
To twist young Gunner Grogan's tail,
That being what he needs.

I know he isn't really bad;
Myself, I rather like the lad.
(And loathe that Bombardier!)
Beneath his buttons—none too bright—
May lurk the spirit of a knight—
A thwarted cavalier.

For some who fought at Creçy, too,
Snored on or scoffed when trumpets blew,
And presently were caught;
And when the clanking N.C.O.'s
Came round to prod them, I suppose
They up and spoke their thought.

Then they were for it; up they went
Paraded by the Prince's tent,
While he, to meet the crime,
Recalled the nastiest words he knew,
And learned the worst that he could do
From "K. R." of the time.

And yet such criminals as those
Did England proud with English bows
As schoolboys have to read;
And Gunner Grogan would to-day
Prove every bit as stout as they
Should there arise the need.

But just as heroes of Romance,
Who dodged parades with half a chance,
Were strafed—and mighty hard—
So likewise Gunner Grogan, E.,
Employed in making history,
Will do an extra guard.

"We are informed by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Bristol that his Lordship still has a supply of famous men connected with the great war, and will be pleased to supply them to applicants."
Evening Times and Echo (Bristol).

Will the Prime Minister please note?

"A conference of the Ministers of departments concerned will take place in London to arrange measures for their execution."
Daily Chronicle.

Anticipated comment from *The Mourning Toast*: "And quite time, too."

"Lord Lawrence, once Viceroy of India, said, 'Notwithstanding all that English people have done to benefit India, the missionaries have done more than all other agonies combined.'"—*Malay Tribune.*

Missionaries in the East have a lot to put up with.

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT

On a Purely Domestic Matter.

My dear Wife,—Yours to hand of the 10th inst., and contents, *re* son, noted. I observe that you are for the moment satisfied with his progress, and that you feel yourself in a position to be able to see your way to inform me that he is beginning to have and express ideas of his own on all subjects. He shows himself a fine fellow, and you have every reason to be as happy as it is possible to be in wartime.

By the same post arrived the new uniform from Dover Street, London, W. You will be glad to hear that Messrs. Blenkinson have done us proud, managing to carry out your many suggestions without departing from regulation. They make a fine fellow of me, neat but not gaudy, striking in appearance without being offensive to the eye. Once more they too have shown themselves fine fellows. We are all fine fellows; my dear, you are positively surrounded on all sides by fine fellows, and it would look as if, given peace, we are all together going to be as happy as the day is long.

So I thought at first blush; but are we so sure? The separate ingredients are excellent; there couldn't be a better son than Robert or better tailors than Messrs. Blenkinson. But how will they blend? Mind you, I'm not daring to doubt the courtesy and tact of a single Blenkinson; but these views which son Robert is beginning to form, where will they lead him . . . and us . . . and the Blenkinsons? Again, I'm not suggesting that Robert will ever go to such lengths in view-forming as to dare to attack such an anciently and honourably established firm as Messrs. Blenkinson; indeed, I could almost wish it might fall out that way, and that they and I might continue, without intervention, upon our present terms of mutual esteem and entire satisfaction. If things stand so well between us, while I am but young, claiming no higher rank or standing than that of Captain (Temp.), how much more must we flourish when I have risen to those heights to which we know I am bound to reach in my full maturity? Against such an alliance even the youthful and vigorous Robert would hurl himself and his criticisms in vain. No, I foresee a danger more subtle and formidable than that.

Some of the very first views that Robert forms will be on the subject of clothes. His very desire to be perfectly dressed will take him to Blenkinsons', and, when he has spent two hours trying on the very latest, his desire to get me, at any rate, passably dressed will induce him to say to Mr. Blenkinson, senior: "I say, can't you do something to stop the governor wearing clothes like *that?*"

Blenkinson, having long anticipated and dreaded this, will at once hasten round to the back with the tape-measure; but Robert will catch him when he comes round again and say, "I shouldn't have believed that *you* would ever consent to make such clothes as he insists on wearing."

Blenkinson perforce will smile that deferential and conciliatory smile of his, which seems to say: "We entirely agree with you, Sir, but it isn't for us to say so."

Robert, blown out with conceit, upon being tacitly corroborated by Blenkinsons in a matter of taste, will pursue the subject mercilessly, until his victim is forced into some definite statement. Looking round to see that he cannot possibly be overheard, Blenkinson, senior, will be led by his too perfect courtesy to commit himself. "Well, Sir," he will murmur, "we have on one or two occasions dared to hint that his cut was rather out of date, and would he permit us to alter it in some small particulars? But Sir Reginald" (or shall we make it "the General"?) "prefers, quite rightly, of course, to decide these things for himself."

"'Quite rightly' be blowed," Robert will retort. "We know and he doesn't. Can't you make him understand? You can sometimes get him to be reasonable, if you stick to him long enough."

Blenkinson will be quite unable to let his old and honoured customer go entirely undefended or unexcused on so grave an issue. "We fancy, Sir, that the General" (or shall we say "His Lordship"?) "understands just as well as we do, Sir, but . . ."

"But what?" Robert would exclaim, a little exasperated to hear it suggested in his presence that I understand anything.

Mr. Blenkinson, senior, will rub his chin, wondering very much whether he is justified in allowing himself to go so far as to hint at the truth in this instance. "But—er—well, Sir," will be extracted from him at last, "we gather—er—we gather, Sir—er'm—her Ladyship insists."

I see Robert's face clear and I hear him say in quite a different tone, "Oh, I'll soon manage mother for you." And off he trots home, and in a week or less I have to adopt his ridiculously ugly, obviously impracticable and damnably uncomfortable fashions—tight trousers and high collars, no doubt.

Yes, that's where Robert, and you, with your Robert, are leading me, confound you both. It will be as bad as that; confound you both.

"Don't speak like that, even in jest," you'll say brazenly.

"But damme, Mary——"

"And I certainly will not have my name coupled with that sort of language, please."

I shall appeal to Robert to bear evidence that I am the injured party, and not you. Robert of course will stand by you, and you, worthless woman that you are, will sink your identity and sacrifice your soul and stand by TIGHT TROUSERS AND HIGH COLLARS.

And I shall get red in the face (and at the back of the neck).

And in the end I shall have to make good by taking you all out to the most expensive dinner, theatre and supper possible—very nice for you two, no doubt, but what about me in those infernal trousers and collars?

It will right itself in the end, for I cannot believe your reason will permanently forsake you, even for that precious nut of a Robert. Eventually we shall prefer, unanimously you and I, to slink about the back streets, clothed in our own ideas, rather than promenade the fashionable parts clothed in Robert's.

Do you say to yourself that that supreme test, the sacrifice of Piccadilly, Bond Street and the Park, is too much? Don't cry, darling; it will never be as bad as that. And why? Because, according to that incredibly stupid young man, Robert, Piccadilly, Bond Street and the Park will then be the back streets, in which no decent people, except out-of-date, old-fashioned fogeys like ourselves, would ever consent to be seen. So it is really myself who is still alone. Yours, R.

LOVELY WOMAN.

If the casual gods send inquiring strangers into my camp, let them (the intruders) be civil, please, or at least be male. Citizens I can at once wave away with a regretful *nescio vos;* foot-officers are decently reserved in their thirst for knowledge of an essentially Secret Service; but officers' wives——

I was growing to like the Royal Gapshire Cyclists (H.D.), my neighbours in the next field, until last Friday, when they perpetrated their Grand Athletic Tournament. Quite early in the day twos and threes of subalterns, with here and there a company commander, dribbled across with a diffident wish to be shown round the guns, and round we went. By the ninth tour I was wearying fast of the cicerone act, and hoping they would not mistake my dutiful reticence for stuffiness. They



Recruit. "Excuse me, Sir, but have the Germans the same methods in bayonet-fighting as we have?"
Instructor. "Let's hope so. It's your only chance."

had made me free of a mess that has its points. Then, towards tea-time, She came. The Major, who brought, introduced Her, apologised (not for bringing Her) and withdrew. He was due to start the Three-Legged Obstacle Relay. She, on the other hand, was *so* interested, and *would* I, etc.? Would I not!

"Lovely woman!" thought I. "Fit soil for a romantic seed! Farewell reserve and half-told truth!" I then proceeded to describe unto her things unattempted yet in Field, Garrison, or High Angle Ballistics. Her first question (pointing to the recoil-controlling gear of No. 2 gun), whether *both* barrels were fired at once, gave me a cue priceless and not to be missed. My imagination held good for full fifteen minutes, and by the time we were ambling back to the fence I had got on to our new sensitive electrical plant for registering the sound, height, range, speed and direction of hostile aircraft. The fluent ease of it intoxicated, and I was lucky not to mar the whole by working in something crude and trite about the pilot's name.

She departed, smiling radiant thanks, and I thought no more of it until this morning, when Post Orderly handed me the following note:—

"Dear Sir,—It was too kind of you to tell me all about your guns the other day, and it was too bad of me to let you. I ought to have mentioned that my husband is *the* Colonel Strokes, of the High Angle Ordnance Council. One of his favourite remarks is that the one woman of his acquaintance who knows more about artillery than a cow does of mathematics is

"Very sincerely yours,
"Evelyn Strokes.

"P.S.—Do you by any chance write?"

Commercial Candour.

From a company's report:—

"Interim dividend on the Ordinary shares for half-year ended July 31, 1917, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, less income tax."
Evening Paper.

"A twelve-year-old boy was at Aberavon on Thursday sent to a reformatory school for five years. He was charged with stealing 5 1/6 3/4 Nbegetable marrows from an allotment."
Western Mail.

It is supposed that he intended to reduce them to decimals.

CRICKET.

There is no truth in the rumour that spectacular cricket is to be resumed. It is perfectly true that a section of the public who are devoted to watching the game and cannot understand why, because the nations happen to be at war, this favourite summer recreation should be denied them, have been agitating for the Government to arrange with the War Office to release all first-class cricketers now in the Forces, so that they may be free to play matches at home. It is also true that the Government, having refused to do this, subsequently, in view of the arguments urged by a deputation of cricket enthusiasts, agreed to do so, since it has always set its face against any pedantic rigidity of purpose. But none the less no such matches will be played, for the simple reason that the cricketers themselves refuse to come back until their job is finished.

"Boots.—Save nearly 50% buying Factory direct."—*News of the World.*

On second thoughts we think we shall continue buying one pair at a time.



Little Girl (as distinguished admiral enters). "BE QUIET, FIDO, YOU SILLY DOG—*THAT'S* NOT THE POSTMAN."

THE BALLAD OF JONES'S BLIGHTY.

THERE are some men who dwell for years
Within the battle's hem,
Almost impervious, it appears,
To shot or stratagem;
Some well-intentioned sprite contrives
By hook or crook to save their lives
(It also keeps them from their wives),
And Jones was one of them.

The hugest bolts of Messrs. KRUPP
Hissed harmless through his hair;
The Bosch might blow his billet up,
But he would be elsewhere;
And if with soul-destroying thud
A monstrous Minnie hit the mud,
The thing was sure to be a dud
If only Jones was there.

Men envied him his scatheless skin,
But he deplored the fact,
And day by day, from sheer chagrin,
He did some dangerous act;
He slew innumerable Huns,
He captured towns, he captured guns;
His friends went home with Blighty ones,
But he remained intact.

We had a horse of antique shape,
Mild and of mellowed age,
And, after some unique escape,
Which made him mad with rage,
On this grave steed Jones rode away . . .
They bore him back at break of day,
And Jones is now with Mrs. J.—
The convalescent stage.

The world observed the chance was droll
That sent so mild a hack
To smite the invulnerable soul
Whom WILLIAM could not whack;
But spiteful folk remarked, of course,
He must have used terrific force
Before he got that wretched horse
To throw him off its back.

A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"Many coolies of the savage tribes from the hilly places, who have been enlisted for the labour corps, were seen passing this town by train lately. Some had too few clothes. Our late Chief Secretary, the Hon'ble Mr. ——, was seen among them."—*Times of Assam.*

"All can sympathise with Mr. —— and his teetotal party in deploring the excesses of 'liquor' of any description, and the vice, want and misery it brings in its course. But we cannot for a single moment listen to their selfish and pitiful beatings, when we know that if their methods were carried out through the land it would people our beloved country with a virile race of effete degenerates."

Provincial Paper.

"Virile" is good, and should encourage the teetotalers to proceed with their "beatings."

German Cavalry in (and out of) Action.

"'Polybe,' writing in the *Figaro*, estimates the German losses at 20,000 horse de combat on the first day of the battle."—*Local Paper.*

"Following the Franco-German war an epidemic of smallpox raged throughout Europe, which was not checked until Jenner's famous vaccination discovery."—*Liverpool Echo.*

It is sad to think that JENNER'S discovery, made in 1796, should have remained dormant till after 1870.

"Mr. Gerard's reminiscences have caused much perturbation in German Court circles."

Daily Paper.

Little scraps of paper,
Little drops of ink
Make the KAISER caper
And the Nations think.

"A money prize offered to boys at Barcombe, Suxxes, for killing cabbage butterflies resulted in over 4,000 insects being destroyed. The winner, Victor King, accounted for 1,395."

Liverpool Echo.

We congratulate him on his Suxxes.

"One new thing he [Mr. HENDERSON] disclosed was that in his pervious statement that carried the Conference to the Stockholm vote, &c."—*Daily Mail.*

As "pervious," according to WEBSTER, means "capable of being seen through," we think the printer is to be congratulated.



BREAKING IT UP.



Member of Committee (interviewing candidate for training for farm work). "And are you fond of animals—horses and cows?"
Candidate. "Well, no—not very."
Member of Committee. "But I'm afraid that's rather necessary."
Candidate (brightly resolute). "Oh, but I should try not to think about them."

AN IDEAL MEDICAL BOARD.

(*A Dream of the Future.*)

I was due to go in front of the local Medical Board next morning, and I was seeking distraction in the evening paper. Suddenly my eye was caught by the headlines announcing the transfer of recruiting arrangements from the Military to the Civil authorities. This promised to be interesting.

All at once the room grew misty, and when the atmosphere cleared again I found myself in the open street. Before me was a palatial building with the words "*Medical Board*" carved on a marble slab over the main entrance.

I entered, and was immediately confronted by a liveried janitor who bowed obsequiously.

"I have come to be medically examined," I explained.

"Yes, Sir," he replied. "Will you be good enough to wait one moment, Sir, while I settle with your taxi-driver, and then I will take you to the waiting-room, Sir."

"I have no taxi," I said. "I just walked."

An expression of concern passed across his face.

"Oh, you shouldn't have done that, Sir. The Authorities don't like it. There is a special fund for such expenses, you know, Sir. Will you please come this way, Sir?"

I followed him along the corridor, and was shown into a luxurious apartment overlooking a pleasant garden. The janitor placed an easy chair in position for me, handed me a copy of *Punch*, and brought me a glass of wine and some biscuits.

"Now, Sir, if you will give me your papers I will send them up to the Board."

I handed the packet to him, and he left the room.

A few minutes later a message-girl entered.

"Are you Mr. Smith?" she inquired.

I confessed that I was, upon which she handed me a sealed envelope. I opened it, and found a letter and a cheque for five pounds. The letter ran as follows:—

"Sir,—The above-named Medical Board regrets its inability to examine you to-day. As you are no doubt aware, it is contrary to its rule to examine more than three persons in one day, and an unusually difficult case, held over from yesterday, has upset all its arrangements.

"The Board would consider it a favour if you could make it convenient to call again to-morrow morning at the same time.

"The enclosed cheque is intended to compensate you for the unnecessary trouble to which you have been put.

"Your obedient Servants ——."

Punctually at the time appointed I again entered the building, and was met by the same janitor.

"The Board is quite ready for you, Sir," he said. "Will you please ascend to the dressing-room, Sir?"

He committed me to the care of a lift-girl, who conveyed me to the second storey. Here I was handed over to a smart valet, who assisted me to undress in a comfortable little apartment replete with every convenience.

Having donned a warm dressing-gown, I was conducted to the Board Room, where I found a dozen of our



Employer. "Where have you been?" *Old Operative.* "'Avin' me 'air cut."
Employer. "What, in *my* time?" *Old Operative.* "Well, it grew in your time."

greatest Specialists assembled. The President shook hands and greeted me effusively. Then I passed in turn from one Doctor to another, each making, with the utmost delicacy and consideration, a thorough examination of that part of my anatomy on which he was an acknowledged expert.

When this was over I was invited to retire to the dressing-room and resume my garments while the Board held a protracted consultation on my case. On returning to the Board Room I was provided with a seat, and the President addressed me.

"Well, Mr. Smith, we can find nothing constitutionally wrong with you. But tell me, have you ever had any serious illness?"

I shook my head. I had always been abnormally healthy.

"Think carefully," he urged. "We don't want to pass you as fit if we can help it."

He seemed so anxious that I felt ashamed to disappoint him.

"Well," I replied, "the only thing I can call to mind is that, according to my mother, I had a severe teething rash when I was ten months old."

As I uttered these words the faces of all became suddenly grave.

"That is quite enough, Mr. Smith," said the President. "You are given total exemption. You should never have been brought here at all, but I am sure you will realise that in times of national emergency mistakes of this nature are bound to occur. If you will apply to the Cashier on your way out he will give you a draft for twenty pounds, to reimburse you in some small way for the loss of your valuable time. Good-bye!"

He held out his hand, but before I could grasp it a mist again enveloped me, from which I emerged upon the dreadful facts of life.

SONGS OF FOOD PRODUCTION.

VI.

Ballad of the Potato.

Above three hundred years ago
To Britain's shores there came
An immigrant of lineage low—
Sol Tuberose his name.

He settled down in mean estate,
Despised on every side,
Until at last he waxéd great,
Grew rich and multiplied.

Now none so popular as he;
To every house he goes,
At every table he must be—
The great Sol Tuberose!

In time of war he proves his worth,
He helps us everywhere;
There's nothing on (or in) this earth
That can with him compare.

Not the great Lloyd could save the land
Except for mighty Sol;
For he is Bread's twin-brother—and
He gives us Alcohol;

Not such as fills the toper's tum,
But such as fills the shell—
Such as will be in days to come
Heat, light, and pow'r as well.

Yes, in the spacious days to come
We'll bless Sol Tuberose,
When all our motor engines hum
On what the farmer grows.

Then cultivate him all you can,
With him and his stand well in;
There's one that is a *Nobleman*,
There's one *Sir John Llewellyn*.

There's one that is a *British Queen*,
There's one a dwarf, *Ashleaf*,
There's one that is a plain *Colleen*,
There's one an *Arran Chief*.

He'll serve us if we do him well
(Last year he failed our foes).
Oh, who can all the praises tell
Of good Sol Tuberose! W. B.

The Revenant.

"CAPTAIN STANLEY WILSON'S RETURN HOME.
Cheerful and Well after Long Internment."—*Yorkshire Post.*

"Gentleman, 80, offers 10/- weekly, own laundry, and help with children, refined country home. No needlework."—*The Lady.*

Slacker!

Letter sent by a soldier's wife to the Army Pay Department:—

"I am sending you my marage sertificate and six children there were seven but won died You only sent six back her name was fanny and was baptised on a half sheet of paper by the reverend Thomas."



Officer (on leave). "So you're still alive, Peter?"

Peter. "Yes, Sir—an' I'm goin' to see another Christmas, Sir. You see, Sir, I've always noticed that when I live through the month of August I live out the whole year."

A Centenary.

JOHN LEECH.

Born August 29th, 1817.

I.—To our Greatest Contributor.

John Leech, a hundred years ago,
When you were born and after,
There shone a sort of kindly glow
Of airy fun and laughter;
It was a sound that seemed to sing,
A universal humming
That made the echoing rafters ring
And so proclaimed your coming.

It was not noted at the time:
I was not there to note it,
But now I set it down in rhyme
That other men may quote it
And still maintain the thing is true,
Defying Wisdom's strictures,
And lose all doubt by looking through
A book of Leech's pictures.

You drew our English country-folk
As many others saw them—
The simple life, the simple joke,
But only you could draw them;
The warp and woof of country joys
In green and pleasant places;
The mischievous and merry boys,
The girls with shining faces.

The Squires, the Centaurs of the chase
And all the chase's patrons,
Each in his own, his ordered place;
The comfortable matrons—
These were your stuff, and these your skill
Consigned to future ages,
And caught and set them down at will
In Mr. Punch's pages.

Besides, you bound us to your praise
With many strong indentures
By limning Mr. Briggs, his ways
And countless misadventures.
For these and many a hundred more,
Far as our voice can reach, Sir,
We send it out from shore to shore,
And bless your name, John Leech,
Sir. R. C. L.

II.—Historian and Prophet.

A hundred years ago to the very day was John Leech born. Mr. Punch came into the world on July 17th, 1841, and was thus twenty-four years younger. But in spite of any disparity in age the two great men were made for each other. John Leech without Mr. Punch would still have spread delight, for did he not illustrate those *Handley Cross* novels which his friend Thackeray said he would rather have written than any of his own books? But to think of Mr. Punch without John Leech is, as the Irishman said, unthinkable. From the third volume, when Leech got really into his stride, until his lamented early death in 1864, Leech's genius was at the service of his young friend: his quick perceptive kindly eyes ever vigilant for humorous incident, his ears alert for humorous sayings, and his hand translating all into pictorial drama and by a sure and benign instinct seizing always upon the happiest moment.

His three monumental volumes called *Pictures of Life and Character* constitute a truer history of the English people in the middle of the last century than any author could have composed: history made gay with laughter, but history none the less. And this leaves out of account altogether the artist's work as a cartoonist, where he often exceeded the duty of the historian, and not only recorded the course of events but actually influenced it.

To influence the course of events was however far from being this simple gentleman's ambition. What he chiefly wished was to enable others to share his own enjoyment in the fun and foibles of a world in which it is better to be cheerful than sad, and, in the process of passing on his amusement, to earn a sufficient livelihood to enable him to pay his way and now and then be free to follow the hounds.

All these praises he would probably wish unsaid, so modest and unassuming was he. Let us therefore stop and merely draw attention to the two pages of his drawings which follow, each of which shows John Leech in the light of a prophet.

ANTICIPATIONS BY JOHN LEECH.



ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT.

Grandmamma. "WHAT *CAN* YOU WANT, ARTHUR, TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL SO PARTICULARLY ON MONDAY FOR? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO STAY WITH US TILL THE END OF THE WEEK!"

Arthur. "WHY, YOU SEE, GRAN'MA—WE ARE GOING TO ELECT OFFICERS FOR OUR RIFLE CORPS ON MONDAY, AND I DON'T LIKE TO BE OUT OF IT!"

["*Punch,*" *June 30, 1860.*



OUR SPECIALS

Special's Wife. "CONTRARY TO REGULATIONS, INDEED! FIDDLESTICKS! I MUST *INSIST*, FREDERICK, UPON YOUR TAKING THIS HOT BRANDY-AND-WATER. I SHALL BE HAVING YOU LAID UP NEXT, AND NOT FIT FOR ANYTHING." ["*Punch,*" *April 22, 1848.*



CURIOUS ECHO AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Traveller. "PORTER! PORTER!"

Echo. "DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET HIM?"

["*Punch,*" *October 19, 1861.*



THE RIGHT MEN IN THE RIGHT PLACE; VIZ., A CLUB WINDOW.

Old General Muddle. "WHAT I SAY, IS—IS—EH? WHAT? BY JOVE! WHAT THE DOOCE SHOULD CIVILIANS KNOW ABOUT—EH? WHAT—AHEM!—MILITARY AFFAIRS! AFFAIRS! EH?"

Colonel Splutter. "HAH! THE PRESS, SIR! BY JOVE, THE PRESS IS THE CURSE OF THE COUNTRY, AND WILL BE THE RUIN OF THE ARMY! BY JOVE, I'D HANG ALL LITTERY MEN—HANG 'EM, SIR!" ["*Punch,*" *February 27, 1858.*



WELL INTENDED, NO DOUBT.

Quaker to British Lion. "THERE, FRIEND! NOW LET ME PUT AWAY THOSE DANGEROUS VANITIES!"

["*Punch,*" *November 20, 1852.*



A DISTRESSED AGRICULTURIST.

Landlord. "WELL, MR. SPRINGWHEAT, ACCORDING TO THE PAPERS, THERE SEEMS TO BE A PROBABILITY OF A CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES."

Tenant (*who strongly approves of War prices*). "GOODNESS, GRACIOUS! WHY, YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT THERE'S ANY *DANGER OF PEACE*!"

["*Punch,*" *February 2, 1856.*

ANTICIPATIONS BY JOHN LEECH.



THE PARLIAMENTARY FEMALE.

Father of the Family. "COME, DEAR; WE SO SELDOM GO OUT TOGETHER NOW—CAN'T YOU TAKE US ALL TO THE PLAY TO NIGHT?"

Mistress of the House and M.P. "HOW YOU TALK, CHARLES! DON'T YOU SEE THAT I AM TOO BUSY? I HAVE A COMMITTEE TO-MORROW MORNING, AND I HAVE MY SPEECH ON THE GREAT CROCHET QUESTION TO PREPARE FOR THE EVENING."

[*"Punch's Almanack" for 1853*



AN ASTONISHING REQUEST.

Fast young lady (to old gent). "HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS A LUCIFER ABOUT YOU, FOR I'VE LEFT MY CIGAR LIGHTS AT HOME?"

[*"Punch," August 29, 1857*



NOT VERY LIKELY.

Mistress. "WELL, I'M SURE! AND PRAY WHO IS THAT?"

Cook. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, 'M, IT'S ONLY MY COUSIN WHO HAS CALLED JUST TO SHOW ME HOW TO BOIL A POTATO." [*"Punch," August 31, 1850*



OUR SPECIALS.

Special Constable. "NOW MIND, YOU KNOW—IF I KILL YOU, IT'S NOTHING, BUT IF YOU KILL ME, BY JINGO, IT'S MURDER." [*"Punch," April 22, 1848.*



A PEACE CONFERENCE.

Flora. "OH, I AM SO GLAD—DEAR HARRIET—THERE IS A CHANCE OF PEACE—I AM MAKING THESE SLIPPERS AGAINST DEAR ALFRED COMES BACK!"

Cousin Tom. "HAH, WELL! I AIN'T QUITE SO ANXIOUS ABOUT PEACE—FOR, YOU SEE, SINCE THOSE SOLDIER CHAPS HAVE BEEN ABROAD, WE CIVILIANS HAVE HAD IT PRETTY MUCH OUR OWN WAY WITH THE GURLS!" [*"Punch," March 22, 1856.*



HOME AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND PEACE DEMONSTRATION IN OUR NURSERY!

[*"Punch," May 24, 1856.*

A BALLAD OF EELS.

["Lord Desborough has just been reminding us of the neglected source of food supply that we have in the eels of our rivers and ponds. He stated, 'The food value of an eel is remarkable. In food value one pound of eels is better than a loin of beef. . . . The greatest eel-breeding establishment in the world is at Comacchio, on the Adriatic. This eel nursery is a gigantic swamp of 140 miles in circumference. It has been in existence for centuries, and in the sixteenth century it yielded an annual revenue of £1,200 to the Pope.'"
Liverpool Daily Post.]

When lowering clouds refuse to lift
And spread depression far and wide,
And when the need of strenuous thrift
Is loudly preached on every side,
What boundless gratitude one feels
To Desborough, inspiring chief,
For telling us: "One pound of eels
Is better than a loin of beef"!

Of old, Popes made eel-breeding pay
(At least Lord Desborough says they did),
And cleared *per annum* in this way
Twelve hundred jingling, tingling quid.
In fact my brain in anguish reels
To think we never took a leaf
Out of the book which taught that eels
Are better than prime cuts of beef.

In youth, fastidiously inclined,
I own with shame that I eschewed,
Like most of my unthinking kind,
This luscious and nutritious food;
But now that Desborough reveals
Its value, with profound belief
I sing with him: "One pound of eels
Is better than a loin of beef."

I chant it loudly in my bath,
I chant it when the sun is high,
And when the moon pursues her path
Noctambulating through the sky.
And when the bill of fare at meals
Is more than usually brief,
Again I sing: "One pound of eels
Is better than a loin of beef."

It is a charm that never fails
When friends accost me in the street
And utter agonizing wails
About the price of butcher's meat.
"Cheer up," I tell them, "creels on creels
Are hastening to your relief;
Cheer up, my friends, one pound of eels
Is better than a loin of beef."

Then all ye fearful folk, dismayed
By threatened shortage of supplies,
Let not your anxious hearts be swayed
By croakers or their dismal cries;
But, from Penzance to Galashiels,
From Abertillery to Crieff,
Remember that "one pound of eels
Is better than a loin of beef."

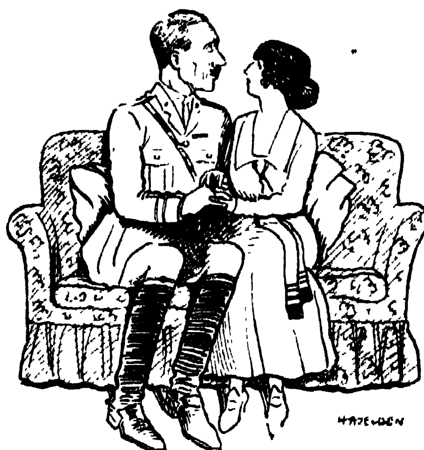
But these are only pleasant dreams
Unless, to realise our hopes,
Proprietors of ponds and streams
Re-stock them, like the early Popes.
Then, though we still run short of keels
And corn be leaner in the sheaf,
We shall at least have endless eels,
Unnumbered super-loins of beef.

AT THE PLAY.

"Billeted."

No wonder the Royalty Management, realising how resolutely determined the public was to have nothing to do with anything so witty and workmanlike as *The Foundations* of Mr. Galsworthy, have for their new bill declined upon the pleasantly trivial comedy of errors and tarradiddles, *Billeted*.

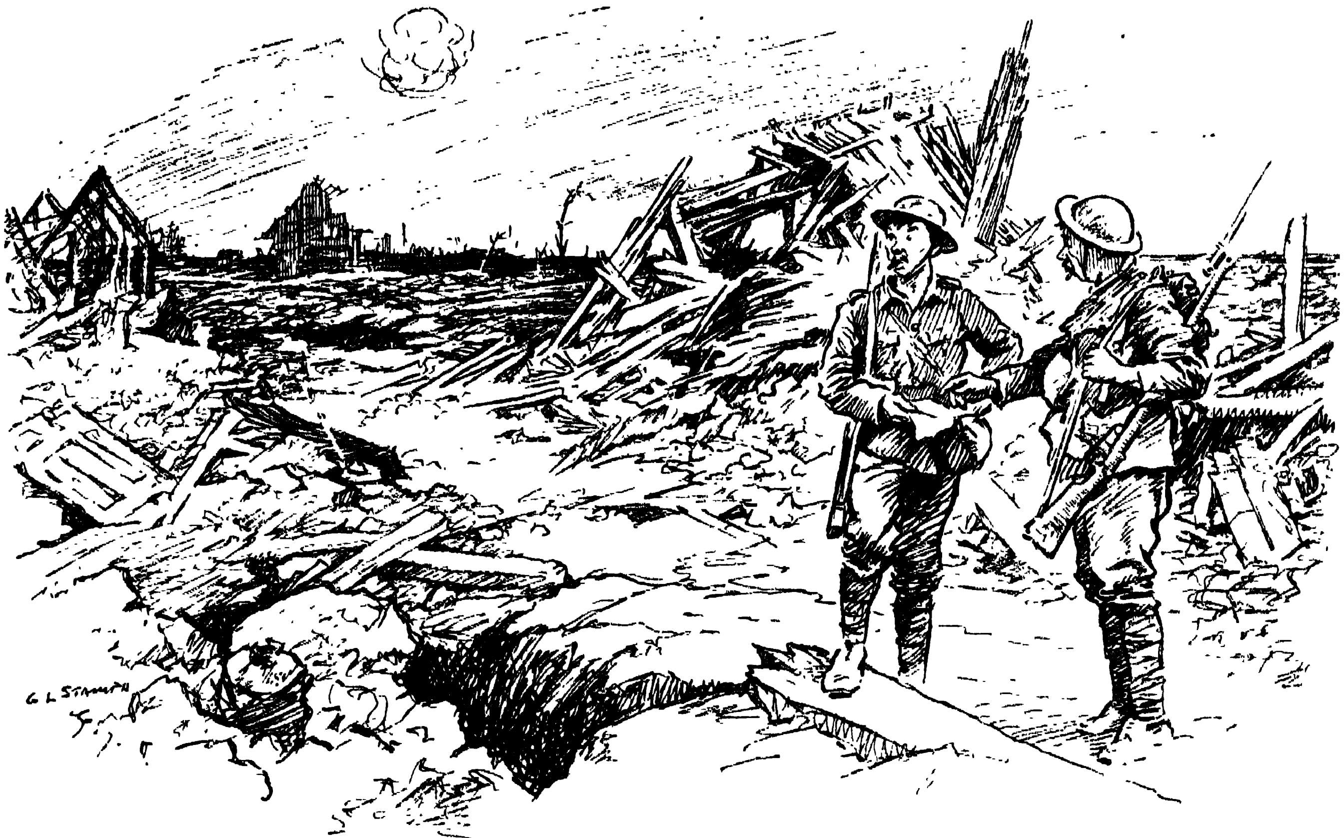
Betty Taradine is billeting at her pretty manor-house a nice vague Colonel. The Vicar's sister disapproves, because *Betty* is a grass-widow, and *Penelope*, the all-but-flapper, an insufficient chaperone. She expresses her disapproval with a hardy insolence which must be rare with vicars' sisters in these emancipated times. Naturally when you have a great deal of palaver about *Betty's* husband having deserted her two years ago after a serious tiff, and no word spoken or written since, you rightly guess that the expected new Adjutant, *Captain Rymill*, will be none other than the missing man. But you probably don't guess that *Betty*, to spoof the Church and keep the *Colonel*, has decided to kill her husband by faked telegram. So you have a distinctly intriguing theme, which Miss Tennyson Jesse and Captain Harwood handle with very considerable adroitness and embroider with many really sparkling and laughter-compelling lines.



BILLETING AND COOING.
(*The happy ending*)
Captain Rymill . . Mr. Dennis Eadie.
Betty Taradine . . Miss Iris Hoey.

I should like to ask the pleasant authors some questions. How is it that the infinitely susceptible Colonel, who loves *Penelope*, but is so overcome by the pseudo-sorrowing *Betty* that he is afraid of "saying so much more than he means," and appeals to his invaluable Adjutant for help—how is it he survived a bachelor till fifty? And how did *Betty*, with her abysmal ignorance of pass-book lore, manage to postpone her financial catastrophe for two whole years? And how do they suppose so popular and personable a man as *Taradine* could come back to England under an assumed name without a number of highly inconvenient questions being asked? More seriously, I would ask if they really expect us to believe in the reconciliation on so deep a note of this nice butterfly and this callous husband, who never intended, but for the War, to come back from his big-game shooting, and who took no pains to arrange suitable guidance (there was a lawyer vaguely mentioned, but he seems to have been singularly unobtrusive) for the obviously incompetent spouse whom he professes still to love? I am afraid it will not do. The one real point of weakness in the presentation was that Mr. Eadie could not modulate from the key of agreeable flippancy in which the comedy as a whole was set into that of the solemnly sentimental coda. Thus was the artistic unity of a pleasant trifle destroyed.

Mr. Dawson Milward's clever careful method made the *Colonel* a very live and plausible figure. Some of his intimate touches were exceedingly adroit. The authors deserve a fair share of the credit. Indeed there was throughout a suggestion of clever characterisation conspicuously above the average of this *genre*. *Penelope* was an excellently developed part, rendered with unexpectedly mature skill by Miss Stella Jessé. The *Vicar* promised at first to be a new type, but the authors seemed to have lost interest in him half-way, and not even Mr. Lawrence Hanray's skill and restraint could quite save him. I rate Mr. Eadie as an actor too high to be much amused by him in obviously Eadie parts. "A man's reach must exceed his grasp." I think it just to Miss Hoey to say that she seemed a little handicapped by efforts of memory, a condition which will duly disappear and leave her charm to assert itself. Mr. George Howard was quite admirable as a Scots bank manager; Miss Blanche Stanley, a really sound combination of essential good-nature and wounded dignity as a cook on the verge of giving notice. Miss Gertrude Sterroll tackled a vicaress of the Mid-Victorian era (authors' responsibility this) with a courage which deserves both praise and sympathy. T.



THE OPTIMIST.

"If this is the right village then we're all right. The instructions is clear—'Go past the post-office and sharp to the left afore you come to the church.'"

THE AIRMAN.

Jack loves dreadnoughts, Peggy loves trains,
But I know what I love—aeroplanes.

Jack will sail the high seas if he can stick it;
Peggy 'll be the girl in blue who asks to see your ticket;
But I will steer my aeroplane over London town
And loop the loop till Nurse cries out, "Lor', Master Jim, come down!"

Jack will be an admiral if he isn't sick;
Peggy 'll take the tickets and punch them with a click;
But I will make a splendid hum up there in the blue;
I'll look down on London town, I'll look down on you.

Jack will hunt for U-boats and sink the beasts by scores;
Peggy 'll have a perfect life, slamming carriage doors;
But I shall join the R.F.C. and Nurse herself will shout,
"There's Master Flight-Commander Jim has put them Huns to rout."

"A well-known Liverpool shipowner and philanthropist is giving £70,000—£100 for each year of his life—to various charitable and philanthropic objects."—*Scotsman.*

He might almost have lived in the time of the Patriarchs, but we gather that he preferred the days of the profits.

"Often it was impossible to detect the existence of underground works until their occupants opened fire. At one such spot a white bag was displayed, and when our men charily approached a burst of fire met them."—*East Anglian Daily Times.*

The enemy is evidently up to his old trick—taking cover behind women.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I foresee the appearance, during the next few years, of many regimental handbooks that will record the history at this present visibly and gloriously in the making. One such has already reached me, a second edition of *A Brief History of the King's Royal Rifle Corps* (Warren), compiled and edited by Lieut.-General Sir Edward Hutton, K.C.B. It is a book to be bought and treasured by many to whom the record of a fine and famous regiment has become in these last years doubly precious. The moment of its appearance is indeed excellently opportune, from the fact that, in the first place, the K.R.R. was recruited from our brothers across the Atlantic, the 60th Royal Americans (as they were then) having been raised, in 1756, from the colonists in the Eastern States, with a view to retrieving the recent disaster to General Braddock's troops, and to provide a force that could meet the French and Indians upon equal terms. Thus the Regiment, which its historian modestly calls a typical unit of the British Army, is in its origin another link between the two great English-speaking allies of to-day. It has a record, certainly second to none, from Quebec to Ypres—one that splendidly bears out the words, themselves ringing like steel, of its motto, *Celer et Audax.* I should add that all profits from the sale of the book will go to "The Ladies' Guild of the King's Royal Rifle Corps." Friends past and present will no doubt see to it that these profits are considerable.

In *The Immortal Gamble* (A. and C. Black), by A. T. Stewart and C. J. Peshall, the Acting Commander and

Chaplain of *H.M.S. Cornwallis* describe the part taken by their ship and its gallant complement in the bombardment of Gallipoli and the subsequent landings down to the final evacuation. The account is clear, concise, unemotional and uncontroversial. As a glimpse rather than a survey of the Dardanelles campaign it strengthens our faith in the spirit of the race without hopelessly undermining our confidence in its intelligence. Beyond the fact that it records deeds of brave men the book has no mission, and its cheerful detachment might not, in the absence of sterner chronicles, be salutary. But as long as there are enough Commissions to publish scathing reports on this or that phase of national ineptitude it is not the publishers' business to provide cathartics for the fatted soul of a self satisfied people. As the passing of time obliterates the futilities and burnishes the heroisms of the noblest and most forlorn adventure in the history of the race, *The Immortal Gamble* will find a just place among the simple chronicles of courage which the War is storing up for the inspiration of the generations to come.

I fancy that of late the cinema has somewhat departed from its life-long preoccupation with the cow-boy, otherwise, I should have little hesitation in predicting a great future on the film for *Naomi of the Mountains* (Cassell). For this very stirring drama of the wilder West is so packed with what I can't resist calling "reelism" that it is almost impossible to think of it otherwise than in terms of the screen. It is concerned with the wooing, by two contrasted suitors, of *Naomi*, herself more or less a child of nature, who dwelt in the back-of-beyond with her old, fanatic and extremely unpleasant father. But, though the action is of the breathless type that we have come to expect from such a setting, there is far more character and serious observation than you would be prepared to find. Mr. Christopher Culley has drawn a real woman, and at least two human and well-observed men. I will not give you in detail the varied course of *Naomi's* romance, which ends in a perfect orgy of battle, with sheriffs and shooting, redskins and revolvers—in short, all the effects that Mr. Hawtrey not long ago so successfully illustrated on the stage. To sum up, I should describe *Naomi of the Mountains* as melodrama with a difference—the difference residing in its clever character-drawing and some touches of genuine emotion which lift it above the ordinary. And this from one to whom the Wild West in fiction has long been a weariness is something more than tepid praise.

Sir Charles Waldstein, author of the thoughtful *Aristodemocracy*, is a thinker with an internationalist mind. But pray don't think he's not a whole-hogger about the War. In *What Germany is Fighting For* (Longmans) he analyses the Germans' statement of their war-aims and does good service by presenting an excellent translation, with comment and epilogue, of the famous manifesto of "The Six Associations," and the "Independent Committee for a German Peace." It is an insolent, humourless, immoral document. Anything like it published in England would be laughed out of court by Englishmen. It is difficult to keep one's temper when one reads all this nauseating stuff about the little German lamb being threatened by the wolf, England (or Russia or France, as best suits the current paragraph), and Germany's fine solicitude for the freedom of the seas. It is no disrespect to Sir Charles Waldstein that his acute and dispassionate comment is not so forcible an argument to hold us unflinchingly to the essence of our task as any page of the manifesto itself. The German, with all his craft, has an almost unlimited capacity for giving himself away. It would seem that, after all, humour *is* the best gift of the gods. . . . Our commentator ends with an epigram to the general effect that "until they adopt, in common with us, the ideal of the Gentleman, in contradistinction to that of the Superman," we must continue to strafe them in war or peace. His book constitutes an important War document.



OUR HISTORICAL MUSEUM

Fancy portrait of the last blower of the last whistle for a London cab, August 21st, 1917.

If I had been compelled to nominate an author to write a book called *The Gossip Shop* (Hodder and Stoughton) I should have selected Mrs. J. E. Buckrose without a moment's hesitation. So I ought to be happy. Anything more soothing to tired nerves than the tittle-tattle of those Wendlebury old ladies it is impossible to imagine. And to add to the lullaby we are given an ancient cab-horse called *Griselda*, who with a flick of her tail seems to render the atmosphere even more calm and serene. Then there is a love-story which, in spite of misunderstandings, is never really perturbing, and—as a spice—a fortune telling lady who in such respectable society is as near to being naughty as doesn't matter. Small beer? Perhaps. But if you want to get away from the War and rumours of it, I advise you to take a draught of this tranquillizing potion.

From a Booksellers' Catalogue:—

"Plutarch His Life, his Parallel Lives, and his Morals. 3/6."

So spicy a story is surely cheap at the price.

"The cause of the explosion is unknown, but it is assumed that some combustible matter was among the coal."—*Daily Dispatch.*

It is only fair to some of the coal merchants to say that they take great pains to reduce this danger to a minimum.

The Fishes' Feast.

"Sugar cargoes amounting to over 40,000 tons have been put down by mines and submarines."—*Daily Paper.*

Full many a cube of Sparkling Loaf agleam
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a sack of Crystals melts astream
And wastes its sweetness on the fishes there.

CHARIVARIA.

The Kaiser has again visited the High Seas Fleet in security at Wilhelmshaven. Enthusiastic applause greeted the brief speech in which he urged them "to stick to it."

* * *

There is no truth in the rumour that one of the recently escaped Huns got away disguised as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

* * *

Some commotion was caused in the Strand last week when a policeman accused a man of whistling for a taxi-cab. Later, however, the policeman accepted the gentleman's plea that he was not whistling, but that was his natural face.

*

From the latest reports from Dover we gather that this year the Channel has decided to swim Great Britain.

* * *

As a result of the excessive rain a nigger troupe at Margate were seen to pale visibly.

* * *

Fortunately for the Americans there is one man who will stand by them in their hour of trouble. According to a Spanish news message Mr. Jack Johnson has decided not to return to America.

* * *

Owing to the scarcity of matches we understand that many smokers now adopt the plan of waiting for the fire-engine to turn out and then proceed to the conflagration to get a light.

* * *

A catfish has been caught at Hastings. It died worth a lady's gold bracelet and a small pocket-knife.

* * *

The Norwegian explorer, Roald Amundsen, is preparing for a trip to the North Pole in 1918. Additional interest now attaches to this spot as being the only territory whose neutrality the Germans have omitted to violate.

* * *

Russian tea is being sold in London at 12*s.* 7*d.* a pound. It is remarkable that, with the country in its present disorganised condition, the Russian merchants can still hold their own without the assistance of a Food Controller.

* * *

A room for quick luncheons, not to cost more than 1*s.* 3*d.*, has been opened in Northumberland Avenue for busy Government officials. It is hoped eventually to provide room to enable a few other people to join the Geddes family at their mid-day meal.

* * *

King Constantine, says a despatch, has rented an expensive villa overlooking Lake Zurich. Just the thing for an ex-pensive monarch.

* * *

We are requested to say that the man named Smith, charged at Bow Police Court the other day, is in no way connected with the other Mr. Smiths.

* * *

At a vegetable show at Godalming, 5,780 dead butterflies were exhibited by children. It is understood that the pacifists are protesting against this encouragement of the martial spirit among the young.



Doctor. "Your throat is in a very bad state. Have you ever tried gargling with salt water?"

Skipper. "Yus, I've been torpedoed six times."

* * *

Considerable annoyance has been caused in Government circles by the announcement that "at last the War Office has been aroused." Officials there, however, deny the accusation.

* * *

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has received four hundred pounds from an anonymous donor towards the cost of the War. The donor, it appears, omitted to specify which part of the War he would like to pay for.

* * *

Germany has at last addressed a reply to the Argentine Republic, pointing out that strict orders have been issued to U-boat commanders that ships flying the Argentine flag must always be torpedoed by accident.

* * *

Mammoth marrows have been reported from several districts, and it is now rumoured that Sir Douglas Haig is busy developing a giant squash.

* * *

An official report states that there are three hundred and forty-three ice-cream shops in Wandsworth. Unfortunately this is not the only indication of an early winter.

* * *

A potato closely resembling the German Crown Prince has been dug up at Reading. This is very good for a beginning, but our amateur potato-growers must produce a Hindenburg if we are to win the War.

* * *

A woman walked into a shop at Cuckfield and settled a bill sent to her twenty-four years ago, but it is not stated whether she was really able to obtain any sugar.

* * *

The R.S.P.C.A. grows more and more alert. A man who hid three and a half pounds of stolen margarine in his horse's nose-bag has just been fined five pounds.

* * *

"Dogs," says the Acton magistrate, "are not allowed to bite people they dislike." All the same there have been times when we have felt that it would have been an act of supererogation to explain to the postman that our dog was really attached to him.

* * *

A taxi-cab driver has been fined two pounds for using abusive language to a policeman. Only his explanation, that he thought he was addressing a fare, saved him from a heavier penalty.

A War Bargain.

"Brighton.—A small General for Sale through old age. No reasonable offer refused."
West Sussex Gazette.

"An enormous burden of detail is thus taken off the shareholders of the Munitions Minister."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

This will strengthen the belief that Mr. Churchill is not a man but a syndicate.

"From that successful German campaign sprang the United Terrific Peoples—the Modern German Empire."—*Nigerian Pioneer.*

The author wrote "Teutonic Peoples," but the native compositor thought he knew better—and perhaps he did.

ONE STAR.

OCCASIONALLY I receive letters from friends whom I have not seen lately addressed to Lieutenant M—— and apologising prettily inside in case I am by now a colonel; in drawing-rooms I am sometimes called "Captain-er"; and up at the Fort the other day a sentry of the Royal Defence Corps, wearing the Crécy medal, mistook me for a Major, and presented crossbows to me. This is all wrong. As Mr. GARVIN well points out, it is important that we should not have a false perspective of the War. Let me, then, make it perfectly plain—I am a Second Lieutenant.

When I first became a Second Lieutenant I was rather proud. I was a Second Lieutenant "on probation." On my right sleeve I wore a single star. So: *

(on probation, of course).

On my left sleeve I wore another star. So: *

(also on probation).

They were good stars, none better in the service; and as we didn't like the sound of "on probation" Celia put a few stitches in them to make them more permanent. This proved effective. Six months later I had a very pleasant note from the KING telling me that the days of probation were now over, and making it clear that he and I were friends.

I was now a real Second Lieutenant. On my right sleeve I had a single star. Thus:

*

(not on probation).

On my left sleeve I also had a single star. In this manner:

*

This star also was now a fixed one.

From that time forward my thoughts dwelt naturally on promotion. There were exalted persons in the regiment called Lieutenants. They had two stars on each sleeve. So:

* *

I decided to become a Lieutenant.

Promotion in our regiment was difficult. After giving the matter every consideration I came to the conclusion that the only way to win my second star was to save the Colonel's life. I used to follow him about affectionately in the hope that he would fall into the sea. He was a big strong man and a powerful swimmer, but once in the water it would not be difficult to cling round his neck and give an impression that I was rescuing him. However, he refused to fall in. I fancy that he wore somebody's Military Soles which prevent slipping.

Years rolled on. I used to look at my stars sometimes, one on each sleeve; they seemed very lonely. At times they came close together; but at other times, as, for instance, when I was semaphoring, they were very far apart. To prevent these occasional separations Celia took them off my sleeves and put them on my shoulders. One on each shoulder. So:

*

And so:

*

There they stayed.

And more years rolled on.

One day Celia came to me in great excitement.

"Have you seen this in the paper about promotion?" she said eagerly.

"No; what is it?" I asked. "Are they making more generals?"

"I don't know about generals; it's Second Lieutenants being Lieutenants."

"You're joking on a very grave subject," I said seriously. "You can't expect to win the War if you go on like that."

"Well, you read it," she said, handing me the paper. "It's a committee of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S."

I took the paper with a trembling hand, and read. She was right! If the paper was to be believed, all Second Lieutenants were to become Lieutenants after eighteen years' service. At last my chance had come.

"My dear, this is wonderful," I said. "In another fifteen years we shall be nearly there. You might buy two more stars this afternoon and practise sewing them on, in order to be ready. You mustn't be taken by surprise when the actual moment comes."

"But you're a Lieutenant *now*," she said, "if that's true. It says that 'after eighteen months——'"

I snatched up the paper again. Good Heavens! it was eighteen *months*—not years.

"Then I *am* a Lieutenant," I said.

We had a bottle of champagne for dinner that night, and Celia got the paper and read it aloud to my tunic. And just for practice she took the two stars off my other tunic and sewed them on this one—thus:

* * * *

And we had a very happy evening.

"I suppose it will be a few days before it's officially announced," I said.

"Bother, I suppose it will," said Celia, and very reluctantly she took one star off each shoulder, leaving the matter—so:

* *

And the months rolled on.

And I am still a Second Lieutenant...

I do not complain; indeed I am even rather proud of it. If I am not gaining on my original one star, at least I am keeping pace with it. I might so easily have been a corporal by now.

But I should like to have seen a little more notice taken of me in the *Gazette*. I scan it every day, hoping for some such announcement as this:

"*Second Lieutenant M—— to remain a Second Lieutenant.*"

Or this:

"*Second Lieutenant M—— to be seconded and to retain his present rank of Second Lieutenant.*"

Or even this:

"*Second Lieutenant M—— relinquishes the rank of Acting Second Lieutenant on ceasing to command a Battalion, and reverts to the rank of Second Lieutenant.*"

Failing this, I have thought sometimes of making an announcement in the Personal Column of *The Times*:

"Second Lieutenant M—— regrets that his duties as a Second Lieutenant prevent him from replying personally to the many kind inquiries he has received, and begs to take this opportunity of announcing that he still retains a star on each shoulder. Both doing well."

But perhaps that is unnecessary now. I think that by this time I have made it clear just how many stars I possess.

One on the right shoulder. So:

*

And one on the left shoulder. So:

*

That is all. A. A. M.

THE FOUNTAIN.

UPON the terrace where I play
A little fountain sings all day
A tiny tune:
It leaps and prances in the air—
I saw a little fairy there
This afternoon.

The jumping fountain never stops—
He sat upon the highest drops
And bobbed about.
His legs were waving in the sun,
He seemed to think it splendid fun,
I heard him shout.

The sparrows watched him from a tree,
A robin bustled up to see
Along the path:
I thought my wishing-bone would break,
I wished so much that I could take
A fairy bath. R. F.

"LIBRARY NOTES.

Mr. Buttling Sees It Thru, H. G. Wells."

Citronelle Call (Alabama, U.S.A.).

Rumours that Mr. WELLS is a convert to the "nu speling" may now be safely contradicted.



"KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING."

SOLO BY OUR OPTIMISTIC PREMIER.

THE MUD LARKS.

I am living at present in one of those villages in which the retreating Hun has left no stone unturned. With characteristic thoroughness he fired it first, then blew it up, and has been shelling it ever since. What with one thing and another, it is in an advanced state of dilapidation; in fact, if it were not that one has the map's word for it, and a notice perched on a heap of brick-dust saying that the Town Major may be found within, the casual wayfarer might imagine himself in the Sahara, Kalahari, or the south end of Kingsway.

Some of these French towns are very difficult to recognise as such; only the trained detective can do it. A certain Irish Regiment was presented with the job of capturing one. The scheme was roughly this. They were to climb the parapet at 5.25 a.m. and rush a quarry some one hundred yards distant. After half-an-hour's breather they were to go on to some machine-gun emplacements, dispose of these, wait a further twenty minutes, and then take the town. Distance barely one thousand yards in all. Promptly at zero the whole field spilled over the bags, as the field spills over the big double at Punchestown, paused at the quarry only long enough to change feet on the top, and charged yelling at the machineguns. Then being still full of fun and *joie de vivre*, and having no officers left to hamper their fine flowing style, they ducked through their own barrage and raced all out for the final objective. Twenty minutes later, two miles further on, one perspiring private turned to his panting chum, "For the love of God, Mike, aren't we getting in the near of this damn town yet?"

I have a vast respect for Hindenburg (a man who can drink the mixtures he does, and still sit up and smile sunnily into the jaws of a camera ten times a day, is worthy of anybody's veneration), but if he thought that by blowing these poor little French villages into small smithereens he would deprive the B.E.F. of headcover and cause it to catch cold and trot home to mother, he will have to sit up late and do some more thinking. For Atkins of to-day is a knowing bird; he can make a little go the whole distance and conjure plenty out of nothingness. As for cover, two bricks and his shrapnel hat make a very passable pavilion. Goodness knows it would puzzle a guinea-pig to render itself inconspicuous in our village, yet I have watched battalion after battalion march into it and be halted and dismissed. Half an hour later there is not a soul to be seen. They have all gone to ground. My groom and countryman went in search of wherewithal to build a shelter for the horses. He saw a respectable plank sticking out of a heap of débris, laid hold on it and pulled. Then—to quote him *verbatim*—"there came a great roarin' from in underneath of it, Sor, an' a black divil of an infantryman shoved his head up through the bricks an' drew down sivin curses on me for pullin' the roof off his house. Then he's afther throwin' a bomb at me, Sor, so I came away. Ye wouldn't be knowin' where to put your fut down in this place, Sor, for the dhread of treadin' in the belly of an officer an' him aslape."



First unhappy Passenger. "Oh, I say, can't we go back now?"
Boatman. "Not yet, Sir. The gentleman in the bows insists on 'aving 'is sixpennorth."

Some people have the bungalow mania and build them *bijoux maisonettes* out of biscuit tins, sacking and what-not, but the majority go to ground. I am one of the majority; I go to ground like a badger, for experience has taught me that a dug-out—cramped, damp, dark though it may be—cannot be stolen from you while you sleep; that is to say, thieves cannot come along in the middle of the night, dig it up bodily by the roots and cart it away in a G.S. waggon without you, the occupant, being aware that some irregularity is occurring to the home. On the other hand, in this country, where the warrior, when he falls on sleep suffers a sort of temporary death, bungalows can be easily purloined from round about him without his knowledge; and what is more, frequently are.

For instance, a certain bungalow in our village was stolen as frequently as three times in one night. This was the way of it. One Todd, a foot-slogging Lieutenant, foot-slogged into our midst one day, borrowed a hole from a local rabbit, and took up his residence therein. Now this mud-pushing Todd had a cousin in the same division, one of those highly trained specialists who trickles about the country shedding coils of barbed wire and calling them "dumps"—a sapper, in short. One afternoon the sapping Todd, finding some old sheets of corrugated iron that he had neglected to dump, sent them over to his gravel-grinding cousin with his love and the request of a loan of a dozen of soda. The earth-pounding Todd came out of his hole, gazed on the corrugated iron and saw visions, dreamed dreams. He handed the hole back to the rabbit and set to work to evolve a bungalow. By evening it was complete. He crawled within and went to sleep, slept like a drugged dormouse. At 10 p.m. a squadron of the Shetland Ponies (for the purpose of deceiving the enemy all names in this article are entirely fictitious) made our village. It was drizzling at the time, and the Field Officer in charge was getting most of it in the neck. He howled for his batman, and told the varlet that if there wasn't a drizzle-proof bivouac ready to enfold him by the time he had put the ponies to bye-byes there would be no leave for ten years. The batman scratched his head, then slid softly away into the night. By the time the ponies were tilting the last drops out of their nosebags the faithful servant had scratched together a few sheets of corrugated, and piled them into a rough shelter. The Major wriggled beneath it and was presently putting up a barrage of snores terrible to hear. At midnight a battalion of the Loamshire Light Infantry trudged into the village. It was raining in solid chunks, and the Colonel Commanding looked like Victoria Falls and felt like a submarine. He gave expression to his sentiments in a series of spluttering bellows. His batman trembled and faded into the darkness *à pas de loup*. By the time the old gentleman had halted his command and cursed them "good night" his resourceful retainer had found a sheet or two of corrugated iron somewhere and assembled them into some sort of bivouac for the reception of his lord. His lord fell inside, kicked off his boots and slept instantly, slept like a wintering bear.



Sergeant (in charge of the raw material). "Now, Number Two, we'll have that movement once again. Don't forget this time—Neck like a swan, feet like a fairy."

At 2 A.M. three Canadian privates blundered against our village and tripped over it. They had lost their way, were mud from hoofs to horns, dead beat, soaked to the skin, chilled to the bone, fed up to the back teeth. They were not going any further, neither were they going to be deluged to death if there was any cover to be had anywhere. They nosed about, and soon discovered a few sheets of corrugated iron, bore them privily hence and weathered the night out under some logs further down the valley. My batman trod me underfoot at seven next morning. "Goin' to be blinkin' murder done in this camp presently, Sir," he announced cheerfully. "Three officers went to sleep in bivvies larst night, but somebody's souvenired 'em since an' they 're all lyin' hout in the hopen now, Sir. Their blokes daresent wake 'em an' break the noos. All very 'asty-tempered gents, so I 'm told. The Colonel is perticklar mustard. There 'll be some fresh faces on the Roll of Honour when 'e comes to."

I turned out and took a look at the scene of impending tragedy. The three unconscious officers on three camp-beds were lying out in the middle of a sea of mud like three lone islets. Their shuddering subordinates were taking cover at long range, whispering among themselves and crouching in attitudes of dreadful expectancy like men awaiting the explosion of a mine or the cracking of Doom. As explosions of those dimensions are liable to be impartial in their attentions I took horse and rode afield. But according to my batman, who braved it out, the Lieutenant woke up first, exploded noisily and detonated the Field Officer who in turn detonated the Colonel. In the words of my batman—"They went orf one, two, three, Sir, for orl the world like a machine gun, a neighteen-pounder and an How-Pop-pop! Whizz-bang! Boom!—very 'eavy cas-u-alities, Sir."

PATLANDER.

"A man who was looking at some sheep under the wire saw the flash pass close to him with simultaneous thunder, the sheep being unharmed. Still one or two complained of their legs feeling numb."

Parochial Magazine.

Who said Baalamb?

"There is no saying how Kinglake's history might have otherwise read had not a round shot put a premature end to Korniloff's career at the Malakoff whence M'Mahon was to send his famous message, 'J'y, j'reste.'"

Manchester Evening Chronicle.

There is no saying how anybody's history will read if time-honoured sayings may be treated like this.

"We are inclined to attribute the form as well as the substance of the Note to the aloofness from the practical affairs of the outside world which seems to exist in the Vatican."

Times.

The Pope may or may not be behind the times, but as our contemporary signed the Papal Peace Note, "Benedictus XVI." it is plain that *The Times* is ahead of the Pope.

Extract from a letter recently received by a manufacturing firm:—

"We are pleased to be able to inform you that we have seen the Munitions Area delusion officer at ——, and he has informed us that he would not hesitate to grant Protection Certificates for these men."

We sympathise too much with Labour to care to see it labouring under a delusion officer.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*Herr* Michaelis*: Marshal* von Hindenburg.)

Herr M. Good morning, my dear Marshal. I am glad we have been able to arrange a meeting, for there are certain points I wish to settle with you.

Von H. I am, as always, at your Excellency's service; only I beg that the interview may not be prolonged beyond what is strictly needful. Time presses, and much remains to be done everywhere.

Herr M. But I have the commands of the All-Highest to speak with you on some weighty matters. He himself, as you know, has several speeches to make to-day.

Von H. Oh, those speeches! How well I know them. I could almost make them myself if I wanted to make speeches, which, God be thanked, I do not need to do.

Herr M. No, indeed. Your reputation rests on foundations firmer than speeches.

Von H. You yourself, Excellency, have lately discovered how fallacious a thing is a speech, even where the speaker honestly tries to do his best to please everybody.

Herr M. You are very kind, my dear Marshal, to speak thus of my humble effort. The result of it has certainly disappointed me.

Von. H. What was it that Ledebour said of it? Did he not describe it as "a political hocus-pocus"? Such men ought to be at once taken out and shot. But we Prussians have always been too gentle in our methods.

Herr M. We have. It is perhaps our only fault: but this time we must see that we correct it. In any case, to be so misunderstood is most painful, especially when one has employed all one's tact.

Von. H. Ah, tact. That is what you are celebrated for, is it not?

Herr M. His Imperial Majesty has more than once been graciously pleased to compliment me upon it. And he, if anyone, is a judge of tact, is he not?

Von H. I have not myself any knowledge of it, so I cannot say for certain. Does it perhaps mean what you do when you entirely forget in one speech what you have said or omitted to say in a previous speech?

Herr M. (*aside*). The old fellow is not, after all, so thick-skulled as I thought him. (*Aloud*) I will not ask you to discuss this subject any more, but will proceed to lay before you the commands of His Majesty.

Von H. I shall be glad to hear them.

Herr M. Well, then, to cut the matter as short as possible, His Majesty insists that there shall be a victory on the Western Front.

Von H. A victory?

Herr M. Yes, a victory. A real one, mind, not a made-up affair like the capture of Langemarck, which, though it was certainly captured, was not captured by us, but by the accursed English. May Heaven destroy them!

Von H. But it was by His Majesty's orders that we announced the capture of Langemarck.

Herr M. I know; but he is graciously pleased to forget that, and to desire a genuine victory now.

Von H. Tell him I cannot promise. We have done our best at Verdun, at Lens and at Ypres, but we have had to retreat everywhere. Our turn may come another time, but, as I say, I cannot promise.

Herr M. Please go on doing your best. It is so annoying and temper-spoiling for His Majesty to make so many speeches of a fiery kind, and never to have a victory—at least not a real one for which Berlin can hang out flags. Besides, if we don't get a victory how shall we ever get a good German peace? And peace we *must* have, and that very soon.

Von H. Don't talk to me of peace. War is my business, not peace; and if I am to carry on war there must be no interference. If the All-Highest does not like that, let him take the chief command himself.

Herr M. God forbid!

LINES TO A HUN AIRMAN,

WHO AROUSED THE DETACHMENT ON A CHILLY MORNING, AT 2.30 A.M.

Oh, come again, but at another time;
  Choose some more fitting moment to appear,
For even in fair Gallia's sunny clime
  The dawns are chilly at this time of year.

I did not go to bed till one last night,
  I was on guard, and, pacing up and down,
Gazed often on the sky where every light
  Flamed like a gem in Night's imperial crown;

And when the clamant rattle's hideous sound
  Roused me from sleep, in a far distant land
My spirit moved and trod familiar ground,
  Where a Young Hopeful sat at my right hand.

There was a spotless cloth upon the board,
  Thin bread and-butter was upon me pressed,
And China tea in a frail cup was poured—
  Then I rushed forth inadequately dressed.

Lo! the poor Sergeant in a shrunken shirt,
  His manly limbs exposed to morning's dew,
His massive feet all paddling in the dirt—
  Such sights should move the heart of even you.

The worthy Corporal, sage in looks and speeches,
  Holds up his trousers with a trembling hand;
Lucky for him he slumbered in his breeches—
  The most clothed man of all our shivering band.

The wretched gunners cluster on the gun,
  Clasping the clammy breech and slippery shells;
If 'tis a joke they do not see the fun
  And damn you to the worst of Dante's hells.

And Sub-Lieutenant Blank, that martial man,
  Shows his pyjamas to a startled world,
And shivers in the foremost of our van
  The while our H.E. shells are upwards hurled.

You vanish, not ten centimes worth the worse
  For all our noise, so far as we can tell;
The blest "Stand easy" comes; with many a curse
  We hurry to the tents named after Bell.*

In two brief hours we must arise and shine!
  O willow-waly! Would I were at home
Where leisurely I breakfasted at nine
  And warm and fed went officeward to roam!

So come again, but at another time,
  Say after breakfast or some hour like that,
Or I will strafe you with a viler rhyme—
  I will, by Jove! or eat my shell-proof hat.

* On second thoughts I don't believe they are named after anyone, but "Bell" rhymes comfortably with "tell," so it may stand.

"The Rev. T. F. —— officiated in the church yesterday for the first time since his return from a four months' spell of work in connection with the Y.M.C.A. Huns in France."—*Provincial Paper.*

We congratulate him upon his discovery of this hitherto unknown tribe.



GLIMPSES OF THE FUTURE.

Maid. "Mr. Jones, Sir—him wot killed seventeen Germans in one trench with his own 'ands—'as called for the gas account, Sir."

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

(*With apologies to the shade of* Hans Andersen.)

It was late on a bitterly cold showery evening of Autumn. A poor little girl was wandering in the cold wet streets. She wore a hat on her head and on her feet she wore boots. Andersen sent her out without a hat and in boots five sizes too large for her. But as a member of the Children's Welfare League I do not consider that right. She carried a quantity of matches (ten boxes to be exact) in her old apron. Nobody had bought any of her matches during the whole long day. And since the Summer-time Act was still in force it was even longer than it would have been in Andersen's time.

The streets through which she passed were deserted. No sounds, not even the reassuring shrieks of taxi-whistles, were to be heard, for it costs you forty shillings now (or is it five pounds?) to engage a taxi by whistle, and people simply can't afford it. Clearly she would do no business in the byways, so she struck into a main thoroughfare. At once she was besieged by buyers. They guessed she was the little match-girl because she struck a match from time to time just to show that they worked. Also she liked to see the blaze. She would not have selected this branch of war-work had she not been naturally fond of matches.

They crowded round her, asking eagerly, "How much a box?" Now her mother had told her to sell them at a shilling a box. But the little girl had heard much talk of war-profits, and since nobody had given her any she thought she might as well earn some. So she asked five shillings a box. And since these were the last matches seen in England it was not long before she had sold all the ten boxes (including the one containing the burnt ends of the matches she had struck to attract custom).

The little girl then went to the nearest post-office and purchased two pounds' worth of War Loan. The ten shillings which remained she took home to her mother, and since the good woman did not understand the principles of profiteering she was well pleased.

But alas for the little girl! one of her customers, doubting the honesty of her intentions, had informed the policeman. She was subsequently taken into custody, and the magistrate is now faced with the problem as to whether she is a good little girl in that she put money into War Loan, or a bad little girl in that she followed the example of the profiteers.

Our Helpful Press.

From a recipe for jam:—

"Add the fruit and boil 40 minutes. Glucose and sugar in equal parts can be used if sugar is unobtainable."—*Daily Sketch.*

"To lease or rent a fine family residence, healthy locality, one mile from Mandeville fully furnished with good accommodation for a large family standing on ten acres of good grazing land with many fruit trees has two large tanks, recently occupied by judge Reece." *Daily Gleaner (Jamaica).*

Anything for coolness.

Extract from a speech by Mr. Bromley on the eight-hours' day:—

"They had endeavoured after long weary waiting to bring to fruition in due time what had been the first plank in their programme for thirteen years."—*Morning Paper.*

But the plank, as might be expected, has, as fruit-growers say, "run to wood."



Colonel (asked to review V.A.D. Corps, and not wishing to spring an order on them). "Now, I'm going to ask you ladies to form fours."

THE PASSING OF THE COD'S HEAD.

(A Romance of Chiswick Mall.)

It was because the dustman did not come;
It was because our cat was overfed,
And, gorged with some superior pabulum,
Declined to touch the cod's disgusting head;
It was because the weather was too warm
To hide the horror in the refuse-bin,
And too intense the perfume of its form,
My wife commanded me to do the sin,
To take and cast it in the twinkling Thames—
A practice which the neighbourhood condemns.

So on the midnight, with a strong cigar
And scented handkerchief, I tiptoed near,
But felt the exotic fragrance from afar;
I thought of Arthur and Sir Bedivere:
And it seemed best to leave it on the plate,
So strode I back and told my curious spouse
"I heard the high tide lap along the Eyot,
And the wild water at the barge's bows."
She said, "O treacherous! O heart of clay!
Go back and throw the smelly thing away."

Thereat I seized it, and with guilty shoon
Stole out indignant to the water's marge:
Its eyes like emeralds caught the affronted moon;
The stars conspired to make the thing look large;
Surely all Chiswick would perceive my shame!
I clutched the indecency and whirled it round
And flung it from me like a torch in flame;
And a great wailing swept across the sound,
As though the deep were calling back its kith.
I said, "It will go down to Hammersmith.

"It will go down beyond the Chelsea flats,
And hang with barges under Battersea,
Will press past Wapping with decaying cats,
And the dead dog shall bear it company;
Small bathing boys shall feel its clammy prod,
And think some jellyfish has fled the surge;
And so 'twill win to where the tribe of cod
In its own ooze intones a fitting dirge,
And after that some false and impious fish
Will likely have it for a breakfast dish."

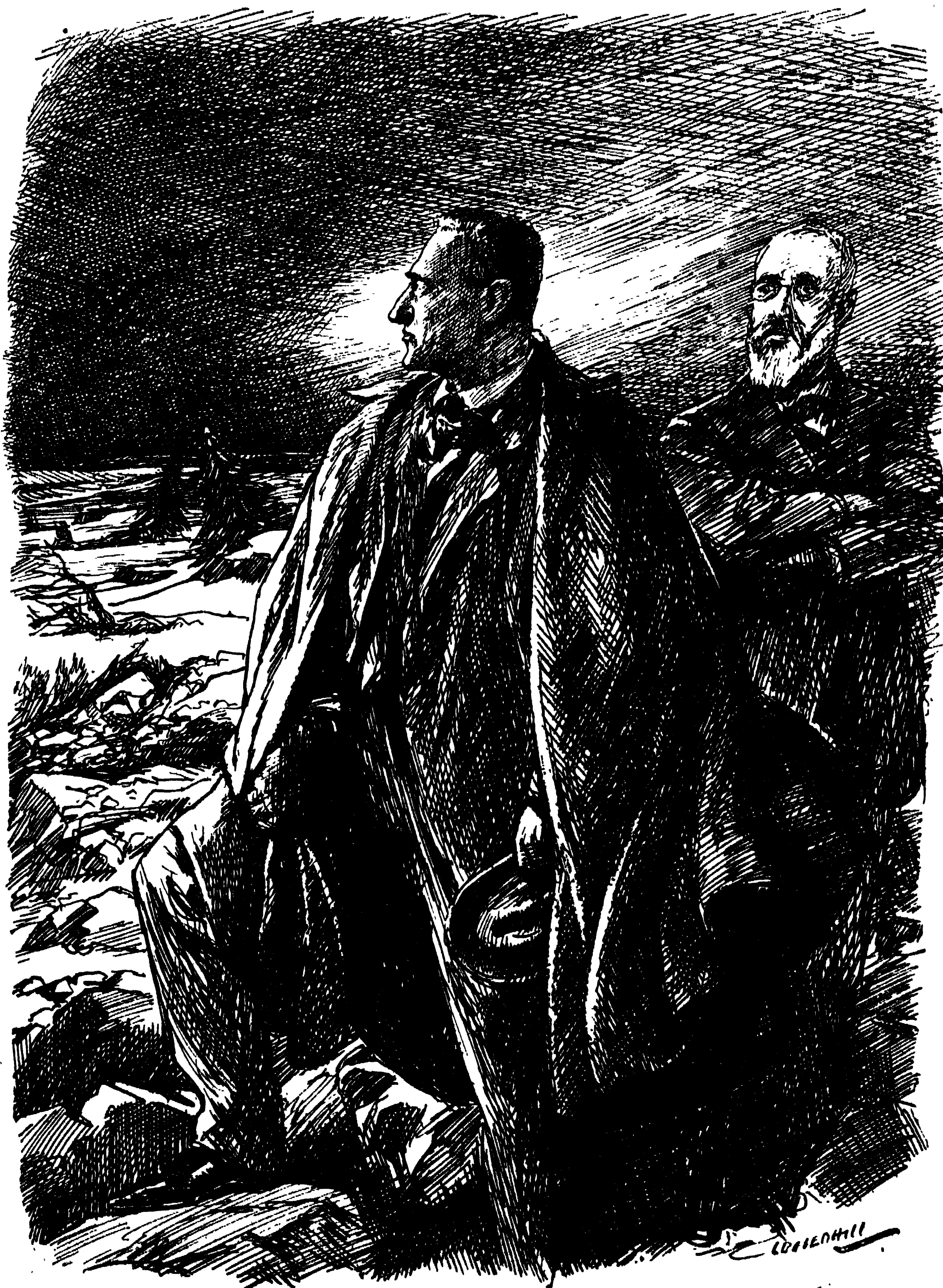
The morning dawned. The tide had stripped the shore;
And that foul shape I fancied so remote
Lay stark below, just opposite next-door!
Who would have said a cod's head could not float?
No more my neighbour in his garden sits;
My callers now regard the view with groans;
For tides may roll and rot the fleshly bits,
But what shall mortify those ageless bones?
How shall I bear to hear my grandsons say,
"Look at the fish that grand-dad threw away"?

A. P. H.

From a South African produce-merchant's letter:—

"As so many of our clients were disappointed last year . . . we are taking time by the fetlock and offering you this excellent quality seed now."

To be sure of stopping Father Time you must collar low.



LIBERATORS.

Venizelos *to* Kerensky. "DO NOT DESPAIR. I TOO WENT THROUGH SUFFERING BEFORE ACHIEVING UNITY."

WAR-TIME WALKS.

(*With apologies to a contemporary for cutting the ground from under its feet, and to our readers for omitting certain names—in deference to the Censor.*)

Owing to the War one must save money and spend as little as possible on fares when rambling for pleasure. The following itinerary will be found quite an inexpensive one, though offering plenty of interest. Take the train to ——. Leave the station by the exit on the south side, and turn to the right under the railway bridge, taking the path by the stream till you come to a bridge which crosses it.

Do not cross the stream, however, but turn sharply to the right (opposite a rather pretentious-looking house) for two hundred yards or so, when you will come to a park. A little before entering the park you will see, lying not far from the road on the left, a remarkable old monastery church, much restored. This contains some fine old painted glass, some tombs and monumental inscriptions which are worth a visit if time will allow.

There is a right of way through the park up to the house, which belongs to the Earl of C——, but is not of great architectural interest. Bear to the right in front of the house, along a path which skirts the wall of the private grounds. At the end of the wall a gateway leads into the high road, and a walk of under two miles will bring you to the, at one time, pretty village of K——, which has, however, grown rapidly into a thriving town. Before reaching the parish church there is a hostelry on the right-hand side of the road where an excellent tea may be obtained (so far as the food regulations will allow).

On leaving the inn, turn through a gateway at the side of it, which gives on to a straight and rather uninteresting road, which has been considerably built upon and is more or less private, though a right of way has been preserved through it. A glimpse of a large mansion, chiefly of the 17th century, and now in the possession of the W——s, may be obtained through the trees on the right of the road.

When you come to the main road (at the far end of this semi-private road) turn to the right, and just where the gibbet used to stand, so it is said, in the good old days, there is a sharp left-angled turn which leads to the village of E——. Keep straight on, however, for a mile or two (notice the fine old timbered houses on the right of the footpath opposite the old boundary-post), and then turn to the right by the church, rebuilt in the 17th century on the site of an older and finer one, whose spire was at one time a noted landmark.

A walk through the churchyard to the church porch brings you to the brow of a hill. Descend this to the cross-roads at the bottom, but, instead of turning to either hand, keep to the narrow road in front till you come to a gateway on the left. This leads to a house which formerly belonged to the Knights Templars, but which passed into the hands of the L——s and is still in their possession. There is an interesting chapel in the grounds, containing the tombs of some of the former owners, whose deeds were more warlike, though probably less numerous, than those of the present occupants.

From here an easy walk up the Strand will bring you to the starting point, Charing Cross Embankment Station, where you can take the train again; but if you are fit and between the ages of forty-one and fifty, you can continue the walk till you reach the nearest Recruiting Office.

"Happy Home offered slight Mental Youth or otherwise."—*Times.*

A chance for one of our slim conscientious objectors.

LINES ON RE-READING "BLEAK HOUSE."

There was a time when, posing as a purist,
  I thought it fine to criticise and crab
Charles Dickens as a crude caricaturist,
  Who laid his colours on too thick and slab,
Who was a sort of sentimental tourist
  And made life lurid when it should be drab;
In short I branded as a brilliant dauber
The man who gave us *Pecksniff* and *Micawber.*

True, there are blots—like spots upon the sun—
  And genius, lavish of imagination,
In sheer profusion always has outrun
  The bounds of strict artistic concentration;
But when detraction's worst is said and done,
  How much remains for fervent admiration,
How much that never palls or wounds or sickens
(Unlike some moderns) in great generous Dickens!

And in *Bleak House*, the culminating story
  That marks the zenith of his swift career,
All the great qualities that won him glory,
  As writer and reformer too, appear:
Righteous resentment of abuses hoary,
  Of pomp and cant, self-centred, insincere;
And burning sympathy that glows unchecked
For those who sit in darkness and neglect.

Who, if his heart be not of steel or stone,
  Can read unmoved of *Charley* or of *Jo*;
Of dear *Miss Flite*, who, though her wits be flown,
  Has kept a soul as pure as driven snow;
Of the fierce "man from Shropshire" overthrown
  By Law's delays; of *Caddy's* inky woe;
Or of the alternating fits and fluster
That harass the unhappy slavey, *Guster*?

And there are scores of characters so vivid
  They make us friends or enemies for life:
Hortense, half-tamed she-wolf, with envy livid;
  The patient *Snagsby* and his shrewish wife;
The amorous *Guppy*, who poor *Esther* chivvied;
  Tempestuous *Boythorn*, revelling in strife;
Skimpole, the honey-tongued artistic cadger;
And that tremendous woman, *Mrs. Badger.*

No wonder then that, when we seek awhile
  Relief and respite from War's strident chorus,
Few books more swiftly charm us to a smile,
  Few books more truly hearten and restore us
Than his, whose art was potent to beguile
  Thousands of weary souls who came before us—
No wonder, when the Huns, who ban our fiction,
Were fain to free him from their malediction.

"WHAT PEOPLE SAY.

One of the collectors for the —— Hospital Sunday fund seems to have got more than either he or the committee desired.

On approaching a house he was received by a dog which persisted in leaving its compliments on one of his legs.

Happily the injury, though treated by a chemist, was not serious."
Provincial Paper.

People ought not to say these things about chemists.

"ESCAPED GERMAN FLYING MEN.

One of the men is Lieut. Josef Flink. He has a gunshot wound in the palm of the left hand. The second is Orbum Alexander von Schutz, with side-whiskers. Both speak very little English."
Southern Echo.

But Von Schutz's *sotto-voce* rendering of the "Hymn of Hate" is immense.

AT, THE PLAY.

"The Invisible Foe."

Mr. H. B. Irving has elected to play villain in a new mystery play by Mr. Walter Hackett. Essential elements of the business as follows: Obstinate old millstone of a shipbuilder, *Bransby*, who simply will not give up shipbuilding for aeroplane making (and no wonder in these days!); nephew *Stephen*, with an unwholesome hankering after power and a complete inability to see the obvious; nephew *Hugh*, lieutenant lately gazetted, with much more wholesome and intelligent hankering after *Helen Bransby*; Clerk, mouldy, faithful, one who discovers deficit in the West African ledger to the extent of ten thousand pounds.

The false entries are in the hand of *Hugh*, but *Stephen's* sinister eye and shocking suit of solemn black promptly give him away to the audience, while with a gorgeous fatuity he gives himself away to his uncle by writing out his brother's resignation of the King's Commission (in itself an odd thing to do) in the very hand he had so adroitly practised in order to manipulate the ledger. Whereupon, at *Bransby's* dictation, *Stephen* writes a full confession, leaving the house in an acutely disgruntled frame of mind. The old man puts the confession quite naturally (the firm is like that) between the leaves of his *David Copperfield*, and dies of heart failure.

So *Stephen* is again up on *Hugh* at the turn. Indeed in the six months that have elapsed between Acts I. and II. many things have happened, and neglected to happen. *Stephen* has become by common report a great man, pillar of the house of Bransby, which now makes aeroplanes like anything. He has been too busy getting power even to look into his uncle's papers (though executor), or to have the West African ledger taken back to the office, or, queerest of all, to discover and destroy that damning confession. However, having got his power, he now proceeds to consolidate it by trying to find the missing document.

On the same day *Helen* arrives unexpectedly, urged thereto by a vague impression inspired by her dead father that *Hugh's* innocence will be established by something found in the fateful room; also *Hugh*, who had enlisted and now comes back from France a sergeant, with the same idea in his head and from the same source. As we had all seen the paper's hiding-place I found it a little difficult to be impressed by the elaborate efforts, unconscionably long drawn out, of the departed spirit to disclose the matter to *Helen* and *Hugh*; while the masterly inactivity of *Stephen*, who was trying to find his document by pure reason (mere looking for it would not occur to his Napoleonic brain), confirmed the opinion I had earlier formed of that solemn ass. However, his invisible foe does contrive to get his message through to the lovers and smash up *Stephen* and his bubble of power.

I can't help being surprised that Mr. H. B. Irving should have been satisfied with so impossible a character as *Stephen Pryde*, though I need not add that he made most effective play with the terror of an evil conscience haunted by the vengeful dead, throwing away his consonants rather recklessly in the process and receiving the plaudits of an enthusiastic audience.

I grant Mr. Hackett freely his effects of eeriness and his sound judgment in manipulating his ghost without materialising him; and congratulate him particularly on the part of the vague American lady, most capably performed by Miss Marion Lorne.

Miss Fay Compton made a pretty lover and plausible clairvoyante. Mr. Sydney Valentine's portrait was (yes!) masterly; and Mr. Tom Reynolds is excellent as the confidential clerk. Mr. Holman Clark struck me (without surprise) as slightly bored with his part of a Doctor who lost his patient in the first Act and remained as a convenient peg for the plot. His adroit method ensures smooth playing and pulls a cast together.

T.



Servant (on hearing air-raid warning). "I shall stand here in the middle of the 'all, Mum, so that if a bomb comes in at the front-door we can go out at the back."

PLAYING THE GAME.

After we had finally arranged the cricket match—Convalescents *versus* the Village—for the benefit of the Serbian Relief Fund, we remembered that early in the year the cricket-field had been selected for the site of the village potato-patch, and my favourite end of the pitch—the one without the cross-furrow—was now in full blossom.

As the cricket-field is the only level piece of ground in the district, the cricket committee began to lose its grip upon the situation, and were only saved from ignominious failure by the enterprise of the British Army, in this case represented by Sergeant-Major Kippy, D.C.M., who was recovering in the best of spirits from his third blighty one.

"'Ow about the Colonel's back gardin?" he suggested. "There's a lovely bit o' turf there."

We remembered the perfect and spacious lawn, scarcely less level than a billiard-table, and, even with the Colonel busy on the East Coast, the committee were unanimously adverse to the suggestion. But Kippy, born within hail of a Kentish cricket-field, was not to be denied, and, after all, one cannot haggle about a mere garden with someone who was with the first battalions over the Messines Ridge.

Thus the affair was taken out of our hands, and when the day arrived we pitched the stumps where Kippy, giving due consideration to the Colonel's foliage, thought the light was most advantageous.

The Village won the toss, and old Tom Pratt took guard and proceeded to dig himself in by making what he termed his "block-hole." I visualised the choleric blue eye of the Colonel and shuddered.

For a time matters proceeded uneventfully. Then, at the fall of the fourth wicket, the game suddenly developed, Jim Butcher, batting at the pergola end, giving us an exhibition of his famous scoop shot, which landed full pitch through the drawing-room window. It was a catastrophe of such dimensions that even the boldest spirit quailed before it, and the Colonel's butler, batting at the other end, immediately dissociated himself from the proceedings and bolted from the field.

Kippy, as befitted a warrior of parts, was the first to recover.

"'Ere," he exclaimed, "we carn't 'ave this; wot do you think the Colonel will say?"

I do not suppose there was anyone who had not thought of it.

"We got to 'ave fresh rules," Kippy continued. "Anyone breaking a winder 'as to retire, mend the winder, and 'is side loses ten runs." Only a super mind could in the time have framed a punishment so convincingly deterrent.

The scoop shot from the pergola end was ruled out in a sentence, and we were treated to a masterly and Jessopian demonstration of how to get an off ball past square-leg.

But no completely efficient form of organisation can be encompassed in an hour, nor can man legislate for the unknown factor.

In this case Kippy was not aware that, on the far side of the shrubbery, against an ancient sun-bathed wall, stood the greenhouse which sheltered the Colonel's prize grapes. And so Jim Butcher, playing this time from the rockery end, brought off the double event and caused another new clause to be added to the local rules. With thirty-seven to his credit and still undefeated he was making history in the village, though it must be admitted that no one was ever less anxious to retain the post of honour, and when the gardener laid out the damaged fruit nothing short of Kippy's appeal would have persuaded him to continue his innings.

"Wot, retire jest when you 're gettin' popler an' can't do no more 'arm an' I 've sent off the 'ole brigade of scouts ter spread the noos, 'Jessop thirty, not out, an' 'arf the Colonel's winders napooed.' Wy, the ole blinkin' county will be 'ere as soon as they know wot 's goin' on. Kippy leant forward confidentially, "An' them Serbian boxes 'as got ter be filled some'ow." It was an irresistible argument, and Jim Butcher continued his innings under slightly restricted conditions.



Bank Cashier (gazing at golden orb of day). "It's a real holiday to watch these sunsets—after all the paper money."

At 6.50, with ten minutes to play, the Convalescents, who had shown great form, required only twelve runs to win the match. Kippy and Gunner Toady shared the batting. A pretty glance to leg for two by the Gunner was all that could be taken out of the penultimate over, and Kippy at the pergola end faced Mark Styles, the postman, to take the first ball of the last over. Two singles were run, and then Kippy placed one nicely into the herbaceous border for four. The next one nearly got him, and then, with the seven o'clock delivery, as it were, the postman tossed up a half-volley on the leg side. Forgotten were the rules, the windows and all else. Kippy jumped out and, with every muscle he could bring into action, hit it straight through the plate-glass panel of the billiard-room door. For five petrified seconds we gazed at the wreckage, and then the door opened and the Colonel walked briskly into the garden. Anything else—a bomb or an earthquake—might merely have created curiosity, but this was different.

Quite unostentatiously I vacated my position at fine leg and merged myself with the slips, who, together with point and cover, were bearing a course towards the labyrinthine ways of the kitchen-garden. After vainly searching for an imaginary ball and finding that we were not actually attacked from the rear, we ventured at length to return.

Kippy and the Colonel were conversing on the centre of the well-worn pitch. The Colonel was speaking.

". . . Lose ten runs and the match! I never heard such infernal nonsense. That shot was worth six runs on any ground. I shall insist on revising the rules."

At the same time I noticed that Kippy was holding a red-and-white box, and the Colonel was with difficulty thrusting something through the inadequate slit.

It looked like a piece of paper.

The Huns at Home.

"In the final figure, all the dancers make bows and curtseys to the Emperor and Empress, who are either standing or sitting at this time on the throne."

Mr. Gerard's description of a Court Ball.

Two chiefs with but a single chair to stand on. And yet they call Germany undemocratic!

"M. Painlevé's resemblance to M. Briand (the former Premier) is string."

Liverpool Daily Post.

Whereas the tie between British Ministers is generally tape (red).

PRESERVING THEIR PROSPECTS.

[Exemption has been granted by the Warwick Appeal Tribunal to a man who applied on the ground that if he lived long enough he would inherit £200,000.]

Extract from "The Mid-County Advertiser," July 30th.

Martin Slim, 25, single, categoried A 1, applied for exemption to the Bumpshire Tribunal on the ground that if he were required to do military service he would lose a substantial fortune. Applicant explained that he was engaged in an enterprise which involved the planting of 200 acres of young cork-trees. The trees would be ready for cutting in about 1945, by which time it was estimated the demand for cork legs would enable him to realise a handsome profit on the sale of the bark. Total exemption was granted, the chairman of the Tribunal congratulating the young man on his patriotic foresight.

"The Snobington Mercury," August 7th.

Among the recent applicants to the Snobington Appeal Tribunal was the Hon. Geoffrey de Knute. Solicitor for the applicant stated that his client, who was already giving all his time to the organisation of hat-trimming competitions for wounded soldiers and other work of national importance, desired exemption for the reason that he expected shortly to succeed to the Earldom of Swankshire. There were, he explained, three brothers who stood between his client and the title, all over military age. It was expected, however, that the age limit would before long be substantially raised, in which case there was every reason to believe that his client, if exempted from military service, might outlive his relatives. After some consultation the chairman stated that ten years' exemption would be granted.

"The Morning News," August 14th.

Sol. Strunski, 18, single, passed for General Service, applied for exemption yesterday before the Birdcage Walk Tribunal. Applicant's mother, who was observed to be wearing several large diamond rings and a sable jacket, informed the Tribunal that applicant was her sole support; that he had been engaged until recently upon a contract for supplying the Army Ordnance Department with antimacassars, but that, as the result of false charges made against him by persons connected with the police force, the War Office had removed his name from its list of eligible contractors, with the result that he was now out of work. He had, however, been offered the secretaryship of the Russian branch of the No-Conscription Fellowship. It was a great chance for him, she explained, but he would lose it if he were called up. The Tribunal expressed its sympathy with Mrs. Strunski, and stated that the War, important as it might be, could not be allowed to mar the future of such an able youth. Total exemption.

"The Purrsweet Record," August 21st.

At the Purrsweet Tribunal, Messrs. Pronginghham and Co., proprietors of the popular multiple grocery establishments, applied for exemption for their local branch manager, William Dudd (28, B 1). The chairman of the Tribunal, Sir George Pronginghham, stated that he had had some doubts as to whether his position as president of Pronginghham's, Ltd., did not require him to leave the disposition of this case to his colleagues. They had persuaded him to a contrary view, and certainly his patriotism could not be questioned. His son Reginald had been serving gallantly in the Army Pay Department since the outbreak of war, and he himself had been consulted by the Government on several occasions. In deciding the case of the applicant, William Dudd, he felt no bias of any kind, and the Tribunal's decision to grant total exemption was made wholly out of regard to the young man's prospects, and not in the interest of Pronginghham's, Ltd. (Cheers.) ALGOL.



Farmer. "YOU'LL NOT BE FEELING GIDDY, SURR?"
R.F.C. Officer (on leave). "NOT TILL WE REACH TEN THOUSAND FEET."

THE CONVERT.

There were three of us—a soldier, a *flâneur* and myself, who am neither but would like to be either. We were talking about the strange appearance—a phenomenon of the day—of French wine in German bottles, and this led to the re-expression of my life-long surprise that bottles should exist in such numbers as they do—bottles everywhere, all over the world, with wine and beer in them, and no one under any obligation to save and return them.

"Well," said the soldier (who may or may not have known that I was one of those writing fellows), "that has never struck me as odd. Of course there are lots of bottles. Bottles are necessary. But what beats me is the number of books. New books and old books, books in shops and books on stalls, and books in houses: and on top of all that—libraries. That's rum, if you like. I most cordially hope," he added, "that there are more bottles than books in the world."

"I don't care how many there are of either," said the *flâneur*; "but I know this—another book's badly wanted."

"Oh, come off it," said the enemy of authorship. "How can another book be needed? Have you ever seen the British Museum Reading Room? It's simply awful. It's a kind of disease. I was taken there once by an aunt when I was a boy, and it has haunted me ever since. Books by the million all round the room, and the desks crowded with people writing new ones. Men *and* women. Mixed writing, you know. Terrible!"

"All that may be true," said the *flâneur*, "but the fact remains that another book is still needed."

"Impossible," said the soldier, "unless it's a cheque-book. There I'm with you."

"No, a book—a real book. Small, I admit, but real. And I believe I can make you agree with me. I'm full of it, because I discovered the need of it only this last week-end."

"Well, what is it to be called?" the sceptic asked.

"I think a good title would be, *Have I Put Everything in?*"

"Sounds like a manual of bayonet exercise," said the soldier, and he made imaginary lunges at imaginary Huns.

"Very well then, to prevent ambiguity call it *Have I Left Anything out?* The sub-title would be 'A Guide to Packing,' or 'The Week-Ender's Friend.'"

"Ah!" said the other, beginning to be interested.

"With such a book," the *flâneur* continued, "you could never, as I did on Saturday, arrive at a house without any pyjamas, because you would find pyjamas in the list, and directly you came to them you would shove them in. That would be the special merit of the book—that you would get, out of wardrobes and drawers and off the dressing-table, the things it mentioned as you read them and shove them in."

"You would hold the book in the left hand," said the soldier, with almost as much excitement as though he were the author, "and pack with the right. That's the way."

"Yes, that's the way. It would be only a little book—like a vest-pocket diary—but it would be priceless. It would be divided into sections covering the different kinds of visit to be paid—week-end, week, fortnight, and so on. Then the kind of place—seaside, river, shooting, hunting, and so on. Foreign travel might come in as well."

"Yes," said the soldier, "lists of things for Egypt, India, Nairobi."

"That's it," said the *flâneur*. "And there would be some unexpected things too. I guess you could help me there with all your wide experience."

"A corkscrew, of course," said the soldier.

"I said unexpected things," said the *flâneur* reprovingly, such as—well, such as a screw-driver for eye-glasses—most useful. And a carriage key. And——"

His pause was my opportunity. "I'll tell you another thing," I said, "something for which I'd have given a sovereign in that gale last week when I was at the seaside window-wedges. Never again shall I travel without window-wedges."

"By Jove!" said the soldier, "that's an idea. Put down window-wedges at once. It's a great book this," he went on. "And needed—I should jolly well say so. You ought to compile it at once—before any of us has time to go away again. Personally I don't know how I've lived without it. Why, just talking about it makes me feel quite a literary character."

"Let me see," I said sweetly, "what do you call this monumental work? Oh yes, I remember—*Are There Any Important Omissions from my Saturday-to Monday Equipment?*"

"Rubbish!" said the soldier. "The title is—*Have I Put Everything in?*"

BY THE CANAL IN FLANDERS.

By the canal in Flanders I watched a barge's prow
Creep slowly past the poplar-trees; and there I made a vow
That when these wars are over and I am home at last
However much I travel I shall not travel fast.

Horses and cars and yachts and planes: I've no more use for such;
For in three years of war's alarms I've hurried far too much;
And now I dream of something sure, silent and slow and large;
So when the War is over—why, I mean to buy a barge.

A gilded barge I'll surely have, the same as Egypt's Queen,
And it will be the finest barge that ever you have seen;
With polished mast of stout pitch pine, tipped with a ball of gold,
And two green trees in two white tubs placed just abaft the hold.

So when past Pangbourne's verdant meads, by Clieveden's mossy stems,
You see a barge all white-and-gold come gliding down the Thames,
With tow-rope spun from coloured silks and snow-white horses three,
Which stop beside your river house — you'll know the bargee's me.

I'll moor my craft beside your lawn; so up and make good cheer!
Pluck me your greenest salads! Draw me your coolest beer!
For I intend to lunch with you and talk an hour or more
Of how we used to hustle in the good old days of war.

The Vicar of a country parish was letting his house to a *locum tenens*, and sent him a telegram, "Servants will be left if desired." Promptly came back the reply, "Am bringing my own sermons." And now each is wondering what sort of man the other is.

"Young Man to help weigh and clean widows at chemist's shop."
Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

To any young man who should be inclined to apply we commend the advice of *Mr. Weller, senior*, "Sammy, beware of the vidders."



AN ADAMLESS EDEN.

The Seated Lady. "THE GREAT CHARM OF THIS PLACE IS ITS ABSOLUTE LONELINESS. DAY AFTER DAY ONE HAS THESE LOVELY SANDS AND SEA AND ROCKS AND SKY ALL TO ONESELF."

The Other. "REALLY. AND HAVE YOU BEEN HERE LONG?" *Seated Lady.* "SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE WEEK."

The Other. "AND ARE YOU GOING TO STAY IN THIS DELIGHTFUL PLACE MUCH LONGER?"

Seated Lady. "ANOTHER TEN DAYS—UNLESS MY LANDLADY WILL LET ME OFF THE LAST WEEK."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IN *The Irish on the Somme* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Mr. MICHAEL MACDONAGH continues the story which he began in *The Irish at the Front*. He gives us more accounts of the heroism of his fellow-countrymen in the titanic battles that have thrilled the minds of men all the world over. He writes with a justifiable enthusiasm of the deeds of these gallant Irishmen. The book stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet. In a war which has produced so many glorious actions the Irish are second to none. Even those who do not agree in every point with Mr. JOHN REDMOND will admit ungrudgingly that he makes good the claims he puts forward in his introduction to Mr. MACDONAGH'S book. He tells us that from Ireland 173,772 Irishmen are serving in the Army and Navy, and that in addition at least 150,000 of the Irish race have joined the colours in Great Britain—no mean record. Mr. MACDONAGH is as proud of the glory of the Ulstermen as of that of Nationalist Ireland. He dedicates his book to the *carum caput* of Major WILLIE REDMOND.

Mr. E. B. OSBORN, who has written *The Maid with Wings, and other Fantasies Grave to Gay* (LANE), will perhaps not altogether thank me for saying that among the *Other Fantasies* I throughout preferred the grave to the gay. *The Maid with Wings* itself is a beautiful little piece of imagination—the vision of the Maid of France comforting an English boy during his last moments out in No Man's Land. The thing is well and delicately done, with a reserve that may encourage the judicious to hope for good work in the future from a pen that is (I fancy) as yet somewhat new. On the other hand, I must confess that the Gaiety left me (though this, of course, may be an isolated experience) with sides unshaken. "Callisthenes at Cambridge," for example, is but little removed from the article that, to my certain knowledge, has padded school and 'Varsity magazines since such began to be. Still, I liked the plea for Protection against foreign imports in literature and art by way of helping the native producer, though even here some condensation would, I thought, have sharpened the point. But, after all, reviewers are dull dogs to move to laughter (as no doubt Mr. OSBORN will now agree), so I hope he will rest content with my genuine appreciation of his graver passages, and will be encouraged to give us something more ambitious and less open to the suspicion of book-making.

The *Letters of a Soldier: 1914-1915* (CONSTABLE) are letters to a mother; letters also of an artist, and full of an exquisite sensibility, a fine candour. I can best give you

an impression of the charming personality of this young French soldier (who survived his first great battle, to be reported missing after the counter-attack, since when no news of him has reached his friends), by quoting little sentences of his, and if you don't want to know more of him after reading them then nothing I can say will be of any use: "The true death would be to live in a conquered country, above all for me, whose art would perish . . . If you could only see the confidence of the little forest animals, such as the field-mice! They were as pretty as a Japanese print, with the inside of their ears like a rosy shell How is it possible to think of Schumann as a barbarian? . . . I am happy to have felt myself responsive to all these blows, and my hope lies in the thought that they will have forged my soul Spinoza is a most valuable aid in the trenches We are in billets after the great battle, and this time I saw it all. I did my duty; I know that by the feeling of my men for me. But the best are dead. We gained our object . . . I send you my whole love. Whatever comes to pass, life has had its beauty." And then no more.

If Mr. Harold Lake's account of the British forces in Macedonia is supposed to supply an answer to a not unnatural query as to what they are doing there, I am afraid one must take it that in fact they are doing nothing in particular. An intelligent British public believes that at least they are immobilising important enemy forces and perhaps accomplishing several other useful things as well, but the writer, who has actually been *In Salonica with Our Army* (Melrose), frankly lays aside high considerations of policy and, seeing it all in desperately foreshortened perspective, knows only that he and his fellows, having volunteered to fight, are being called on instead to endure a purgatorial routine of dust and dulness, mosquitoes, malaria and night marches, and the grilling away of useless days in the society of flies and lizards, with only, as a very occasional treat, the smallest glimpse of anything resembling a Front. And all this is in a country so desolated by centuries of war that in spite of obvious natural fertility it is a sullen treeless desert—a desert of blight and thistles, as profitless to our men as their periodically deferred anticipations of a grand advance. A book that sets out to record vacuity can hardly be crammed with thrilling literature, and I am not going to pretend that Mr. Lake has achieved the impossible. All the same one found points—for instance, his desire that someone (apparently England for choice!) should colonise Macedonia; and his most right and appropriate plea for fairer recognition of those who have sacrificed their health in the national service. A man, he holds, who is to suffer all his life from malarial fever has done his bit no less than plenty who bear the honourable insignia of the wounded in battle and the snout of a mosquito may be as valorously encountered as the bayonet of a Hun. And so say all of us.

I can read Miss Mary Webb's studies of the peasant mind with great pleasure, but at the same time I am doubtful whether she is as successful in *Gone to Earth* (Constable) as she was in her first novel, *The Golden Arrow*. My difficulty—and I hope it will not be yours—was to believe in the power of *Hazel Woodus* to make very dissimilar men lose their hearts and heads. That *Jack Reddin*, a dare-devil farmer with love for any sort of a chase in his blood, should pursue her to the bitter end is intelligible enough, but why *Edward Marston*, a rather anæmic minister, married her and then forgave her escapades with *Reddin* has me bothered. I can admire *Edward's* forgiving spirit, but cannot altogether pity him when his methodical congregation said straight and disagreeable things. In fact my total inability to see *Hazel* as *Edward* saw her somewhat detracted from my enjoyment of her history. That being said the rest is, thank goodness, praise. Miss Webb is a careful and sincere workman, who, whether you believe or disbelieve in her characters, writes with such real compassion for suffering that she cannot fail to enlist your sympathy. Additionally her vein is original, and she only needs a little more experience to make a great success of it.



The Farmer. "Don't you know, you little thief, I could get you ten years in jail fur stealin' my apples?"

The Boy. "Excuse me, Sir, but you are absolutely misinformed. I should come under the First Offenders Act."

Presumably the eleven stories in *The Loosing of the Lion's Whelps* (Mills and Boon) are published for the first time, as we are not given any notice to the contrary, and I can imagine that Mr. John Oxenham's many admirers will derive considerable pleasure from them. Mr. Oxenham's weak points are that sometimes he fails to distinguish between real pathos and sticky sentimentality, and that when he tries his hand at telling a practical joke he does not know when to stop. There are, however, stories in this volume which deserve unqualified praise. The shortest, "How Half a Man Died," is the best; indeed, it is a real gem. But "The Missing K.C.'s" has a genuine thrill in it; and, in a very different manner, "A By-Product" is proof enough that the author can get his effects all the more readily when he keeps his own feelings under the strictest control. Mr. Oxenham's XI. has weak points in it, but on the whole it is a good side.

Another Impending Apology.

"John Kelly, Aughanduff, while going to Dernaseer was attacked on the road by a bull belonging to Thomas Kelly, and knocked down and had three ribs broken. He was attended by Dr. ——, and we think such dangerous animals should not be allowed to wander at large."—*Irish Paper.*

"J. A. M. required for St. Mark's Girls' School, Dublin."—*Irish Times.*

A case for the Food Controller.

From a letter on "How we are to be Governed":—

"Are we in future to see the party whips put on to decide whether a 16 in. gun is to be 50 or 60 calibres? The think is unthinkable."

The Times.

We don't think.

CHARIVARIA.

The *Cologne Gazette* is of the opinion that the American troops, when they arrive in France, will be hampered by their ignorance of the various languages. But we understand that the Americans can shoot in any language.

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A weekly periodical is giving away a bicycle every other week. Meanwhile *The Daily Telegraph* continues to give away a Kaiser every day.

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"I decline to have anything to do with the War," said a Conscientious Objector to a North of England magistrate, "and I resent this interference with my liberty." Indeed he is said to be so much annoyed that he intends sending the War Office a jolly snappy letter about it.

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Charlie Chaplin, says a gossip writer, is coming to England in the Autumn. This disposes of the suggestion that arrangements were being made for England to be taken over to him.

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Incidentally we notice that Charlie Chaplin has become a naturalised American, with, we presume, permission to use the rank of Honorary Britisher.

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Before a Northern Tribunal an applicant stated that he was engaged in the completion of an invention which would enable dumb people to speak or signal with perfection. He was advised, however, to concentrate for a while on making certain Germans say "Kamerad."

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An Isle of Wight man has succeeded in growing a vegetable marrow which weighs forty-three pounds. To avoid its being mistaken for the island he has scratched his name and address on it.

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Those in search of a tactless present will bear in mind that Mr. Mark Hambourg has written a book entitled "How to Play the Piano."

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The great flagstaff at Kew Gardens, which weighs 18 tons and is 215 feet long, is not to be erected until after the War. This has come as a great consolation to certain people who had feared the two events would clash.

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In Mid Cheshire there is a scarcity of partridges, but there is plenty of other game in Derbyshire. The Mid-Cheshire birds are of the opinion that this cannot be too strongly advertised.

Thirteen years after it was posted at Watford a postcard has just reached an Ealing lady inviting her to tea, and of course she rightly protested that the tea was cold.

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An estate near Goole has been purchased for £118,000, the purchaser having decided not to carry out his first intention of investing that amount in a couple of boxes of matches.

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Herr Erzberger is known among his friends as "The Singing Socialist." We are afraid however that if he wants peace he will have to whistle for it.

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The Provisional Government in Russia, according to *The Evening News*, has "always regarded an international debate on the questions of war and pease as useful." But our Government, not being exactly provisional, prefers to go on giving the enemy beans.



COMFORTING THOUGHT

When there are no taxis on your return from your holidays:

"Our true strength is to know our own weakness."—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE END OF AN EPISODE.

I write this in the beginning of a minor tragedy; if indeed the severance of any long, helpful and sympathetic association can ever be so lightly named. For that is precisely what our intercourse has been these many weeks past; one of nervous and quickly roused irritation on my part, of swift and gentle ministration on his.

At least once a day we have met during that period (and occasionally, though rarely, more often), usually in those before-breakfast hours when the temper of normal man is most exacting and uncertain. But his temper never varied; the perfection of it was indeed among his finest qualities. Morning after morning, throughout a time that, as it chanced, has been full of distress and disappointment, would his soothing and infinitely gentle touch recall me to content. That stroking caress of his was a thing indescribable; one before which the black shadows left by the hours of night seemed literally to dissolve and vanish.

And now the long expected, long dreaded has begun to happen. He, too, is turning against me, as so many others of his fellows have done in the past. Who knows the reason? What continued roughness on my part has at last worn out even him? But for some days now there has been no misreading the fatal symptoms—increasing irritability on the one side, harshness turning to blunt indifference on the other. And this morning came the unforgivable offence, the cut direct.

That settles it; to-morrow, with a still smarting regret, I unwrap a new razor-blade.

THE WHOLE HOG.

["Victorian love-making was at best a sloppy business . . . modern maidens have little use for half measures . . . Primitive ideas are beginning to assert themselves."—*Daily Paper.*]

Betty, when you were in your teens
  And shielded from sensation,
Despite a lack of ways and means
In various appropriate scenes
  I sighed my adoration.
You did not smile upon my suit;
  Pallid I grew and pensive;
My disappointment was acute,
Life seemed a worthless thing and mute,
I moped, then tuned my laggard lute
  And launched a new offensive.

Thus you were wooed in former days
  When maids were won by waiting;
The modern lover finds it pays
To imitate the forceful ways
  Of prehistoric mating.
Man is more primitive (a snub
  Has no effect), so if you
Should still refuse a certain "sub."
He will not pine or spurn his grub,
But, seizing the ancestral club,
  Into submission biff you.

Making the Best of Both Worlds.

"As honorary organist at —— Wesleyan Church he has established a sound and compact business as wholesale grocer and Italian warehouseman."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Maid (superior) wanted for lady, gentleman, small flat, strong girl, able to assist lady with rheumatism."—*Glasgow Herald.*

If we hear of a small flat girl we will send her along; but this shaped figure is rather out of fashion just now.

THE SUPER-PIPE.

WHEN Jackson first joined the jolly old B.E.F. he smoked a pipe. He carried it anyhow. Loose in his pocket, mind you. A pipe-bowl at his pocket's brim a simple pipe bowl was to him, and it was nothing more. Of course no decent B.E.F. mess could stand that. Jackson was told that a pipe was *anathema maranatha*, which is Greek for *no bon*.

"What will I smoke then?" said Jackson, who was no Englishman We waited for the Intelligence Officer to reply. We knew him. The Intelligence Officer said nothing. He drew something from his pocket. It was a parcel wrapped in cloth-of-gold. He removed the cloth-of-gold and there was discovered a casket, which he unlocked with a key attached to his identity disc. Inside the casket was a padlocked box, which he opened with a key attached by gold wire to his advance pay-book. Inside the box was a roll of silk. To cut it all short, he unwound puttee after puttee of careful wrapping till he reached a chamois-leather chrysalis, which he handled with extreme reverence, and from this he drew something with gentle fingers, and set it on the table cloth before the goggle-eyed Jackson.

"A pipe," said Jackson.

There was a shriek of horror. The Intelligence Officer fainted. Here was wanton sacrilege.

"Man," said the iron-nerved Bombing Officer, "it's a Brownhill."

"What's a Brownhill?" asked Jackson.

We gasped. How could we begin to tell him of that West End shrine from which issue these lacquered symbols of a New Religion?

The Intelligence Officer was reviving. We looked to him.

"The prophet Brownhill," he said, "was once a tobacconist—an ordinary tobacconist who sold pipes."

We shuddered.

"He discovered one day that man wants more than mere pipes. He wants a—a super-pipe, something to reverence and—er—look after, you know, as well as to smoke. So he invented the Brownhill. It is an *affaire de cœur*—an affair of art," translated the I.O. proudly. "It is as glossy as a chestnut in its native setting, and you can buy furniture polish from the prophet Brownhill which will keep it always so. It has its year, like a famous vintage, it has a silver wind-pipe, and it costs anything up to fifty guineas."

"D'you smoke it?" asked Jackson, brutally.

We gave him up. In awful silence each of us produced his wrappings and his caskets, extracted the shining briar, smeared it with cosmetics, and polished it more reverently than a peace-time Guardsman polishes his buttons when warned for duty next day at "Buck."

* * * * *

And Jackson smoked his pipe in secret. He would take no leaf from the book of the Sassenachs.

And the War went on.

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Jackson went on leave. To his deep disgust he had to wait a few hours in London on his way to more civilised parts, and fate led him idling to Brownhill's. He flattened his Celtic nose on the window and stared fascinated at the array of super-pipes displayed there. After a furtive glance along the street he crept into the temple. A white-coated priest met him.

"I—I'm wantin'—a—a pipe," said Jackson. He saw the priest reel and turn pale to the lips. "I should say a—a Brownhill," he added hastily. The other man gulped, steadied himself with an effort, and gave a ghastly smile. If you had walked into a temple at Thibet and planked down sixpence and asked for an idol wrapped up in brown paper you could not have done a more dreadful thing than Jackson had done; but the priest forgave him and produced in silence a trayful of Brownhills. Then was Jackson like unto ELIA's little Chinese boy with "the crackling." He touched a briar and was converted. He stroked them as though they were kittens, bought ten of them, a pound of polish, fifty silver wind-pipes and a bale of chamois-leather. The priest took a deep breath.

"You are a full-blooded man, Sir," said he, "if you will excuse me saying so, and you should smoke in your new Brownhills a mixture which has a proportion of Latakia to Virginian of one to nineteen—a small percentage of glycerine and cucumber being added because you have red hair, and the whole submitted to a pressure of eighteen hundred foot-pounds to the square millimetre, under violet rays. This will be known as 'Your Mixture,' Number 56785$\frac{4}{11}$, and will be supplied to no one else on earth, except under penalty of death."

"I will take a ton," said Jackson with glazing eyes.

This was a man after the priest's own heart. He took another deep breath and dived into the strong-room. He returned under the escort of ten armed men, each of them chained by the wrist to an iron box, which he unlocked with difficulty. Inside the iron box was a thing which Jackson a few months ago would have called a pipe. He knew better now. In awful silence the priest lifted it from its satin bed. "This," he whispered, "was once smoked by Brownhill himself."

Jackson put out a hand to take it. The priest hesitated, then laid it gently on his customer's palm.

And Jackson dropped it.

Jackson has never been heard of since.

THE FAIRIES HAVE NEVER A PENNY TO SPEND.

THE fairies have never a penny to spend,
They haven't a thing put by,
But theirs is the dower of bird and of flower,
And theirs are the earth and the sky.
And though you should live in a palace of gold
Or sleep in a dried-up ditch,
You could never be poor as the fairies are,
And never as rich.

Since ever and ever the world began
They have danced like a ribbon of flame,
They have sung their song through the centuries long,
And yet it is never the same.
And though you be foolish or though you be wise,
With hair of silver or gold,
You could never be young as the fairies are
And never as old. R. F.

Rara Avis.

From a cigarette-card:—

"REED WARBLER.
Acrocephalus streperus.
This bird is found in nearly every part of the British Islands. It builds a nest about a foot off the ground in the reed beds, and is formed of grass, horse hair and sometimes feathers."

From a list of medallists of the new Order of the British Empire:—

"G. F. Hamlet.—For courage in persisting with dangerous work, with a certainty of suffering from poisoning as a result."

Just like his illustrious namesake.

"Melbourne, Friday.
The House of Representatives to-day passed the second reading of the War Times Profits Tax Assessment Bill. The tax will be 50 per cent. for the year ending June 30, 191161, and 75 per cent. for afterwards.—Reuter."
Aberdeen Paper.

Well, well, we need not worry.

"What is being fought out is a long-drawn battle for the important shipping port of Trieste, with the whole of the railway and road communications of the Iberian Peninsula."
The People.

Rather a shock for Madrid.



THE REVERSE OF THE MEDAL.

Optimistic German (*reading paper*). "This is kolossal! Our irresistible airmen have again, for the twentieth time, destroyed London."

Gloomy ditto. "That being so, let's hope they'll stop those cursed British airmen from bombing our lines every day and night."

A STUDY IN SYMMETRY.

THE following story, however improbable it may seem to you, is true.

Once upon a time there was an artist with historical leanings not unassociated with the desire for pelf--pelf being even to idealists, what petrol is car. The blend brought him one day to Portsmouth, where the *Victory* lies, with the honourable purpose of painting a picture of that famous ship with NELSON on board. What the ADMIRAL was doing I cannot say--most probably dying--but the artist's intention was to make the work as attractive as might be and thus draw a little profit from the wave of naval enthusiasm which was then passing over the country; for not only was the picture itself to be saleable, but reproductions were to be made of it.

Permission having been obtained from the authorities, the artist boarded the *Victory*, set up his easel on her deck and settled down to his task, the monotony of which was pleasantly alleviated by the chatter of the old salts who guard the ship and act as guides to the tourists who visit her. All of those estimable men not only possessing views on art, but having come by now to the firm belief that they had fought with NELSON, their criticisms were not too easily combated and the artist hadn't a tedious moment. Thus, painting, conversing and learning (as one can learn only from a trained imparter of information), three or four days passed quickly away and the picture was done.

So far there has been nothing—has there?—to strain credulity. No. But a time will come—is, in fact, upon us.

On the evening of the last day, as the artist was sitting at early dinner with a friend before catching the London train, his remarks turned (as an artist's sometimes will) upon the work upon which he had just been engaged. He expressed satisfaction with it in the main, but could not, he said, help feeling that its chances of becoming a real success would be sensibly increased if he could find as a model for the central figure some one whose resemblance to NELSON was noticeable.

"There are, of course," he went on, "at the same time—that is to say, among contemporaries—no two faces exactly alike. That is an axiom. Strange as it may sound, among all the millions of countenances with two eyes, a nose in the middle and a mouth below it, some difference exists in each. That is, as I say, among contemporaries: in the world at this moment in which I am speaking. But," he continued, warming to his subject, for, as you will have already gathered, he was not one of the taciturn brush-brotherhood, "after the lapse of years I see no reason why nature should not begin precisely to reproduce physiognomies and so save herself the trouble of for ever diversifying them. That being so and surely the hypothesis is not too far-fetched"—here his friend said, "No, not at all—oh no!"—"why," the artist continued, "should there not be at this moment, more than a century later, some one whose resemblance to NELSON is exact? He would not be necessarily a naval man—probably, indeed, not, for NELSON's face was not characteristic of the sea--but whoever he was, even if he were an archbishop, I," said the painter firmly, "should not hesitate to go up to him and ask him to sit to me."



OUR RESTRICTED COAST AMUSEMENTS.

Vendor. "ALL THE OFFICIAL 'OLIDAY FUN. FLY THE PATRIOTIC KITES AND ANNOY THE GOTHAS!"

The friend agreed that this was a very proper attitude and that it betokened true sincerity of purpose.

"NELSON's face," the painter continued, "was an uncommon one. So large and so mobile a mouth is rare. But I have no doubt that a duplicate exists, and no matter who is the owner of it, even were he an archbishop, I should not hesitate to go up and ask him to sit to me."

(For the benefit of any feminine reader of this veracious history I should say that the repetition which she has just noticed is not an accident, but has been carefully set down. It is an attempt to give verisimilitude to the conversation--because men always say things like that twice.)

The friend again remarked that the painter's resolve did him infinite credit, and the two started for the station, still conversing on the same theme.

On entering their carriage the first thing to take their attention was a quiet little man in black, who was the absolute double of the hero of Trafalgar.

"Good gracious!" whispered the painter excitedly, "do you see that? There's the very man. The likeness to NELSON is astonishing. I never saw anything like it. I don't care who he is, I must tackle him. It's the most extraordinary chance that ever occurred."

Assuming his most silky and deferential manner—for, though clearly not an archbishop, unless in mufti, this might yet be a person of importance--the painter approached the stranger and tendered a card.

"I trust, Sir, that you will excuse me," he began, "for the liberty I am taking, but I am an artist and I happen to be engaged on a picture of NELSON on the *Victory*. I have all the accessories and forth, but what I very seriously need is a brief sitting from some gentleman with a likeness to the great little Admiral. Such, Sir, as yourself. It may be news to you—it probably is—but you, Sir, if I may say so, are so like the famous and immortal warrior as almost to take one's breath away. It is astonishing, wonderful! Might I—would it be—could you—would you, Sir, be so very kind as to allow me to paint you? I would, of course, make every effort not to inconvenience you—I would arrange so that your time should be mine."

"Of course I will, guvnor," said the man. "I'm a professional model and I've been sitting for NELSON for years. Why, I've been doing it for an artist this very afternoon."



Physical Drill Instructor (to weak-kneed recruit). "NAH THEN! IF YOU'RE A-GOING TER JUMP—*JUMP!*"

A LOST LAND.

(TO GERMANY.)

A CHILDHOOD land of mountain ways,
Where earthy gnomes and forest fays,
Kind foolish giants, gentle bears,
Sport with the peasant as he fares
Affrighted through the forest glades,
And lead sweet wistful little maids
Lost in the woods, forlorn, alone,
To princely lovers and a throne.

* * * * *

Dear haunted land of gorge and glen,
Ah me! the dreams, the dreams of men!

A learned land of wise old books
And men with meditative looks,
Who move in quaint red-gabled towns
And sit in gravely-folded gowns,
Divining in deep-laden speech
The world's supreme arcana—each
A homely god to listening Youth
Eager to tear the veil of Truth;

* * * * *

Mild votaries of book and pen—
Alas, the dreams, the dreams of men!

A music land, whose life is wrought
In movements of melodious thought;
In symphony, great wave on wave—
Or fugue, elusive, swift, and grave;
A singing land, whose lyric rhymes
Float on the air like village chimes:
Music and Verse—the deepest part
Of a whole nation's thinking heart!

* * * * *

Oh land of Now, oh land of Then!
Dear God! the dreams, the dreams of men!

Slave nation in a land of hate,
Where are the things that made you great?
Child-hearted once—oh, deep defiled,
Dare you look now upon a child?
Your lore—a hideous mask wherein
Self-worship hides its monstrous sin:—
Music and verse, divinely wed—
How can these live where love is dead?

* * * * *

Oh depths beneath sweet human ken,
God help the dreams, the dreams of men!

"The Blessington Papers are included with all their atmosphere of distinguished High Bohemia. Among them are some interesting Disraeli letters—he was ever her staunch friend from the early 'thirties to the late 'forties, when his son had risen and her's—how brilliant!—had set."—*Saturday Review.*

And up to the present we had been under the impression that both these distinguished persons were childless.

Hint for Horticulturists.

"Mr. ——, undertaker, of Temuka, has improved his plant by the purchase of a new hearse."—*Timaru Herald (New Zealand).*

"Mr. —— hopes shortly to be seen again in revue in the West End."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Or, as the CENSOR would put it, "somewhere in England."

Daily Mail (Ordinary Edition), 3 September, 1917: "Lord Halsbury is 92 to-day."

Times (Late War Edition), 3 September, 1917. "The Earl of Halsbury is 94 to-day."

Yet, from personal observation, one would never believe that the EX-LORD CHANCELLOR was ageing so rapidly.

From "German Official":—

"With the use of numerous tanks and aeroplanes, flying at a low altitude, the English infantry soon after advanced to the attack on this front."—*Evening Paper.*

Now that the enemy has given away the secret of our new weapon the CENSOR might let us know more of our flying Tanks.

"Prisoner then seized her round the throat with both hands and hit her on the head with a steel case-opener."—*Daily Paper.*

Which, presumably, he carried in his teeth.

THE SUNFLOWER.

"HAVE you," said Francesca, "seen our sunflowers lately?"

"Yes," I said, "I've kept an eye on them occasionally. It's a bit difficult, by the way, not to see them, isn't it?"

"Well," she said, "perhaps they are rather striking."

"Striking!" I said. "I never heard a more inadequate word. I call them simply overwhelming—the steam-rollers of the vegetable world. Look at their great yellow open faces."

"I never," said Francesca, "saw a steam-roller with a face. You're mixing your metaphors."

"And," I said, "I shall go on mixing them as long as you grow sunflowers. It's the very least a man can do by way of protest."

"I don't know why you should want to protest. The seed makes very good chicken-food."

"Yes, I know," I said, "that's what you always said."

"And I bet," she said, "you've repeated it. When you've met the tame Generals and Colonels at your club, and they've boasted to you about their potatoes, I know you've countered them with the story of how you've turned the whole of your lawn into a bed of sunflowers calculated to drive the most obstinate hen into laying two eggs a day, rain or shine."

"I admit," I said, "that I may have mentioned the matter casually, but I never thought the things were going to be like this. When I first knew them and talked about them they were tender little shoots of green just modestly showing above the ground, and now they're a forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlock aren't in it with this impenetrable jungle liberally blotched with yellow, this so-called sunflower patch."

"What would you call it," she said, "if you didn't call it sunflower?"

"I should call it a beast of prey," I said. "A sunflower seems to me to be more like a tiger than anything else."

"It was a steam-roller about a minute ago."

"Yes," I said, "it was a tigerish steam-roller."

"How interesting," she said. "I have not met one quite like that."

"That," I said, "is because your eye isn't properly poetical. It's blocked with chicken-food and other utilitarian objects."

"I must," she said, "consult an oculist. Perhaps he will give me glasses which will unblock my eye and make me see tigers in the garden."

"No," I said, "you will have to do it for yourself. For such an eye as yours even the best oculists are unavailing."

"I might," she said, "improve if I read poetry at home. Has any poet written about sunflowers?"

"Yes," I said, "BLAKE did. He was quite mad, and he wrote a poem to a sunflower: 'Ah! Sunflower! Weary of time.' That's how it begins."

"Weary of time!" she said scornfully. "That's no good to me. I'm weary of having no time at all to myself."

"That shows," I said, "that you're not a sunflower."

"Thank heaven for that," she said. "It's enough to have four children to look after—five including yourself."

"My dear Francesca," I said, "how charming you are to count me as a child! I shall really begin to feel as if there were golden threads among the silver."

"Tut-tut," she said, "you're not so grey as all that."

"Yes, I am," I said, "quite as grey as all that and much greyer; only we don't talk about it."

"But we *do* talk about sunflowers," she said, "don't we?"

"If you'll promise to have the beastly glaring things dug up——"

"Not," she said, "before we've extracted from them their last pip of chicken-food."

"Well, anyhow," I said, "as soon as possible. If you'll promise to do that I'll promise never to mention them again."

"But you'll lose your reputation with the Generals and Colonels."

"I don't mind that," I said, "if I can only rid the garden of their detested presence."

"My golden-threaded boy," said Francesca, "it shall be as you desire." R. C. L.

CONSTABLE JINKS.

OUR village policeman is tall and well-grown,
He stands six feet two and he weighs sixteen stone;
His gait is majestic, his visage serene,
And his boots are the biggest that ever I've seen.

Fame sealed his renown with a definite stamp
When two German waiters escaped from a camp.
Unaided he captured those runaway Huns
Who had lived for a week on three half-penny buns.

When a derelict porpoise was cast on the shore
Our village policeman was much to the fore.
He measured the beast from its tip to its tail,
And blandly pronounced it "an undersized whale."

When a small boy was flying his kite on the links
It was promptly impounded by Constable Jinks,
Who astutely remarked that it might have been seen
By the vigilant crew of a Hun submarine.

It is sometimes alleged that great valour he showed
When he chased a mad cow for three miles on the road,
But there's also another account of the hunt
With a four legged pursuer, a biped in front.

If your house has been robbed and his counsel you seek
He's sure to look in—in the course of the week,
When his massive appearance will comfort your cook,
Though he fails in the bringing of culprits to book.

His *obiter dicta* on life and the law
Set our ribald young folk in a frequent guffaw;
But the elders repose an implicit belief
In so splendid a product of beer and of beef.

He's the strongest and solidest man in the place,
Nothing—short of mad cattle—can quicken his pace;
His moustache would do credit to any dragoon,
And his voice is as deep as a double bassoon.

His complexion is perfect, his uniform neat,
He rivets all eyes as he stalks down the street;
And I doubt if his critics will ever complain
Of his being a little deficient in brain.

For he's more than a man; he's a part of the map;
His going would cause a deplorable gap;
And the village would suffer as heavy a slump
As it would from the loss of the old parish pump.

A Happy Juxtaposition.

"CHEAPER MATCHES. | FRESH LIGHT ON THE KAISER'S PLOTS."
Daily Mirror.

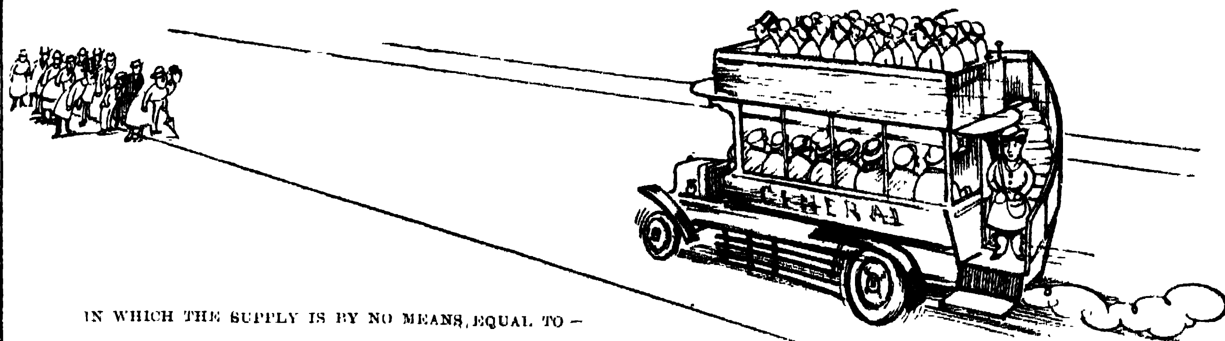
From the report of a Royal investiture:—

"The first officer to mount the dais was Major ——, who wore the broad-brimmed slouch hat of the Austrian Infantry."
North China Daily News.

A souvenir, of course.

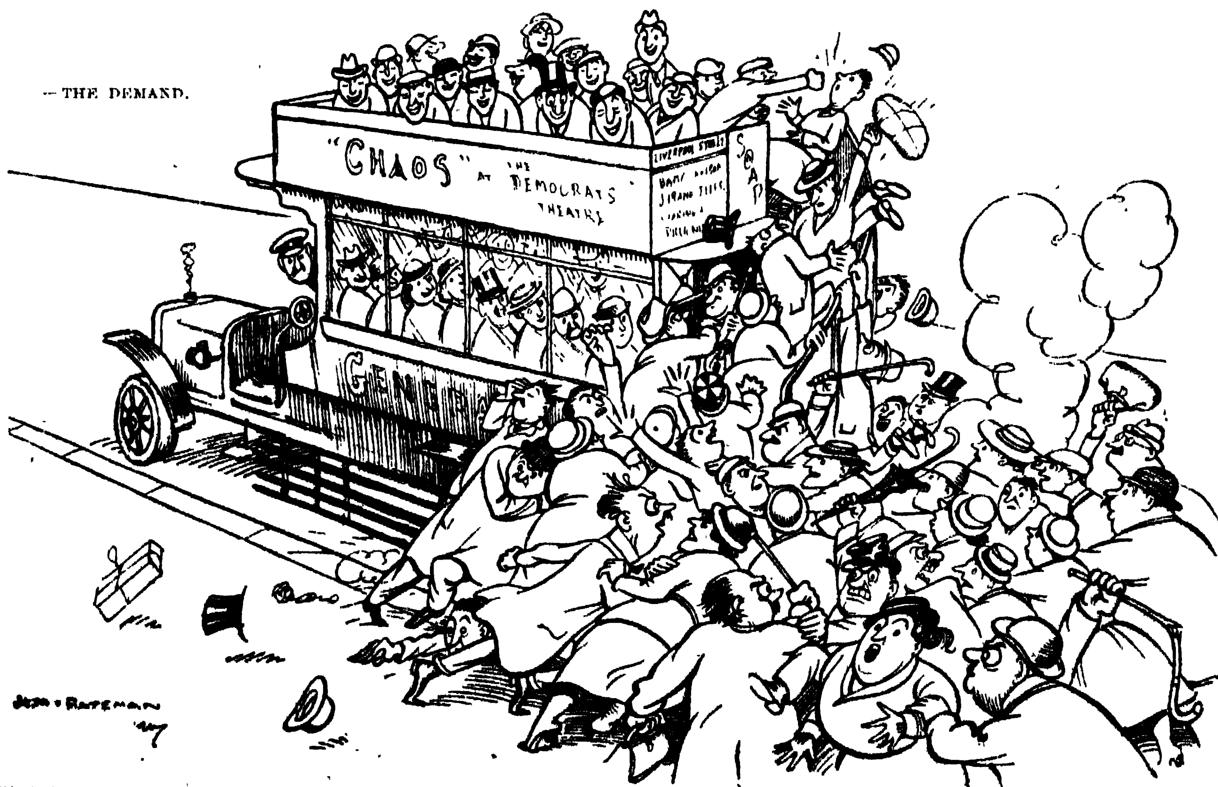


One of those unfortunate cases—

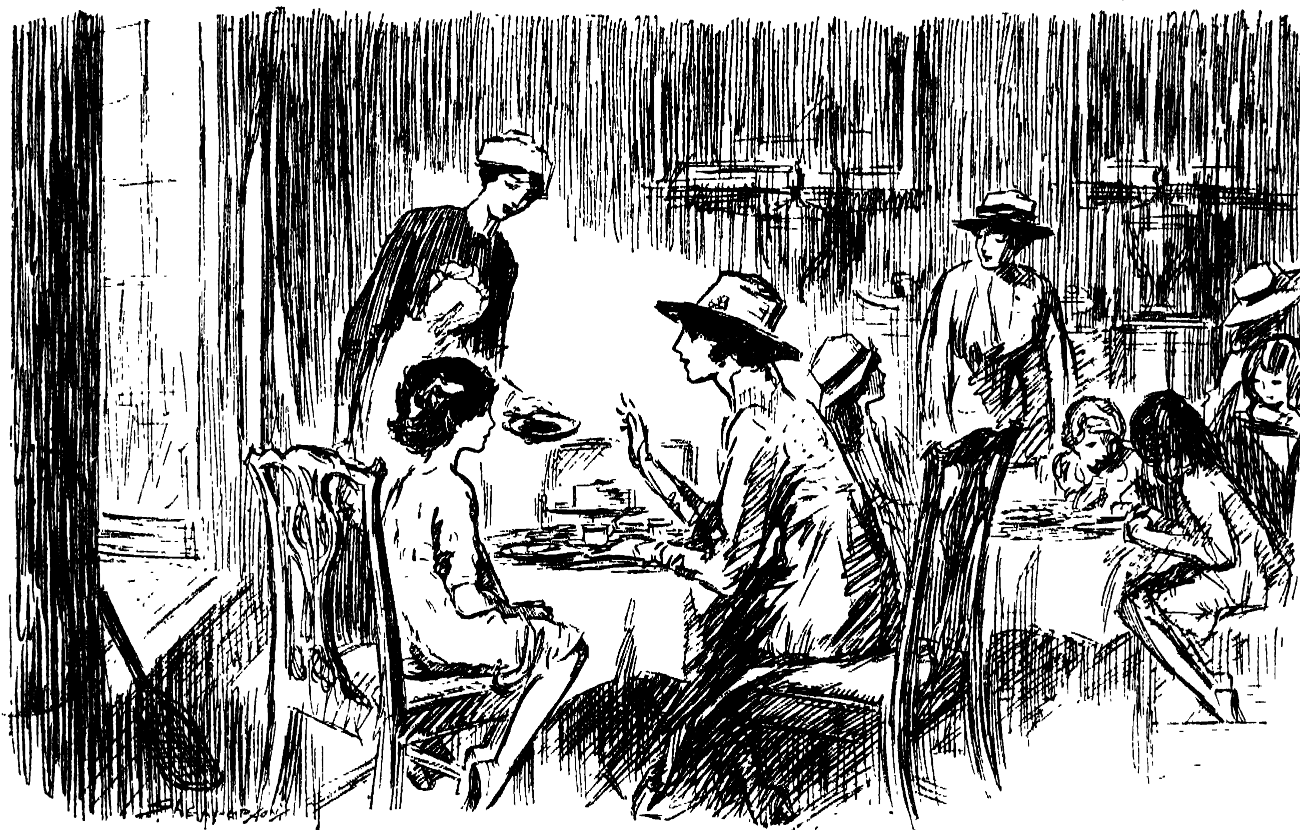


In which the supply is by no means equal to—

—The Demand.



SUPPLY AND DEMAND.



Mother (to maid, who has offered Marjorie some jam). "Oh no, thank you, not with the *first* piece."
Marjorie. "But, Mummy, I have given up having a *first* piece now war economy."

THE TRENCH CODE.

Ah! with what awe, what infantile impatience,
We eyed the artifice when issued out,
And racked our brains about the Regulations,
And tried to think we had them free from doubt!
As Rome's old Fathers, reverently leaning
In secret cellars o'er the Sibyl's strain,
Beyond the fact that several pars
Had something vague to do with Mars,
Failed, as a rule, to find the smallest meaning,
But told the plebs the oracle was plain.

So did we study it, ourselves deceiving,
In hope to say, "We have no rations here,"
Or, "Please, Brigade, this regiment wants relieving,"
And "Thank you for the bombs - but why no beer?"
And wondered always, with a hint of presage,
Since never word emerged as it was planned,
If it was Hermes, Lord of Craft,
Compiled the code, or someone daft,
So that no mortal could compose a message
Which anybody else could understand.

Too soon the Staff, to spoil our tiny slumbers,
Or, as they said, to certify our skill,
Sent us a screed, all signs and magic numbers,
And what it signified is mystery still.
We flung them back a message yet more mazy
To say we weren't unravelling their own,
And marked it *urgent*, and designed
That it should reach them while they dined.
All night they toiled, till half the crowd were crazy
And bade us breathe its burthen o'er the 'phone.

* * * * *

But now they want it back—*and it is missing!*
And shall one patriot heart withhold a throb?
For four high officers have been here, hissing,
And plainly panicky about their job.
I know they think some dark, deluded bandit
Has gone and given it to Kaiser Bill.
But though I'm grieved the General 's cross,
I have no qualms about the loss—
If clever men like us can't understand it,
I don't suppose the Wilhelmstrasse will!

A. P. H.

Spread of the Temperance Movement.

"I, J. A. H. De la Bere, of Woolsevy Rectory, Morchard Bishop, Devon, desire to Alter my Surname to De la Fontaine."—*Times.*

"WANTED
end August in Swiss family (2 persons) living in villa near Lausanne
Nursery's Maid
able to saw, iron attend at table and take entire care of healthy baby 19 months old Good English accent serious references."
La Tribune de Lausanne.

We are glad to hear that the baby has a good English accent; he will be able to employ it with effect when the Nursery's Maid begins to saw and iron him.

"In the cases in which the surgeon his obliged to vast empty a bone so that offers then itself difficulties therapeuticals not little because of pus and consequenty becauses of impossibility of transplantations, plastics, plombages ecc., the A. propose to go on the bone with specials incsions, not on the surface when the bone is most superficial, but from the surface in which are aboundings and easily cessible wet tissue, removing the margin of the bone's cavity and mathing in mode as, by cause of repaidis process, this tissue by hemselves adhere to a ground of cavity and full it."—*La Clinica Chirurgica.*

That makes it perfectly clear.



AVANTI, SAVOIA!

A DAUGHTER OF THE BACK STEPPES.

(Russia may not yet be quite sufficiently herself to be the martial ally that we could desire, but she still continues to send us the most delightful fiction. Mr. Punch is privileged in being able to offer his readers the opening of a new and fascinating story translated from the Russian of Ghastlikoff.)

I was born in the year 18—, and I have never ceased to regret it. I lived with my grandmother. She was called Natasha. I do not know why. She had a large mole on her left cheek. Often she would embrace me with tears and lament over me, crying, "My little sad one, my little lonely one!" Yet I was not sad; I had too many griefs. Nor was I lonely, for I had no playmates.

Often my grandmother told me I was ugly. I had no mirror, so I believed her. When I was sixteen a man I met in the street went mad for love of me and cut his throat. For the first time in my life I wondered if my grandmother always spoke the truth. I went home and wept, but when she asked me why I could not tell her.

Our house was quite dark. It had three rooms leading in and out of one another, and no windows. There was not much fresh air. Every morning my grandmother went out to buy otchkza and pickled onions. The man who sold them was very old. He had a cast in each eye. He inquired of my grandmother if she would allow him to be my husband, but she refused. His name I do not remember.

Our neighbours were very pleasant people, kindly and simple. There was a half-witted youth called Krop. He used to fill his mouth with large brass-headed nails. I did not dare to go near him, for he always tried to bite my arms. One day I learned that he had died. My grandmother bought me black silk mittens to wear at his funeral. I was very proud, and ran out into the road to show them to the other children. But in my haste I split them across from seam to seam, and my grandmother whipped me and put me to bed.

My grandmother's chief friend was a woman who sold toasted cheese. It was her custom to bring round the delicacy on a small hand-cart and sell to the children for a few kopecks. This woman was reputed to be very rich. She was not beautiful, for she had no teeth, and had hair on her face. The first time I saw her I ran into the house and hid behind the large barrel of butter-milk. My grandmother took me by the ear and led me to her friend.

"This is Ilonoka," she said. "She is a good girl."

I remember that I cried very loud.

Afterwards my grandmother told me that perhaps the woman would leave me all her money. Next time she came I wished to speak to her, but unfortunately I had a quinsy. When the woman eventually died it was discovered that she had been destitute for a long time. She left her hand-cart by will to my grandmother, and in her disappointment my grandmother beat me over the head with it. Soon afterwards my hair began to come out, and my grandmother said it was time I found a husband.

Accordingly she went next door, where lived a woman with five sons. They were all out except one, and he had a sore leg. She brought him to me, and I cried very bitterly. He also. His name was Ivan, and I wished it had been Peter.

The next day we were betrothed, and all our friends came to eat the feast that my grandmother provided. A schoolfellow of mine, a very beautiful girl, was angry because I had a husband and not she. She scratched my face, and the blood ran on to my dress. Our friends congratulated us, and when they had gone my grandmother said it had been a great success. She and I finished what was left of the feast and went to bed. I remember that my feet were very cold, and when I fell asleep I dreamed that my betrothed's name was Peter. When I awoke I cried very loud, and my grandmother slapped my cheeks.

Shortly afterwards she died, and I went to live with my uncle, who was a pawnbroker in Moscow.

THE LONG-FACED CHUMS.

When Alexander won the world he knew not bombs nor guns,
His simple forms of frightfulness were quite unlike the Huns';
'Twas not by barking mortars that the pushful Cæsar scored;
He trusted close formations and the silent stabbing sword.

When Roland's rearguard turned at bay, and from the furious press
The scuppered Paladin sent forth his famous S.O.S.,
Scared Roncesvalles rang loud with war, as misty legends tell,
But echo's ear was spared the shriek and crash of bursting shell.

So could you meet the shades of those whose prowess made Romance,
You'd find them only puzzled by your tales of stunts in France;
You'd have to cut the business out, and be content to chat
Of rations, grub, and officers—such odds and ends as that,

Unless you chanced to entertain some true rough-rider's ghost,
Who galloped after Hannibal, or with the Parthian host,
Some curled Assyrian prince who pranced, bareback, along a frieze—
Or one of Rupert's *beaux sabreurs*—a horseman—whom you please.

With chosen spirits such as those your talk need never end
If you are worthy of your spurs and count a horse your friend.
Just ask them "Did you clip trace-high?" or "Did you chaff your hay?"
Or boast about the gee you ride, and they'll have lots to say.

Cut out the talk of battle's din, of whizz-bangs and of crumps,
Of bombs and gas and hand-grenades, of mines and blazing dumps;
If you would wake their sympathy and warm their hearts indeed
Describe a Squadron watering, and then the fuss at "Feed!"

That lively bustle has a charm to wake a mummy's ear
Who, ere the Pyramids were planned, was mustered charioteer;
And many a horseman's spirit thrills by Lethe's drowsy brink
When in a strange, familiar dream his Troop comes down to drink!

From "The Story of the Haldane Missions":—

"The Kaiser laughingly remarked that he had better have the high chair (in which the Kaiser usually sat at his council meetings). He also gave Lord Haldane an Imperial cigar. . . . While discussing the naval question, the Kaiser took a copy of the new Naval Bill out of his pocket and handed it to Lord Haldane, who transferred it to his pocket without looking at it."—*Daily Chronicle.*

He probably thought it was another of the Imperial cigars.



Grocer-fiend (who has treated three preceding customers to (a) "We ain't got no sugar;" (b) "We have none, Madam;" and (c) "No sugar in the shop"—to boy). "BE OFF. WE'VE GOT NO SUGAR!"

Boy. "I DIDN'T ASK FOR NO SUGAR. I WANT A PENNORTH O' SODA—AN' THAT'S TAKEN THE BLOOMING SWANK OUT OF YOU, AIN'T IT?"

A STRAIGHT TALK WITH L.G.

(Everyone has views as to how to win the War, but not all are vocal, or—shall we say?—vociferous. If Mr. LLOYD GEORGE reads all the papers (as their Editors of course expect him to do) he cannot have missed quite a number of powerful articles in the following manner. And even if he should miss one or two it would not matter, because there is always another in preparation.)

I'VE always said that the PREMIER shouldn't be bothered with Parliament. Of course I've said too that our old friend Demos, the new god, should have a say in affairs; but that's an inconsistency that doesn't count in the least, does it?

Now then, Mr. PREMIER, you've got the chance of your lifetime. I always said you were a lucky devil—in fact, I never met the Welshman that wasn't.

You see, Parliament's in recess, and all its trivial overpaid Members are playing golf and things. You've got absolutely a free hand if only you'll take it. It's quite easy and bound to succeed. You've only got to do as I tell you.

For instance, you want to buck up HAIG and the people at the Front. It's no use them telling you they know best, being on the spot. That's only bluff, old man. Don't take any notice of them, but just order a big general offensive; and before you can say Jack Robinson we'll have the Huns behind the Rhine.

And do tell the Navy to get a move on. I'm glad to see my articles have made you change the heads at the Admiralty; and of course that's all very well so far as it goes. But it doesn't go far enough. *Have a chat with BEATTY about it.* Get him to root the Huns out. He can bombard Ostend and Zeebrugge and all those funny little places in two-twos. Tell KING ALBERT not to mind. We'll easily slap up new towns for him after the War, built on the speedy American principle.

Then about that aerial offensive. There's really been quite enough talk about it. We want some action, Mr. PREMIER. Isn't it time it came off? Think what a bombardment of Cologne (taking care of the cathedral, *of course*), Frankfurt, Berlin, Essen and Hamburg would do, not to mention other places that I could if I had an atlas.

And about those pacifists. Just clap the whole lot in gaol. That's the best place for them. I won't object in the least, even though I am the apostle of freedom.

Then there are lots and lots of other things you might do. You might deliver a reasoned manifesto to the Russian people and buck them up a bit. That won't do anybody any harm, and *it'll be getting on with the War*, my little Welshman.

Well, there are a few points for you to go on with. You've got the brains to think of more, otherwise I wouldn't have helped to put you where you are to-day. But remember that if you *don't* do these things Demos is waiting round the corner for you.

Demos is a good dog—a patient animal. But there's an end even to his patience. Growl, Demos, and show you're not afraid of Welshmen!

("Grrr ——!" Good dog! Good dog!)

Now then, old boy, I've shown you the way. *It's up to you!*

* * * * *

Another powerful article on these lines will appear next week.

[But not in *Punch*.—ED.]



Caller at the office of the Inventions Board. "'DURING WAR PREPARE FOR PEACE'—THAT MUST BE OUR MOTTO! AND MY SPECIAL PATENT SHELL-CASE IS THE VERY THING. A SHELL-CASE TO-DAY ——



——AND A BLANC MANGE MOULD TO-MORROW."

THE ONLY OTHER TOPIC.

"I SHOT a marrow into the—— I mean I cut a marrow two feet seven inches long yesterday," said the man in the corner seat.

"What did it weigh?" we asked anxiously. After two months of them potatoes had somewhat palled. We were growing rather tired of marrows, but we waited eagerly for his answer.

"Twenty-six pounds nine and three-quarter ounces."

Disappointment again. Our hopes were dashed to the ground. Some obscure individual, according to the local press, had produced from his humble cottage garden a marrow weighing thirty-four pounds, and the thing rankled.

"Mine was a scraggy specimen, more like an Indian club than a marrow."

"Crossed in love, perhaps," said Dalton.

"What your marrow wanted was nourishment," said the Authority. "A piece of worsted round its neck, with one end dipped in a jar of water."

"Excuse me," said Jones, "the very latest is to insert a tube in the stalk, and the flavour is greatly improved if you add a little sugar to the water. Almost like a melon."

"Do you take a card out for each marrow, or one for each plant?" asked Dalton.

The quiet man opposite put his paper down. He was a new-comer in the district. We liked him, although he had no sense of humour and did not appreciate Dalton's jokes. He appeared to be interested only in the startling and the odd.

"That reminds me," he said, "of a most extraordinary experience I had a few days ago. Of course you all know Enderby?"

None of us knew Enderby, but we did not like to say so. The quiet man's anxiety was painful. We felt he could not go on with his story unless someone knew Enderby.

"He has a little place round at the back of the Common—quite a nice little place." Freath—that was the quiet man's name—looked at us reproachfully.

"I think I know Enderby," said Dalton. "Isn't he a heavily-built man about fifty, with a grey moustache?"

"Yes, yes," said Freath eagerly. "And a curious wart on his left cheek. Well, I dined with him the other night. His boy was there, home for the holidays. Very clever boy; his special study is the biology of plants. They gave me a very good dinner; I didn't notice very much what I was eating, but I did when the maid helped me to marrow. It was a deep crimson colour. I tasted it somewhat nervously, for I felt they were all watching me. It had the taste of the most exquisite fruit, and the flavour—I am afraid you won't believe me—was that of the finest port that I ever drank. 'How did you manage this, Arthur?' said Enderby. 'Grape-juice,' said Arthur. 'Those foreign black grapes are very cheap just now, so I mixed some with the water that I was feeding the marrows on.' I can't explain it to you; all I know is that I had a second helping. I am afraid you don't believe it," said Freath uneasily.

We assured him that we did, but we did not say it with conviction.

"Enderby called round to see me a few days afterwards," continued Freath, "and I walked back with him. As we went along he told me that a relative was staying with them—an uncle. The first night, again they had marrow for dinner. This time its flavour was not port but whisky—Scotch whisky. The old gentleman was delighted with Arthur and his experiments. Although an abstainer he had three helpings. This was very pleasing to Enderby, as the uncle was a man of considerable wealth. But he was not at all satisfied with his son's explanations, and he thought he recognised the whisky. Although an abstainer while the War is on, Enderby keeps a very good cellar, and when he came to look into things he found that Arthur had been pumping his finest '60 port and old matured Scotch whisky into the vegetable marrows. Now what do you think of that?"

We thought it very strange and we said so.

"But the strangest part has yet to come. Of course they had to keep it quiet—bottle it up, so to speak, from the old gentleman, and let the marrows down gradually. But when the marrows were once more on a temperance *régime* the most extraordinary thing happened." The train was running into Finsbury Park. Freath rose and collected his things.

We stared at him, fascinated.

"Enderby took me into the garden to see it. He said it had been going on for the last week. From all directions, rioting across the flower-beds, the lawn, down the paths, the marrows were growing towards the wine-cellar at the rate of twelve feet a day."

Freath hastily left the carriage and jumped into the Broad Street train.

While we were discussing the story the voice of authority spoke: "The whole thing's a tissue of falsehood. There's no such man as Enderby."

"But Dalton knows him," we said.

"I don't know Enderby," said Dalton. "But I wanted to hear the story."



Sergeant (to Private Simpkins arriving two days late). "Well, Simpkins, so you've turned up, have you?"

Simpkins. "Yes, Sergeant. But you are lucky to get me. What with domestic trouble and all that deluge of rain I nearly made a separate peace."

AT THE PLAY.

"The Pacifists."

As a reasonable jusquaboutist I have some misgivings about Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's farce-parable, *The Pacifists.* Assume *Market Pewbury's* afflictions to have been as stated: an intolerable stalwart cad of a butcher fencing-in the best part of the common, assaulting people's grandmothers, shutting them up in coal-cellars and eating their crumpets, kissing their wives in the market square and proposing to abduct them to seaside resorts, and none so bold to do him violence and make him stop it; the police being ill or absent, the Mayor and his friend, chief victim of the butcher's aggression, unwilling on account of principles to do anything but talk and get up leagues to deal with the trouble in general, and in a final ecstasy of disapproval to write a strong letter; only uncle *Belcher*, a truculent old sea-dog with a natural lust for whisky and blood, organising an opposition, valiantly hiring a notable pugilist to deal with the butcher, and becoming desperately anxious lest the matter should be peaceably settled because the basher, having been engaged, *must* find something to bash or there will be trouble. Well, if we must have forged for us the sword of a three-Act parable, we should like it with one edge, not two.

Mr. Jones was evidently bursting with the desire to give some irritating people a very hard knock—witness the barbed dedication with which the normally peaceful theatre-announcement columns have bristled some little time past; and I think I dare say that we were interested in his first Act. He did really work out his analogies with some skill. But we soon came to feel that he was essentially doing something between flogging a dead horse, so far as we were concerned, and shooting a sitting rabbit. I suspect too that we realised the issues were too tragic for this kind of buffoonery. The tribute of our applause was a tribute of loyalty to one who has often deserved well of the republic, and partly the desire to show that our hearts were in the right place. I don't see *The Pacifists* as a pamphlet making many converts. As a kick on the shins it has points.

I confess the thing that pleased me most was a gay little piece of burlesque by Mr. Arthur Chesney as the red-haired shop assistant who was *not* a pacifist. Mr. Charles Glenney so thoroughly enjoyed the robustious sea-captain that we had to enjoy it too—a sound notion of entertainment, that. Mr. Sebastian Smith played chief rabbit with considerable skill and point; Mr. Lennox Pawle amused with his plump dundrearyed mayor; Mr. Sam Livesey's offensive was, I am sure, as Hunnish as its author could possibly have desired. Miss Ellis Jeffreys appeared in the first Act as a very plausible imitation of a prominent tradesman's wife in an eighth-rate provincial town, with some quite excellent moments. But she was evidently labouring under severe strain, and I amused myself by speculating how long she would keep out of a really well-cut skirt and a sophisticated air of Mayfair. Just an Act. And surely she is mistaken in thinking that an effect of extreme agitation is best conveyed by very rapid quasi-cinematographic progression up and down the stage? But I saw no reason to complain of the bold bad butcher's taste in the matter of a subject for abduction.

T.

BUCEPHALUS AND THE ROAD-HOGS.

WHEN Miss Ropes asked at breakfast how many of us would like to watch the very last cricket-match of the season at Lumsdale, practically the entire hospital held up its hand, and it was found that the two cars could not accommodate us all. It was therefore settled that Haynes (who said he knew the moves) should drive Ansell and me over in the governess-cart.

It was also settled that the crew of the governess-cart should have an early cold lunch and start an hour before the cars; thus (it was calculated) we should all arrive at the cricket-ground fairly well together. This did not take Haynes' driving into account. We started from the door at a very satisfactory pace, probably because Bucephalus, the fat pony, objected to the enthusiasm of our send-off. When we reached the road he dropped into an amble so gentle that we decided that he had really been running away in the drive. Next, taking advantage of an almost imperceptible upward slope, he began to walk. Haynes clucked at him and flapped the reins, but this had no effect beyond steering Bucephalus into the left-hand ditch.

"I thought you said you knew the moves," remarked Ansell. "Surely this is wrong?"

"The bally beast's lopsided," said Haynes with heat. "One side of his mouth's hard and the other soft."

"The difficulty being," I suggested as we lurched across the road into the other ditch, "to discover which is which. . . . Now you're straight. We'd better trot. It's only a one-day match."

Haynes used the ancient whip, which had as much effect as tickling a rhinoceros with a feather.

"Goad him with a penknife," suggested Ansell unfeelingly.

"There must be some way," said Haynes. "Because they *do* trot, you know."

"Speaking as one ignorant amateur to another," I asked, "isn't the right thing to pull gently on the reins and then slacken? You go on doing it till the animal gets your meaning. Try it."

Haynes tried it, and Bucephalus stopped dead. Repetition of the treatment simply produced a tendency to back.

"For heaven's sake don't lose any of the ground we've gained," said Ansell. "Let's get on, if only at a walk."

"We shall have to tow him," decided Haynes. He got out and hauled at the bridle, but Bucephalus refused to budge.

"This," said Ansell, becoming suddenly business-like, "is where the Boy Hero modestly but firmly takes charge. Jump in."

He picked up the reins and, though he apparently did nothing in particular with them, Bucephalus came to life at once and broke into a lumbering trot.

"You silly chump, why didn't you say you could drive?" asked Haynes.

"Nobody asked me," said the Boy Hero modestly, "and I was shy."

At the time when we had been scheduled to reach the cricket-ground we had still a mile to go along a narrow leafy road, hardly more than a lane. The cars were overdue, and Haynes, whose haughty spirit could not brook the idea of being passed by jeering plutocrats, propounded a scheme.

"They can't pass us unless we go into the ditch," he explained. "So when they come we'll pretend to be asleep, take up the middle of the road, and simply ignore them. We'll get there first, after all."

A moment later we heard the buzz of engines. I took a hurried glance round and saw the sunlight on brasswork as the car came round a distant corner.

"It's them," I said.

The reins dropped slackly on Bucephalus's back and he slowed to a walk. Inside the governess-cart all was somnolent peace. Behind us the car was already beginning to make remarks on one of those abusive press-the-button horns. "You FOOL! You FOOL! Get OUT o' the way! Get OUT o' the way!" it said. Then we heard the car slow down and pandemonium broke loose. The horn was reinforced by an ordinary hooter, a whistle, several human voices and, lastly, an exhaust siren. I stole a glance at Ansell and found that he was having a good deal of surreptitious trouble in restraining our fiery steed from doing a second bolt.

"I say," whispered Haynes in sudden agitation, "*has* Miss Ropes an exhaust siren?"

"No, she hasn't," Ansell replied in tones of horror. "We've held up the wrong car." He looked round. "Good Lord!" he added softly and pulled Bucephalus into the ditch. In the car, with a grinning Tommy at the wheel, sat two apoplectic generals and a highly explosive brigade-major. They came alongside, and I should never be allowed to repeat what they said to us. It seemed that by delaying them we had been hindering the day's work of the entire Home Forces. We were given to understand that it was only the blue bands on our arms which saved us from being court-martialled on the spot and shot by the grinning Tommy at dawn. Then they passed on.

When our cars did appear a minute or two later we pulled meekly into the ditch to let them pass, and could find no better answer to the jeers of their occupants than a wan sickly smile apiece.

THE TEST OF TYPE.

(*Suggested by these adjacent paragraphs in a daily paper.*)

"Maj. ——. For conspicuous gallantry and resource. He rallied his men when the left flank was seriously threatened, and by his energy and fine example saved the situation He subsequently commanded his battalion with great ability He has displayed marked gallantry in every action in which he has taken part"

"A London angler, Mr. ——, has caught a roach of 2lb. 1oz. in the Lark at Barton Mills, the largest fish of its kind landed from this Suffolk stream for some years."

THOUGH in these times monopolized by Mars
  There's not a day that passes but one reads—
Sandwiched between unprofitable "pars"
  And other wholly negligible screeds—
Of decorations, crosses, medals, bars,
  Bestowed for valiant and heroic deeds;
Over these records we must often pass
Unless we've got a magnifying-glass!

But if some member of a fishing club
  In London or the provinces, renowned
For prowess with the lob-worm or the grub,
  Should land a roach of more than half a pound,
Then in the leading papers of the hub
  Full space for that achievement will be found,
And clearest type and unaffected rapture
Will signalize the epoch-making capture!

The moral of the episode is plain:
  If soldiers wish to petrify the nation,
Let them—when leave permits—no more disdain
  To join a Roach or Perch Association,
Cull giant gooseberries, and strive to gain
  Prizes for Blind-fold Pig Delineation.
Thus only—not by cross or golden stripe—
Will they achieve the honour of big type.



REPRISALS.

Competitor (in international contest). "The blighter's bit me." *Referee.* "Well, ain't yer got no teeth of yer own? Box on."

SHAKSPEARE AND THE WAR.

[Since the entry of the United States all the English-speaking peoples are in alliance for freedom.]

I think our Shakspeare, gone this many a year
To some rich haven where the poets throng
And Ruler of Ten Cities wrought in song
And spired with rhythmic music, high and clear,
Still finds his England something close and dear,
Rejoicing when her justice baffles wrong
And willing her to wrestle and be strong.
I think he bides by England and is near.

And, in the purpose of his Overlord,
His weaving spirit, still in cloudless youth
With minstrelsy made perfect, throws a cord
That rings the continents in its magic reach
To gather all who share his English speech
In one firm warrior bond of troth and truth.

"Let Laws and Learning . . ."

"I should add that Viscount Harberton sees a chance for his own order in the circumstance that, while the poor man's child is driven to school by the inspector, the rich man can 'boot the spy out,' and so confer on his children the priceless boon of complete illiteracy. Shall we live to see a House of Lords that makes its mark?"—*Observer.*

Some of them, we believe, are under the impression that they have done so already.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Unless you can share with me the sad immunity of the forties, I must despair of translating for you the emotion raised in my antique soul by the wrapper of a new Rider Haggard story bearing the picture of a Zulu and the discovery inside that *Quatermain* is come again! The tale that has so excited me is called, a little ominously, *Finished* (Ward, Lock), and I could have better loved a cheerier title. The matter is, to begin with, an affair of a shady doctor, of I.D.B. and an abduction; none of it, I admit, any too absorbing. But about halfway through the author, as though sharing my own views upon this part of the plot, exchanges (so to speak) the Shady for the Black, and transports us all to Zululand. And if you need reminding of what H. R. H. can do with that delectable country, I can only say I am sorry for you. Incidentally there are some stirring scenes from certain pages of history that the glare of these later days has rather faded—Isandhlwana and Rorke's Drift among them; as well as the human drama of the feud between Cetewayo (terror of my nursery!) and the witch-doctor *Zikali*. Whether the old careless rapture is altogether recovered is another matter; at least the jolly unpronounceable names are still there, and the picturesque speech. Most of the names, that is; *Allan* of course, and others, but I for one should have welcomed rare *Umslopogaas*—or however he is rightly spelt—and *Curtis*, for personal reasons my favourite of the gallant

company that have so often kept secret rendezvous with me behind the unlifted lid of a desk at preparation time. And now have we really come at long last to *Finished?* I can only hope that Sir H. RIDER HAGGARD doesn't mean it.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD may be numbered amongst the most indefatigable of women war-workers. She has now followed up her former success in *England's Effort* with a volume carrying on the story of our part in the War under the title of *Towards the Goal* (MURRAY). The book is written in the form of a series of letters addressed to ex-President ROOSEVELT, as the onlie begetter both of it and its predecessor. It is further equipped with a preface by the hand of this same able and clear-sighted gentleman, the chief drawback of which (from my reviewing point of view) is that it covers so well the whole ground of appreciation as to leave me nothing more to add. Mrs. Ward writes nobly on a noble theme"—*voilà tout*. Her theme, as I have hinted, is a further exposition of Britain's war activities as those have developed since the former book was published. In its course MRS. WARD gives us some vivid experiences of her own as a visitor to the Western Front: things seen and heard, well calculated (were this needed) to stiffen the resolution of the great people to whom her letters are really written. *England's Effort* was, I understand, translated into many tongues (with results that can hardly fail of being enormously valuable); *Towards the Goal* should certainly receive the same treatment, of which it is well worthy.



Eastern Potentate (rusticating). "YOU HAVE NO IDEA, MY DEAR FRIEND, HOW SOOTHING IT IS TO ME TO GET AWAY FROM THE LUXURIOUS AND ARTIFICIAL LIFE OF THE COURT AND TO SPEND MY WEEK-ENDS IN QUIET RETIREMENT HERE IN THE COUNTRY, WHERE A FRIEND MAY DROP IN FOR POT LUCK AND TAKE US IN THE ROUGH."

MR. WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON, in his *After War Problems* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), covers, under the four headings, Empire and Citizenship, Natural Efficiency, Social Reform, and National Finance and Taxation, bewilderingly wide ground, and drives a perhaps rather mandarinish team of contributors. Lord HALDANE, for instance, is no longer in the real van of educational endeavour, and is it wholly insignificant that his chapter on Education appears in the section headed National Efficiency rather than in that of Social Reform? It ought not to be difficult to give, in the light of these last years, a wider interpretation to Patriotism than that expressed by Lord MEATH on lines familiar to his public. Sir WILLIAM CHANCE has seen no new sign in the skies in relation to the problem of poverty. Sir BENJAMIN BROWNE, whose death all those interested in the settlement of the Capital-Labour quarrel must deplore, as for all his uncompromising individualism he brought to it a rare breadth of view, says much that is of real value, but does not refrain from appealing to the fact that the mutual confidence of man and officer in battle is a proof of the possibility of a similar confidence in the workshop. That confidence must, and can, we dare to believe, eventually be established. But the men don't go over the top to put money in the Colonel's pocket, and little good is done by exploiting these loose analogies and putting on a too easy air of optimism in the face of desperately serious and complex problems. But enough of fault-finding, which is a poor reward for the serious and generous labours of public-spirited men and women. After all, what one reader calls timidity of outlook another may care to praise as prudence. Here you will find an abundance of safe analysis, wise comment and constructive suggestion from a galaxy of accredited authorities.

In the early chapters of Mr. WILLIAM HEWLETT'S new story, *The Plot-Maker* (DUCKWORTH), we are introduced to a popular and highly successful novelist, named *Coulthard Henderson*, in the emotional crisis produced by a sudden doubt as to whether his output of best-sellers represented anything in the least approaching actuality. You will admit a tragic situation. He meets it by the determination that his next book shall be a veritable slice of life, and to this end he selects and finances an eligible young man for the purpose of vicariously experiencing those emotions, from which age and other causes debar the chronicler; in other words, he hires a hero. The worst of this excellent idea is that it can hardly be said to originate either with *Mr. Henderson* or Mr. HEWLETT, that credit belonging (I fancy) to the late HERBERT FLOWERDEW in a too-little-appreciated masterpiece of sensational burlesque called *The Realist*. However, *The Plot-Maker*, once set going, develops admirably enough on lines entirely its own. The so-much-an-hour hero turns out an engaging young gentleman, but a wofully poor protagonist. The situation where (in the midst of whirling events) he makes the startling discovery that he himself has been in some way switched on to the part of villain is one that you can appreciate only at first hand. Certainly if you want (as who does not in these days?) an anæsthetic of agreeable nonsense *The Plot-Maker* is a medium that I can cordially recommend: one obvious advantage being that you need not try to believe a single word of it.

History Repeats Itself.

From a publisher's list:—

"Shells as evidence of the Migrations of Early Culture."

And modern Kultur spreads itself in just the same old way.

"Lady Required to Share Rome with another."

Staffordshire Sentinel.

But what about the King of ITALY, not to mention the POPE?

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is no truth in the report that one of the most telling lines in the *National Anthem* is to be revised so as to read "Confound their Scandiknavish tricks."

* * *

Grave fears are expressed in certain quarters that the Stockholm Conference has been "*spurlos versenkt.*"

* * *

Someone has stolen the clock from St. Winefride's Church, Wimbledon. We hope that the culprit has responded to the universal appeals in the newspapers which urged him to put the clock back on Sunday last.

* * *

An Englishwoman living in the East has a servant-girl who, when told about the War, remarked, "What war?" Another snub for the KAISER.

* * *

"A Vegetarian" writes to accuse Lord RHONDDA of reducing the price of meat on purpose.

* * *

Tube fares are to be raised. An alternative project of issuing special tickets, entitling the holder to standing room, was reluctantly abandoned.

* * *

The Thames, says a contemporary, has come into its own again as a holiday resort. Many riparian owners, on the other hand, are complaining that it has come into theirs.

* * *

A trades union of undertakers' mutes has been formed. Their first act, it is believed, will be to strike for a fifty-year life.

* * *

We have been asked to explain that the Second Division in which Mr. E. D. MOREL is now serving is not the one that fought at the battle of Mons.

* * *

Two escaped German prisoners have been arrested at Wokingham by a local grocer. The report that he charged twopence each for delivery is without foundation.

* * *

At Leith Hill, in Surrey, trees are being felled by a number of unescaped German prisoners.

* * *

"Beans running to seed," says an informative daily paper, "should be picked and the small beans extracted." But the old custom of lying in wait for them on the return journey and stunning them with a flail still retains many adherents in the slow-moving countryside.

* * *

I am the father of sweeps, declared an elderly employer to the West Kent Tribunal. He afterwards admitted, however, that the secret correspondence of Count LUXBURG had not been brought to his notice.

* * *

Acting, explained an applicant to the House of Commons' Tribunal, is regarded by many as a work of national importance. The Tribunal have generously arranged for him to storm a few barns in Flanders.

* * *

Sixty-eight thousand persons, it is stated, have visited the maze at Hampton Court this season. Others have been content to stay at home and study the sugar regulations.

* * *

The admission fee to a concert recently held for the benefit of the Southwark Military Hospital was one egg. None of the gate money, it seems, reached the performers.

* * *

According to the Town Crier of Dover, who has just retired after fifty years' service, town crying isn't what it was before the War. People *will* listen to the bombs instead of attending to the properly constituted official.

* * *

A "History of the Russian Revolution" has been published. The pen may not be mightier than the sword to-day, but it manages to keep ahead of it.

* * *

A private in one of the London regiments has translated two hundred and fifty lines of *Paradise Lost* into Latin verse during a sixteen-day spell in the trenches. The introduction of some counter-irritant into our public school curriculum is now thought to be inevitable.

* * *

The crew of the U-boat interned at Cadiz, says a Madrid correspondent, have been allowed to land on giving their word of honour not to leave Spain during the continuance of the War. The mystery of how the word of honour came into their possession is not explained.

* * *

Further evidence of the success of the U-boat starvation campaign has been thoughtlessly afforded the German Press by a London newspaper which has announced that burglars are now using practically nothing but skeleton keys.

* * *

No one has yet found anything that will conquer the wire-worm, says Professor J. R. DUNSTAN. We feel that the Professor is unduly pessimistic. Has he tried the effect of writing a letter to *The Daily Mail* about it?

* * *

Things appear to be settling down in Mexico. Last week only one hundred of General CARRANZA'S men were annihilated by bandits.

* * *

The Berlin authorities have ordered a "Shaveless day." As a measure of frightfulness this is doomed to failure against an Army like ours with tanks which will eat their way through all sorts of entanglements.

* * *

Because an officer omitted to salute him, Field-Marshal VON HINDENBURG stopped his car and said, "I am HINDENBURG." We understand that the officer accepted the explanation.

* * *

"There is a scarcity of violins," says *The Evening News*. Some papers never know how to keep a secret.

* * *

Lundy Island has just been purchased by Mr. AUGUSTUS CHRISTIE, of North Devon. We are relieved to know it is still on the side of the Allies.

* * *

A grocer at Coalville, Leicestershire, riding a motor-bicycle without lights, is said to have offered two and a half pounds of sugar to a policeman to say nothing about it. Fortunately the constable, when he came out of his faint, remembered the number of the bicycle, and the man was summoned.



"YOU ON GUARD TO-NIGHT, NOBBY?" "NAW."
"WOT YER BIN AN' WASHED YER FACE FOR, THEN?"

OFFICIAL RECTITUDE.

SWEDEN ON THE LUXBURG INCIDENT.

WE cannot think that we're to blame.
We took the very natural view
That one who bore a German name
Would be as open as the blue;
Would bathe in sunlight, like a lark,
So different from the worm or weevil,
Those crawling things that love the dark
Because their deeds are evil.

We thought his cables just referred
To harmless matters such as crops,
The timber-market's latest word,
The local fashions in the shops,
To German trade and German bands,
And how in Argentine and Sweden
And all that's left of neutral lands
To build a German Eden.

True he employed a secret code,
But who would guess at guile in that?
Unless he used the cryptic mode
He couldn't be a diplomat;
He wished (we thought) to be discreet,
Telling his friends how frail and fair is
The exotic feminine you meet
In bounteous Buenos Aires.

Why, then, should mud be thrown so hard
At Stockholm's faith? She merely meant
To show a neighbourly regard
Towards a nice belligerent;
For peaceful massage she was made;
Aloof from martial animosities,
She yearns with fingers gloved in suède
To temper war's callosities.

Such courtesy (one would have said)
Amid the waste of savage strife
Tends to maintain — what else were dead—
The sweet amenities of life;
And seeking ends so pure, so good,
So innocent, it *does* surprise her
To be so much misunderstood
By all—except the KAISER. O. S.

The Prudent Orator.

"The Premier was accompanied by Mrs. Lloyd George and his laughter."
Irish Daily Telegraph.

"Our new nippers are beginning to squeeze to some tune in France and Belgium."
Liverpool Daily Post.

Try a little oil.

We print (with shame and the consciousness of turpitude) the following letter:—

"*Bed 56, E Block*, 11/9/1917.

DEAR SIR,—This morning I was reading your edition dated September 5, 1917. In the 'Charivaria' I saw an article in which you proclaimed the North Pole to be the only territory that has not had its neutrality violated by the Huns. I beg to draw your attention to the South Pole.

I remain, yours sincerely,
A WOUNDED TOMMY."

WASHOUT.

WE had hardly settled down to Mess when an orderly, armed with a buff slip, shot through the door, narrowly missed colliding with the soup, and pulled up by Grigson's chair. Grigson is our Flight Commander—one of those rugged and impenetrable individuals who seem impervious to any kind of shock. There is a legend that on one occasion four machine-gun bullets actually hit him and bounced off, which gave the imitative Hun the idea of armour-plating his machines.

Grigson took the slip and read, slowly and paraphrastically: "Night operations. A machine will be detailed to leave the ground at 10.30 pip emma and lay three fresh eggs on the railway-station at ----. At the special request of the G.O.C.R.F.C., Lieutenant Maude, the well-known strafer, will oblige. Co-operation by B and C Flights."

Lieutenant Maude, commonly known by a loose association of ideas as Toddles, buried a heightened complexion in a plate of now tepid soup. Someone having pulled him out and wiped him down, he was understood to remark that he would have preferred longer notice, as it had been his intention that night to achieve a decisive victory in the Flight ping-pong tournament.

"Oh, but, Toddles," came a voice, "think how pleased old Fritz will be to see you. You'll miss the garden party, but you'll be in nice time for the fireworks—Verey lights and flaming onions and pretty searchlights. Don't you love searchlights, Toddles?"

Toddles stretched out an ominous hand towards the siphon, and was only deterred from his fell intention by the entry of the C.O.

"Oh, Grigson," said the C.O. pleasantly, "the Wing have just rung through to say they want that raid done at once, so you might get your man up *toute suite*."

Toddles was exactly halfway through his fish.

Now, though Toddles has never to my knowledge appeared before the C.O. at dead of night attired in pink silk pyjamas, begging with tears in his eyes to be allowed to perform those duties which the dawn would in any case impose upon him (this practice is not really very common in the R.F.C.), he is a thoroughly sound and conscientious little beggar. And, making allowances for the fallibility of human inventions, and the fact that two other young gentlemen were also engaged in the congenial task of making structural alterations to the railway station at ——, Toddles comes out of the affair with an untarnished reputation.

Whether it was that his more fastidious taste in architecture detained him I do not know, but it was fully ten minutes after the others had landed before we who were watching on the aerodrome became aware that Toddles was coming home to roost. The usual signals were exchanged, and Toddles finished up a graceful descent by making violent contact with the ground, bouncing seven times and knocking over two flares before finally coming to rest. His machine appeared to be leaning on its left elbow in a slightly intoxicated condition.

"Bust the **V** strut," said Toddles cheerfully. We assured him that one would hardly notice it. Grigson meanwhile had been examining the under carriage with scientific care, and turned to ask him how he had got on.

"Bong," said Toddles, beaming; "absolutely bong. They spotted us, but Archie was off colour."

"Did you see your pills burst?"

Toddles beamed more emphatically than ever. "One in what I took to be the station yard, one right on the line, and one O.K. ammunition truck; terrific explosion—nearly upset me. Three perfectly good shots."

So far Toddles' account agreed very fairly with the two we already had.

"Didn't have any trouble with the release gear, I suppose?" said Grigson. "Nasty thing that. I've known it jam before now."

"Well," answered Toddles, "it did stick a bit, but I just yanked it over and it worked."

"Splendid!" said Grigson brightly. "A nice bit of work, and very thoughtful of you to bring home such jolly souvenirs."

"Look here," replied Toddles with warmth, "who the devil are you getting at?"

"Nothing; oh, nothing at all."

Grigson moved away towards the Mess. "By the way," he said, "you're quite certain they were your own shots? I should have a good look at that under carriage if I were you."

We all went down on hands and knees. Lying placidly in the rack with an air of well-merited ease born of the consciousness that they had, without any effort of their own, avoided a fatiguing duty, were three large bombs.

"Er — ah — hum," said Toddles. "Now then, Sergeant, hurry up and get this machine back into the shed!"

And the Sergeant's face was the best joke of all.

"Man, handy at vice, been in motor repair shop."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Still, it must not be assumed that life in a garage is necessarily fatal to virtue.



PERFECT INNOCENCE.

Constable Woodrow Wilson. "THAT'S A VERY MISCHIEVOUS THING TO DO."
Sweden. "PLEASE, SIR, I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED."

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXV.

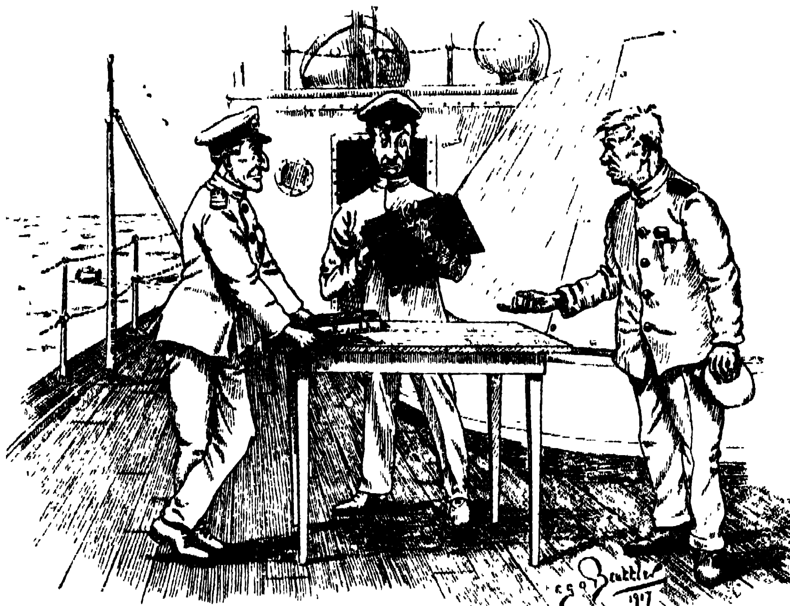
MY DEAR CHARLES,—I feel some hesitation in passing the following story on to you, less from the fear of what it will divulge to the enemy than from the fear of what it may divulge to our own people. As far as the enemy is concerned be it stated boldly that the train was going to Paris and "I" got into it at Amiens. Yes, HINDENBURG, there *is* a place called Paris and there *is* a place called Amiens. Now what are you going to do about it? As far as our own people are concerned it is asked of them that, if ever they come to read it, they may not inquire too closely as to who "I" may be.

It is a long train and there is only one dining-car. Those who don't get into the car at Amiens don't dine; there is accordingly some competition, especially on the part of the military element, of which the majority is proceeding to Paris on leave and doesn't propose to start its outing by going without its dinner. Only the very fit or the very cunning survive. Having got in myself among the latter category I was not surprised to see, among the former category, a large and powerful Canadian Corporal.

If he can afford to pay for his dinner there is no reason, I suppose, why even a corporal should not dine. If he can manage to snaffle a seat in the car there is certainly no reason why a French Commandant should not dine. There is every reason, I imagine, for railway companies to furnish their dining-cars with those little tables for two which bring it about that a pair of passengers, who have never seen each other before and have not elected to meet on this occasion find themselves together, for a period, on the terms of the most complete and homely intimacy. Lastly, the attendant had every reason to put the Corporal and the Commandant to dine together, for there was nowhere else to put either of them.

What would have happened if this had taken place ten years ago, and the French Commandant had been an English Major? The situation, of course, simply could not have arisen; it would have been unthinkable. But if it had arisen the train would certainly have stopped for good; probably the world would have come to an end. As it was, what did happen? Let me say at once that both the Corporal and the Commandant behaved with a generosity which was entirely delightful; the Corporal's was pecuniary generosity, the Commandant's generosity of spirit. This was as it should be, and both were true to type.

Quick though the French are at the uptake, it took the good Commandant just a little while to settle down to the odd position. This was not the size and shape and manner of man with whom he was used to take his meals.



Skipper of Drifter (who has been fined thirty-five shillings for losing a pair of binoculars). "PROPER JUSTICE I CALLS IT; MY BROTHER-IN-LAW LOSES HIS WHOLE BLINKING DRIFTER AND YOU DON'T FINE 'IM A BLOOMING CENT."

As an officer one feels one's responsibilities on these public occasions, and I felt I ought to intervene and to do something to rearrange the general position. But at the start I caught the Corporal's eye, and there was in it such a convincing look of "Whatever I may do I mean awfully well," that I just sat still and did nothing.

The awkward pause was over before the soup was finished. Rough good-nature and subtle good sense soon combined to eliminate arbitrary distinctions. The Commandant won the first credit by starting a conversation; it was really the only thing to do. Had the Commandant and I been opposite each other we should probably have dined in polite silence. But the Corporal was one of those red-faced burly people with whom you have, if you are close to them, either to laugh or fight.

The Commandant was not inwardly afraid; he was innately polite. He talked pleasantly to his *vis-à-vis*. The Corporal, a trifle abashed at first, listened deferentially, but as the good food enlivened him he ceased to be abashed and became cordial. From cordial he became affable, from affable affectionate, and from affectionate he passed to that degree of friendship in which you lean across the dinner-table, tap a man on the shoulder and call him "old pal." Finally, he insisted upon the Commandant cracking with him a bottle of champagne. I give the Commandant full marks for not persisting in his refusal.

A draught or two of champagne has, as you may be aware, the effect of developing to an extreme any friendly feelings you may at the moment happen to possess . . .

The train chanced to stop just after dinner was finished, and the Commandant, seizing his opportunity, hurriedly paid his bill and got into another carriage. My *vis-à-vis* also left the car, though I must confess that I had not stood *him* so much as a glass of beer. I and the Canadian Corporal were left facing each other, and the position was such that I couldn't avoid his eye. I had no feelings with regard to him, but I simply could not smile at him, since I do not like champagne. So I suppose I must have frowned at him; anyhow, he came along and sat down at my table in order to explain at length that he was not drunk.

He wasn't drunk, and I had never said he was, and I was not in the least interested in his theme, until he got to the point of what his main reason was for not being drunk. This, I admit, interested me deeply. "When we get to Parry," said he, "we shall be met by Military Police, and they will ask to see our papers. And if my papers weren't in order and if I wasn't in order myself I should be put under arrest and sent back again. And I don't mean to be sent back, and I have all my papers in order and I'm in order myself." And, dash it all, the fellow was right, and when we got to the Gare du Nord there were the Military Police as large as life, and clearly there was no avoiding them.

At first I didn't quite know what to



Tommy. "'E'S A WONDER AN' NO MISTAKE. I CAN'T TEACH MY OLD DAWG AT HOME TO DO ANYTHINK."
Pal. "AH, BUT YER SEE, MATEY, YOU 'AVE TO KNOW MORE'N A DAWG, OR YER CAN'T LEARN 'IM NUTHIN."

do about it, but a little thought decided me. "There are your M.P.," I said to the Corporal, as we trooped slowly out of the dining-car. "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to come along with me and interview one of them." Giving him no time to argue, I led him straight to the Police Sergeant and insisted upon this case being dealt with before all others. "I must ask you, Sergeant, to make this man produce his papers. I have reason to doubt whether he is in order."

The Corporal began to expostulate, but the Sergeant adopted the none-of-that-I-know-all-about-your-sort attitude which is so admirable in these officials. The Corporal produced some papers and tendered them indignantly. The Police Sergeant remained impassively unconvinced, but gave me one fleeting look, as if he wondered whether I had put him on to a good thing. "There are papers and papers," said I, as if I too knew all about the business. "Let us see if they are in order." The Sergeant's instinct had already told him that the papers were quite in order, and he was all for cutting the business short and getting out of it as quickly as he could. But I insisted upon the most minute examination and would not give in and admit my mistake until the Sergeant practically ordered us both off the station.

Having given the Sergeant to understand that he was to blame for the Corporal's papers being in order, I allowed myself to be passed on. The Corporal followed me; he wanted an explanation. When we got outside the station I let him catch me up, because I thought he was entitled to one.

"Will you allow me to ask why you did that, Sir?" he said very indignantly but not rudely. "You knew that I had my papers, Sir, and that they were in order."

"Yes," I said. "But I knew that my own weren't."

His cheeks suffused with the most jovial red I have ever seen.

"In the very strictest confidence, Corporal," I said, "*I* haven't any papers."

I didn't know that a human laugh could be so loud. On the whole I think it was a good thing that we had arrived in Paris after closing time, since otherwise, in spite of my dislike of the stuff, I'm sure that three more bottles of the most expensive brand would have been cracked. I should have had to stand one; he would have positively insisted on standing two.

Yours ever, HENRY.

A Sign of the Times.

"YOUNG LADY Wants post as Housekeeper to working man." *Halifax Evening Courier.*

"Planers (large letters) Wanted, for machine tool work; good bonus; war work; permanent job."—*Daily Dispatch.*

Pessimist!

"WHAT DISABLED SOLDIERS SHOULD KNOW.
That there is no such word as 'imossible' in his dictionary."—*Canadian Paper.*

Correct.

"M. Polychromads, Green Chargé d'Affaires, has left London for the Hague." *Sunday Times.*

It is an unfortunate colour, but with a name like that he can always try one of the others.

"The canker of indiscipline and the wine of liberty have shaken the Russian Army to its foundations."
"*Times*" *Russian Correspondent.*

While the tide of new life that was kindled by the torch of revolution seems destined to crumble into dust.

THE TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS.

THERE are few phases of the War—subsidiary phases, side-issues, marginalia—more interesting, I think, than the return of the natives: the triumphant progress, through their old haunts and among their old friends, of the youths, recently civilians, but now tried and tested warriors; lately so urban and hesitating and immature, but now so seasoned and confident and of the world. And particularly I have in mind the return of the soldier to his house of business, and his triumphant progress through the various departments, gathering admiration and homage and even wonder. I am not sure that wonder does not come first, so striking can the metamorphosis be.

When he left he was often only a boy. Very likely rather a young terror in his way:, shy before elders, but a desperate wag with his contemporaries. He had a habit of whistling during office hours; he took too long for dinner, and was much given to descending the stairs four at a time and shaking the premises, blurring the copying-book and under-stamping the letters. When sent to the bank, a few yards distant, he was absent for an hour. Cigarettes and late hours may have given him a touch of pastiness.

To-day, what a change! Tall, well-set-up and bronzed, he is a model of health and strength. His eyes meet all our eyes frankly; he has done nothing to be ashamed of: there is no unposted letter in his pocket, no consciousness of a muddled telephone message in his head. To be on the dreaded carpet of the manager's room was once an ordeal, to-day he can drop cigarette-ash on it and turn never a hair.

"Oh yes," he says, "he has been under fire. Knows it backwards. Knows the difference in sound between all the shells. So far he's been very lucky, but, Heavens! the pals he's lost! Terrible things happen, but one gets numbed—apathetic, you know.

"What does it feel like to go over the top? The first time it's a rotten feeling, but you get used to that too. War teaches you what you can get used to, by George it does! He wouldn't have believed it, but there——"

And so on. All coming quite naturally and simply; no swank, no false modesty.

"This is his first leave since he went to France, and he thought he must come to see the firm first of all. Sad about poor old Parkins, wasn't it? Killed directly. And Smithers' leg—that was bad too. Rum to see such a lot of girls all over the place, doing the boys' jobs. Well, well, it's a strange world, and who would have thought all this was going to happen? . . . ."

Such is his conversation on the carpet. In the great clerks' room, where there are now so many girls, he is a shade more of a dog. The brave, you know, can't be wholly unconscious of the fair, and as I pass through I catch the same words, but spoken with a slightly more heroic ring.

"Lord, yes, you get used even to going over the top. A rotten feeling the first time, but you get used to it. That's one of the rum things about war, it teaches you what you can get used to. You get apathetic, you know. That's the word—apathetic: used to anything. Standing for hours in water up to your knees. Sleeping among rats." (Here some pretty feminine squeals.) "It is a fact," he swears to them. "Rats running over you half the night, and now and then a shell bursting close by."

Standing at his own old desk as he talks, he looks even taller and stronger than before—by way of contrast, I suppose, and as I pass out I wonder if he will ever be able to bring himself to resume it.

Having occasion, a little while later, to go downstairs among the warehousemen, where female labour has not yet penetrated, I hear him again, and notice that his language has become more free. Safely underground he extends himself a little.

"Over the top?" he is saying. "Yes, three blinking times. What does it feel like the first time? Well——" and he tells them how it feels, in a way that I can't reproduce here, but vivid as lightning compared with his upstairs manner. And still he remains the clean forthright youth who sees his duty a dead sure thing, and does it, even though he may be perplexed now and then.

"So long!" they say, old men-friends and new girl-acquaintances crowding round him as at last he tears himself away (and watching him from the distance I am inclined to think that, if he gets through, he will come back to us after all). "So long!" they say. "Take care of yourself."

"You bet!" he replies. "But the question is, Shall I be allowed to? What price the Hun?" And with a "So long, all!" he is gone.

All over London, in the big towns all over Great Britain, are these triumphant progresses going on.

"Wanted, a good Private Wash; good drying place."—*High Peak News.*

We respect the advertiser's dislike of publicity.

"JONG."

(*Lines suggested by an Australian aboriginal place name commonly known by its last syllable.*)

FINE names are found upon the map—
  Kanturk and Chirk and Cong,
Grogtown and Giggleswick and Shap,
  Chowbent and Chittagong;
But other places, less renowned,
In richer euphony abound
  Than the familiar throng;
For instance, there is Beeyah-byyah-
    bunniga-nelliga-jong.

In childhood's days I took delight
  In LEAR's immortal Dong,
Whose nose was luminously bright,
  Who sang a silvery song.
He did not terrify the birds
With strange and unpropitious words
  Of double-edged *oolong*;
I'm sure he hailed from Beeyah-byyah-
    bunniga-nelliga-jong.

Prince Giglio's bag, the fairy's gift,
  Helped him to right the wrong,
Encouraged diligence and thrift,
  And "opened with a pong;"
But though its magic powers were
    great
It could not quite ejaculate
  A word so proud and strong
And beautiful as Beeyah-byyah-
    bunniga-nelliga-jong.

I crave no marble pleasure-dome,
  No forks with golden prong;
Like HORACE, in a frugal home
  I'd gladly rub along,
Contented with the humblest cot
Or shack or hut, if it had got
  A name like Billabong,
Or, better still, like Beeyah-byyah-
    bunniga-nelliga-jong.

Sweet is the music of the spheres,
  Majestic is Mong Blong,
And bland the beverage that cheers,
  Called Sirupy Souchong;
But sweeter, more inspiring far
Than tea or peak or tuneful star
  I deem it to belong
To such a place as Beeyah-byyah-
    bunniga-nelliga-jong.

Our Stylists.

"It is the desire of the Management that nothing of an objectionable character shall appear on the stage or in the auditorium, and they ask the co-operation of the audience in suppressing same by apprising them of anything that may escape their notice."
From a provincial Hippodrome programme.

From the evidence in a juvenile larceny case:—

"The Father: Devils seem to be getting into everyone nowadays, not only in boys, but in human beings."
Devon and Exeter Gazette.

A delicate distinction.



Win-the-War Vice-President of our Supply Depôt (doing grand rounds). "Here again is a fifth glaring example. The hem of this bag is an eighteenth of an inch too wide. Get them all remade. We cannot have the lives of our troops endangered."

A MIXED LETTER-BAG.

(Prompted by "Thrifty Colleen's" letter in "The Times" of September 12.)

Cruelty to Vegetables.

Sir,—May I be allowed to protest with all the vigour at my command against the revolting suggestion that, with the view of making cakes from potatoes they should be first boiled in their skins. I admit that this is better than that they should be boiled without them, but that is all. The potato is notoriously a sensitive plant. Personally I regard it more in the light of an emblem than a vegetable. That it is not necessary as an article of food can be conclusively proved from the teaching of history, for, as a famous poet happily puts it—

> "In ancient and heroic days,
> The days of Scipios and Catos,
> The Western world pursued its ways
> Triumphantly without potatoes."

If, however, the shortage of cereals demands that potatoes should be used as a substitute for wheat, I suggest that, instead of being subjected to the barbarous treatment described above, they should be granted a painless death by chloroform or some other anæsthetic.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
Potatophil.

Erin's Incubus.

Sir,—A great deal of fuss is being made over Irish potato-cakes. Why Irish? The tradition that the potato is the Irish national vegetable is a hoary fallacy that needs to be exploded once and for all. It is nothing of the sort. The potato was introduced into the British Isles by Sir Walter Raleigh, a truculent Elizabethan imperialist of the worst type, transplanted into Ireland by the English garrison, and fostered by them for the impoverishment of the Irish physique. The deliberations of the National Convention now sitting in Dublin will be doomed to disaster unless they insist, as the first plank of their programme, on the elimination of this ill-omened root. If St. Patrick had only lived a few centuries later he would have treated the potato as he did the frogs and snakes.

I am, Sir, Yours rebelliously,
Shane Finn.

A Dangerous Dish.

Sir,—May I put in a mild *caveat* against excessive indulgence in potato-cakes, based on an experience in my undergraduate days at Trinity College, Cambridge, when Whewell was Master? One Sunday I was invited to supper at the Master's, and a dish of potato cakes formed part of the collation. Whewell was a man of robust physique and hearty appetite, and I noted that he ate no fewer than thirteen, considerably more than half the total. Whether it was owing to the unlucky number or the richness of the cakes I cannot say, but the fact remains that the Master was seriously indisposed on the following day and unable to deliver a lecture on the Stoic Philosophy, to which I had greatly looked forward. I cannot help thinking that Pythagoras, who enjoined his disciples to "abstain from beans," would, if he were now alive, be inclined to revise that cryptic precept and bid us "abstain from potatoes," or, at any rate, from over-indulgence in hot potato-cakes.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
Cantab.

Wanted—A New Name.

Sir,—If a thing is to make a success a good name is indispensable. The potato has been handicapped for centuries by its ridiculous name, which is almost as cumbrous as "cauliflower" and even more unsightly to the eye. It is futile to talk of a "tuber" since that means a lump or bump or truffle. No, if you are to get people to eat potato-cakes you must devise a more dignified and attractive name; and it



"Hullo! Where's baby? I thought he was with you."
"So he is, Auntie; but he thought you were coming to fetch him in, so he's over there, cammyflaging himself with a towel."

would be good policy for the Food Controller to offer a large prize for the best suggestion, Mr. Eustace Miles, Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Hall Caine to act as adjudicators.

I am, Sir, Yours obediently,
Earth-Apple.

THOROUGHNESS.

It is generally agreed that the War has given women great chances, and that women for the most part have taken them. Where they have not, but have preferred frivolity, it is not always their own fault, but the result of outside pressure. Such a paragraph, for example, as the following, by "Lady Di," in *The Sunday Evening Telegram*, is hardly a clarion call to efficiency:—

"This recurrence of night raids has made business brisk in the lingerie salons, especially among flatland dwellers, for it's quite the thing now to have coffee and cake parties after a raid, with brandy neat in liqueur glasses for those whose nerves have been shaken. And such parties do give chances for the exhibition of those dainty garments that usually you have to admire all by yourself. Which reminds me. Don't forget an anklet and a wristlet of black velvet—the wristlet on the right and the anklet on the left!"

Since "Lady Di" is out for making the most of every opportunity, and since even she might forget something, I am minded to help her, two heads being often better than one. Air raids are not the only unforseen perils. Surely some such paragraph as this would be useful and indicate zeal:—

The escape of German prisoners being of almost daily occurrence, it would be well for all women who wish never to be taken unawares to be prepared to look their best should one of these creatures meet them. For nothing is lost by looking nice; indeed it is one's duty to be smart, lest dowdiness should give him the impression that England really is suffering from the War. A costume which I have designed to be seen in by escaping German prisoners is a "simple" one-piece (not peace) frock—which, when built by a real artist, can be so intriguing. Of ninon, for choice, with a Duvetyn hat. Carry a gold purse and lift the skirt high enough to show the finest silk stockings.

THE CROSSBILLS.

A northern pinewood once we know,
My dear, when younger by some lustres,
Where little painted crossbills flew
And pecked among the fir-cone clusters;
They hobnobbed and sidled
In coats all aflame,
While young Autumn idled,
And we did the same.

They're cutting down the wood, I hear,
To make it into war material,
And, where the crossbills came, this year
Their firs are lying most funereal;
There's steam saw-mills humming
And engines at haul,
A new Winter coming
And more trees to fall.

Ah, well, let's hope when Peace at length
Is here, and when our young plantations
In days unborn have got the strength
And pride of ancient generations,
The red birds shall show there
From tree to dark tree,
If two folk should go there
As friendly as we!



RUSSIA FIRST.

Russia (*to the Spirit of Revolution*). "THROW DOWN THAT TORCH AND COME AND FIGHT FOR ME AGAINST THE ENEMY OF LIBERTY."



"WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? WE ARE READY FOR YOU TO BEGIN."
"YES, MADAM. WE ARE JUST TUNING UP."
"*TUNING UP!* WHY, I ENGAGED YOU TWO MONTHS AGO!"

BELLAIRS ON MAN-POWER.

MR. BELLAIRS, it will be remembered, was the first to discover the possibilities of proving (by figures) the dwindling reserves of hostile man-power. His estimates, based upon pure reason, personal experience and some two tons of figures, have been carefully revised and brought to date, more especially for the benefit of those busy people who cannot take a holiday by the sea, but like to solace themselves at home with a weekly immersion in *Mud and Water*.

Germany.

Here Mr. BELLAIRS is the first to admit a slight inaccuracy in his previous calculations. Germany has now eight men, instead of four, on the Western Front. It would appear from these numbers that the enemy attaches greater importance to defending his line on this Front than on any other.

Russia.

There are five (and one in reserve) on the Russian Front. The Russian retreat is explained to be due to artfully inculcated Christian Science (made in Germany), which has persuaded the Russians to entertain the belief that they are being heavily attacked.

Austria.

Austria is reputed on her last legs (three altogether). Her one man and a boy are fighting with the nonchalance of despair to resist the Allied pressure. Good news may be expected from this Front shortly.

Bulgaria.

The warfare of attrition has never shown such excellent results as in the case of Bulgaria. Her army of trained goats is now the only barrier to the vengeance of the Serbs.

Turkey.

According to the latest report the Turkish Army has lost its rifle. It is hoped that every advantage will be taken of our momentary superior armament.

China.

As a last resort Germany is sending her remaining Hun to attack the Chinese. What they can hope to achieve by so prodigal a waste of "cannon-fodder" is difficult to see.

Rumania.

There is no news on the Rumanian Front. It is thought that there is nobody there.

Palestine.

In Palestine both sides have withdrawn their troops and the battle is proceeding without them.

When one realises that against these weakening and ever decreasing forces our Allies will still have a reserve of 80,000,000 by the Spring of 1925, it is impossible to take an otherwise than optimistic view of the situation.

Intensive Rainfall.

"CUMBERLAND and WESTMORELAND.—After a ten weeks' drought we have had three weeks' rain every day."—*Daily Paper.*

"Officer's camp kit wanted, in good condition, Sam Browne belt (5 ft. 7), haversack, &c."—*Scotsman.*

In readiness for this hero's arrival at the Front the communication-trenches are being specially widened.

"I WISH—

THAT it were possible to get frying-pans that would stand LEVEL when one is cooking in them."—*Home Chat.*

It is so awkward to be tilted out of the frying-pan into the fire.

THE GREAT OFFENCE.

As everybody knows, a Gurkha is first of all a rifleman, but apart from his rifle (which to a hill-man is both meat and raiment) there are two other treasures very dear to the little man's heart. These are his kukri and his umbrella—symbols of war and peace; and, although he knows the weapon proper to each state and can dispense (none better) with superfluities, there must have been many times in France when the absence of his umbrella has caused him a bitter nostalgia. "Battle is blessed by Allah and no man tires thereof," but trenches are of the Shaitan, and from the same malevolent one comes the ever-raging bursāt, the pitiless drenching rain, that falls where a man may not strip.

With his kukri he did wonders out there on stilly nights, when he wriggled "over the top," gripping its good blade in his teeth. Then No Man's Land became a jungle and the Bosch a beast whose dispatch was swift and sure under his cunning wrist. Dawn would find him squatting in the corner of his dug-out sleeping as one who has sweet dreams—dreams maybe of counting the decapitated before an admiring crowd in his native city, himself again the dapper young dog of Darrapore.

No kilted Jock goes with more swagger down Princes Street than Johnny Gurkha down the bazaar of Darrapore, particularly in the evening, when he doffs khaki for the mufti suit of his clan—the spotless white shorts, coat of black sateen, little cocked cap and brightly bordered stockings—a *mode de rigueur* that would be robbed of its final *cachet* without the black umbrella, tucked well up under the arm.

A splendid warrior; in private life a bit of a *Don Juan*, perhaps; but his womenfolk bear him no grudge on this score, liking themselves to sail easy through matrimonial seas.



C.O. (*to sentry*). "Do you know the Defence Scheme for this sector of the line, my man?" *Tommy.* "Yes, Sir."
C.O. "Well, what is it, then?" *Tommy.* "To stay 'ere an' fight like 'ell."

When I returned to the depôt a month ago there were tales, but, as our old Subadar-Major observed, "War brought little disturbances. The mischief was unfortunate, perhaps, but not irremediable," and, as the Subadar had himself been on service in China for a matter of three years, he knew what he was talking about.

As for the tales, well, I was reminded of them a few days ago on making a tour of the lines to see that quarters were clean and habitable for the next batch of invalids. There would be hospital for some, for others the sunny little married quarters, and round there wives were bustling with glee, making no secret of their late coquetries, but manifestly glad of the return of their former lords.

Brass pots were being scoured in the doorways; babies sprawled in the sun; a smell of cooking sweetmeats filled the air; a band of small urchins in the roadway, wearing the sham accoutrements of war, was prancing blithely to the song of "Lang-taraf-Tippalaerlee," and as their leader pulled up to give me a grave and perfect salute I recognised the son of old Bahadur Rai.

Now Bahadur Rai would be returning, and, as I recalled the man, I wondered how he would take the news of Bibi, his capricious wife, for I had heard (unofficially) that she had no intention of leaving the lines of the 2nd Battalion, or the dashing young Naik Indrase. This might be a bit awkward, I mused, remembering the tough little chap who had been so popular with us all by reason of being the best *shikari* in the regiment. His incorrigible love of sport may have made the defaulter's sheet ugly (and there's no denying that "Absent with leave" does not lead to quick promotion); but that was in the good old days. Now he was returning covered with glory, and I was sorry about Bibi.

The train arrived at noon with what our travelled Babu calls the "blissies." They were nearly all marked "P.D.",

and I hope it may be given to me to look as cheerful when my turn comes to be Permanently Disabled.

It was worth a week's pay t see the grins on their brown puckered faces and hear their husky contented salaams as they were lifted from the train. Blankets, top-coats, pillows, and other items belonging to the State were gaily abandoned, but every man clung with tenacity to his tunic and his water-bottle, for was there not a collection of trophies in those bulging pockets and sea-water in those battered bottles? Real salt sea-water, for the taste and enlightenment of incredulous elders.

Outside the station the usual crowd had gathered, where it disported itself like a herd of wild elephants. Veteran bandsmen played the regimental march; casual minstrels blew conches or banged tom-toms; and when at last the ambulance waggons moved off, drawn by oxen that wore blue bead necklaces, and marigolds over their ears, one had the proud satisfaction of feeling that the most perfect organisation in the world could not have given our fine fellows a reception more after their own hearts.

When we reached the parade-ground the scene was still merry and bright, for there Gurkha ladies were massed in their many-coloured *saris*, chattering for all the world like the parrakeets they resembled. Dogs barked; pet names were squealed; old men waved their staffs; children clung to the waggons and whooped, and when the cortège finally turned into the hospital compound and I cantered back to the lines I wondered what a London bobby would have made of the heterogeneous traffic that littered the Darrapore Road. I had to sit tight in office to get level with work that evening, and the mess bugle was dwelling maliciously on its top note when at last I put down my pen.

Then the door opened and with a confederate mysterious air the orderly announced Bahadur Rai. (Heavens!)

"And the Sahib?" the Bahadur was asking in swift Nepalese after a wealth of salutations was over. "Can but one arm do all this?" waving towards my bulging files.

"One does not want two hands to write with, you know, Bahadur."

"True. But the shooting?" he added sadly.

"We'll have that again too some day. Great things are done in Vilāyat, where I go when peace comes. And you? You have done well, Bahadur."

"Well enough," he admitted with a trace of pride. Then, after a pause, "The 2nd Battalion starts on service to-morrow, Sahib?"

"Yes. A few men will be left at the depôt—not those of any use."

"And Naik Indrase, does he go?"

"No. The Colonel-Sahib put his name down long ago for station duty."

"Then I desire leave, your Honour. I want to visit 2nd Battalion lines."

"Ah! Put it off a bit," I urged weakly. It's rough getting across the nullah, and with that crute

There was silence. "Your son?" I began irrelevantly.

"My son does well and grows fast, Allah be praised. Later he will come to the hills to learn the ways of a gun. Even now he has the heart of a lion," added the proud father with return of the old twinkle in his eyes. "But of this other matter. Perhaps the Sahib has heard what the Naik has done?"

"Yes," I admitted reluctantly. "I visited your house this morning. All was in order, and I gave instructions about the roof, which"

"It is already repaired," interrupted the old fellow quickly, "and my mother has arranged all things well within. But the Naik, Sahib. It is necessary that I should beat him. The Sahib has heard-

"About Bibi? Yes. But he will give her up," I said confidently.

"Bibi? He can keep Bibi. She was ever swift with her tongue and liked not the ways of *shikaris*. Yes, he can keep Bibi," added Bahadur Rai without bitterness. "But, Sahib"—and here the little man's voice rose almost to a scream of indignation—"that was not the *worst*. The Naik must be beaten, and *well* beaten, for he took, not Bibi alone—he took *my umbrella!*"



"YOU'VE GOT *SOME* ROCKERY HERE, DAD, SINCE I LEFT."
"HUSH! NOT A WORD. IT'S COAL, MY BOY, WHITEWASHED! CELLAR'S FULL UP."

PROPAGANDA FRIGHTFULNESS.

(It is reported that the German Minister to Patagonia, with the assistance of the Swedish Chargé d'Affaires, has caused the following Proclamation to be distributed, along with a translation into the vernacular, among the natives; alleging that it reproduces a leaflet composed by the ALL-HIGHEST and dropped from a German aeroplane over the London district.)

THIS is a know-making to my Britisch Underthanes addressed. Be it known that from to-day on the Britisch Empire my Empire is, and all Britisch Men, Fraus and Childer are Germans. The folgende are now rules:—

(1) I make all Laws alone and nobody with me interfere must.

(2) When a Man or Frau or Child a mile from me laughs it is as when into my All-Highest Face gelaughed is and the Strafe shall the Death be.

(3) Who me sees shall flat on the Earth fall and shall him there until I my gracious Hand wave keep.

(4) The German Sprache shall the Britisch Folk's Sprache be and every Englisch Man who German not sprech kann shall with a by-Proclamation-to-be-declared-Strafe gestrafed be.

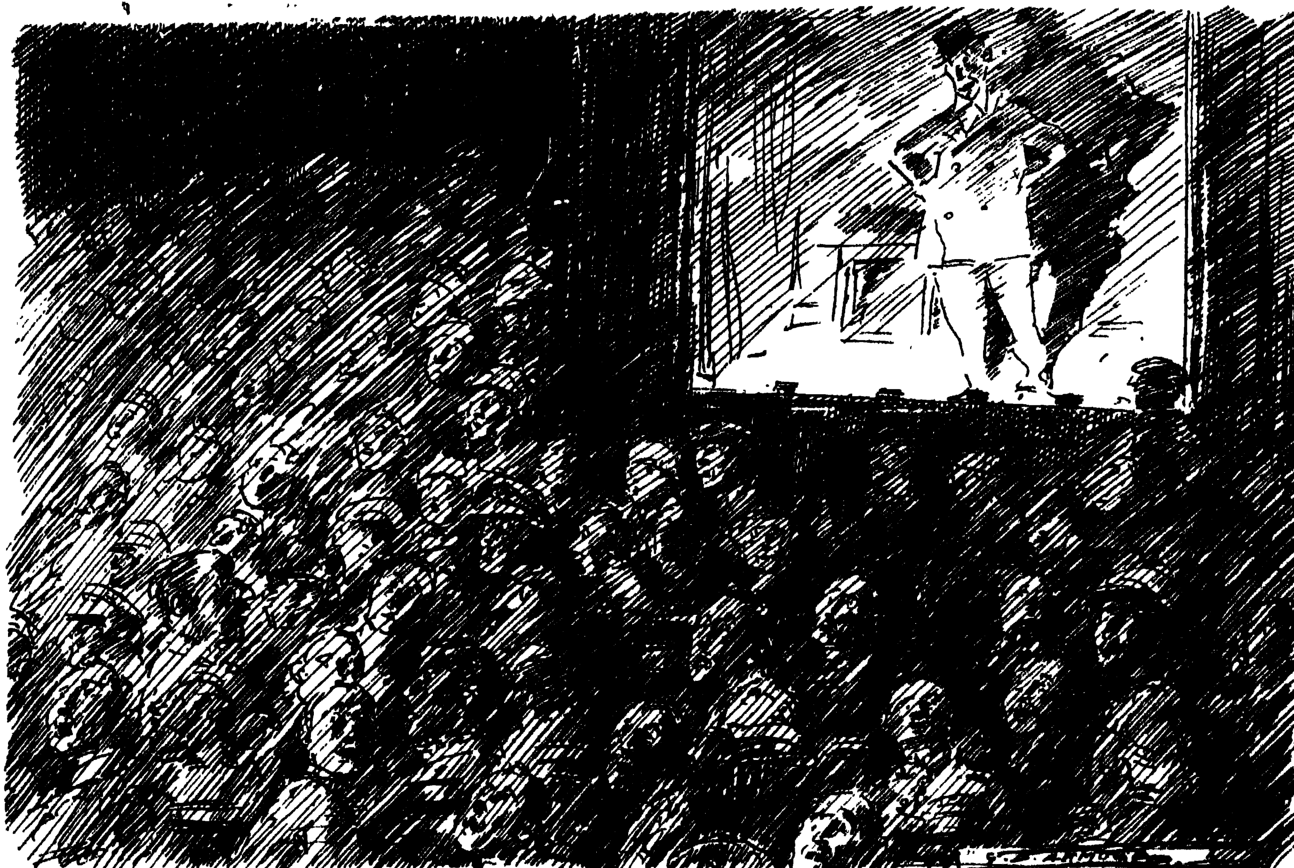
(5) German at the Table Manners shall by all Britisch Childer gelernt be.

(6) Everyone shall German Soldiers salute. If any one misses this to do shall the Soldier the Right have him through the body with a sword to run.

(7) Only German Cigars and Tabak shall gesmokt be.

(8) The Newspapers shall every day print an Artikel me for my good Heart, my Genius and my Condescension praising.

(9) It shall a Picture of me in every House be.



AN OPEN-AIR VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT AT THE FRONT

With "occasional music by the Anti-Aircraft Section."

AT THE PLAY.

"The Yellow Ticket."

If Mr. Michael Morton doesn't mind my not taking his original play too seriously I don't mind telling him how much I enjoyed it. It is quite a neat example of the shocker—an agreeable form of entertainment for the simple and the jaded. The chief properties are a yellow ticket and a hatpin. Both belong to the innocent and beautiful Jewish heroine, *Anna Mirol*.

It appears that she wanted to leave the pale to go to see her dying father in Petersburg, and the police, who will have their grim joke against a Jewess, offer her "the most powerful passport in Russia"—the yellow ticket of Rahab. She accepts it desperately, and, to escape its horrible obligations, enters an English family as governess, under an assumed name. Here the head of the sinister Okhrana (Secret Police Bureau), a sleek red-haired sensualist, *Baron Stepan Andreyeff*, and a chivalrous but tactless English journalist, *Julian Rolfe*, become acquainted with her. The latter wishes to marry her; the former's intentions are strictly dishonourable, and with the aid of his ubiquitous secret policemen he persecutes her, using his power to set her free from the attentions of his detestable minions for bargaining purposes in a perfectly Hunnish manner. Discreet servants, locked doors, champagne, a perfectly priceless dressing jacket, a sliding panel disclosing a luxuriously appointed bedroom—all these resources are at his disposal.

But he reckons without her hatpin, which in the course of his deplorably abrupt attempts at seduction she pushes adroitly into his heart, and next day well-informed St. Petersburg winks discreetly when it learns that the *Baron* has died after an operation for appendicitis.

How that nice young man, *Julian*, is more than a match for the forthright methods of the Okhrana is for you to go and find out.

Mr. Allan Aynesworth's finished skill was reinforced by a quite admirable make-up, though only a policeman of very melodrama could have missed that brilliant pate as it shone balefully over the inadequate chair in which he sat concealed while his subordinate was bullying the hapless *Anna*. Also I doubt whether so stout a ruffian would have succumbed so promptly to such a simple pin-prick. But perhaps the surprise, annoyance and keen disappointment broke his soldierly heart. Anyway, living or dying, the *Baron* was a clever and plausible performance.

You know Mr. Wontner's loose-limbed ease of manner and agreeable voice. He was rather a stock and stockish hero as he left the author's hands, but Mr. Wontner put life and feeling into him. Miss Gladys Cooper reached no heights or depths of passion, but took a pleasant middle way, and certainly gets more out of herself than once seemed likely. I should like to commend to her the excellent doctrine of the "dominant mood." She was, for instance, just a little too detached in the recital of that story when playing for time by the bad *Baron's* fireside.

Mr. Sydney Valentine, having happily come by an early death in another theatre, is able to present us a lifelike portrait of a really remorseless policeman in our third Act, condemning folk to Siberia with all the arbitrary despatch of the *Red Queen*.

On the whole, then, distinctly good of its kind—transpontine matter with the St. James's form. T.

OUR SOUVENIR UNIT.

"No," said the Canadian slowly, "organization isn't everything. Up to a certain point it 's necessary, but there must be a latitude. Give me scope for initiative every time.

"Take an instance. You know our regiments have runners, men who go to and fro carrying orders and making liaison along the line. In the regiment I 'm telling you about the runners were two smart chaps—drummers they were before the War—and not having too much work with their errands they ran a few side lines of their own, such as shaving and hair-cutting, cobbling and the like. But of all their side lines souvenir selling was the most profitable. In their capacity of runners they could go where they liked and accompany any of the attacking parties, so they had good chances for souvenirs.

"One evening they went over into D Company's trench and said, 'Say, you fellows, anybody want souvenirs? Bert 's ordered an attack for daybreak. A, B, and C Companies carry it out. You 're not going. I expect we shall be doing a nice line in tin hats. Any orders? Helmet for you? Right, that 'll be twenty francs; cash on delivery. Bosch rifle? Yes, if we get any, fifty francs. Bandoliers, same price. What 's that? Iron Cross? Oh, not likely! But we 'll do our best. A hundred francs if we deliver the goods.'

"Well, the next day the attack was made, and at one end of a Bosch trench there was some pretty hand-to hand work. An old Rittmeister held it, his breast covered with decorations, and he just wouldn't give in. Of course, so long as he stuck it the other Bosches did too, and there was nothing doing in the Kamerad line. They fought like fury. So did our men, but we were slightly outnumbered, and it soon began to be evident that we should have to retire if we didn't get reinforcements. But, just when things were looking hopeless, over the top of the parapet leaped the two runners, unarmed but irresistible. With blazing eyes they flung themselves on that old Rittmeister, and while one of them downed him with a blow under the chin we heard the voice of the other uplifted in a new slogan: 'Give over, will you, old turnip-head! You 've got the goods, and, by Sam Hill, we mean to have 'em!' And with one hand he held the prisoner down while with the other he tore the Iron Cross from his tunic.

"After the Bosch officer's fall our men made short work of the rest, but the runners didn't wait for victory. There was a muttered counting of the spoils: 'Six helmets for D Company. Two Bosch rifles. One bandolier. And the Iron Cross. That 's the lot. We 'd better git.' And they got."

"The two British Colossuses, *The Tribune* says, opened fire with their 300 five millimetres guns."—*The Post (Dundee.)*

This is the first we have heard of the new naval pea shooter.

"The war aims to which Germany and Austria must give assent must be expressed in unequivocal language and based on the principles of jujsjtjiejejjjji."—*Evening Echo (Cork).*

We are not quite sure whether our spirited contemporary refers to justice or ju-jitsu; but, either way, it means to give the Huns a knock out.

"For British and Oversea soldiers and sailors who visit Paris a club is to be opened at the Hotel Moderne, Place de la République.

The British Ambassador, Sir Douglas Haig, Sir John Jellicoe, and Sir William Robertson have become patrons of the club, which will provide them with comfortable quarters and meals at reasonable prices, supply guides, and generally fulfil a useful purpose."

Evening Standard.

But surely the British Ambassador has already fairly comfortable quarters in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré.

SMALL CRAFT.

When Drake sailed out from Devon to break King Philip's pride,
He had great ships at his bidding and little ones beside;
Revenge was there, and *Lion*, and others known to fame,
And likewise he had small craft, which hadn't any name.

Small craft—small craft, to harry and to flout 'em!
Small craft—small craft, you cannot do without 'em!
Their deeds are unrecorded, their names are never seen,
But we know that there were small craft, because there must have been.

When Nelson was blockading for three long years and more,
With many a bluff first-rater and oaken seventy-four,
To share the fun and fighting, the good chance and the bad,
Oh, he had also small craft, because he must have had.

Upon the skirts of battle, from Sluys to Trafalgar,
We know that there were small craft, because there always are;
Yacht, sweeper, sloop and drifter, to day as yesterday,
The big ships fight the battles, but the small craft clear the way.

They scout before the squadrons when mighty fleets engage;
They glean War's dreadful harvest when the fight has ceased to rage;
Too great they count no hazard, no task beyond their power,
And merchantmen bless small craft a hundred times an hour.

In Admirals' despatches their names are seldom heard;
They justify their being by more than written word;
In battle, toil and tempest and dangers manifold
The doughty deeds of small craft will never all be told.

Scant ease and scantier leisure—they take no heed of these,
For men lie hard in small craft when storm is on the seas;
A long watch and a weary, from dawn to set of sun—
The men who serve in small craft, their work is never done.

And if, as chance may have it, some bitter day they lie
Out-classed, out-gunned, out-numbered, with nought to do but die,
When the last gun 's out of action, good-bye to ship and crew,
But men die hard in small craft, as they will always do.

Oh, death comes once to each man, and the game it pays for all,
And duty is but duty in great ship and in small,
And it will not vex their slumbers or make less sweet their rest,
Though there 's never a big black headline for small craft going west.

Great ships and mighty captains—to these their meed of praise
For patience, skill and daring and loud victorious days;
To every man his portion, as is both right and fair,
But oh! forget not small craft, for they have done their share.

Small craft—small craft, from Scapa Flow to Dover,
Small-craft—small craft, all the wide world over,
At risk of war and shipwreck, torpedo, mine and shell,
All honour be to small craft, for oh, they 've earned it well!

C. F. S.



TRIALS OF A CAMOUFLAGE OFFICER

When an inspecting General mistakes a disguised trench for solid ground.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The opening paragraph of Mr. Jeffery Farnol's latest novel, *The Definite Object* (Low, Marston), informs us that in the writing of books two things are essential: to know "when and where to leave off . . . and where to begin." Perhaps without churlishness I might add a third, and suggest that it is equally important to know where to make your market. Mr. Farnol, very wisely, plumps for America; and the new story is a thing of millionaires, crooks, graft and the like. But don't go supposing for one moment that these regrettable surroundings have in the smallest degree impaired the exquisite and waxen bloom of our author's sympathetic characters. Far from it. Of the young and oh-so-good-looking millionaire (weary of pleasures and palaces, too weary even to dismiss his preposterous and farcical butler—lacking, in effect, the definite object); of the heroine's young brother, crook in embryo, but reclaimable by influence of hero; and of the peach-like leading lady herself, I can only say that each is worthy of the rest, and all of a creator who must surely (I like to think) have laughed more than once behind his hand during the progress of their creation. I expect by now that I have as good as told you the plot—young brother caught burgling hero's flat; hero, intrigued by mention of sister, doffing his society trappings, following his captive to crook-land, bashing the wicked inhabitants with his heroic fists, and finally, of course, wedding the sister. So there you are! No, I am wrong. The wedding is not absolute finality, since the heroine (for family pride, she said, because her brother had tried to shoot her husband; but, as this reason is manifestly idiotic, I must suppose her to be acting on a hint from Mr. Farnol's publishers) decreed their union to be in name alone. Which provides for the extra chapters.

Have you ever imagined yourself plunged (bodily, not mentally) into the midst of a story by some particular author? If, for example, you could get inside the covers of a Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick novel, what would you expect to find? Probably a large and pleasantly impecunious family, with one special daughter who combines great practical sense with rare personal charm. You would certainly not be startled to find her brought into contact with persons of greater social importance than her own; and you would be excusably disappointed if she did not end by securing the most eligible young male in the cast. I feel bound to add that a perusal of *Anne Lulworth* (Methuen) has left me with these convictions more firmly established than ever. The *Lulworth* household, from the twins to the practical mother, is Sidgwickian to its core, though perhaps one can't but regret that the Great Unmasking has for ever robbed them of the society of those fat and seemingly kindly Teutons who used to provide such good contrast. The *Lulworths* lived at Putney, and never had quite enough money for the varied calls of clothes and education and sausages for breakfast. Then *Anne* went on a visit to ever such a delightful big house in Cornwall, and there met the only son . . . But then came

the War and he was reported missing, so *Anne* stayed on indefinitely with his widowed mother; and the unpleasant next-of-kin (Mrs. SIDGWICK never can wholly resist the temptation of burlesquing her villains) refused to believe that she had ever been engaged to *Victor*, and indeed went on indulging their low-comedy spleen till the great moment, so long and confidently expected, when But really I suppose I needn't say what happens then. Sidgwickiana, in short, seasonable at all times, and sufficient for any number of persons.

Mrs. A. M. DIXON began her work in October, 1915, as manager of one of the *Cantines des Dames Anglaises* established in France under the ægis of the London Committee of the French Red Cross. She remained until the beginning of July in the following year, and in *The Canteeners* (MURRAY) she gives an account of her experiences at Troyes, Héricourt and Le Bourget, where she and her helpers ministered to an almost unceasing stream of tired-out French soldiers. There is something remarkably fresh and attractive about this story. It does not aim at fine writing, but its very simplicity, which is that of letters written to an intimate friend, carries a reader along through a succession of incidents keenly observed and sympathetically noted in the scanty leisure of a very busy life. That she succeeded as she did is a high tribute to her kindness and tact as well as to her organising capacity. I cannot forbear quoting from the letter of a grateful *poilu*: "DEAR MISS,—I am arrived yesterday very much fatiguated. After 36 o'clocks of train we have made 15 kms. You can think then that has been very dur for us, because in the train we don't sleep many . . . We go to tranchées six o'clocks a day and all the four days we go the night. I don't see other things to say you for the moment. Don't make attention of my mistakes, please." The book is well illustrated with photographs. I recommend it both on account of its intrinsic merits and because the author's profits are to be given to the London Committee of the French Red Cross.



"Auntie Madge" (who writes the weekly letter to the darling kiddies in "Mummy's Own Magazine"). "NOISY LITTLE BEASTS! I SHALL NEVER DO ANY DECENT WORK IN *THIS* ATMOSPHERE."

When a penniless but oh, so ladylike "companion" goes to the Savoy in answer to a "with a view to matrimony" advertisement, what more natural than that the party of the first part should prove to be—not a genteel widower in the haberdashery business, but a handsome super-burglar of immense wealth and all the more refined virtues. True, he burgles, but his manly willingness to reform in order to please the lady shows that his heart was always in the right place, wherever his fingers might be. Then again the actual pillage occurs "off," as they say, and the gentlemanly burglar, while not "occupied in burgling," walks the stage a perfect Sir George Alexander of respectability. Do I hear you, gentle reader, exclaiming, like the Scotsman when he first saw a hippopotamus, "Hoots! There's nae sic a animal!" It is simply your ignorance. The joint authors of *This Woman to this Man* (METHUEN) have selected him as the hero of their latest novel, so there he is. His combined annexation of the penniless beauty's hand and her titled relatives' *objets d'art*, her discovery that the splendid fellow she has idolised—it must be admitted, without any indiscreet investigation of his past—is a thief, and their final reconciliation in the rude but honest atmosphere of a New Mexico cattle ranch, are all included in the modest half-crown's worth that C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON put forward as their latest effort. And nowadays you can't buy much of anything for half-a-crown.

With commendable idealism Mr. SIDNEY PATERNOSTER considers *The Great Gift* (LANE) to be Love, and brings a certain seriousness to bear upon his theme. *Hugh Standish*, ex-newsboy, is at the age of twenty-five partner of an important firm, as well as large holder in a bookselling business, which, in his leisure, he has so successfully run that it is "floated with a capital of £100,000 and over-subscribed" (incidentally rejoice, ye novelists!). At forty-six he is the whole shipping firm and a Cabinet Minister to boot. I would ask Mr. PATERNOSTER if such a man, who has, *ex hypothesi*, been so busy that he needs the sight of an out-of-work being tended and caressed by his faithful wife in a London Park to suggest to him that there exists such a thing as Love, with a capital L; needs also a later conversation with the same out-of-work to convince him that there is really something the matter with the industrial system (and wouldn't it be a good idea to do something about it now one is a Cabinet Minister?)—I ask Mr. PATERNOSTER, I say, if this is the sort of man to take it all so sweetly when the girl of his choice prefers his cousin and secretary to him? I think not. Our author has woven his story without any reference to the play of circumstance upon his characters. I am afraid he has shirked the difficult labour of artistic plausibility, and I leave it to moralists to decide whether his excellent intentions and sentiments redeem this æsthetic offence.

Weird o' the Pool (MURRAY) may be described as a subterranean book. I mean that its characters are frequently to be found in secret passages and caves and places unknown to law-abiding citizens. The scenes of this story of incident are laid in Scotland at the beginning of last century, and Mr. ALEXANDER STUART makes things move at such a pace that for a hundred pages or so I could not keep up with him. Then two kind ladies had a conversation, and the confusion which had invaded my mind was suddenly and completely cleared away. The pace after this dispersal is as brisk as ever, but it is quite easy to keep up with it. All the same, I cannot help thinking that Mr. STUART has overcrowded his canvas, and that his tale would be the better for the removal of a few of his plotters and counter-plotters from it. I have never yet said a good word for a synopsis, but I do not mind admitting that I could put up with one here.

Suggested by the Kaiser-Tsar Revelations.

Willy-Nilly. Willingly or unwillingly.
Willy-Nikky. Of malice aforethought.

CHARIVARIA.

Three bandits have been executed in Mexico without a proper trial or sentence. This, we understand, renders the executions null and void.

***

The campaign against the cabbage butterfly in this country has reached such an alarming stage that cautious butterflies are now going about in couples.

After spending a one-pound Treasury note on cakes, chocolates, fish and chips, biscuits, apples, bananas, damsons, cigarettes, toffee, five bottles of ginger "pop" and a tin of salmon, a Chatham boy told a policeman that he was not feeling well. It was thought to be due to something the boy had been eating.

***

Incidentally the boy desires us to point out that the trouble was not that he had too much to eat but that there was not quite enough boy to go round.

***

"I read all English books," says Dr. Harding in *The New York Times*, "because they are all equally good." This looks dangerously like a studied slight to Mr. H. G. Wells.

***

We understand that, owing to the paper shortage, future exposures of German intrigues will only be announced on alternate days.

***

At the Kingston Red Cross Exhibition a potato was shown bearing a remarkable likeness to the German Crown Prince. By a curious coincidence a report has recently been received that somewhere in Germany they have a Crown Prince who bears an extraordinary resemblance to a potato.

***

Mystery still attaches to the authorship of *The Book of Artemas*, but we have authority for saying that Lord Sydenham does not remember having written it.

***

At Neath Fair, the other day, a soldier just home from the Front entered a lions' den. The lions bore up bravely.

***

The question of body armour for the troops, it is stated, is still under consideration by the authorities. This is not to be confused with bully Armour which has long been used to line the inside of the troops.

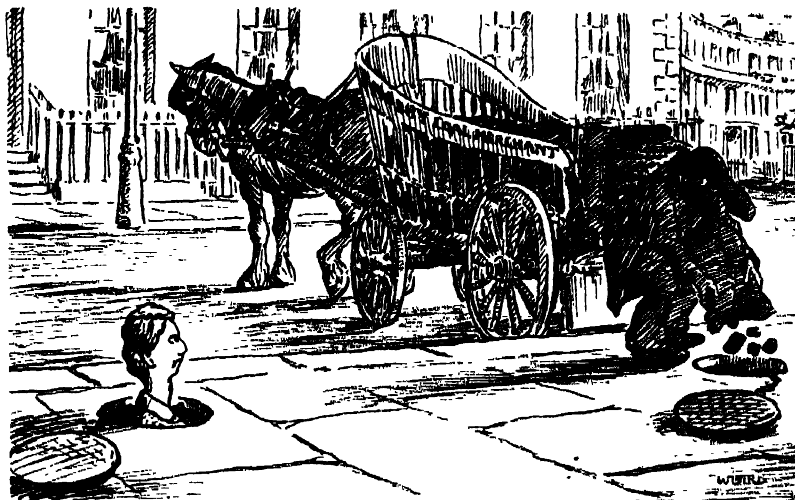
***

Mr. Walter Howard O'Brien, of New York, has sent to Queen Alexandra's Field Force Fund 1,719,000 cigarettes. Several British small boys have decided to write and ask him if he has such a thing as a cigarette picture to spare.

***

Doctors in many parts of London are said to be raising their fees. They should remember that there is such a thing as curing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

The *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten* accuses the United States of having stolen the cipher key of the Luxburg despatches. It is this sort of thing that is gradually convincing Germany that it is beneath her dignity to fight with a nation like America.



"I'm coming to you with 'arf a ton in a minute, so don't fret yourself, ole periscope."

***

A fine porpoise has been seen disporting itself in the Thames near Hampton Court. It is just as well to know that such things can be seen almost as well with Government ale as with the stronger brews.

***

Another statue has been stolen from Berlin, but Londoners need not be envious. Quite a lot of Americans will be in this country shortly, and it is hoped that their well-known propensity for souvenir-collecting may yet be diverted into useful channels.

***

The Midland Dairy Farmers' Association have expressed themselves as satisfied with the prices fixed for Winter milk. In other agricultural quarters this action is regarded as a dangerous precedent, the view being that no farmer should be satisfied about anything.

***

"My hopes of fortune have been dispelled by unremunerative Government contracts," said a contractor at the Liverpool Bankruptcy Court. It is good to read for once of the Government getting the best of a bargain.

***

"What is a bun?" asked the Willesden magistrate last week; which only shows that with a little practice magistrates will get into the way of doing these things almost as well as High Court judges.

***

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* declares that "the Germany that President Wilson wants to talk peace with will only be a Germany beaten to its knees." Our own opinion is that it will be a Germany beaten to a frazzle.

***

There appears to be a great demand for small second-hand yachts. The fact is connected, in well informed circles, with the report that *The Daily Mail* contemplates taking up the anti-submarine question.

***

Some solicitors have been helping to run the gas works of a certain Corporation during a strike. While commending this action, we admit that we can conceive of nothing more likely to undermine the resolute patriotism of the man in the street than a gas bill furnished by a solicitor.

**

Women are formally warned by the Ministry of Munitions against using T.N.T. as a means of acquiring auburn hair. Any important object striking the head—a chimney-pot or a bomb from an enemy aeroplane—would be almost certain to cause an explosion, with possible injury to the scalp.

German Thoroughness Again.

"TO HOLD POTATO CROP.
New German Food Dictator will consume all Food."
Victoria Daily Times.

"An intelligent postal service has delivered those addressed to 1,000, Upper Grosvenor Street, W. 1, to the Ministry of Good at Grosvenor House."—*Daily Mail.*

This is the first we have heard of this Ministry.

TO THE POTSDAM PACIFIST.

Now for the fourth time since you broke your word,
And started hacking through, the seasons' cycle
Brings Autumn on; the goose, devoted bird,
Prepares her shrift against the mass of Michael;
Earth takes the dead leaves' stain,
And Peace, that hardy annual, sprouts again.

Yet why should *you* support the Papal Chair
In fostering this recurrent apparition?
Never (we gather) were your hopes more fair,
Your *moral* in a more superb condition;
Never did Victory's goal
Seem more adjacent to your sanguine soul.

Hindenburg holds your British foes in baulk
Prior to trampling them to pulp like vermin;
Russia is at your mercy—you can walk
Through her to-morrow if you so determine;
There is no France to fight—
Your gallant Willie's blade has "bled her white."

In England (as exposed by trusty spies)
We are reduced to starve on dog and thistles;
London, with all her forts, in ashes lies;
Through Scarboro's breached redoubts the sea-wind whistles:
And Margate, quite unmanned,
Would cause no trouble if you cared to land.

Roumania is your granary, whence you draw
For loyal tums a constant cornucopia;
Belgium, quiescent under Culture's law,
Serves as a type of Teutonised Utopia;
And, as for U.S.A.,
They're scheduled to arrive behind The Day.

Why, then, this talk of Peace? The victor's mood
Lies underneath your nose—why not continue?
Because humanity makes your bosom bleed;
So, though you have a giant's strength within you,
Your gentle heart would shrink
To use it like a giant—I don't think.

O. S.

MISTAKEN CHARITY.

Slip was riding a big chestnut mare down the street and humming an accompaniment to the tune she was playing with her bit. He pulled up when he saw me and, still humming, sat looking down at me.

"Stables in ten minutes," I said. "You're heading the wrong way."

"A dispensation, my lad," he replied. "I'm taking Miss Spangles up on the hill to get her warm—'tis a nipping and an eager air."

A man was coming across the road towards us. He was incredibly old and stiff and the dirt of many weeks was upon him. He stood before us and held out a battered yachting cap. "M'sieur," he said plaintively.

Miss Spangles cocked an ear and began to derange the surface of the road with a shapely foreleg. She was bored.

"Tell him," said Slip, "that I am poorer even than he is; that this beautiful horse which he admires so much is the property of the King of England, and that my clothes are not yet paid for."

I passed this on.

"M'sieur," said the old man, holding the yachting cap a little nearer.

"Give him a piece of money to buy soap with," said Slip. "Come up, Topsy," and he trotted slowly on.

I gave the old man something for soap and went my way.

That night at dinner the Mandril, who loves argument better than life, said *à propos* of nothing that any man who gave to a beggar was a public menace and little better than a felon. He was delighted to find every man's hand against him.

"Ruskin," said Slip, "decrees that not only should one give to beggars, but that one should give kindly and deliberately and not as though the coin were red-hot."

The Mandril threw himself wildly into the argument. He told us dreadful stories of beggars and their ways—of advertisements he had seen in which the advertisers undertook to supply beggars with emaciated children at so much per day. Children with visible sores were in great demand, he said; nothing like a child to charm money from the pockets of passers-by, etc., etc. Presently he grew tired and changed the subject as rapidly as he had started it.

It was at lunch a few days later that the Mess waiter came in with a worried look on his face.

"There is a man at the door, Sir," he said. "Me and Burler can't make out what he wants, but he won't go away, not no'ow."

"What's he like?" I asked.

"Oh, he's old, Sir, and none too clean, and he's got a sack with him."

"Stop," said Slip. "Now, Tailer, think carefully before you answer my next question. Does he wear a yachting cap?"

"Yes, Sir," said Tailer, "that's it, Sir, 'e do wear a sort of sea 'at, Sir."

"This is very terrible," said Slip. "Are we his sole means of support? However——" and he drew a clean plate towards him and put a franc on it. The plate went slowly round the table and everyone subscribed. Stephen, who was immersed in a book on Mayflies, put in ten francs under the impression that he was subscribing towards the rent of the Mess. The Mandril appeared to have quite forgotten his dislike of beggars.

Tailer took the plate out and returned with it empty. "He's gone, Sir," he said.

"I'm glad for your sake, dear Mandril, that you have fallen in with our views," said Slip.

"What!" shouted the Mandril. "I quite forgot. A beggar!—the wretched impostor." He rushed to the window. An old man had rounded the corner of the house and was crossing the road on his way to a small café opposite.

"He's going to drink it," screamed the Mandril; "battery will fire a salvo;" and he seized two oranges from the sideboard. The first was a perfect shot and hit the target between the shoulder-blades, and the second burst with fearful force against the wall of the café. The victim turned and looked about him in a dazed fashion and then disappeared.

That night I received a note from Monsieur Le Roux, hardware merchant and incidentally our landlord, thanking me for sixteen francs seventy-five centimes paid in advance to his workman, and asking me to name a day on which he could call to mend our broken stove.

"It is not a little pathetic to observe that a year ago, and even two years ago, *The Daily Mail* was urging the Government then in power to introduce compulsory rations. Thus on November 13, 1916, we said: 'Ministers should at once prepare the organisation for a system of bread tickets. It took the diligent Germans six months to get their system into action, and it will take our . . . officials quite as long. They ought to be getting to work on it now, not putting it off.' "—*Daily Mail.*

We dare not guess what was the suppressed adjective that *The Daily Mail* applied to "our officials."



OUR UNEMPLOYED.

War Office Brass Hat (*to Volunteer, "A" Class*). "AND MIND YOU, IF YOU DON'T FULFIL YOUR OBLIGATIONS YOU'LL BE COURT-MARTIALLED!"

Mr. Punch. "THAT WON'T WORRY HIM. HIS TROUBLE IS THAT, WHEN HE DOES FULFIL HIS OBLIGATIONS, YOU MAKE SO LITTLE USE OF HIM."

SUGAR CONTROL.

"Good evening, Sir," said Lord Rhondda's minion (the man who does his dirty work), moistening his lips with a bit of pencil. "You were allocated one hundredweight of sugar for jam-making in respect of your soft fruit, I believe?"

"How *did* you guess?" I said. "I say, do tell me when the War's going to end. Just between ourselves, you know."

"This being the case," he went on (evidently trying to change the subject—no War Office secrets to be got out of *him*, you notice), "I must request you to show me your fruit-trees and also your jam cupboard."

"The latter," I said—for he had called just after tea—"is rather full at present, but doing nicely, thanks. As you observe, however, we think it wiser not to try to close the bottom button of the door."

"Perhaps your wife——" suggested the man tentatively.

"My wife does her best, of course. She often says, 'Dearest, a third pot of tea if you *like*, but I'm sure a third cup of jam wouldn't be good for you.' By the way, don't you want to see the tea-orchard too? The Cox's Orange Pekoes have done frightfully well this year—the new blend, you know; or should I say hybrid?"

At this moment my wife appeared, looking particularly charming in a *mousseline de soie aux fines herbes—anglicé*, a sprigged muslin. I seized her hand and led her aside.

"Lord Rhondda's myrmidon is upon us!" I hissed. "'Tis for your husband's life, child. Hold the minion of the law in check—attract him, fascinate him; play him that little thing on the piano—you know, 'Tum-ti-tum'—while I slope off to the secret chamber, where my ancestor lay hid before—I mean after—the Battle of Worcester. By the way, I hope it's been dusted lately? Hush! if he sees us hold secret parlance I'm lost."

"Alas!" said my wife, "the secret chamber is where we keep the jam."

She smiled subtly at me and then winningly at the inspector as she turned towards him.

"Step this way, please," she continued.

I caught the idea at once and, blessing the quick wit of woman, followed in the victim's wake, ready to close the secret panel behind him and leave him to a lingering death.

My wife slid open the trap, turning with a triumphant smile as she did so, and I saw at once that the death of anyone shut up inside would be a lot more lingering than I had imagined, for the place seemed full of jam. I was surprised.

"Can I be going to eat all that?" I thought, and life seemed suddenly a very beautiful thing.

The inspector ran a hungry eye over it all, and if he had tried to clamber inside for a closer inspection I should not have given him the quick push I had planned. I should have held him back by his coat. My own way of testing the amount of jam which my wife had made was not for the likes of him.



UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Chorus. Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather!

"About a hundred-and-fifty pounds," he said at last.

"Just a little over," nodded my wife.

"I tell you," I whispered, "this chap knows everything." Then aloud, "I say, Sir, if you wouldn't mind putting me on to something for the Cotsall Selling Plate. Simply," I added hastily, "in the national interest, of course. Keeping up the breed of horses."

The inspector changed the subject again. "You were allocated one hundredweight of sugar, I believe, Ma'am," he said.

"Oh, yes," replied my wife. "But you see some of our jam is still sticking to the trees. Perhaps this gentleman would like to see the orchard, Wenceslaus," she added, turning to me.

(Of course, you know, my Christian name isn't really Wenceslaus, but we authors enjoy so little privacy nowadays that I must really be allowed to leave it at that.)

So I took the inspector off to see the orchard, pausing on the way at the strawberry bed.

"This," I explained, "was to have made up quite fifty pounds of our allocation, but I'm afraid the crop failed this year. So that must account for any little discrepancy in the weight of fruit." I was very firm about this.

"Strawberries have done well enough elsewhere," said Nemesis suspiciously. "I'm surprised that yours should have failed."

"When I say 'failed,'" I explained, "I mean 'failed to get as far as the preserving pan.' I always retain an option on eating the crop fresh."

The inspector frowned and was going to make a note of this, so I tried to distract his attention.

"Do you know," I said, "a short time ago people persisted in mistaking me for a brother of the Duke of Cotsall?"

"Why?" he asked—rather rudely.

"Because of the strawberry mark on my upper lip. Ah, I think this is the orchard. There was a wealth of bloom here when I put in my application."

"Applications were not made till the fruit was on the trees," said Lord Rhondda's minion, sharply. "Ah, there's a nice lot of plums."

This seemed more satisfactory.

"Yes, isn't there?" I said enthusiastically. "Now I'm sure *this* makes up the amount all right."

"Plums are stone fruit," he observed stonily, "and you were allocated one hundredweight of sugar for your *soft* fruit, I believe?"

One really gets very tired of people who go on harping on the same thing over and over again.

"What about raspberries?" I inquired.

"Soft fruit, of course," said the inspector.

"But they contain stones," I urged. "Nasty little things wot gits into the 'ollers of your teeth somethink cruel, as cook says. Really, the Government ought to give us more careful instructions. And what about the apples? Are pips stones?"

"Apples are not used for jam-making," he retorted.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Tell that to the—to the Army in general! Plum-and-apple jam, my dear Sir! And that reminds me; a jam composed of half



Taxi-driver (who has forced lady-driver on to the pavement). "NOW, THEN, IF YOU WANT TO LOOK IN THE SHOP WINDOWS WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A DAY OFF?"

stone and half soft fruit—how do we stand in respect to that?"

"Well, Sir," said the inspector, closing his notebook grudgingly, "I don't think we need go into that. I think you've got just about the requisite amount of soft fruit for the one hundredweight of sugar which, I believe, you were allocated."

"There's still the rose garden," I said, "if you're not satisfied."

"Been turning that into an orchard, have you?" he asked. "Very patriotic, I'm sure."

"Well, I don't know," I said. "My wife wants to make *pot-pourri* as usual, but what I say is, in these days—and with all that sugar—it would surely be more patriotic (as you say) to make *fleurs de Nice*."

"It would be more patriotic perhaps," observed Lord RHONDDA's minion sententiously, "not to make jam at all."

"Ah!" I said. "Have a glass of beer before you go." W. B.

Headline in *The Yorkshire Daily Observer*:—

"KAISER'S 1904 PLOTS."

No doubt there were quite as many as that, but we should like to know how our contemporary arrives at the exact number.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DAY.

1. A Staff Officer came back from the line without having had a narrow escape.

2. A General visited the line and expressed unqualified approval of everything he saw.

3. A Quartermaster-Sergeant put *all* the contents of the rum-jar into the tea.

4. A sniper fired at a Hun and reported a miss.

5. A bombing-party threw bombs into a sap without reporting "shrieks and groans were heard, and it is thought that many casualties were inflicted."

6. A Sergeant-Major complimented a new squad of recruits.

7. Somebody read an Intelligence Summary.

8. A very high official fired the first shot to open the new rifle-range and failed to hit the bull.

NOTE.—(*a*) The Marker was not court-martialled for spreading alarm and despondency in His Majesty's forces; but

(*b*) The quality of mercy was fearfully strained.

9. A bombing-class came back from practice without a single casualty.

10. A Subaltern got leave on compassionate grounds. He wanted to be married.

11. A Corps Commander was punctual at an inspection. And

12. It did not rain on the day of the offensive.

Truly an extraordinary day. Shall we ever live to see it, I wonder?

More Sex Problems

"For Sale Dark red Shorthorn Bulls, from two years downwards bred to milk for thirty years."—*Farmers' Weekly.*

"For Sale by Auction, one Mare Colt."
Kent and Sussex Courier.

"Then again the cockerel is a summer layer."
Irish Farming World.

"Sir Godfrey Baring, the sitting Liberal member, is not standing again"
Evening Paper

If he's not going to sit or stand, he'll have to take it lying down.

A Venetian boy-scout on the Lido
Had sighted a hostile torpedo,
So he cried, "Don't suppose
You can blow up the Doge;
You must just do without him—as we do."

"WEST OF ENGLAND.—To be sold, a perfect gentleman's Residence, in faultless condition and all modern improvements, and a pedigree Stock Farm of 150 acres adjoining, with possession."—*Daily Paper.*

We hope the pedigree of the perfect gentleman is included as well as that of the stock farm.

PETHERTON AND THE RAG AUCTION.

A letter I received last Friday gave me one of those welcome excuses to get into closer touch with my neighbour, Petherton, than our daily proximity might seem to connote. I wrote to him thus:—

Dear Mr. Petherton,—Miss Gore-Langley has written to me to say that she is getting up a Rag Auction on behalf of the Belgian Relief Fund, and not knowing you personally, and having probably heard that I am connected by ties of kinship with you, she asked me to approach you on the subject of any old clothes you may have to spare in such a cause.

Of course I'm not suggesting you should allow yourself to be denuded in the cause (like Lady Godiva), but I daresay you have some odds and ends stowed away that you would contribute; for instance, that delightful old topper that you were wont to go to church in before the War, and that used to cause a titter among the choir—can't you get the moths to let you have it? Neckties, again. Where are the tartans of '71? Surely there may be some bonny stragglers left in your tie-bins. And who fears to talk of '98 and its fancy waistcoats? All rancour about them has passed away, and if you have any ring-straked or spotted survivors, no doubt they would fetch *something* in a good cause. I hope you will see what you can do for

Yours very truly,
Henry J. Fordyce.

Petherton's reply was brief. He wrote:—

Sir,—Had Miss Gore-Langley chosen a better channel for the conveyance of her wishes I should have been only too pleased to do what I could to help. As it is, I do not care to have anything to do with the affair.

Yours faithfully,
Frederick Petherton.

But he was better than his word, as I soon discovered. So I wrote:—

Dear Petherton,—I have had such a treat to-day. I took one or two things across to Miss Gore-Langley, who was unpacking your noble contributions when I arrived. Talk about family histories; your parcel spoke volumes.

I was frightfully interested in that brown bowler with the flat brim, and those jam-pot collars. Parting with them must have been such sweet sorrow.

I feel like bidding for some of your things, among which I also noted an elegantly-worked pair of braces. With a little grafting on to the remains of those I am now wearing, the result should be something really serviceable. I don't mind confessing to you that I simply can't bring my mind to buying any new wearing apparel just now. I'd like the bowler too. It should help to keep the birds from my vegetables, and incidentally the wolf from the door. And seeing it fluttering in the breeze you would have a continual reminder of your own salad days.

Surely the priceless family portrait in the Oxford oak frame got into the parcel by mistake. I am expecting to acquire that for a song, as it cannot be of interest except to one of the family, and I should be glad to number it among my heirlooms.

Miss G.-L. is awfully braced with the haul, and asked me to thank you, which is one of my objects in writing this. Yours sincerely,
Harry Fordyce.

Petherton was breathing hard by this time, and let drive with:—

Sir,—It is like your confounded impertinence to overhaul the few things I sent to Miss Gore-Langley, and had I known that you would have had the opportunity of seeing what my wife insisted on sending I should certainly not have permitted their despatch.

I have already told you what I think of your ridiculous claims to kinship with my family, and shall undoubtedly try to thwart any impudent attempts you may make to acquire my discarded belongings. The photograph you mention was of course accidentally included in the parcel, and I am sending for it. Yours faithfully,
Frederick Petherton.

In the cause of charity I rushed over to the Dower House, and pointed out to Miss Gore-Langley how she might swell the proceeds of the sale. I then wrote thus to Petherton:—

Dear old Man,—Thanks for your jolly letter. I'm sorry to tell you that Miss G.-L. holds very strong views on the subject of charitable donations, and you will have to go and bid for anything you want back. I'm very keen on that photograph, if only for the sake of your pose and the elastic-side boots you affected at that period. Everyone here is quite excited at the idea of having Cousin Fred's portrait among the family likenesses in the dining-room, and its particular place on the wall is practically decided upon.

I shall probably let the braces go if necessary, but I shall contest the ownership of the bowler up to a point.

Why not have your revenge by buying one or two of my things? There is a choice pair of cotton socks, marked T.W., that I once got from the laundry by mistake; they are much too large for me, but should fit you nicely. There's a footbath too. It leaks a bit, but your scientific knowledge will enable you to put it right. It's a grand thing to have in the house, in case of a sudden rush of blood to the head.

Cheerio!

Yours ever, Harry.

Petherton simply replied:—

Sir,—It is, I know, absolutely useless to make an appeal to you, and I shall simply outbid you for the portrait if possible; if not, I shall adopt other measures to prevent your enjoying your ill-mannered triumph.

Yours faithfully, F. Petherton.

The Auction was held last Wednesday. I didn't attend it, but got Miss Gore-Langley to run up the price of the portrait as far as seemed safe, on my behalf, which resulted in Mrs. Petherton getting it for £5 15*s*. I got the hat, but Mrs. Petherton outbid my agent for the braces.

Dear Freddy (I wrote), Wasn't it a roaring success—the Auction, I mean? I didn't manage to attend, but have heard glowing accounts from its promoter.

The most insignificant things, I hear, went for big prices; one patriotic lady, I'm told, even going to £5 15*s*. for a faded photograph of a veteran in the clothes of a most uninteresting sartorial period. It was in a cheap wooden frame, of a pattern that is quite out of the movement. Fancy, £5 15*s*.!

Did you buy anything?

In haste, Yours, H.

If you have any stout safety-pins, lend me a couple, old boy. I failed to secure the braces. They fetched 1*s*. 9*d*., which was greatly in excess of their intrinsic value.

There has been no reply from Petherton to date.

Journalistic Candour.

"Mr. Wells has no master in controversy with ordinary mortals, but I would seriously warn him that arguing with the '*Morning Post*' leads after a certain point to softening of the brain."

"*Diarist*" *in* "*The Westminster Gazette.*"

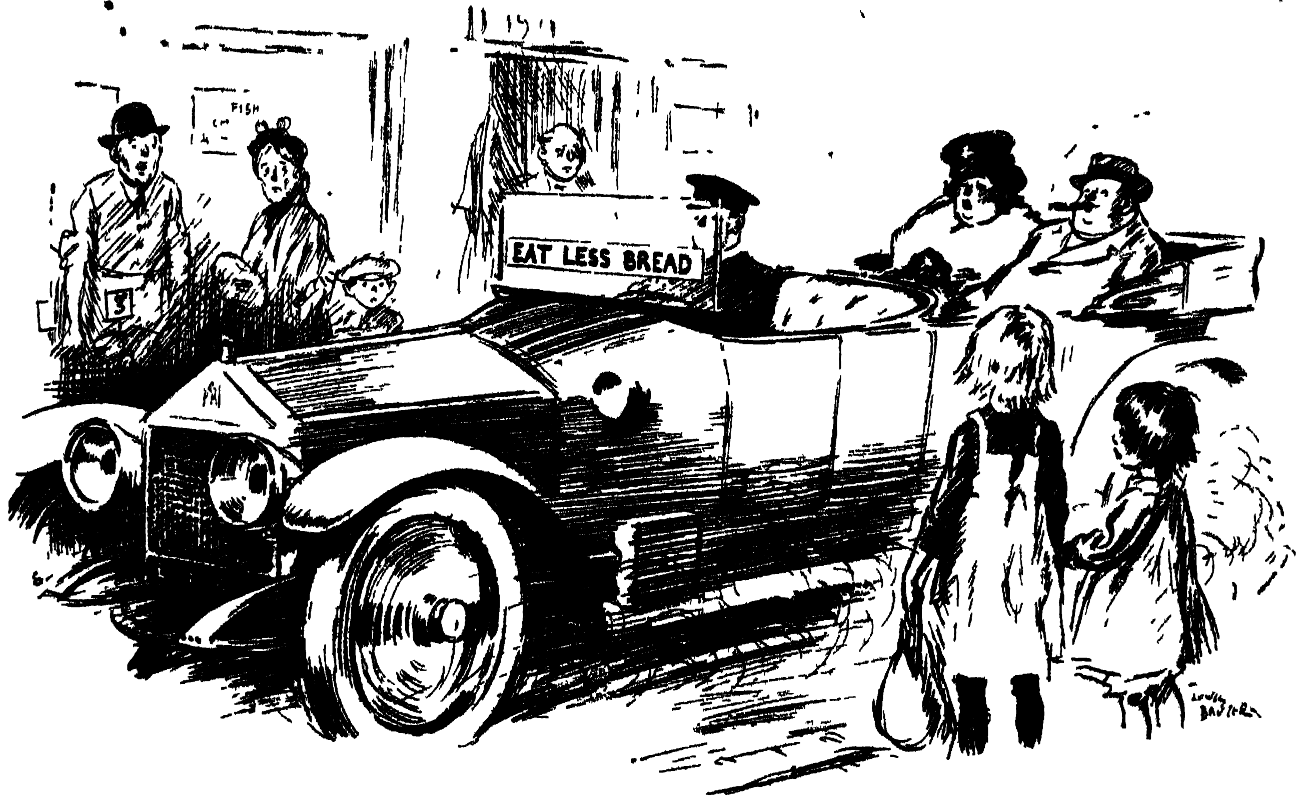
We have always taken a painful interest in *The Westminster's* quarrels with *The Morning Post*.

"In 1914-15 there was for the first time a surplus of cereals of about 27,475 tons produced in Egypt."—*Times.*

For the first time? Shade of Joseph!

"A Young Lady is desirous of change. Has wholesale and retail military experience. Also knowledge of practical."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Now, then, Haig.



DOING THEIR BIT.

BEASTS ROYAL.

I.

QUEEN HATSHEPSU'S APE.

B.C. 1491.

Now from the land of Punt the galleys come,
 HATSHEPSU'S, sent by Amen Ra and her
To bring from God's own land the gold and myrrh,
The ivory, the incense and the gum;
 The greyhound, anxious-eyed, with ear of silk,
 The little ape, with whiskers white as milk,
And the enamelled peacock come with them.

The little ape sits on HATSHEPSU'S chair,
 And with a solemn and ironic eye
He sees TAHUTMES strap the balsamed hair
 Unto his royal chin and wonders why;
He sees the stewards and chamberlains bow down,
Plays with the asp upon HATSHEPSU'S crown,
 And thinks, "A goodly land, this land of Khem!"

The little ape sits on HATSHEPSU'S knee
 While the great lotus-fans move to and fro;
Outside along the Nile the galleys go
And the Phoenician rowers seek the sea;
 Outside the masons carve TAHUTMES' chin,
 Tipped with the beard of Ra, and lo, within
The ape, derisive and ineffable.

The little ape from Punt sits there beside
 TAHUTMES and HATSHEPSU on their throne,
Dissembling courteously his inward pride
 When the great men of Egypt, one by one,
Their oiled and shaven heads before him bend,
And thinking, "I was born unto this end;
 I am the King they honour. It is well."

THE CLINCHOPHONE.

["WANTED.—Loud gramophone (second hand) for reprisals." —*Advt. in "The Times."*]

IT is just to meet such pressing demands as this that the Gramophobia Company have introduced their remarkable instrument or weapon, described as The Clinchophone. No home is complete without it.

It is supplied with little oil bath, B.S.A. fittings and kick start.

A child can set it in motion; but nothing on earth will stop it until its object is achieved and there is peace with honour.

Installed in a neighbourhood bristling with pianos, amateur singers, gramophones, and other grind boxes it saves its cost in doctors' bills.

It is fatal at fifty yards, and there has been nothing like it since the "Tanks." It can do almost everything except stop before its time.

Read the following testimonials:—

"GENTLEMEN,—While the grand piano next door was playing last evening I pressed the button of The Clinchophone. The piano immediately sat back on its haunches, gibbered and then fell on the player."

"DEAR SIR,—At the first trial of my new Clinchophone my neighbour's gramophone rushed out of the house and has not been heard of since."

"SAVED" says: "Last night the *basso profondo* two doors away started singing, 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.' He sang two bars and then crawled round to my house on his hands and knees and collapsed on the doorstep with the word 'Kamerad!' on his lips."

Our Stylists.

"The look from his eyes, the ashen colour of his face, the passion in his voice, mute though it was, frightened and bewildered her."
Story in "Home Notes."



"Dearie me, now, I shouldn't ha' thought they gives you enough money in the Army to fill all them there little purses."

PATROLS.

The Scout Officer soliloquises:—

"The lights begin to leap along the lines,
Leap up and hang and swoop and sputter out;
A bullet hits a wiring-post and whines;
I wish to Heaven that I was not a Scout!

Time was (in Dorsetshire) I loved the trade;
Far other is this battle in the waste,
Wherein, each night, though not of course afraid,
I wriggle round with ill-concealed distaste,

Where who can say what menace is not nigh,
What ambushed foe, what unexploded crump,
And the glad worm, aspiring to the sky,
Emerges suddenly and makes you jump.

Where either all is still, so still one feels
That something huge must presently explode,
And back, far back, is heard the noise of wheels
From Prussian waggons on the Douai road;

And flares shoot upward with a startling hiss
And fall, and flame intolerably close,
So that it seems no living man could miss—
How huge my head must look, my legs how gross!—

Or the live air is full of droning hums
And cracking whips and whispering spakes of fire,
And a loud buzz of conversation comes
From Simpson's party putting out some wire.

Or else—as when some soloist is done
And the hushed orchestra may now begin—
A sudden rage inflames the placid Hun
And scouts lie naked in a world of din.

The sullen bomb dissolves in singing shapes;
The whizz-bang jostles it—too fast to flee;
Machine-guns chatter like demented apes—
And, goodness, can it *all* be meant for me?

It can and is. And such are small affairs
Compared with Tompkins and his Lewis gun,
Or eager folk who play about with flares,
And, like as not, mistake me for a Hun;

Compared with when some gunner, having dined,
To show his guest the glories of his art
'Poops off a round or two,' which burst behind,
But fail to drown the beating of my heart

Sweet to all soldiers is the rearward view;
To infanteers how grand the gunners' case!
And I suppose men pine at G.H.Q.
For the rich ease of people at the Base.

To me is sweet this mean and noisome ditch,
When on my belly I must issue out
Into the night, inscrutable as pitch—
I wish to Heaven that I was not a Scout!"

A. P. H.

"Good Donkey for Sale: musical."—*Louth Advertiser.*

Sings "The Vicar of Bray."



THE INSEPARABLE.

The Kaiser (*to his People*). "DO NOT LISTEN TO THOSE WHO WOULD SOW DISSENSION BETWEEN US. *I WILL NEVER DESERT YOU.*"



AFTER THE INSPECTION.

Orderly (to Colonel). "CAN I GET YOU A TAXI, SIR?" *Colonel.* "YES, PLEASE, DEAR.

A LONDON MYSTERY SOLVED.

EVERYONE must have observed a phenomenon of the London streets which becomes continually more noticeable. And not only must they have observed it, but have suffered from it.

At one time the omnibuses, which are rapidly becoming the only means of street transport for human beings, had regular stopping-places at the corners of streets, at Piccadilly Circus, at Oxford Circus, and so forth.

The corner was the accepted spot; the crowds gathered there, and the omnibus, stopping there, emptied and refilled. But there has been a gradual tendency towards the abandonment of the corners, causing the omnibuses to pull up farther and farther from them, so that it seems almost as if a time may come when, instead of Piccadilly Circus, for example, the stopping-place for west-bound omnibuses will be St. James's church.

Everyone, as I say, must have noticed this change in traffic habits, and most people believe that police regulations are at the bottom of it.

But I know better; and the reason why I know better is a little conversation I have had with a driver.

It was during one of the finest efforts towards depressing dampness that even this Summer has put up, and the driver dripped. A great crowd of miserable mortals awaited his omnibus at a certain recognised halt, all desperately anxious for a seat or even standing room; but these he disregarded and carefully urged the vehicle on for another twenty yards.

While the wretched people were running along the pavement to begin their struggle for a place, I asked him why he had put them to all that trouble.

"I suppose it's the police," I said, to make it easier for him.

"Not as I know of," he replied.

"But why not stop where the public expect you to?" I asked.

"Why?" he inquired.

"Well, it would be more reasonable, more helpful," I suggested.

"Who wants to help or be reasonable?" he replied. "Here, look at me. I'm driving this bus for hours and hours every day. I'm cold and wet. I'm putting on the brakes from morning to night, saving people's silly lives, until I'm sick of the sight of them. If you was to drive a motor bus in London you'd want a little amusement now and then, too."

"So it's just for entertainment that you dodge about over the stopping-places and keep changing them?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

Another Impending Apology.

"I was sorry to hear that Lady Diana had met with a nasty motor accident; but had escaped with only slight injuries."
Mrs. Gossip in "The Daily Sketch."

"STOP-PRESS NEWS.
GERMAN OFFICIAL.
Also ran: Julian, The Vizier, Siller and Pennant."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

It is not often that the German official communiqués admit defeat.

"The Poor's Piece appears to be a sort of No Man's Land, and ever since the extinction of Vestrydom has been within the parochial administrative parvenu of the Urban District Council."—*Essex Paper.*

Who is this municipal upstart?

"A SIGNIFICANT STEP.
The *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent states: 'Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Glasgow is a significant step in the process of winning the war by liplomatic strategy.'"
Sydney Daily Telegraph.

There's many a slip 'twixt the dip and the lip; but "liplomatic" is not a bad word.

THE MUD LARKS.

Nobody out here seems exactly infatuated with the politicians nowadays. The Front Trenches have about as much use for the Front Benches as a big-game hunter for mosquitoes. The bayonet professor indicates his row of dummies and says to his lads, "Just imagine they are Cabinet Ministers—go!" and in a clock-tick the heavens are raining shreds of sacking and particles of straw. The demon bomber fancies some prominent Parliamentarian is lurking in the opposite sap, grits his teeth, and gets an extra five yards into his bowling.

But I am not entirely of the vulgar opinion. The finished politician may not be a subject for odes, but a political education is a great asset to any man. Our Mess President, William, once assisted a friend to lose a parliamentary election, and his experience has been invaluable to us. The moment we are tired of fighting and want billets, the Squadron sits down where it is and the Skipper passes the word along for William. William dusts his boots, adjusts his tie and heads for the most prepossessing farm in sight. Arrived there he takes off his hat to the dog, pats the pig, asks the cow after the calf, salutes the farmer, curtseys to the farmeress, then turning to the inevitable baby, exclaims in the language of the country, "Mong Jew, kell jolly ong-fong," (Gosh, what a topping kid!), and bending tenderly over it imprints a lingering kiss upon its indiarubber features and wins the freedom of the farm. The Mess may make use of the kitchen; the spare bed is at the Skipper's disposal; the cow will move up and make room for the First Mate; the pig will be only too happy to welcome the Subalterns to its modest abode.

Ordinary billeting officers stand no chance against our William and his political education. "That fellow," I heard one disgruntled competitor remark of him, "would hug the Devil for a knob of coke." Once only did he meet his match, and a battle of Titans resulted.

In pursuit of his business he entered a certain farm-house, to find the baby already in possession of another officer, a heavy red creature with a monocle, who was rocking the infant's cradle seventy-five revolutions per minute and making dulcet noises on a moustache comb.

William's heart fell to his field boots; he recognised the red creature's markings immediately. This was another politician; no bloodless victory would be his; fur would fly first, powder burn—Wow!

The red person must have tumbled to William as well, for he increased the revolutions to one hundred and forty per minute and broke into a shrill lullaby of his own impromptu composition:—

> "Go to sleep, Mummy's liddle Did-ums;
> Go to sleep, Daddy's liddle Thing-me-jig."

Nevertheless this did not baffle our William. He approached from a flank, deftly twitched the infant out of its cradle by the scruff of its neck, and commenced to plaster it with tender kisses. However the red man tailed it as it went past and hung on, kissing any bits he could reach. When the mother reappeared they were worrying the baby between them as a couple of hound puppies worry the hind leg of a cub. She beat them faithfully with a broom and hove both of them out into the wide wet world, and we all slept in a bog that night, and William was much-abused and loathed. But that was his only failure.

If getting billets is William's job, getting rid of them is the Babe's affair. William, like myself, has far too great a mastery of the *patois* to handle delicate situations with success. For instance, when the farmer approaches me with tidings that my troopers have burnt two ploughshares and a crowbar and my troop horses have masticated a brick wall I engage him in palaver, with the result that we eventually part, I under the impression that the incident is closed, and he under the impression that I have promised to buy him a new farm. This leads to all sorts of international complications.

The Babe, on the other hand, regards a knowledge of French as immoral and only knows enough of it to order him-



Old Lady from the Country. "I've asked four porters, and they all tell me different."

Porter. "What can yer expect, Missus, if yer asks four different porters?"

self a drink. He is also gifted with a slight stutter, which under the stress of a foreign language becomes chronic. So when we evacuate a billet William furnishes the Babe with enough money to compensate the farmer for all damages we have not committed, and then effaces himself. Donning a bright smile the Babe approaches the farmer and presses the lucre into his honest palm.

"Hi," says the worthy fellow, "what is this, then? One hundred francs! Where is the seventy-four francs, six centimes for the fleas your dog stole? The two hundred francs, three centimes for the indigestion your rations gave my pig? The eight thousand and ninety-nine francs, five centimes insurance money I should have collected if your brigands had not stopped my barn from burning?—and all the other little damages, three million, eight hundred thousand and forty-four francs, one centime in all—where is it, *hein?*"

"Ec-e-coutez une moment," the Babe begins, "Jer p-p-poovay expliquay tut—tut—tut—tut—sh-sh-shiss—" says he, loosening his stammer at rapid fire, popping and hissing, rushing and hitching like a red-hot machine-gun with a siphon attachment. In five minutes the farmer is white in the face and imploring the Babe to let by-gones be by-gones. "N-n-not a b-bit of it, old t-top," says the Babe. "Jer p-p-poovay exp-p-pliquay b-b-bub-bub-bub—" and away it goes again like a combined steam-riveter and shower-bath, like the water coming down at Lodore. No farmer however hardy has been known to stand more than twenty minutes of this. A quarter-of-an-hour usually sees him bolting and barring himself into the cellar, with the Babe blowing him kisses of fond farewell through the keyhole.

We are billeted on a farm at the present moment. The Skipper occupies the best bed; the rest of us are doing the *al fresco* touch in tents and bivouacs scattered about the surrounding landscape. We are on very intimate terms with the genial farmyard folk. Every morning I awake to find half-a-dozen hens and their gentleman friend roosting along my anatomy. One of the hens laid an egg in my ear this morning. William says she mistook it for her nest, but I take it the hen, as an honest bird, was merely paying rent for the roost.

The Babe turned up at breakfast this morning wearing only half a moustache. He said a goat had browsed off the other half while he slept. The poor beast has been having fits of giggles ever since—a moustache must be very ticklish to digest.

Yesterday MacTavish, while engaged in taking his tub in the open, noticed that his bath-water was mysteriously sinking lower and lower. Turning round to investigate the cause of the phenomenon he beheld a gentle milch privily sucking it up behind his back. There was a strong flavour of Coal Tar soap in the *café au lait* to-day.

This morning at dawn I was aroused by a cold foot pawing at my face. Blinking awake, I observed Albert Edward in rosy pyjamas capering beside my bed. "Show a leg, quick," he whispered. "Rouse out, and Uncle will show boysey pretty picture."

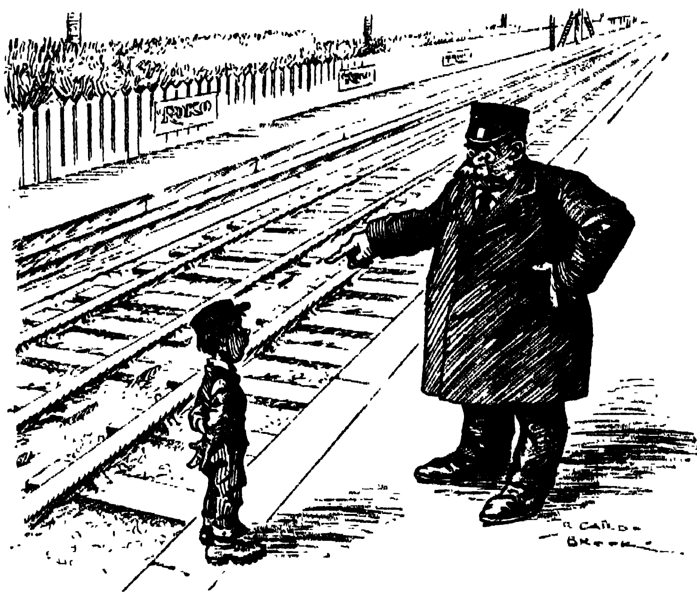
Brushing aside the coverlet of fowl I followed him tip-toe across the dewy mead to the tarpaulin which he and MacTavish call "home."

Albert Edward lifted a flap and signed me to peep within. It was, as he had promised, a pretty picture.

At the foot of our MacTavish's mattress, under a spare blanket lifted from that warrior in his sleep, lay a large pink pig. Both were occupied in peaceful and stertorous repose.

"Heads of Angels, by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS," breathed Albert Edward in my ear.

PATLANDER.



THE REDUCED TRAIN SERVICE AT SLOWGRAVE.

"NO NEED TO IDLE YOUR TIME AWAY. JUST GET A SHEET OF EMERY-PAPER AND TAKE THE RUST OFF O' THEM RAILS."

Commercial Candour.

"1913 Touring Ford, in splendid condition, fitted with new coils, paraffin vaporiser; has been little use."—*Irish Times.*

THE TWO LETTERS.

I HAD as usual two letters to write. There are always two and often twenty, but this morning there were two only. One was to my old friend, A., who had just gone into bankruptcy; the other was to my young friend, B., whose sporting efforts in France have won him very rapid promotion. He was just bringing his new captain's stars to England on a few days' leave.

A. is a somewhat austere and melancholy man; B. is just as different as you can imagine.

I wrote thus. First to A.:—

"MY DEAR MAN,—I am sorry to hear your bad news. The times are sufficiently depressing without such a blow as this having to fall on you. I am certain that you don't deserve such treatment, and you have all my sympathy. As for the disgrace—there is none. You are simply a victim of the War. If there is anything I can do to cheer you up, let me know.

I am, yours, etc., ——."

To B. I wrote thus:—

"DEAR OLD TOP,—This is the best news I have heard for a long time. I always knew you would bring it off soon: but I wasn't prepared for anything quite so sudden. There is, of course, only one thing to do when a man fulfils his destiny in this way. The custom is immemorial, and, war or no war, we must crack a bottle. Tell me where you would like to dine, and when, and I'll fix it up, and some jolly show afterwards. Occasions like this must be celebrated.

I am, yours, etc."

So far it is a somewhat feeble narrative, nor has it any point beyond the circumstance that I posted the letters in the wrong envelopes.

What to do with our Critics.

"The Ministry of Munitions has for disposal approximately 75 TONS WEEKLY of PRESS MUD."—*Advt. in "The Engineer."*

"In consequence of the epidemic at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, in the spring of this year, it has been decided to reduce the number of cadets at the College from 500 to 300. This reduction will not affect the numbers to be entered, as a larger number of cadets will be accommodated at Dartmouth Colliery."—*Scotsman.*

Where they will be trained, we suppose, as mine-sweepers.



TRIALS OF A CAMOUFLAGE OFFICER.

Sergeant-Major. "Beg pardon, Sir, I was to ask you if you'd step up to the battery, Sir."
Camouflage Officer. "What's the matter?"
Sergeant-Major. "It's those painted grass screens, Sir. The mules have eaten them."

"GOG."

(*To the Author of "Jong," Punch, September 19th.*)

O singer sublime of Beeyah byyah
    bunniga nelliga jong,
It isn't envy, the green and yellow,
That makes me take up my lyre, old
    fellow,
And burst with a fierce cacophonous
    bellow
  Across the path of your song;
I want to propose another name,
Unknown to you and unknown to
    fame;
It is like the sound of a hand-sawn
    log
Or the hostile bark of a husky dog—
    Chagogagog-munchogagog-
        chabun agungamog!

This cracker of jaws is a lake, I'm told,
  A lake in the U.S.A.,
And first the Indians, the red sort,
    owned it,
But later to Uncle Sam they loaned it,
Who afterwards made no bones, but
    boned it
  In the fine Autolycus way;
And though it wasn't a matter vital
He kept with the lake its rasping title,
Which recalls the croak of an amorous
    frog
Or a siren heard in an ocean fog—
    Chagogagog-munchogagog-
        chabun agungamog!

The Butterfly.

"Two thousand cabbage butterflies have been captured by Huntingdon school children, but more stern measures for their capture must be introduced."—*Evening Paper.*

In order to capture the cabbage butterfly the first thing to do is to interest the creature by giving it a cabbage-leaf to play with. Then take the kitchen-chopper in the right hand, lift it high and bring it down with a crash on the third vertebra. Few butterflies repeat any offence after this is severed.

The Invincible Argentine.

"There is a most useful Navy, including two or three super-Dreadnoughts and the best bred racehorses in the world."—*Irish Times.*

"Further instructions as regards the allowance to householders which have increased in size will be issued later. The issue of temporary cards is under consideration."
Food Control Notice in "Liverpool Daily Post."

"Who have increased in size" would be better grammar and just as good sense.

A Lesson for the National Service Department.

Words under a picture in *The Daily Mail*:—

"Chiropodists are attending to the feet of America's new army and dentists are paying attention to the teeth."

Whereas in the British Army it might so easily have been the other way round.

Our Stylists Again.

From *The Tatler* on the subject of the little Stork, which is the badge of Capt. Guynemer's squadron:—

"What emblem could indeed be more appropriate as well as beautiful as the bird which is the symbol of Alsace?"

"Wanted, Girls, age 18 to 22, for Jam Jars."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

As a substitute for sugar, we presume, but wouldn't "Sweet Seventeen" be even more suitable?

"In almost every part of England and Wales there are now some 200,000 women who are doing a real national work on the land."—*Mr. Prothero's letter in "The Daily Telegraph."*

If there are 200,000 women in almost every part of England there can't be much chance for the men, particularly the single men.

THE WAR DOG.

Never confuse the "War dog" with the "dog of War." The War dog is a direct product of the War, but you never yet met him collecting for a hospital, or succouring the wounded, or assisting the police, or hauling a mitrailleuse if he could help it. Yet the War dog worships the Army; it represents a square meal and a "cushy" bed. The new draft takes him for a mascot; but the old hand knows him better. A shameless blend of petty larceny, mendacity, fleas, gourmandism, dirt and unequalled plausibility.

You meet the War dog on some endless road. He will probably be wearing round his neck a piece of dirty card analogous to the eye patch and drooping Inverness cape of some mendicants nearer home—a "property" in fact, and put there by himself, the writer is convinced, although he has not yet actually caught the War dog dressing for the part. The War dog on the road has "spotted" you long before you have seen him, and he has marked you for his own. You become conscious of a piteous whine just behind you and, turning, see the War dog, his eyes filled with tears of entreaty, crawling towards you on his stomach. He advances inch by inch, and on being encouraged with comfortable words of invitation the parasite wriggles his lean body (it is trained to *look* lean—actually it is well padded with stolen food from officers' kitchens) up to your feet, and, selecting a puddle in token of his deep humility, rolls upon his back and smiles tearfully up at you from between his grimy fore-paws. Then the game goes forward merrily as per schedule.

Of course you take him back to camp and give him your last piece of Blighty cake. You introduce your protégé—always crawling on his stomach—to the cook; swear to the dog's immaculate conduct; beg a trifle of straw from the transport, and in short see him comfortably settled for the night.

The War dog has you now well beneath his paws. He joins the Mess and listens with an ill-concealed grin as each in turn boasts of the rat-catching powers of his dog at home. Then the War dog retreats hurriedly as a mouse appears; and you, his victim, apologise for him and explain how he has been shaken by adversity and what a noble creature a few days of good food and kind treatment will make of him. The rest is simple. The War dog (with his court) invades your bed and home parcels, and brings you into disrepute with all and sundry—especially the Cook and Quarter. He is fought and soundly thrashed by the regimental mascot (half his size), and the battalion wit composes limericks about you and your pet.

Then suddenly your War dog disappears. You are just beginning to live him down—having moved into another area—when you espy him from the street, the centre of a noisy group in a not too reputable wine-shop. But the War dog never recognises you. He has finished with you —grown tired of you, in fact (he rarely "works" the same victim for more than three weeks). You and your battalion are to him as it were a bone picked clean; and you depart with a prayer that he may die a stray's death at the hands of the Military Police.

One month travelling snugly in a G.S. waggon (you never catch him marching like an honest mascot), the next "swinging the lead" in some warm dug-out—there are few moves on the board of the great War game that he does not know. He will patronise a score of regiments in three months; travel from one end of the Western Front to the other and back again, taking care never to attempt to renew an old acquaintance. Occasionally he makes the mistake of running across a mitrailleuse battery with its dog-teams needing reinforcements, or tries to billet himself on a military pigeon-loft and meets a violent death. But whatever fortune may bring him we can confidently assert that he is much too fly to chance his luck across the border and into the land where the sausage-machines guard the secret of perpetual motion.

IN WILD WALES.

Dwarfing the town that to the hillside clings
On terraced slopes, the castle, nobly planned
And noble in its ruined greatness, flings
Its double challenge to the sea and land.

Oh, if the ancient spirit of the place
Could win free utterance in articulate tones,
What tales to hearten and inspire and brace
Would issue from these grey and lichened stones!

Once manned and held by paladin and peer,
Now tenanted by jackdaws, bats and owls,
Save when the casual tourist through its drear
And grass-grown courts disconsolately prowls.

Once famous as the scene of Border fights,
Now watching, in the greatest war of all,
Old men, with their bilingual acolytes,
Beating, outside its gates, a little ball;

While on the crumbling battlements on high,
Where mail-clad men-at-arms kept watch and ward,
Adventurous sheep amaze the curious eye
Instead of grazing on the level sward.

But though such incongruities may jar
The sense of fitness in a mind fastidious,
Modernity has wholly failed to mar
The face of Nature here, or make it hideous.

Inland the amphitheatre of hills
Sweeps round with Snowdon as their central crest,
And murmurs of innumerable rills
Blend with the heaving of the ocean's breast.

Already Autumn's fiery finger laid
On heath and marsh and woodland far and wide
In all their gorgeous pageantry has arrayed
The tranquil beauties of the countryside.

Here every prospect pleases, and the spot,
Unspoilt, unvulgarised by man, remains,
Thanks largely to a System which has not
Accelerated or improved its trains.

Yet even here, amid untroubled ways,
Far from the city's fevered, tainted breath,
Yon distant plume of yellow smoke betrays
The ceaseless labours of the mills of death.

"William Arthur Fletcher, ship's apprentice, of South Shields, was remanded for a week on a charge of being absent from his ship. His captain alleged that he had found Fletcher asleep on the bridge."—*Daily Dispatch.*

It must have been his mind that was absent.

"At St. Peter's, Vere Street, where he is going to preach from the 30th of this month to the end of this year, the Rev. R. J. Campbell will speak from the pulpit of Frederick Denison Maurice, like himself a convert to the Church of England . . . To hear him was an experience never forgotten."—*Guardian.*

And this although Maurice rarely preached for more than one month on end.



MANNERS IN MACEDONIA.

LADIES FIRST.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

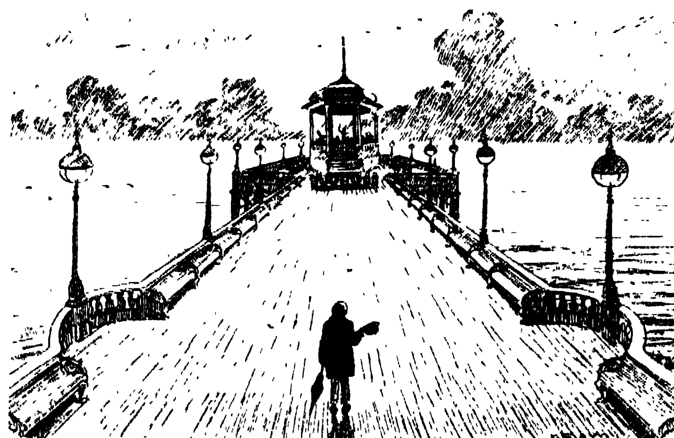
I CAN'T help thinking that *Gyp*, the central figure in Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY'S new story, *Beyond* (HEINEMANN), was unhappy in her encounters with the opposite sex. But if memory serves me this is an experience familiar to Mr. GALSWORTHY'S heroines. Men were always wanting to kiss *Gyp*, or to marry her, or both, and after a time kept going off and repeating the process with somebody else; so that one can't fairly be astonished if towards the end of the book her outlook had become rather cynical. The character who might have preserved her estimate of mankind in general, and the best and most sympathetically drawn figure in the book, is *Gyp's* perfectly delightful old father, who throughout the conspicuous failure of her two unions, legitimate and other, retained his fine and chivalrous regard and unfailing care for a daughter who might well have been a thorn in the flesh of a conventional parent. But the relations of these two were never conventional. *Gyp* had been herself a love-child, and the knowledge of this is shown very clearly in its influence upon their mutual attitude. As for her own affairs, these were, first —to her father's unbounded astonishment—marriage with a temperamental violinist, who ran rapidly down the scale from adoration of his own wife to intrigue with another's; second, clandestine relations with a man of her own race and breed, who loved her to idolatry, and within a few months was found embracing his cousin. Poor *Gyp!* I jest; but you will need no telling that for sincerity and beauty of writing here is a book that you cannot afford to miss. Sometimes I am a little uncertain what Mr. GALSWORTHY is driving at, but I never fail to admire his drive.

Unless Mr. S. P. B. MAIS learns to curb his enthusiasms and to rid himself of certain prejudices he will be wantonly seeking trouble. *Rebellion* (GRANT RICHARDS) is in some respects a more thoughtful and promising book than *Interlude*, but it is marred by what can only be called the same narrow point of view. With everybody and everything modern Mr. MAIS shows an ardent sympathy, but if he is ever to give a comprehensive picture of life he must contrive to be more patient with the old-fashioned. Here his strong personality obtrudes itself too often, and he is inclined to forget that he is a novelist and not a preacher. I could imagine him throwing off a fine comminatory sermon from the text, "Cursed be he who does not admire the genius of Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE." This homily is drawn from me with reluctance, because in the main I am a strong believer in Mr. MAIS, and (with his connivance) have every intention of retaining that attitude. With all its faults *Rebellion* remains gloriously distinct from the rubbish-heap of fiction by virtue of its intense sincerity and its frequent flashes of fine descriptive writing. The question of sex dominates it, and those of us who still think that such problems are merely sustenance for the prurient-minded may cast it impatiently aside. But others who like to watch a clever man feeling his way towards the light, and regard a novel as neither a bait nor a bauble, can be confidently advised to read it. They may be irritated, but they will be intrigued.

On the cover of *One Woman's Hero* (METHUEN) you will read that "This book has been designed to cheer and strengthen those for whom, from bereavement owing to the War, the days and nights are sometimes only a procession of sad and torturing visions." Which of course

disarms criticism, other than what may be expressed in a question whether a book less exclusively preoccupied by the War might not more surely have attained this end. But again, of course, maybe it wouldn't. The tale (for all our pretendings) is not yet written that can actually bring oblivion to bereavement, so perhaps the next best thing is topical chatter of the bright and unsentimental kind with which Miss Sybil Campbell Lethbridge has filled her entertaining pages. Chatter is the only term for it, though it is quite good of its style; the form being a series of letters written to a friend by the young wife of a soldier at the front. Her neighbours, their households and dinners and affectations and courage, are what she writes about; especially do I commend her handling of the "Let us Forget and Forgive" tribe. To all such (and most of us know at least one) I should suggest the posting of a copy of *One Woman's Hero*, with the page turned down (an act permissible in so good a cause) at the report of the annihilation of one of these well-intentioned but infuriating philosophers. The combined logic and equity of this suggest that the Government might do worse than commandeer the services of Miss Lethbridge as a dinner-table propagandist.

I think Beatrice Grimshaw tortures overmuch her tough bronzed Australian hero, who "could fight his weight in wild cats," and her beautiful slender heroine, "daughter of castles, descendant of crusaders." First the twain fall desperately in love, and *Edith*, the Catholic, discovers *Ben* to be an innocent *divorcé*. Marriage impossible, they part. But it is apparently quite in order for her to marry, without loving, a cocoa king who drinks—anything but cocoa; which done, to add to the bitterness of the cup, *Ben's* wife is reported dead. Whereafter the king in a drunken fit poisons himself, and the widow, fearing to be suspect, flies with her big *Ben* to his secret *Nobody's Island* (Hurst and Blackett), off the New Guinea coast, where they live comfortably off ambergris. Eventually tracked down by the dead king's brother, who allows himself to be persuaded of *Edith's* innocence on what seems to me the most inadequate evidence, the lovers, after protracted mental agonies and physical dangers, are about to enjoy deserved peace when *Ben's* wife turns up again, necessitating further separation, till finally *Edith*, with a handsome babe and the news that after all *Ben's* first wife wasn't a wife at all, finds her way back to Nobody's Island. Now that does seem to be rather overdoing it. But I hasten to credit the writer with a very happy gift of description, which brings the Papuan forests and mountains (or something plausibly like them) vividly before the reader, while the characters, including a boy villain ingenuously bizarre, are amusing puppets capably manipulated.



THE LAST VISITOR AND THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Mrs. Barnes-Grundy possesses a wonderful supply of sprightly humour. *Her Mad Month* (Hutchinson) is funny without being flippant, and although the heroine is very naughty she is never naughty enough to shock her creator's unhyphened namesake. Perhaps *Charmian's* exploits in escaping from a severe grandmother, and going unchaperoned to Harrogate (where a very pretty piece of philandering ensued), do not amount to much when seriously considered, but it is one of Mrs. Barnes-Grundy's strong points that you cannot take her seriously. I am on her side all the time when she is giving me light comedy, but when she leaves that vein and bathes her heroine in tears I cannot conjure up any real sympathy. I never for a moment doubted that *Charmian's* lover, though reported as having "died from wounds," would turn up again. I am afraid the War is responsible for a great deal of rather obvious fiction.

Miss Marie Harrison has investigated the condition of Ireland, and in *Dawn in Ireland* (Melrose) she presents the results of her studies. The book is inspired by a great deal of the right kind of enthusiasm, and the advice given is so excellent as to arouse the fear that it will not be taken. Yet Miss Harrison is justified of her endeavours. She shows how often the English governors of Ireland have failed, in spite of the best intentions, only because they applied their remedy too late and thus, to their own great surprise, wasted the generosity of which they were perhaps too conscious. According to Miss Harrison the gombeenman is the curse of Ireland, the serpent whose presence, if only he can be reduced to being an absentee, warrants us in regarding Ireland as a possible Eden. Miss Harrison will please to take the preceding sentence as proving my entire sympathy with Irish modes of thought and expression and, generally, with Ireland. Against the gombeener (who is a shopkeeper running his business on the long-credit system) she invokes a vision of the blessings of co-operation. One of her heroes is Sir Horace Plunkett, and, indeed, the work of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, over which he has presided, has been an unmixed benefit to Ireland. I heartily endorse Miss Harrison's hope that "at no distant period all will be well with Ireland." Her book should certainly help towards this result.

Captain Vere Shortt fell at Loos in September of 1915, and left twelve chapters of a story, *The Rod of the Snake* (Lane), which his sister has finished and very capably finished; helped by the recollection of many intimate conversations about the plot and its development. It tells how young *Charlie Shandross*, bidding his preposterous soldier uncle be hanged, shook the stale dust of Ballybar off his feet, served three years in the C.M.R., and so prepared himself for the deadly adventure of the rod of the snake, the image of the ape, the Haytian attaché and the sinister priestess of Voodoo rites—Paris its setting. I won't spoil your pleasure by giving the details away; I will only say it is all very splendidly incredible, but not unplausible, and the authors do take pains with their puzzles, as where the hero and his party find the secret spring of the panel in the vault by the blood tracks of their enemy, who has been thoughtfully wounded in the hand. A small point but significant; too many writers in this kind being given to whisking their favourites out of danger in the most arbitary manner. A good railway book, of the sort you can confidently pass on to the soldiers' hospitals after reading it.

CHARIVARIA.

There is no truth in the rumour that the Imperial Government is trying to secure from King Alfonso an agreement that German prisoners shall not escape on Sundays or in batches of more than fifty at a time.

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"Far better another year of war," said the Bishop of London in a recent sermon, "than to leave it to the baby in the cradle to do it over again." Too much importance should not be attached to these ill-judged reflections on the younger members of the Staff.

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In Berlin a crowd of people attempted to do some injury to an officer on the paltry excuse that he ordered the execution of thirty people for alleged espionage. The German people have always been a little jealous of the privileges of the military.

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Captain N. Berniers, who has just returned to Quebec, reports that the Eskimos had not heard of the War. We should be the last to worry Lord Northcliffe at present, but it certainly looks as if the Circulation Manager of *The Daily Mail* has been slacking.

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We really think more care should be taken by the authorities to see that, while waging war on the Continent, they do not forget the defence of those at home. The fact that Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Horatio Bottomley were away in France at the same time looks like gross carelessness.

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"Next to the field of Mars we must pay homage to the forge of Vulcan," said the Kaiser in a recent speech. A stout fellow, this Vulcan, but as a forger not really in the All-Highest's class.

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Taxicabs are to be entitled to charge a shilling for the first mile. The bus fare for the remainder of the distance will be the same as heretofore.

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It is stated that fifty per cent. of the sugar forms have been filled in wrong. On the other hand a number of our youthful hedonists are complaining that as far as sugar is concerned their forms have never been anywhere near filled in.

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A Wood Green gentleman has written to an evening paper to say that he has grown a vegetable marrow which weighs forty-three pounds. There is some talk of his being elected an Honorary Angler.

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A Grimsby lady who has just celebrated her hundredth birthday states that she has never visited a cinema theatre. We felt sure there must be an explanation somewhere.

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It seems a pity that the Willesden Health Committee should have troubled to pass a resolution about the decreasing birth-rate. When we remember air-raids and the shortage of sugar it is only natural that people should show a disinclination to be born just now.



THE BULLDOG BREED.

Company Commander (*making sure of his men before the show*). "Now, when we go over the top to-morrow, you all know what you're to make for?"

Chorus of Tommies. "Yuss, Sir."

C.C. "What is it, then?"

Chorus. "They Germans, Sir."

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"I don't care how soon a General Election comes," says Mr. John Dillon, M.P. It is this dare-devil spirit which has made so many Irishmen what they are. The recruiting officer has no terrors for them.

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Henry Elionsky, of New York, has succeeded in swimming seven miles with his legs tied to a chair and with heavy boots and clothing. It is not known why he did it, but we gather that Charlie Chaplin is now wondering whether he was wise, after all, in becoming a naturalised American.

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The wave of crime still sweeps the country. On top of the £30,000 jewel robbery comes the news that a man has been charged with breaking into a London tobacconist's shop and stealing a box of matches value ½d. (price 1½d.).

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A letter has just reached a City office addressed to the tenants who occupied the premises twenty years ago. Fortunately such cases of loitering on the part of our postmen are extremely rare.

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An infuriated bull has been killed in High Street, Tonbridge, after wrecking several shop windows. It is thought that the animal had misread the directions on its sugar card.

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A number of people have complained that they could hear nothing of the recent air-raids over London, owing to the noise of the firing being drowned by the admonitory activities of the police.

Our Centripetists.

"Mrs. Eckstein and Miss Eckstein have returned to London from Scotland, and they are leaving London immediately for London."—*Brighton Standard and Fashionable Visitors' List.*

"The Irish farmers are confident that the Food Controller's declared intention to fix the price of cattle at 6s. per cwt. for next January will not be carried into effect. They believe that Lord Rhondda must realise the necessity of making a substantial increase on this figure."

Saturday Herald (Dublin).

Lord Rhondda, we understand, has already met the Irish farmers more than halfway by fixing the price at 60s.

"The Apia Blacksmiths, Ltd., will undertake contracts for the building of houses, with or without material."—*Samoa Times.*

"And gives to airy nothing
A local habitation."—*Shakspeare.*

Taking Our Pleasures Sadly.

A correspondent informs us that the playbill of Ibsen's *Ghosts* at the Pavilion Theatre bears the following words: "Mr. Neville Chamberlain says, 'It is essential there should be provided amusements and recreations which can take people for an hour or so out of themselves and return them to their work refreshed and reinvigorated.'"

SOCIETY NOTES.

By The Hanger-on.

AIR-RAIDS AND OTHER DIVERSIONS.

A PROMISING young poet of my acquaintance, who in the midst of war's obsessions still finds time and taste for the exercise of his art (he is in a Government office), has allowed me to see the opening couplet of what I understand to be a very ambitious poem. It runs as follows:—

"Though overhead the Gothas buzz,
Stands London where it did? It does."

Many good judges of poetry to whom I have quoted these lines think them very clever.

A witty friend of mine tells me that he is thinking of bringing out a handy and up-to-date edition of the *Almanach de Gotha*, special attention being paid to the changes of the Moon.

Society is always on the look-out for some new distraction from the tedium of War. The latest vogue with smart people is to get up little air-raid parties for the Tube, to be followed by auction or a small boy-and-girl dance. Sections of tunnel or platform can be engaged beforehand by arrangement with the Constabulary.

I hear that my friend, ARTHUR BOURCHIER, continues to draw crowds to the Oxford. I was dining the other day with a young and brilliant officer, who has seen two months' active service in the A.S.C. and won golden opinions at the Base, and he assured me that there is no "Better 'Ole" than the Oxford during an air-raid.

Now that London is part of the Front, with a barrage of its own, one has to be careful to censor one's correspondence. It is advisable not to mention your actual address, but just to write "Somewhere in the West-End. B.S.F." (British Sedentary Force).

The Winter season has begun exceptionally early. Last Sunday at Church Parade I saw Lady "Nibs" Tattenham, looking the very image of her latest photograph in *The Prattler*, where she appears with her pet Pekie over the legend, "Deeply interested in War-work."

A gallant Contemptible has been complaining to me that the Press shows no sense of proportion in the space that it allots to air-raids. Our casualties from that source, he said, are never one tenth as heavy as those in France on days when G.H.Q. reports "Everything quiet on the Western Front." I naturally disagreed with his attitude. Nothing, I told him, is more likely to discourage the Hun than to see column after column in our papers proving that these visitations leave us totally unmoved. Besides it must be very comforting to our troops in the trenches to learn in detail how their dear ones at home are sharing the perils of the other fronts. In any case nobody who knows our Press would doubt the purity of their motive in reporting as many air-raid horrors as the Censor permits.

A propos of the Patriotic Press, no praise can be too high for some of our society weeklies. They have set their faces like flint against any serious reference to the War. When I see them going imperturbably along the old pre-war lines, snapping smart people at the races or in the Row, or reproducing the devastating beauty of a revue chorus, I know that they have their withers unwrung and their heart in the right place. I always have one of these papers on my table to be taken as a corrective after the daily casualty lists.

A striking feature of the Photographic Press is to be seen in the revival of the *vie intime* of popular idols of the stage. The human life of our great actors and actresses as revealed in some simple rustic *villeggiatura* has always had a fascination for a public that does not enjoy the privilege of their private friendship. And in these strenuous War-days it is well to bring home to the theatre-goer how necessary is domestic repose for those who are doing their courageous bit to keep the nation from dwelling on the inconveniences of Armageddon.

One of the most profound after-the-war questions that is agitating the mind of the Government is what eventually to do with the miles of wooden and concrete villages that have sprung up all over London like JONAH's mushroom. I hear a rumour that the House of Commons tea-terrace will shortly be commandeered for the erection of yet another block of buildings to accommodate yet another Ministry—the Ministry of Demobilization of Temporary Departmental Hutments.

O. S.

THE TUBE HOTELS, LTD.

[Mr. Punch has been fortunate enough to secure in advance a prospectus of the enterprising managements.]

THE CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY

offers splendid night accommodation in its magnificently appointed stations. Every modern convenience. Luxurious lifts conducted by the Company's own liveried attendants convey guests to the dormitories. Constant supply of fresh ozone. Reduced terms to season ticket holders.

HÔTEL EMBANKMENT.

All lines converge to this Hotel, which is therefore the most central in London. Frequent trains convey visitors direct to their beds. For the convenience of patrons arriving above ground or by District, the Directors have installed a superb moving staircase, thereby obviating the inconvenience of crowded lifts.

The platforms and passages are tastefully decorated with coloured pictures by the leading firms.

Visitors are respectfully requested not to sleep on the moving staircase.

HÔTEL PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

IN THE HEART OF FASHIONABLE LONDON.

This Hotel, which is one of the deepest in London, is composed of four magnificent platforms and nearly a mile of finely tessellated corridors. Electric light. Constant temperature of sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Excellent catering under the control of the Automatic Machine Company. Reduced terms during moonless nights.

HÔTEL HAMPSTEAD TUBE.

Situated in a commanding position, underlooking the Heath, this hotel is positively the deepest in London. The Management has decided to extend the accommodation during one week in each month by offering beds on the steps of the staircase. No one has ever been known to walk either up or down this staircase, and patrons are therefore assured of an uninterrupted night's repose. Extremely moderate terms are quoted for the higher flights.

THE GILLESPIE ARMS.

Ensure an undisturbed night's sleep by putting up at the Gillespie Road Station Family and Commercial Hotel. Large numbers of trains pass this station without stopping, and residents are comparatively free from the annoyance caused by the arrival and departure of passengers.

Special terms for Aliens, who are requested to bring their own mattresses.



A PLACE IN THE MOON.

Hans. "How beautiful a moon, my love, for showing up England to our gallant airmen!"

Gretchen. "Yes, dearest, but may it not show up the Fatherland to the brutal enemy one of these nights?"

CODES.

IT began like the noise of rushing water, and for a moment the Brigade Major hoped that somebody had taken it upon himself to wash the *orderly*. The noise, however, was followed by a succession of thumps which put an end to this pretty flight of fancy. Aghast he surveyed the scene before him. Close to the Brigade Headquarters' dug-out was an old French dump of every conceivable kind of explosive made up into every known form of projectile. No longer was it a picture of Still Life. The Sleeping Beauty was awake indeed. The Prince had come in the form of a common whizz-bang.

As he looked (and ducked) a flock of aerial torpedoes, propelled by the explosion of one of their number, rose and scattered as if at the approach of a hostile sportsman. Another explosion blew what seemed to be a million rockets sizzling into the air.

The store was on fire!

The Brigade Major retired.

* * * *

Everybody was in the Signal dug-out (Signals build deep and strong). Secretly the clerks were praying for the disintegration of the typewriter and the total destruction of the overwhelming mass of paper (paper warfare had been terrible of late). The Staff Captain and the O.C. Gum Boots, who had been approaching the Headquarters, were already half a mile down the road and still going strong.

The Division rang up. One need hardly have mentioned that. In times of stress the higher formations rarely fail.

"What 's going on?" they asked.

The Brigade Major was just going to say, when suddenly he remembered. That very morning he had been severely strafed for speaking of important things over the telephone when so near the enemy. "Had he not read the Divisional G 245/348/24 of the 29th inst.? What was the good of issuing orders to defeat the efficiency of the Bosch listening apparatus if they were not obeyed?" etc., etc.

True, it was conceivable that even without the aid of a delicate listening apparatus the Bosch was cognisant of an explosion that made his whole front line quiver; still orders is orders. So the Brigade-Major swallowed hard.

"C-can't tell you over the wires. Your G 245/348/24 . . ."

"Yes, yes, we know all about that. Don't say it *definitely*, but give us an *idea*. *Where* is all this noise?"

"Here! —— Oh!" piped the B.M. as a crump shook the receiver out of his hand.

"Send it in code at once. The G.O.C. is strafing horribly to know."

To encode a message which may be your last words on earth is not the easiest of tasks. It has no romance about it. Who would relish an obituary such as: "He died like a hero, his last words being 'XB35/067K'"?

To the ramping of the continuous crump the B.M. scraped away the dirt and stuff that had fallen from the throbbing walls of his dug-out and fished out the Code-Book. Hurriedly he turned over the pages to "Ammunition" and read down the set phrases and their code equivalents. Four times he relit the candle. There seemed nothing under this heading applicable to the situation. "Send up" was one, but that had already been done. "Am/is are/running short of" was another, but it was doubtful if the Division would see the real meaning of it.

"Ah, here we are," he muttered, relighting the candle for the fifth time. "Dumps." Alas, there was nothing to convey the situation very clearly even under this heading. Finally he picked out the nearest he could find and sent it over the wires.

This is what they decoded to the expectant G.O.C. of the Division: "*Advanced ammunition depôt has moved*."

The G.O.C. said something which impelled the entire Divisional Staff to the telephone, where they all grabbed for the receiver.

"What the devil is this code message? We can't understand it. You 've sent in something about the dump at your Brigade Headquarters."

"Ah!" said the B.M. meaningly, "there is *not* a dump at Brigade Headquarters now."

"Well, I don't care. We want to know what all this noise is about."

"It 's the dump. It 's m-moved."

"Moved? Moved where? Give the map reference."

"Map reference?" murmured the B.M. "Oh, my sacred aunt, what fools . . . I 'm sorry" (he smiled at them through his teeth) "I can't give you the *m*-*map* reference, but I can give you the *area* roughly."

"Barmy!" was the word he heard spoken to a bystander at the other end.

"Look here, old man," they said kindly, "we know you 're all very tired and worried, but just try to *think* a moment. Never mind dumps now. You can't be making all that noise moving a dump -- what?" (Specimen of Divisional joke --very rare.) "Tell us, is the Bosch shelling?"

"No. They 've stopped."

"Good. Then it 's all over?"

"No. It 's still going on."

"But you just said that it had stopped."

"Yes, it has. But the dump hasn't. It keeps m-moving."

"Poor old bird," they said, "his nerve 's gone at last. All right," they shouted, "don't you worry. The storeman will look after the dump. You go to bed and have a good sleep."

"Have a g-good sleep!" muttered the B.M., "that 's just like the Divis— Oh!" and he sat down as a torpedo flopped into his bedroom a few doors away and made a hole of it.

Then he sat up. The storeman of the Brigade dump was not two hundred yards away from the active one. The poor fellow was to have gone on leave that night. Presently it occurred to him that, instead of trying to decide who should have the reversion of the storeman's leave, it would be better to go and see if there really was a vacancy. Fifteen boxes of melinite delayed him but a moment. With melinite you know the worst at once; it doesn't hang round like boxes of ammunition, for instance. He called a clerk and together they raced over to the storeman's dug-out.



Flapper (shyly). "COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT A STAMP STUCK ON AT THAT ANGLE MEANS IN THE LANGUAGE OF POSTAGE-STAMPS?"



The Colonel's Daughter. "What a wonderful voice and what a perfect artist!"
The Colonel. "Don't think much of him! He's got a pocket unbuttoned."

"Jock!" cried the clerk. "Are ye there, Jock?"

"Is he quite dead?" said the B.M., making up his mind to use his leave warrant for himself.

"No, Sir, he's very deaf, that's why he's a storeman. Jo-ock!!"

"Hello!" came from the ground.

"Are ye all right, Jock?"

"Na. There's an awfu' to-do here."

"What's wrong then?"

"Ma candle keeps going oot."

"Are ye all right, though, Jock?"

"Na."

"Well, what's up with ye?"

"I told ye. Ma candle keeps going oot. What's up yon?"

* * * * *

When the B.M. got back he found a one-sided war in progress on the telephone. The G.O.C. had heated up the wires to red-heat.

"Is that you, Nessel? Where the devil have you been? This noise is still going on. Tell me what it is. No-dam-nonsense-now. Let's have it."

"If you want to know and you don't mind the Bosch hearing what I say, Sir, the dump, the French dump, has b-blown itself to b-blazes."

"Why the *devil* couldn't you say so before?"

Every dog has his day. With a full and fatuous smile the Brigade-Major picked up a paper and began: "Reference your G. 245/318/24 of the 29th inst. It says that- -"

Somebody must have taken a bone away from a dog at the other end. He growled horribly.

From an account of the Ministerial crisis in Sweden:—

"Two imperialist minstrels, however, Von Melsted and Longquist, did quite enough mischief."—*Daily Mail.*

Members of the pro-German band, no doubt.

Mr. Punch desires to record his thanks to the innumerable correspondents who have drawn his attention to the statement in *The Daily Chronicle* that among the German officers who escaped and were afterwards recaptured was "Von Thelan, a lieutenant in the lying corps." The existence of this unit in the German Army has, as most of them point out, been long suspected, but never officially confirmed till now.

TIPS FOR NON-TIPPERS.

["If taxi-cab fares are increased it will put a stop to tipping."—*Evening Paper.*]

Only really robust men should refuse to tip the taxi-driver. Many a City man has set out in the morning intent on giving no tips and has not been heard of afterwards.

To enable timid men to avoid a tip, the police are providing taxi-drivers with antiseptic mouthpieces, through which their words may be sterilised.

If the driver insists on a tip do not threaten to take his number. Just take it and run. If you haven't time for both, just run.

"All-Wool Black Cashmere Stockings, winter weight. 1/11½ and 2/6 per yard."
Advt. in Scotch Paper.

We had always thought hosiery was sold by the foot.

"On the estate of the late Hon. Lionel Walrond, Uffculme, Devon, Robert James, 97, is felling for the purpose of aeroplane construction aspen trees which he helped to plant 80 years ago."—*The Times.*

Three cheers for Mr. Robert James!
"For he's a jolly good feller!"

BEASTS ROYAL.

II.

Cæsar's Giraffe. B.C. 46.

From Egypt, Africa and Gaul
Cæsar his Roman triumph brings:
Dark queens and ruddy-bearded kings,
And scowling Britons led in thrall,
And elephants with silver rings;
But oh, more excellent than all,
This pensive beast, this mottled beast,
From the marshes of the East.

Patres conscripti, hail him now
Divine! Through Rome his triumph rolls;
Oysters in barrels, pearls in bowls,
Chariots and horsemen, moving slow
Where purple garlands droop on poles.
Patres conscripti, crown his brow,
Who brought us from the golden East
This unimagined peerless beast!

Never has Cæsar made our foes
Weep more than he has made us laugh;
He who divides the world in half
With the long shadow of his nose,
And bridges oceans with his staff,
Brings now, with pomp of vine and rose,
This wondering and wondrous beast
From the subjugated East.

In bronze and basalt let us raise
The bust of Cæsar; he has done
Great things for Rome; but here is one
Above the rest, o'ertopping praise.
The elephants and kings are gone,
But still the roaring tumult sways—
Much for the Conqueror of the East,
More for the incomparable beast.

AN INVOLUNTARY RAID.

Life in a convalescent hospital for officers is not one continuous round of gaiety, but it has its incidents for all that.

The other day Sister took Haynes Ansell and myself to have tea with some people in the neighbouring village of Little Budford. We were waiting in the hall for the car when Seymour came along. Seymour is an adjutant when he is not at home, and he likes to see things done with proper military precision.

"Here," he said, "you can't go off casually like that. Fall in, tea-party."

We fell in, and he went to the smoking-room and woke Major Stanley.

"Party for tea ready for inspection, Sir," he reported.

"Who? What? Where?" asked the Major confusedly. "Good Lord, you young idiot, what a scare you gave me! Thought I was back in France for a moment. Where's this party paraded?"

"Hout in the 'all, Sir." Seymour led him to where we were standing at ease.

"Party!" he roared. "Shunsuwere!" We gave two convulsive jerks. "Smarten up there, smarten hup! Get a move on! This ain't a waxwork. Shunsuwere! . . . Shun!! Party present, Sir."

The Major inspected us.

"I don't like this smear, Sergeant," he said, pointing to Ansell's upper lip.

Seymour examined the feature in question.

"It don't appear to be dirt, Sir. Some sort o' growth, I think. You try sand-papering it, me lad, an' you'll find it come orf all right."

"Very good, Sergeant," answered Ansell solemnly.

The Major proceeded to Haynes, and eyed him with disfavour.

"We can't do nothing with this man, Sir," said Seymour deprecatingly. "'Is legs is that bandy."

"What do you mean, Private Haynes, by appearing on ceremonial parade with a pair of bandy legs?"

"It wasn't my fault, Sir. 'Strewth, it wasn't. They got wet, Sir, an' I went an' dried 'em at the cook'ouse fire, Sir, an' they got warped, Sir."

"Well," said the Major, "don't bring 'em on parade again. Tell your Q.M.S. I say you're to have a new pair."

"Very good, Sir."

The Major passed on to me, and surveyed my left arm more in anger than in sorrow.

"Why has this man got his blue band fastened on with pins?" he demanded. "Why isn't it sewn on? Why hasn't he fastened it on with elastic? D'you hear me? Are you deaf? Why isn't it sewn on? Why don't you speak?"

"Please, Sir . . ."

"Don't answer me back! Sergeant, take this man's name. He is insolent. Take his name for insolence. You are insolent, Sir. You're a disgrace to the Army. You're a . . ."

"If you've quite finished with my squad, Major," put in Sister in a quiet voice from the door, "the car is here, and we're late already. I shall have to push a bit."

I promptly made for the seat beside the driver, explaining that I wanted to see the speedometer burst. Sister does a good many things, and does most of them well; but her particular accomplishment is her motor-driving. After my experiences in different cars at the Front—especially those driven by Frenchmen—I thought at first that motoring had no new thrills to offer me; but when Sister takes corners I still clutch at anything handy.

Surrey began to stream past us. The landscape was extremely beautiful, but only the more distant parts of it were visible except as a mere blur. After five or six miles we turned into a long straight stretch of road.

"The Hepworths live somewhere along this," said Sister. "There's a lovely sunken garden just in front of the house which I want you to notice. Hallo! here we are; I thought it was further on."

The car whizzed round and through a drive gateway half hidden in trees. When I opened my eyes again I looked for the sunken garden; but except for a few very prim-looking flower-beds the grounds in front of the house consisted entirely of a lawn, round which the drive took a broad circular sweep.

"It must be the wrong house," said Sister, and without pausing an instant in our centrifugal career we rushed round the complete circle and disappeared through the gate as suddenly as we had come. As we passed the house I had a fleeting glimpse of an old, hard-featured and furious female face glaring at us from one of the windows.

On the road we stopped the car so as to regain some measure of gravity before presenting ourselves at our real destination—next house—but were still rather hysterical when we arrived.

"You'll hear more of this," said our hostess, when we had reported our raid. "Old Miss Mendip lives there—a regular tartar; all kinds of views; writes to the papers."

* * *

In a subsequent issue of the local weekly we found the following:—

To the Editor of "The Inshot Times, Great and Little Budford Chronicle and Home Counties Advertiser."

Sir,—Even in *war-time*, when one cannot call our souls our own, we may surely expect the privacy of individuals and the rights of property to receive *some* respect. An Englishman's home is still his castle, though the debased morals and decayed manners of modern *Society* (?) seem to blind its members to the fact.

I wish to give publicity in your pages to a disgraceful *outrage* of which I have been made the victim. On Tuesday last I was rudely awakened from my afternoon rest by the sound of a large motor-car. As I did not expect visitors I proceeded to the window in order to discover to what the *intrusion* might be due. What was my *astonishment* to discover that the vehicle contained a party of four *perfect strangers*. Three of them, I regret to state, were wounded officers; they were being driven by one of the modern games-playing cigarette-



Orderly Officer. "HOW MANY HORSES ARE HERE, PICKET?"
Picket (a little fed-up). "ER- HORSE LINE, 'SHUN! FROM THE RIGHT—NUMBER!"

smoking young women to whom the old-fashioned word "*lady*" seems so *singularly* inapplicable. Their sole object in entering appeared to be the perpetration of a senseless practical *joke*, for after *careering* round my garden at a pace which I can only describe as *unwomanly*, they went off by the way they had come.

My gardener, who witnessed the incident, tells me that on reaching the road they stopped the vehicle and celebrated the success of their inane efforts by *shrieking* with that unrestrained mirth which jars so painfully on refined ears.

Can *nothing* be done?

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
LYDIA MENDIP.
Manor Lodge, Little Budford.

The Food Shortage in Germany.

"While the horse dœuvres were being served, the Kaiser, etc."

At the Imperial table, it will be observed, they put the horse before the *carte*.

"He held several Court appointments, including those of Keeper of the Privy PuPrse to the Prince."—*The Star.*

It is not every Keeper of the Privy Purse who thus manages to double the initial capital.

THE P.-P.-D.

HENRY is in the War Office, where he takes a hand in the Direction of Military Aeronautics. To meet him you might almost think that Military Aeronautics was a one-man show. He has, at any rate in the eyes of the layman, an encyclopædic knowledge of aircraft and all appertaining thereto. When he is out for a walk on Sunday with his wife and daughter, and a British aeroplane passes over them with the usual fascinating roar, Henry is very superior. Mummy (who is of coarse clay) and Betty (aged 1½, and coarser still) are frankly excited every time.

"Look at the pretty airship!" says Mummy.

"Oo-ah!" says Betty.

"B. E. 4 X.," snaps Henry, without looking at it.

* * * * *

Or rather this is what Henry used to do; but now things are different. It was Betty who, so to speak, brought him down to earth again. He had great ambitions for Betty, whom he fondly believed to be possessed of intelligence above the lot of woman, and he always laboured prodigiously to advance her education. Betty took to it philosophically, however, and refused to be hurried; and Henry almost despaired of getting her beyond two syllables. The "Common Objects of the Farmyard" were rapidly assimilated, and all the world of mechanical traction was comprehended in the generic "puff-puff." But Henry wouldn't be satisfied with this very creditable repertoire. "Out of respect for her father, if for no other reason," he would insist, "she *must* learn to say 'aeroplane.'"

"How ridiculous!" said Mummy, who always called them "airships," to annoy Henry; "and anyhow it's no use going on at her; she never will say things to order. If you'll only leave her alone for a bit she'll probably say it, and then your sordid ambition will be gratified."

But Henry cared for none of those things, and when Sunday came, and with it Sunday's promenade and Sunday's aeroplane, he went at it as hard as ever.

"Say 'air-ye-play,'" he commanded, as the pram was brought to a standstill and the droning monster passed overhead.

Betty gazed raptly at the entrancing thing. Then suddenly she raised a fat hand and pointed. "Oo-ah!" she said, "puff-puff-dicky!"

* * * * *

And nowadays Henry's omniscience is decently obscured under a capacious



Lady. "Well, Mrs. Gubbins, what is the weather going to be to-day?"
Charwoman. "Oh, I don't know, Mum. I'm not much of a weathercock."

bushel. If you meet an aeroplane when you are walking with him and ask humbly for his verdict thereon, in the expectation of an explosion of clipped technical jargon, he will stop and study its outline with great attention, and will eventually inform you, to your respectful mystification, that it is a "P.-P.-D." Thereafter he will chuckle most unofficially.

More Sex Problems.

"Wanted, a Blue Bull (Nilgai or Rojh). Apply, stating sex, age, height and price."
Pioneer.

From a German *communiqué*:—

"On the eastern bank of the Meuse desperate fishing continues."
Edinburgh Evening Paper.

And the Bosch has caught more than he bargained for.

From the report of the meeting, in London, of the Executive Committee of the National Farmers' Union:—

"Farmers had hundreds of acres of grass which they were willing to turn into meat, but were prevented from doing so."

Mr. Punch thinks that the difficulty might be overcome if the meat were turned into the grass.

THE H. Q. TOUCH.

Command Headquarters (who, of course,
Ride us as Cockneys ride a horse—
I mean, without considering
The animal; the ride's the thing)
On Army Form—I cannot think
Precisely which; the form was pink—
Instructed Captain So-and so,
With certain other ranks, to go
And at a given hour report,
With rifles, such-and-such a sort,
So many rounds of S.A.A.
Per man, and so much oats and hay
Per horse (as specified and charged
On War Establishments, enlarged,
Revised and issued as amended);
And here the said instruction ended,
"Signed, Eustace Blank, G.S.O.3,
For D.A.Q.A.M.A.G."
The reason why the form was thus
Truncated was—alas for us!—
That Major Blank, a hasty man,
Neglected his accustomed plan
And failed, in short, to P.T.O.,
So never told us where to go.

We drafted a polite reply:—
"Your such a number, Fourth July;
Instructions touching destination
Requested, please, for information."
And Captain So-and-So and men
Donned and inspected kits.
And then
Command Headquarters went and wired:
"The draft in question not required.
When any draft is *wanted* you
Will hear *precisely* what to do;
No error ever passes through
This office. You will therefore not
In future tell us what is what;
We know; and we are on the spot.
The G.O.C.-in-C. is much
Displeased."
The old Headquarters' touch.

Our Spoilt Pets.

"Cottage, suitable for pigs and poultry."
Birmingham Daily Mail.

"Susan's Pudding.—This is a super-excellent pudding, and, as times go, the cost of the material used is not excessive. Required: One cup each of flour, breadcrumbs, raisins (stoned and chopped), currants (washed and dried), also a teacupful of baking powder. . . . If served only on occasion—a special occasion—the most scrupulously careful housewife should not be troubled by uneasy sensations."
Bristol Times and Mirror.

We should—after a teacupful of baking-powder.



THE BELGIAN "MENACE."

Kaiser. "IF I GRANT YOU MY GRACIOUS PARDON, WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO TERRORISE ME AGAIN?"

["Belgium would be required to give a guarantee that any such menace as that which threatened Germany in 1914 would in future be excluded."—*German Foreign Secretary to Papal Nuncio at Munich.*]

RAID JOTTINGS.

A good deal of dissatisfaction is expressed with the state of the cellars to which people have been invited during the raids. "Surely," writes one of our correspondents, "it is a scandal that, at this time in the world's history, some cellars should be totally destitute of wine. That there should be no coal in the coal-cellars is understandable enough; but to ask the timid public into empty wine-cellars is a travesty of hospitality."

* * *

Every effort will be made when the House reassembles to provide separate cellars for the Speaker and Mr. Pemberton Billing.

* * *

Mr. Jimmy Wilde, the Welsh boxer, it has been widely announced, had a marvellous escape from an air-bomb. The little champion (for once not in a position to hit back) was standing in the door of his hotel when the projectile dropped, and blew him along the passage, but inflicted no injuries. The world will therefore hear from Mr. Wilde again, whose future antagonists should view with a shudder this inability of the Gothas to knock him out.

* * *

Mr. Wilde is, however, not alone in his good fortune. From all the bombarded parts, and from some others, come news of remarkable pieces of good luck, due almost or wholly to the fact that the bombs fell on spots where our correspondents were not standing, although they might easily have been there had they not been elsewhere. The similarity of their experience is indeed most striking.

* * *

Mr. Harold Begbie, for example, who disapproves of soldiers laughing, happened to be in the country on the night of the 24th. Had he been in town he might, in a melancholy reverie caused by the incorrigible light-heartedness of his fellow-countrymen, have wandered bang into the danger-zone. No one can be too thankful that he did not.

* * *

Sir Henry Wood's project to play Tchaikovsky's "1812" in such perfect time that the audience will have the pleasure of hearing our anti-aircraft men supply the big-gun effects, although laudable, is, it is feared, doomed to failure.

There was no air raid over London on Wednesday the 26th. The sudden noise (which happily produced no panic) in His Majesty's Theatre was merely Miss Lily Brayton dropping the clothes she was not wearing.

* * *

A Constant Raider writes: "It is understood that the German airmen's motto—borrowed, without acknowledgment, from the dental profession—is 'We spare no panes.'"

* * *

In view of recent events Miss Tennyson Jesse is considering whether her new novel, *Secret Bread*, should be renamed *Air-raided Bread*.

* * *

Mr. Charles Cochran is very anxious that it should be known that not a single bomb hit him. Had any of them done so, the consequences might have been very serious. This happy immunity being his, he wishes it also to be known that his various and meritorious theatres are doing even more astonishing business than ever.

* * *

Mr. Cochran, however, together with other theatrical managers, has a dangerous rival. The raids are threatening to ruin the matinées now so prevalent by setting up counter-attractions. The thousands of people (not only errand-boys) who now stand all day to watch the workmen mend a hole in the roadway caused by a bomb would otherwise, but for this engrossing and never tedious spectacle, be in this theatre or that.

* * *

Mr. Hall Caine telegraphs from the Isle of Man that no bombs having fallen there he remains intact.



"Good news, lads; we've got a change fer tea to night.'
"What is it?" "Round biscuits instead o' square ones."

The Ideal Lodger.

"Wanted, two Single Rooms, in private or boarding house; special arrangements for constant absence."—*Australian Paper.*

LETTERS OF A GENERAL TO HIS SON

(On obtaining a Junior Staff appointment).

My dear Boy,—We both congratulate you heartily on your appointment. Acting on your suggestion, I have hinted to your mother that her anxieties for your safety may be considerably lessened in consequence. You will, of course, continue to address letters likely to cause her any apprehension to my club. On entering this new phase of your career you will not take it amiss if I offer you a few words of practical advice:—

1. Do not neglect your advantages. Always visit the line with a double mission, one for the right of the line and one for the left—and see which they are shelling.

2. If they are strafing all along the line, inspect Transport.

3. Cultivate the detached manner when dealing with all but the very senior. This will give you what is called distinction. Charm will come later.

4. What you don't know, guess. If wrong, guess again.

5. Always put off on to others what you cannot do yourself.

6. What little you do, do well—and see that it gets talked about. Medals are going round, and you may as well have them as anybody else.

7. Belong to a good Mess and invite people who are inclined to criticise.

8. When rung up on a subject of which you know nothing, learn to conduct the conversation so that you abstract the necessary enlightenment from the questioner himself (while appearing to be perfectly conversant with what he is talking about), and, if possible, get him to suggest the answer to his own conundrum. In other words, bluff as in poker (which I trust you don't play).

Those are just a few little hints that have occurred to me. Your own good sense will guide you as to the rest. Everybody at home is taking a tremendous interest in the War, I'm glad to say. Hardly a day passes but I am asked at least a dozen times when it is going to be over.

Your affectionate Father, etc., etc.

From an order recently issued at the Front:—

"Great care must always be exercised in tethering horses to trees, as they are apt to bark, and thereby destroy the trees."

Wow, wow!



THE PERFECT LIFE.

"Yes, Gaffer. Me an' my ole woman 'ere 'ave lived together these forty year, an' never 'ad a quarrel—forty year, mind yer, an' never bin before the magistrate!"

SIGNS OF INNS.

The Herald lives in cloister grey;
He lives by clerkly rules;
He dreams in coats and colours gay,
In *argent*, *or* and *gules*;
He blazons knightly shield and banner
In dim monastic hall,
And in a grave and reverend manner
He earns his bread withal.

Were I a herald fair and fit
So featly for to limn
As though I 'd learnt the lore of it
Among the seraphim,
I 'd leave the schools to clerkly people
And walk, as dawn begins,
From steeple unto distant steeple,
And paint the signs of inns.

The Dragon, as I 'd see him, is
A loving beast and long,
And oh, the *Goat and Compasses*,
'Twould fill my soul with song;
The Bell, The Bull, The Rose and Rummer,
Such themes should like me still
At Yule, or when the heart of Summer
Lies blue on vale and hill.

Let others' blazonry find place
Supported, scrolled with gold,
A glowing dignity and grace
On honoured walls and old;
And let it likewise be attended
In stately circumstance
With mottos writ o' Latin splendid
Or courtly words of France;

But I would paint *The Golden Tun*
And others to my mind,
And mellow them in rain and sun,
And hang them on the wind;
And I would say, "My handcraft creaking
On this autumnal gale
Unto all wayfarers is speaking
In praise of rest and ale."

Then bless the man who puts a sign
Above his wide door's beam,
And bless the hop-root, fruit and vine,
For still I dream my dream,
Where, as the flushing East turns pinker
And tardy day begins,
I take the road like any tinker
And paint the signs of inns.

"INSTANT DEMAND FOR WARNINGS.
Mayors of London moving."
Evening News.

They ought to set a better example.

"Certain people seem to have misread the statement last week that flour would be reduced 1s. 1½d. that flour would be reduced to 1s. 1½d. but that that that flour would be reduced to 1s. 11½d. but that amount or somewhere about it would be taken off the former price." *Rossendale Free Press.*

There ought to be no misunderstanding after this.

"At such close quarters were attackers and attacked that to have used grenades would manifestly have been equally dangerous to both. So, after a brief pause to collect the means, our men began to pelt the Huns with bottles filled with water. Apparently the enemy thought this was some new form of 'frightfulness,' for they speedily threw down their arms and tossed up their hands."
Daily Telegraph.

Our contemporary, while rightly applauding the resourcefulness of our bombers, might have given the Germans credit for their remarkable feat of acrobacy.

FOR SERVICES RENDERED.

If ever, in a railing mood, I have unjustly aspersed the Army; if, by reason of deferred pay, over diluted stew, or leave adjourned, I have accused the Powers That Be of a step-motherly indifference to my welfare, I hereby withdraw unreservedly all such aspersions and accusations. For since my discharge tokens of kindly interest and affection have reached me in such rapid succession that I am kept wondering what the next will be. With a quarter of a million men in his care (as I suppose, since my number was 256801), my fatherly Record Officer has yet time for frequent correspondence with "crocks" like me. He registers all his letters; he makes his instructions so plain that a very suckling might understand them; he takes every precaution lest, in the press of business, I should be overlooked.

I had been at home about a week when his first communication arrived—an unexpected windfall purporting to represent the balance of my pay and allowances. The method of computation would probably have transcended my intelligence if it had been indicated; but there was no attempt at explanation, nor did I desire it. I stamped and signed the receipt form according to unmistakable directions, and returned it to Headquarters. A few days later certain arrears of Separation Allowance came to hand - arrears whose existence our own unaided sagacity would never have revealed. Guided by an illustrative diagram we signed the receipt in due form and returned it. Before we had ceased congratulating ourselves on these accessions, yet another instalment of pay was delivered, with form of receipt as in the previous case. We were almost convinced that the country cottage and the leisured ease of our dreams were within our grasp, but the well ran dry at that point. Some of my balance may yet lurk in the coffers of the Paymaster, but I dare not throw off the yoke of my bondage on the strength of a bare possibility.

After a brief interval Records returned to the charge with a bulky envelope containing matter of great interest. One of the enclosures certified that, for the term of three months, I was transferred to Class W.P., Army Reserve. I made various conjectures as to the meaning of "W," and so did Cinderella. On the whole we favoured "Warrior," but perhaps we were wrong. At all events, the interpretation of "P" was clearly set forth by another document, which explained that I was entitled to a pension of eight shillings and threepence per week so long as I remained among the happy W.P.'s. There was also an identity certificate, whereon some clergyman, magistrate or policeman must attest that I was alive when I brought it to him, and a form of receipt for all the papers in the batch. I signed it according to instructions and returned it to Headquarters.

The identity certificate went back to a specified address, where it set in motion machinery by which my pension paper was presently delivered to me—accompanied by a form of receipt. This paper was covered with mystic circles, whose meaning I discovered when I presented myself at the post-office. They were apparently intended to appease the presiding divinity by gratifying her passion for stamping things. She hit my paper accurately in four of its rings, and then, with a pleased smile, handed me thirty-three shillings.



Lady farm help, being shown her new duties, notices fowls having dust-bath. "DEAR ME! I EXPECT THEY'LL WANT WASHING EVERY NIGHT BEFORE I PUT THEM TO ROOST. I'D NO IDEA FOWLS WERE SUCH DIRTY THINGS."

Meanwhile Records had stirred up a benevolent neighbour to call upon me. He belonged to an organisation for assisting discharged soldiers: he was Opportunity in person for anyone who might need him: but, as Cinderella explained, I was at that moment engaged upon work of national importance and could not claim his help. Nevertheless she thanked the gentleman and placed the incident to the credit of the Powers That Be.

No acknowledgment was required for this visit; but a week later my war services' badge was delivered per registered post, and I confessed the fact both on the usual green slip and on the form of receipt which was enclosed. Henceforth I was able to appear in public with an outward and visible sign of the ferocity which underlies my demeanour, and my most lurid tales had a substantial witness.

Two months went by, during which the O. i/c Records made no further additions to our postbag. There are mornings when your friends appear to have forgotten you, when a Levitical postman bangs your neighbour's gate mockingly and forthwith crosses the street. On such mornings our thoughts may have turned to Records with a certain yearning; but mainly we felt his care like the air about us, and had no need that it should materialise in idle correspondence.

At last my term of probation came to an end. In response to a note from Records (with form for receipt) I returned my Transfer Certificate and received in its place my final Discharge Papers with a form for receipt. At the same time I heard that the Commissioners were in earnest consultation as to the continuance of my pension.

Thus goodness and loving-kindness have followed me ever since I handed in the uniform. To this day I am the subject of anxious consideration. Not a week ago the early post brought me my character. Imagine the incessant parental watchfulness of an authority which can testify concerning one two hundred and fifty thousandth of its charge that he is "a good soldier, willing and industrious, honest, sober, trustworthy and well-conducted." Think of the kindly interest which prompted the O. i/c Records to insert a form of receipt—"to guard against impersonation." My character might have got into base hands: some unworthy person might have gone about professing to possess that willingness, that industry, that sobriety, that trustworthiness and that elegance of conduct which are mine alone; but the form of receipt would baffle him. I cannot explain how; but Records knows.

What is yet in store for me the future hides; but this I know: while England endures and Records continues to record, I shall not walk alone.



Aunty (wishing to be sympathetic). "I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU'VE GOT YOUR SEA-LEGS, JACK, AND I HOPE YOUR FRIEND IS GETTING ON EQUALLY WELL AND HAS GOT HIS TRENCH-FEET."

PURE ENGLISH.

[A writer in *The Daily Express* has been discussing the questions where and by whom the purest English is spoken and written, and pronounces strongly in favour of East Anglia, FITZGERALD, BORROW and Mr. CONRAD.]

ONCE more 'tis discussed
What guides we should trust
If we wish to write prose to perfection;
Is it BORROW or "FITZ,"
The Times or *Tit Bits?*
And how should we make our selection?

Once on NEWMAN and FROUDE
We were bidden to brood
If we aimed at distinction and purity;
And, when we escaped
From their influence, aped
GEORGE MEREDITH's vivid obscurity.

The remarkable style
Of old THOMAS CARLYLE
Found many a lover and hater;
And precious young men
Who made play with the pen
Were devoted disciples of PATER.

But these idols we've burned
And have latterly learned
That "distinction"'s an utter delusion;
For if you would aim
At a popular fame
You must cultivate "vim" or effusion.

JOSEPH CONRAD (a Pole)
Some place on the whole
At the top of the tree for his diction;
But his style, I opine,
Is a little too fine
For the average reader of fiction.

If you can't be a WELLS,
Or aspire to Miss DELL's
Impassioned and fervid variety,
You still may attain
To CHARLES GARVICE's strain
And leaven Romance with propriety.

For democracy shies
At the artist who tries
To express himself subtly or darkly;
And the man in the street
In a fair plébiscite
Would probably crown Mrs. BARCLAY.

Extract from a sermon:—

"We meet here to-day under circumstances which are not ordinary . . . We seem to hear 'the sound of a gong in the tops of the mulberry trees.'"—*The Record.*

This must be some air-raid warning by the rural police.

"On the roads near by 'a Verdun' signposts have been replaced by new ones reading 'A Glorieux Verdun.' The name of France herself might well be altered to 'Glorieux France.'"—*Canadian Paper.*

Vive le France!

From a report of the British Cotton-growing Association:—

"The negotiations with the Government for the development of the irritation scheme for the Gezira plain are still under consideration."
The Field.

We trust we shall hear no more of this vexatious project.

A lodging-house keeper at Whitby
Saw a couple of Zeppelins flit by;
Though she felt a sharp sting,
It's a curious thing
That she never knew which she was hit by.

"War conditions have given occasion in Germany, for the study of an œdema disease (swelling) unknown in peace times. Among the civil population it has been generally located in the feet and legs, and in more than one-half of the cases studied some degree of facial swelling was present."—*Daily Paper.*

This last symptom is especially noticeable in the case of the KAISER.

"Prior to the meeting [of the Irish Convention] in Cork the members of the secretariat attended in Sir Horace Plunkett's private room, and presented him with a solid ivory chairman's mantle."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

But we are glad to state that the proceedings were quite orderly, and that the Chairman did not need this protective garment.

GOING BACK.

"In these days," I began, but Francesca interrupted me.

"When anyone starts like that," she said, "I know he's going to make the War an excuse for doing something rather more paltry than usual."

"'Paltry' is not," I said, "a very nice word."

"I'll take the phrase back and substitute 'rather less noble and generous.'"

"Yes, I like that better. I'll pass it in that form as your comment on what you haven't yet allowed me to say."

"Quick," she said; "what was it? Don't leave me in suspense."

"In these days," I said, "one mustn't spend too much on railway companies."

"True," she said. "I'm with you there in these or any other days."

"And therefore," I continued, "it will be quite enough if one of us accompanies Frederick, our lively ten-year-old, to begin his second term at school. There is no necessity whatever for both of us to go with him."

"Hear, hear!" said Francesca; "your idea is better than I thought. I will go with Frederick and you can stay at home and look after the girls."

"No," I said firmly, "I will take Frederick, and you must remain behind and keep an eye on Muriel, Nina and Alice."

"No," she said.

"Yes," I said; "my eye's not good enough for the job; it hasn't been trained for it. I should be sure to mislay one of the girls, and then you'd never forgive yourself for having put upon me a burden greater than I could bear. Besides," I added, "goings back to school are in the man's department, with football, cricket, boxing and things of that kind."

"And what," she said scornfully, "are you graciously pleased to leave in my department?"

"Oh, I thought you knew. I leave to you table-manners, tidiness (that's a tough one), hand-washing (that's a tougher), reading aloud from Kipling and tucking him up in bed."

"Quite a good list, if by no means a complete one; but in these days one mustn't be too critical. Anyhow it proves that I must take the boy back to school."

"It proves just the contrary."

"No," she said, "it proves what ought to be there by leaving it out."

"That," I said, "is a record even for you, Francesca."

"Well, it's logical anyway. How, for instance, could you talk to the Matron? You'd be utterly lost before you'd been at it for half a minute."

"Don't you worry about that," I said. "I have accomplishments of which you don't seem to be aware, and one of them is talking to Matrons at preparatory schools."

"Anyhow, you're not going to have a chance of showing it off this time, *because I am going to take the boy back to school*. That's final."

It was, and in due time Francesca took the boy back. Her account of the farewell moments was not without a certain amount of pathos, several other mothers and their boys being involved in the valedictory scene. Four or five days afterwards, however, we received the following letter, which put to flight any idea that Frederick might be pining:—

"I am very happy this term, and I am getting on fairly well in my work. I like football much better than cricket. I have three or four times *just* not got a goal, once it was when I kicked into goal the goal-keeper (3 st. 4 lb.!) rushed out and kicked it away, and once when we were playing Blues and Reds, and I was on the Blue side, and I managed by good luck to get through a crowd of shouting Reds and followed it up amidst shouts from the Blues and shot it to the Red goal; but the goalkeeper (a different one) came out and hit it away, at which I twisted my knee and collapsed (not with pain, because it wasn't anything, but with anger and *desparation!*) Am I to learn boxing this term? I am sorry to hear the hens are not behaving well."

I should like to have seen the bold goalkeeper of 3 st. 4 lb. It is a proud weight. R. C. L.

YESTERDAY IN OXFORD STREET.

Yesterday in Oxford Street, oh, what d'you think, my dears?
I had the most exciting time I've had for years and years;
The buildings looked so straight and tall, the sky was blue between,
And, riding on a motor-bus, I saw the fairy queen!

Sitting there upon the rail and bobbing up and down,
The sun was shining on her wings and on her golden crown;
And looking at the shops she was, the pretty silks and lace—
She seemed to think that Oxford Street was quite a lovely place.

And once she turned and looked at me and waved her little hand,
But I could only stare and stare, oh, would she understand?
I simply couldn't speak at all, I simply couldn't stir,
And all the rest of Oxford Street was just a shining blur.

Then suddenly she shook her wings—a bird had fluttered by—
And down into the street she looked and up into the sky,
And perching on the railing on a tiny fairy toe
She flashed away so quickly that I hardly saw her go.

I never saw her any more, although I looked all day;
Perhaps she only came to peep and never meant to stay;
But oh, my dears, just think of it, just think what luck for me
That she should come to Oxford Street and I be there to see! R. F.

Light on the Situation.

"Dr. Michaelis is the trusted no-hold-out until their plans of annexation have been carried out, and they always receive a gracious telegram in reply. So he who cares to hear knows what the hour is striking."—*Egyptian Mail.*

Journalistic Humility.

"Two years ago *The Daily Mail* begged our sluggish authorities to study the question of daylight air-raids as well as night attacks. We pointed out their risk; we asked that the best means of meeting them should be considered and the best method of warning the public investigated. The result was that nothing was done."—*Daily Mail.*

"Of old was it written that they who taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword, and the written word remaineth."

The Daily Mirror.

But it hath been a little damaged in the interval.

"It may be estimated the Germans opposing our troops represented an average concentration of more than four men to every yard of front."

Liverpool Echo.

Never could it have been done with four pre-war Germans!

"Up to July 26 1,559 lists had been issued officially of German casualties. Each list contained 19,802 pages of three columns per page, and each column contained between 80 and 90 names of dead, wounded, and missing officers and men—a total of nearly 6,000,000."

Daily Sketch.

We trust our spirited contemporary has not joined the Hide-the-Truth Press, for we make the sum approximately 7,872,186,090.



Old Gentleman (to father of conscientious objector). "But supposing a German was going for your son with a bayonet—wouldn't he go for the German?"

Father of C.O. "Ay! I doubt he'd say summat. 'E's got a sharp tongue when 'e's vexed."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

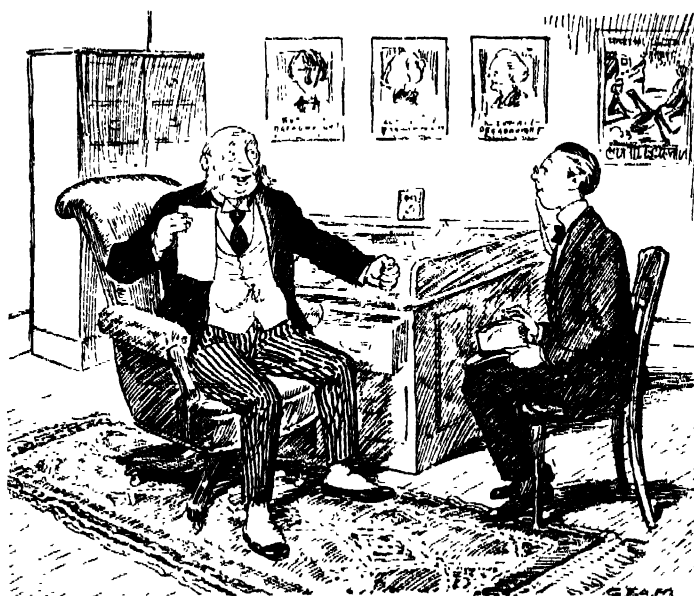
I think I prefer Mr. Wells's recent essay in the Newest-Theology to this too concrete illustration of *The Soul of a Bishop* (Cassell). It 's not that I object to the irreverence of stripping a poor tired bishop of cassock and gaiters, pursuing him to a sleepless bed and cinematographing all his physical twistings and turnings, his moral misgivings, his torturing doubts. I owe too much to Mr. Wells' irreverences to mind that sort of thing; and I must say that, for a man who can't have had very much to do with the episcopacy in his busy life, he does manage to give a confoundedly plausible atmosphere to the whole setting. There are two letters from an older bishop to *Dr. Scrope*, the one, yieldingly tolerant, to dissuade him from resignation, the other, written after the accomplished fact, with touches of exquisitely restrained yet palpable malice, which strike me as masterly projections. Mr. Wells also contrives a wonderful impressiveness in certain passages of the bishop's three visions. But I can't, even after careful re-reading, see the point of making the bishop's enlightenment depend upon a mysterious drug. This has an effect of impishness. There is nothing in *Dr. Scrope's* development that might not have taken place without this fantastic assistance . . . I suppose the general suggestion of this rather wayward and hasty but conspicuously sincere book is, that if only an occasional bishop would secede it would make it easier for the plain man to listen to the rest. And there may be something in this.

To those who are in love with Mr. W. J. Locke's incurable romanticism or who have a taste for heroines that "stiffen in a sudden stroke of passion looking for the instant electrically beautiful," let me commend *The Red Planet* (Lane). As a matter of fact *Betty*, the heroine, is quite a dear, and the narrator, *Major Meredyth*, a maimed hero of the Boer War, who looks at this one from the tragic angle of an invalid chair, is, apart from a habit of petulant and not very profound grousing at Governments in *The Daily Rail* manner, a sport who thoroughly deserves the reward of poor widowed *Betty's* hand on the last page but one. Perhaps he does not show a very ready understanding of the phenomenon of physical cowardice in the case of a brother-officer, though later he makes amends. But I take it that it was Mr. Locke's idea to present a very ordinary decent sort with the common man's prejudices and frank distrust of subtleties. A sinister mystery of love, death and blackmail runs, a turbid undercurrent, through the story. The publisher's pathetic apology for the drab grey paper on which, in the interests of War Economy, the book is printed, makes one wonder how the other publishers who still issue books in black and white manage to live.

Of the literary reputations that the War has, so to speak, dug in, I suppose none to be more firmly consolidated than that of Mr. Patrick MacGill. The newest of his several battle-books is *The Brown Brethren* (Jenkins), a title derived from the campaigning colour that has amended a popular quotation till it should now read "the thin brown line of heroes." I can hardly tell you any-

thing about Mr. MACGILL'S new book that you have not probably read or said for yourself of the previous volumes. For my own part, if the War is to be written about at all (a question concerning which I preserve an open mind), I say let it be, as here, the real thing, and the hotter and stronger the better. There is rough humour in these sketches of soldier types, and just enough story to thread them together; but it is the fighting that counts. Certain chapters, for example that about *Benner's* struggle with the Hun sniper, seem to leave one bruised and breathless as from personal conflict. Mr. MACGILL writes about war as he knows it, horribly, in a way that carries conviction like a charge of bayonets, and with an entire disregard of the sensibilities of the stay-at-home reader. For all which reasons *The Brown Brethren* and their French friends are assured of the success that they certainly deserve. Here's wishing them the best of it!

In *The Sentence of the Court* (WARD, LOCK) Mr. FRED M. WHITE contrives effectively to entangle our interest in one of those webs of facile intrigue from which the reader escapes only at the last line of the last page, muttering as he lays the volume down and observes with concern that it is 2.30 A.M., "What rot!" The title of the story is misleading. There is no Court, and nobody is sentenced, though the eminent specialist of Harley Street who essays the *rôle* of villain richly deserves to be. However, as he is left a bankrupt, discredited in his practice and detached from the heroine whom he had sworn to appropriate, it would perhaps be straining a point to cavil at his remaining at large. The idea upon which the story is based, and which enables the author to clothe his characters and their actions with bewildering mystery, is essentially good and, I believe, new, though far be it from me to do either Mr. WHITE or the reader the disservice of saying what it is. Suffice that we are introduced to some quite charming people, as well as two extremely unpleasant ones, and if the web of mystery is held together in places by a somewhat generous share of obtuseness on the part of the persons concerned it is not for us to complain, since we become aware of the defect only after the affair is over.



Manager of Automatic Dreadnought Pianofortissimo Company (enthusiastically to Literary Gentleman who has written a moving appeal to the public in favour of the Company's goods). "MY DEAR SIR, THIS IS MAGNIFICENT. IT ALMOST MAKES ME DECIDE TO BUY ONE OF THE THINGS FOR MYSELF."

Apart from the greater complaint that I do not like her subject, which probably is entirely my own fault, I have nothing but praise for Mrs. STANLEY WRENCH'S latest volume, *Beat* (DUCKWORTH), except as regards her amazing fondness for drooping the corners of her characters' mouths, generally either "wistfully" or "sullenly." It only made one annoyed when *Beatrix's* unpleasant sisters developed the trick, but when poor little *Beat* herself was affected that way, in spite of the magnificent courage with which she faced the burden of deputy-motherhood, it made one miserable as well. The task she had undertaken was a prodigious one, for the sisters she had to rear were, you must understand, vexed with sex instincts of the type of the modern novel, and so in a large measure she failed, even though she sacrificed strength, happiness and even her own love-story in the effort to keep them straight. The tale is set out with every circumstance of sordid misery, in which the spiritual beauty of the heroine is meant to shine, and undeniably does shine with real strength and purity. The successive deaths of the mother and step-mother, the shabby London lodgings, the fall of *Veronica*, the selfishness of *Beat's* boy-friend, and the loathsome trade of her lover—these, and more horrors and lapses beside, are all taxed for the general effect in so able and vivid a fashion that the authoress succeeds to admiration in making her readers nearly as uncomfortable as her characters, long before the climax is reached. The end comes rather less wretchedly than could have been expected, but even so surely this is genius partly run to seed. The greatest tragedies are not written in these minor keys. *Beat*, woman and heroine, is so admirable that one fain would know her apart from all this unredeemed welter of sex and selfishness.

I confess I should have thought that the fictional possibilities of being as like as two peas to Royalty were fairly exhausted. But apparently Mr. EDGAR JEPSON does not share this view; and it is only fair to admit that in *The Professional Prince* (HUTCHINSON) he has contrived to give a novel twist to the already well laboured theme. *Prince Richard* (precise nationality unstated) was so bored with the common round of his exalted duties that, hearing of a convenient double, he engages him, at four hundred a year and pickings, to represent him at dull functions, and incidentally to pay the requisite attentions to the young woman, reported by photograph as depressingly plain, whom political considerations have marked as the *Prince's fiancée*. When later one of the characters points out to His Highness that this conduct showed some lapse from the finer ideals of taste, I am bound to say that I could find no words of contradiction. However the originality arrives when *John Stuart*, the deputy, instead of falling in love with the bride-elect in Ruritanian fashion, develops a marked liking for the prosaic side of his job, and insists upon lecturing his supposed relations upon the political crisis of the moment. Capital fun this. When the *fiancée* in her turn proved wholly different from the photograph I permitted myself to hope that we were in for a double masquerade—but this was to expect too much. Still, Mr. JEPSON has handled his wildly-preposterous plot with great verve; and even if the central situation is one that has been often encountered before, this only proves again that HOPE springs eternal. . . . But I wish he had avoided the War.

"Where my Caravan has Rested."

"Wanted, modern Detached Villa Residence, inside tram lines."

Northern Whig.

CHARIVARIA.

"Of course I cannot be in France and America at the same time," said Colonel Roosevelt to a New York interviewer. The Ex-President is a very capable man and we can only conclude that he has not been really trying.

* * *

"The Church of to-morrow is not to be built up of prodigal sons," said a speaker at the Congregational Conference. Fatted calves will, however, continue to be a feature in Episcopal circles.

* * *

A Berlin coal merchant has been suspended from business for being rude to customers. It is obvious that the Prussian aristocracy will not abandon its prerogatives without a struggle.

* * *

The lack of food control in Ireland daily grows more scandalous. A Belfast constable has arrested a woman who was chewing four five-pound notes, and had already swallowed one.

* * *

An alien who was fined at Feltham police court embraced his solicitor and kissed him on the cheek. Some curiosity exists as to whether the act was intended as a reprisal.

* * *

The English Hymnal, says a morning paper, "contains forty English Traditional Melodies and three Welsh tunes." This attempt to sow dissension among the Allies can surely be traced to some enemy source.

* * *

Mr. George Moore, the novelist, declares that Robert Louis Stevenson "was without merit for tale-telling." But how does Mr. George Moore know?

* * *

"Is Pheasant Shooting Dangerous?" asks a weekly paper headline. We understand that many pheasants are of the opinion that it has its risks.

* * *

Only a little care is needed in the cooking of the marrow, says Mrs. Mudie Cooke. But in eating it great caution should be taken not to swallow the marrow whole.

* * *

An applicant at the House of Commons' Appeal Tribunal stated that he had been wrongly described as a Member of Parliament. It is not known who first started the scandal.

Herr Batocki, Germany's first Food Dictator, is now on active service on the Western Front, where his remarks about the comparative dulness of the proceedings are a source of constant irritation to the Higher Command.

* * *

It is rumoured that the Carnegie Medal for Gallantry is to be awarded to the New York gentleman who has purchased Mr. Epstein's "Venus."

* * *

We understand that an enterprising firm of publishers is now negotiating for the production of a book written by "The German Prisoner Who Did Not Escape."

* * *

Four conscientious objectors at Newhaven have complained that their food often contains sandy substances. It seems a pity that the authorities cannot find some better way of getting a little grit into these poor fellows.



The Grouser. "Just our rotten luck to arrive 'ere on early-closing day."

* * *

General Sukhomlinoff has appealed from his sentence of imprisonment for life. Some people don't know what gratitude is.

* * *

It is good to find that people exercise care in time of crisis. Told that enemy aircraft were on their way to London a dear old lady immediately rushed into her house and bolted the door.

* * *

Owing to a shortage of red paint, several London 'buses are being painted brown. Pedestrians who have only been knocked down by red-painted 'buses will of course now be able to start all over again.

* * *

We think it was in bad taste for Mr. Bottomley, just after saying that he had seen Mr. Winston Churchill at the Front, to add, "I have Taken Risks."

* * *

Six little boa-constrictors have been born in the Zoological Gardens. A message has been despatched to Sir Arthur Yapp, urging the advisability of his addressing them at an early date.

* * *

To record the effect of meals on the physical condition of children, Leyton Council is erecting weighing machines in the feeding centres. Several altruistic youngsters, we are informed, have gallantly volunteered to demonstrate the effects of over-eating without regard to the consequences.

* * *

An allotment holder in Cambridgeshire has found a sovereign on a potato root. To its credit, however, it must be said that the potato was proceeding in the direction of the Local War Savings Association at the rate of several inches a day.

* * *

We are pleased to say that the Wimbledon gentleman who last week was inadvertently given a pound of sugar in mistake for tea is going on as well as can be expected, though he is still only allowed to see near relations.

Commercial Candour.

"Antiques.—All Lovers of the Genuine Antiques should not fail to see one of the best-selected Stocks of Genuine Antique Furniture, &c., including Stuart, Charles II., Tudor, Jacobean Queen Anne, Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Adams, and Georgian periods.

Fresh goods every day."

Provincial Paper.

A new German Opera that we look forward to seeing: *Die Gothadämmerung.*

"A man just under military age, with seven children, is ordered to join up."

Weekly Dispatch.

Such precocious parentage must be discouraged.

"Helsingfors, Sept. 28.—The Governor-General of Finland has ordered seals to be affixed to the doors of the Diet."—*Times.*

This seems superfluous. Seals have always been attached to a Fin Diet.

"A party of the Russians in their natural costumes have come to Portland to ply their trade as metal workers. They make a picturesque group, which a Press writer will try to describe to-morrow morning."

Portland Daily Press (U.S.A.).

We trust that he did not dwell unduly upon the scantiness of their attire.

MODEL DIALOGUES FOR AIR-RAIDS.

[A few specimen conversations are here suggested as suitable for the conditions which we have lately experienced. The idea is to discourage the Hun by ignoring those conditions or explaining them away. For similar conversations in actual life blank verse would not of course be obligatory.]

I.

A. BEAUTIFUL weather for the time of year!
B. A perfect spell, indeed, of halcyon calm,
Most grateful here in Town, and, what is more,
A priceless gift to our brave lads in France,
Whose need is sorer, being sick of mud.
A. They have our first thoughts over, and, if Heaven
Had not enough good weather to go round,
Gladly I'd sacrifice this present boon
And welcome howling blizzards, hail and flood,
So they, out there, might still be warm and dry.

II.

C. Have you observed the alien in our midst,
How strangely numerous he seems to-day,
Swarming like migrant swallows from the East?
D. I take it they would fain elude the net
Spread by Conscription's hands to haul them in.
All day they lurk in cover Houndsditch way,
Dodging the copper, and emerge at night
To snatch a breath of Occidental air
And drink the ozone of our Underground.

III.

E. How glorious is the Milky Way just now!
F. True. In addition to the regular stars
I saw a number flash and disappear.
E. I too. A heavenly portent, let us hope,
Presaging triumph to our British arms.

IV.

G. Methought I heard yestreen a loudish noise
Closely resembling the report of guns.
H. Ay, you conjectured right. Those sounds arose
From anti-aircraft guns engaged in practice
Against the unlikely advent of the Hun.
One must be ready in a war like this
To face the most remote contingencies.
G. Something descended on the next back-yard,
Spoiling a dozen of my neighbour's tubers.
H. No doubt a live shell mixed among the blank;
Such oversights from time to time occur
Even in Potsdam, where the casual sausage
Perishes freely in a *feu de joie*.

V.

J. We missed you badly at our board last night.
K. The loss was mine. I could not get a cab
Whistling, as you're aware, is banned by law,
And when I went in person on the quest
The streets were void of taxis.
J. And to what
Do you attribute this unusual dearth?
K. The general rush to Halls of Mirth and Song,
Never so popular. The War goes well,
And London's millions needs must find a way
To vent their exaltation—else they burst.
J. But could you not have travelled by the Tube?
K. I did essay the Tube, but found it stuffed.
The atmosphere was solid as a cheese,
And I was loath to penetrate the crowd
Lest it should shove me from behind upon
The electric rail.
J. Can you account for that?
K. I should ascribe it to the harvest moon,
That wakes romance in Metropolitan breasts,
Drawing our young war-workers out of town
To seek the glamour of the country lanes
Under the silvery beams to lovers dear.

O. S.

FORCE OF HABIT.

THE fact that George had been eighteen months in Gallipoli, Egypt and France, without leave home till now, should have warned me. As it was I merely found myself gasping "Shell-shock!"

We were walking in a crowded thoroughfare, and George was giving all the officers he met the cheeriest of "Good mornings." It took people in two ways. Those on leave, blushing to think they had so far forgotten their B.E.F. habits as to pass a brother-officer without some recognition, replied hastily by murmuring the conventional "How are you?" into some innocent civilian's face some yards behind us. Mere stay-at-homes, on the other hand, surprised into believing that they ought to know him, stopped and became quite effusive. As far as I can remember George accepted three invitations to dinner from total strangers rather than explain, and I was included in one of them.

We were for the play that night and I foresaw difficulties at the public telephone, and George's first remark of "Hullo, hullo, is that Signals? Put me through to His Majesty's," confirmed my apprehensions.

Half-an hour of this kind of thing produced in me a strong desire for peace and seclusion. A taxi would have solved my difficulty (had I been able to solve the taxi difficulty first), but George himself anticipated me by suddenly holding up a private car and asking for a lift. I could have smiled at this further lapse had not the owner, a detestable club acquaintance whom I had been trying to keep at a distance for years, been the driver. He was delighted, and I was borne away conscious of twenty years' work undone by a single stroke.

Peace and seclusion at the club afforded no relief however. George was really very trying at tea. He accused the bread because the crust had not a hairy exterior (generally accumulated by its conveyance in a blanket or sandbag). He ridiculed the sugar ration I don't believe he has ever been short in his life; and the resources of the place were unequal to the task of providing tea of sufficient strength to admit of the spoon being stood upright in it—a consistency to which, he said, he had grown accustomed. When I left him he was bullying the hall-porter of the club for a soft nosed pencil, ink, he explained, being an abomination.

I also saw him pay $2\frac{1}{2}$*d.* for a *Daily Mail*.

* * * * * * *

I got a letter from George just before he went back. He patronized me delightfully—seemed more than half a Colonial already. He said he was glad to have seen us all again, but was equally glad to be getting back, as he was beginning to feel a little homesick. He hinted we were dull dogs and treated people we didn't know like strangers. Didn't we ever cheer up? He became very unjust, I thought, when he said that France was at war, but that we had only an Army and Navy.

Incidentally I had to pay twopence on the letter, the postman insisting that George's neat signature in the bottom left-hand corner of the envelope was an insufficient substitute for a penny stamp.

"The raiders came in three suctions."—*Evening News.*

So *that* was what blocked the Tubes.



THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT.

Prime Minister. "YOU YOUNG RASCAL! I NEVER SAID THAT."
Newsboy. "WELL, I'LL LAY YER MEANT IT."



Keeper. "ANY BIRDS, SIR?" *Officer (fresh from France).* "YES. THREE CRASHED; TWO DOWN OUT OF CONTROL."

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXVI.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Here is a war, producing great men, and here am I writing to you from time to time about it and never mentioning one of them. I have touched upon Commanding Officers, Brigadiers, Divisional, Corps, even Army Commanders; I have gone so far as to mention the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF once and I have mentioned myself very many times. But the really great men I have omitted. I mean the really, really great men, without whom the War could not possibly go on, and with whom, I am often led to suppose, the decision remains as to what day Peace shall be declared. Take the A.M.L.O. at —— for example.

Now, Charles, be it understood that I am not saying anything for or against the trade of Assisting Military Landing Officers; I have no feeling with regard to it one way or the other. For all I know it may require a technical knowledge so profound that any man who can master it is already half-way on the road to greatness. On the other hand, it may require no technical knowledge at all, and, the whole of a Military Landing Officer's duties being limited to watching other people working, the Assistant Military Landing Officer's task may consist of nothing more complicated than watching the Military Landing Officer watching the military land. If this is so, the work may be so simple that, once a man has satisfied the very rigid social test to be passed by all aspirants to so distinguished a position, he must simply be a silly ass if he doesn't automatically become a great man, after a walk or two up and down the quay. I repeat, I know nothing whatever of the calling of A.M.L.O., and I could not tell you without inquiry whether it is an ancient and honourable profession or an unscrupulous trade very jealously watched by the Law. I have some friends in it and I have many friends out of it, and the former should not be inflated with conceit nor the latter unduly depressed when I pronounce the deliberate opinion that the best known and greatest thing in the B.E.F. is without doubt the A.M.L.O. at ——.

Though it is months since I cast eyes on him, I can see him now, standing self-confidently on his own private quay, with the most chic of Virginian cigarettes smouldering between his aristocratic lips and the very latest and most elegant of Bond Street Khaki Neckwear distinguishing him from the mixed crowd about him. Every one else is distraught; even matured Generals, used to the simple and irresponsible task of commanding troops in action, are a little unnerved by the difficulties and intricacies of embarking oneself militarily. He on whom all the responsibility rests remains aloof. A smile, half cynical, plays across his proud face. He knows he has but to flick the ash from his cigarette and the Army will spring to attention and the Navy will get feverishly to work. He has but to express consent by the inclination of his head and sirens will blow, turbine engines will operate as they would never operate for anybody else, thousands of tons of shipping will rearrange itself, and even the sea will become less obstreperous and more circumspect in its demeanour, adjusting, if need be, its tides to suit his wishes.

I take it my condition is typical when I am "proceeding" (one will never come and go again in our time; one will always proceed)—when I am proceeding to the U.K. The whole thing is too good to believe, and I don't believe it till I have some written and omnipotent instructions in my pocket and am actually moving towards the sea. The youngest and keenest schoolboy returning home for his holidays is a calm, collected, impassionate and even dismal man of the world compared to me. I see little and am impressed by nothing; all things and men are assumed to be good, and none



Old Lady. "Is this the result of a bomb, Constable?"
Constable (fed up). "Bless you, no, Ma'am. The gent that lives here's got hay fever."

of them is given the opportunity of proving itself to be the contrary. As for the A.M.L.O. at any other port but this one, I remark nothing about him except his princely generosity in letting me have an embarcation card. He is just one more good fellow in the long series of good fellows who have authorised my move. I am borne out to sea in a dream—a dream of England and all that England means to us, be that a wife or a reasonable breakfast at a reasonable hour. Not until I am on my way back does it occur to me that landing and transport officers have identities, and by that time I have lost all interest in transport and landing and officers and identities and everything else.

At the port of ——, however, it is very different. I may arrive on the quay in a dream, but I'm at once out of it when I have caught sight of Greatness sitting in its little hut with the ticket window firmly closed until the arrival of the hour before which he has disposed that it shall not open. Thoughts of home are gone; I can think of nothing but Him. When at last I have obtained his gracious, if reluctant, consent to my obeying the instructions I have, and have got on to the boat, I deposit my goods hurriedly, anywhere, and fight for a position by the bulwark nearest the quay, from which I may gaze at his august Excellency for the few remaining hours during which it is given us to linger in or near our well-beloved France.

How came it about, I ask myself, that the Right Man got to be in the Right Place? It cannot have been merely fortuitous that he was not thrust away into some such obscure job as the command of an Expeditionary Force or the control of the counsels of the Imperial General Staff. It must have been the deliberate choice of a wise chooser; Major-General Military Landing himself, the Secretary of State for War on his own, even His Majesty in person? Or was a plébiscite taken through the length and breadth of the British Isles when I was elsewhere, and did Britain, thrilled to the core, clamour for him unanimously?

I watch him keep a perturbed and restless Major from the line waiting while he finishes his light-hearted badinage with a subordinate. It is altogether magnificent in its sheer *sangfroid*. Why is it that such a one is labelled merely A.M.L.O., when he should obviously be the M.L.O.? He has his subordinate, happily insignificant and obsequiously proud to serve. Let the subordinate be the a.m.l.o., and let It, Itself, be openly acknowledged to be It, Itself.

By the way, where *is* his M.L.O.? Has anybody ever seen him? I haven't. Does he exist? . . . Has he been got rid of?

There is a convenient crevice between the quay and the boat with a convenient number of feet of water at the bottom of it. Is the M.L.O. down there, and is the "A.M.L.O." brassard but the modesty of true greatness?

If the M.L.O. has been thrown down there, who threw him?

Was it my idol, the A.M.L.O., in a moment of exasperation with his M.L.O.?

Or was it the M.L.O., in a moment of exasperation with my idol, the A.M.L.O.? Yours ever, Henry.

"Naval Officer's (Minesweeping) Wife would be grateful for the opportunity of purchasing a Baby's Layette of good quality at a very reasonable price."—*Morning Post.*

Our congratulations to the mine-sweeping wife upon having captured a Baby Mine.

BEASTS ROYAL.

III.

Duke William's Falcon. A.D. 1065.

Upon a marsh beside the sea,
With hawk and hound and vassals three,
Rode William, Duke of Normandy,
The heir of Rover Rollo;
And ever as his falcon flew
Quoth he: "Mark well, by St. Macloo,
For where she hovers hasten you,
And where she falls I follow."

She rose into the misty sky,
A brooding menace hid on high,
Ere she dipped earthward suddenly
As dips the silver swallow,
Then, spurring through the rushes grey,
Cried William, "Sirs, away, away!
For where she hovers is the prey,
And where she falls I follow."

Her marbled plume with crimson dight,
Seaward she soared, and bent her flight
Above the ridge of foaming white
Along the harbour hollow,
Then, looking grimly toward the strait,
Said William, "Truly, soon or late,
There where she hovers is my fate,
And where she falls I follow."

THE CAVE-DWELLERS.

"If you please, ma'am, that funny-looking gentleman with the long hair has brought his jug for some more water. And could you oblige him with a little pepper?"

"Certainly not," said my wife. "The man's a nuisance. He is not even respectable—looks like a gipsy or a disreputable artist. I'll speak to him myself." And she flounced out of the room.

I felt almost sorry for the man, but really the thing was overdone when, not content with overcrowding our village, these London people took to living in dug-outs on the common.

Matilda rushed back into the room with a metal jug in her hand.

"Oscar! It's old Sheffield plate, and there's a coat-of-arms on it. Turn up the heraldry book; look in the index for 'bears.' Perhaps they're somebody after all."

Matilda is a second cousin once removed of the Drewitts—one of the best baronetcies in England—and naturally we take an interest in Heraldry.

"Yes, here it is. A cave-bear rampant! Oscar, it's the crest of the Cave-Canems, one of the oldest families in Britain, if not the very oldest! Poor things, I feel so sorry for them. Perhaps I might offer him some vegetables."

"And to think of their having to live in a cave again after all these centuries," said my wife when she returned. "Isn't it pathetic? Oscar, don't you think we ought to call on them?"

We agreed that it was our duty to call on the distinguished cave-dwellers. But what ought we to wear? They dressed very simply; I had seen him in an old tweed suit and a soft felt hat.

"And his wife," Matilda said, "is positively dowdy. But that proves they are somebody. Only the very best people can afford to wear shabby clothes in these times."

We decided that in our case it was necessary to recognise the polite usages of society. So my wife wore her foliage green silk, and I my ordinary Sabbath attire.

A fragrant odour of vegetables cooking led us eventually to the little mound amidst the gorse where our aristocratic visitors were temporarily residing. There was some difficulty at first in attracting their attention, but this I overcame by tying our visiting-cards to a piece of string and dangling it down the tunnel that served as an entrance. After coughing several times I had a bite, and the cave-man showed himself.

"Hallo!" I heard him say, laughing, "it's the kind Philistines who gave us the vegetables." Then aloud, "Come in. Mind the steps."

I damaged my hat slightly against the roof, and I am afraid Matilda's dress suffered a little, but we managed to enter their dug-out. The place was faintly lighted by a sort of window overlooking the third hole of the deserted golf course. Our host introduced his wife.

"We were not really nervous," said the lady, "but a fragment of shell came through the studio window and destroyed a number of my husband's pictures. He is a painter of the Neo-Impressionistic School."

"What a shame!" said Matilda, taking up a canvas. "May I look? Oh! how pretty."

"My worst enemy has never called my work that," said the artist. "Perhaps you would appreciate it better if you held it the other way up."

It is at a moment like this that my wife shines.

"I should like to see it in a better light," she said. "But how interesting! Everyone paints now-a-days—even Royalty. My cousin, Sir Ethelwyn Drewitt, has done some charming water-colours of the family estates. Perhaps you know him?"

Our host shook his head.

"A very old family, like your own," said Matilda. "Our ancestors probably knew each other in the days of Stonehenge. I, of course, recognised the coat-of-arms on your plate."

"I am afraid you are in error," said the artist. "My name is Pitts. And I don't go back beyond my grandfather, who, honest man, kept a grocer's shop in Dulwich. The jug you've been admiring I bought in the Caledonian Cattle Market for fifteen shillings."

Matilda swooned. The air was certainly very close down there.

THE WAR-DREAM.

I wish I did not dream of France
And spend my nights in mortal dread
On miry flats where whizz-bangs dance
And star-shells hover o'er my head,
And sometimes wake my anxious spouse
By making shrill excited rows
Because it seems a hundred "hows"
Are barraging the bed.

I never fight with tigers now
Or know the old nocturnal mares;
The house on fire, the frantic cow,
The cut-throat coming up the stairs
Would be a treat; I almost miss
That feeling of paralysis
With which one climbed a precipice
Or ran away from bears.

Nor do I dream the pleasant days
That sometimes soothe the worst of wars,
Of omelettes and estaminets
And smiling maids at cottage-doors;
But in a vague unbounded waste
For ever hide with futile haste
From 5·9's precisely placed,
And all the time it pours.

Yet, if I showed colossal phlegm
Or kept enormous crowds at bay,
And sometimes won the D.C.M.,
It might inspire me for the fray;
But, looking back, I do not seem
To recollect a single dream
In which I did not simply scream
And try to run away.

And when I wake with flesh that creeps
The only solace I can see
Is thinking, if the Prussian sleeps,
What hideous visions *his* must be!
Can all my dreams of gas and guns
Be half as rotten as the Hun's?
I like to think his blackest ones
Are when he dreams of me.

A. P. H.

"Street lamp-posts in Chiswick are all being painted white by female labour."—*Times.*

The authorities were afraid, we understand, that if males were employed they would paint the town red.

"Four groups of raiders tried to attack London on Saturday night. If there were eight in each group, this meant thirty-two Gothas."—*Evening Standard.*

In view of the many loose and inaccurate assertions regarding the air-raids, it is agreeable to meet with a statement that may be unreservedly accepted.



Lodger (who has numbered his lumps of sugar with lead pencil). "Oh, Mrs. Jarvis, I am unable to find numbers 3, 7 and 18."

THE DOOR.

Once upon a time there was a sitting room, in which, when everyone had gone to bed, the furniture, after its habit, used to talk. All furniture talks, although the only pieces with voices that we human beings can hear are clocks and wicker-chairs. Everyone has heard a little of the conversation of wicker-chairs, which usually turn upon the last person to be seated in them; but other furniture is more self-centred.

On the night with which we are now concerned the first remark was made by the clock, who stated with a clarity only equalled by his brevity that it was one. An hour later he would probably be twice as voluble.

It was normally the signal for an outburst of comment and confidence; but let me first say that the house in which this sitting-room was situated belonged to an elderly gentleman and his wife, each conspicuous for peaceable kindliness. Neither would hurt a fly, but since they had grandsons fighting for England, honour and the world, it chanced that they were the incongruous possessors of quite a number of war relics, which included an inkstand made of a steel shell-top, copper shell-binding and cartridge-cases; a Turkish dud from Gallipoli to serve as a door-stop; a pencil-case made of an Austrian cartridge from the Carso; a cigarette-lighter made of English cartridge-cases; and several shell-cases transformed into vases for flowers. One of these at this moment contained some very beautiful late sweet peas, and the old gentleman had made a pleasant little joke, after dinner, about sweet peace blossoming in such a strange environment, and would probably make it again the next time they had guests.

You may be sure that, with the arrival of these souvenirs from such exciting parts, the conversation of the room became more interesting, although it may be that some of the stay-at-homes began after a while to feel a little out in the cold. What was an ordinary table to say when in competition with a ·75 shell-case from the Battle of the Marne, or a mere Jubilee wedding-present against an inkstand composed of articles of destruction from Vimy Ridge, which had an irritating way of making the most of both its existences—reaping in two fields—by remarking, after a thrilling story of bloodshed, "But that's all behind me now. My new destiny is to prove the pen mightier than the sword"? Even though the Jubilee wedding-present came from Bond Street, and had once been picked up and set down again by Queen Alexandra, what availed that? The souvenir held the floor.

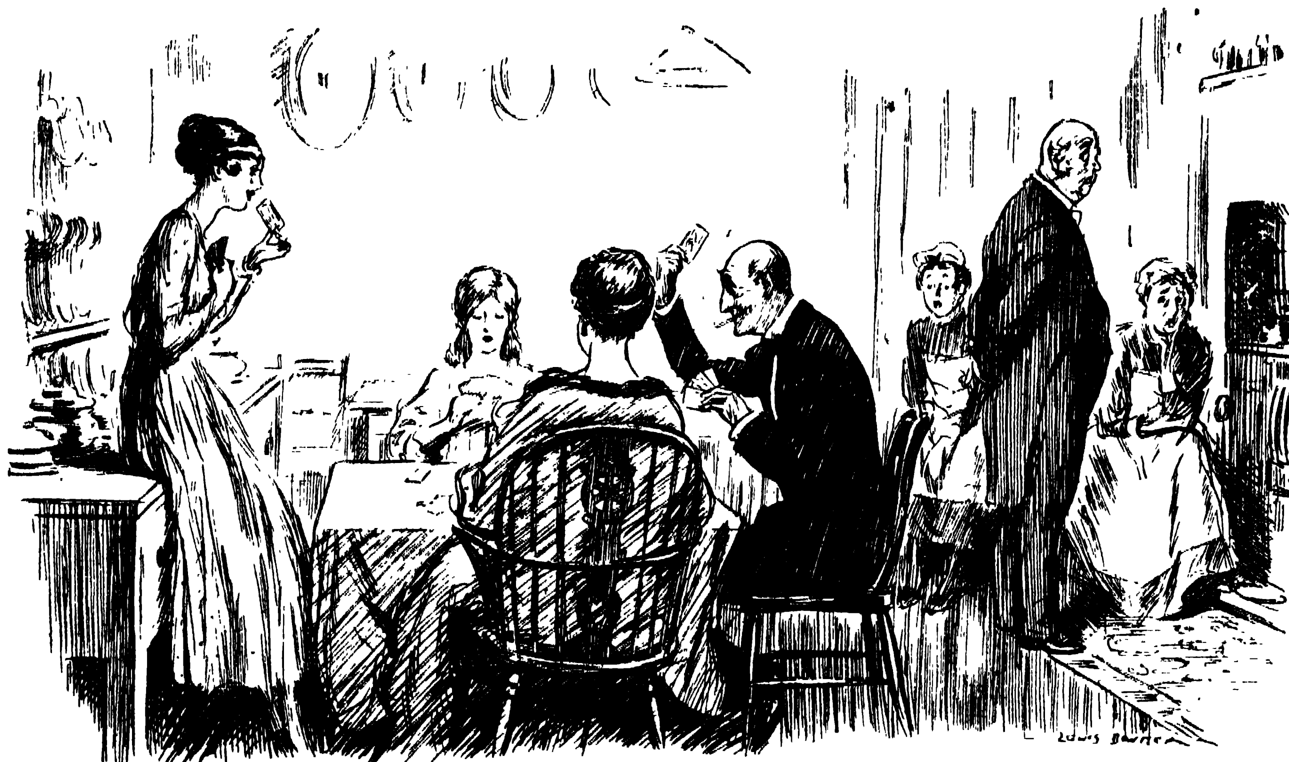
Gradually the other occupants of the room had come to let the souvenirs uninterruptedly exchange war impressions and speculate as to how long it would last—a problem as to which they were not more exactly informed than many a human wiseacre. Under cover of this kind of talk, which is apt to become noisy, the humdrum of the others, the chairs and the table and the mantelpiece, and the pacific ornaments, and the mirror, could chat in their own mild way: the wicker-chair, for example, could wonder for the thousandth time how long it would be before the young Captain sat in it once more; and the mirror could remark that that would be a happy moment indeed when once again it held the reflections of the Lieutenant and his *fiancée*, who was one of the prettiest girls in the world.

"Do you think so?" the knob of the brass fender would inquire. "To me she seemed too fat and her mouth was very wide."

"But that's a fault," the tongs would reply, "that you find with every one."

To return to the night of which I want particularly to speak, no sooner had the clock made his monosyllabic utterance than "I am probably unique," the Vimy Ridge inkstand said.

"How?" the cigarette-lighter sharply



Butler (the family having come down to the kitchen during an air-raid). "'YSTERIA—WITHIN REASON I DON'T OBJECT TO. BUT WHAT I CAN'T STAND IS BRAVADO."

inquired, uniqueness being one of his own chief claims to distinction.

"Strange," said the inkstand, "the blacksmith who made me was not blown to pieces. The usual thing is for the shell to be a live one, and no sooner does the blacksmith handle it than he and the soldiers who brought it and several onlookers go to glory. The papers are full of such incidents. But in my case—no. I remember," the inkstand was continuing—

"Oh, give us a rest," said the shell door-stop. "If you know how tired I was of hearing about the War, when there's nothing to do for ever but stop in this stuffy room. And to me it's particularly galling, because I never exploded at all. I failed. For all the good we are any more, we—we warriors—we might as well be mouldy old fossils like the home-grown things in this room, who know of war or excitement absolutely nothing."

"That's where you're wrong," said a quiet voice.

"Who's speaking?" the shell asked.

"I am," said the door. "You're quite right about yourselves—you War souvenirs. You've done. You can still brag a bit, but that's all. You're out of it. Whereas I—I'm in it still. I can make people run for their lives."

"How?" asked the inkstand.

"Because whenever I bang," said the door, "they think I'm an air-raid."

CUSS-CONTROL.

I found myself, some time ago,
Growing too fond of cuss-words, so
I made a vow to curb my passions
And put my angry tongue on rations.

As no Controller yet exists
To frame these necessary lists,
I had myself to pick and choose
The words that I could safely use.

Four verbs found favour in my sight,
Viz., "drat" and "dash" and "blow"
and "blight";
While "blithering" and "blinkin'" were
My only adjectival pair.

I freely own that "dash" and "drat"
At times sound lamentably flat;
And "blight" and "blow" don't somehow seem
Quite adequate to every theme.

When you are wishful to be withering
'Tis hard to be confined to "blithering,'
And to express explosive thinkin'
One longs for some relief from
"blinkin'."

Still Mr. Balfour, so I hear,
Seldom goes further than "O dear!"
While moments of annoyance draw
"Bother" at worst from Bonar Law.

Hence, if our leaders in their style
Are able to suppress their bile,
And practise noble moderation
In comment and in objurgation,

Why should not I, a doggerel bard,
All futile expletives discard,
And discipline my restive soul
With salutary cuss-control?

Errare est Diabolicum.

From the Indian author of an Anglo-vernacular text-book:—

"As the book had to go through the press in haste I am sorry to write to you that there are some printers' devils, especially in English spelling."

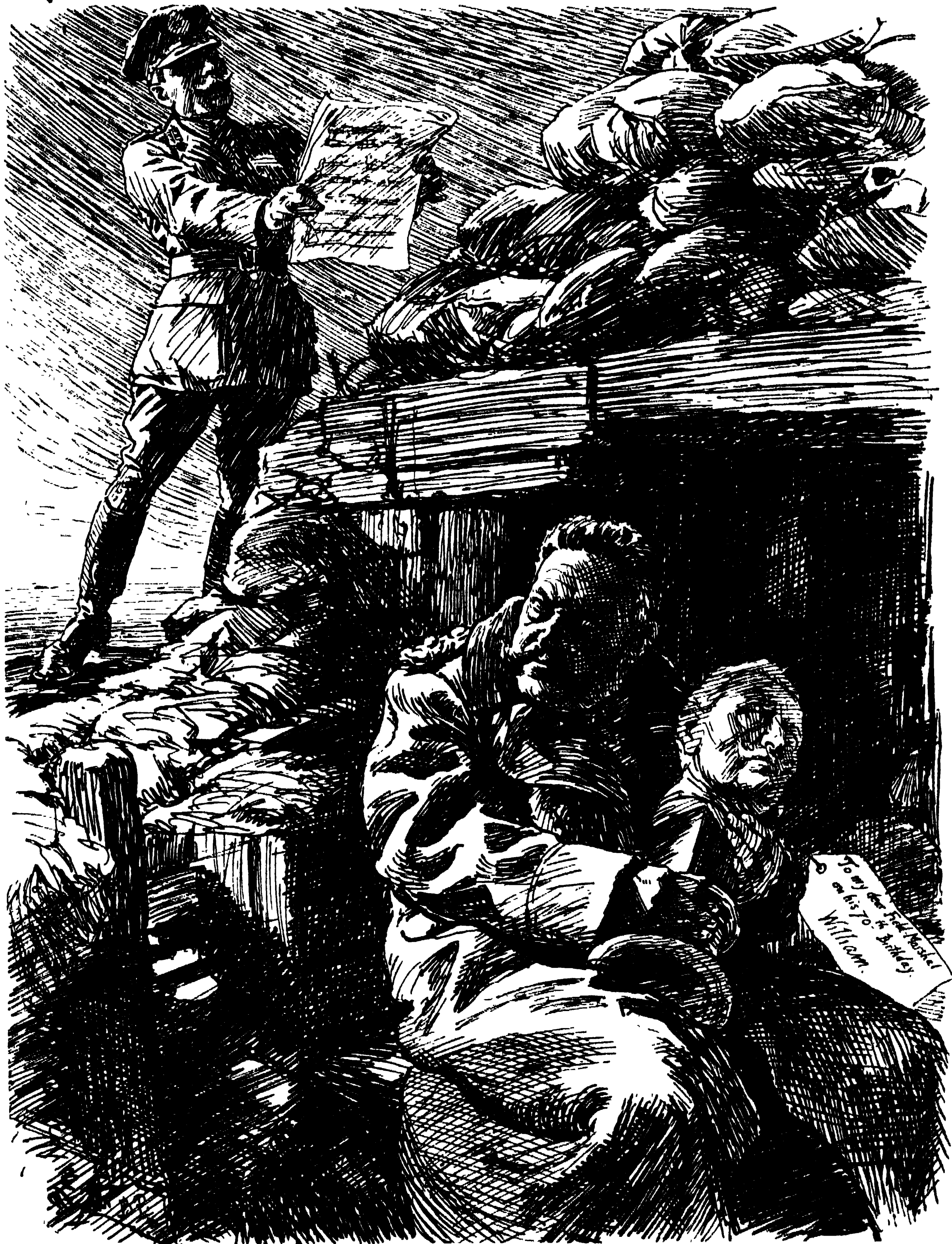
"Nelson himself being a Suckling on his mother's side."—*Observer.*

We cannot know too much about the early history of our heroes.

"Captain William Redmond, son of Mr. John Redmond, has been awarded the D.S.O. He was commanding in a fierce fight and was blown out of a shell hole, sustaining a sprained knee and ankle. He rallied his men, and by promptly forming a defensive flank saved his part of the line."—*Daily Express.*

This must have been in Sir Walter Scott's proleptic mind when he wrote (in *Rokeby*):—

"Young Redmond, soil'd with smoke
and blood,
Cheering his mates with heart and
hand
Still to make good their desperate
stand."



A BIRTHDAY GREETING FOR HINDENBURG.

F.-M. Sir Douglas Haig (*sings*). "O I'LL TAK' THE HIGH ROAD
AN' YE'LL TAK' THE LOW ROAD . . . ."

[The enemy has been fighting desperately to prevent us from occupying the ridges above the Ypres-Menin road, and so forcing him to face the winter on the low ground.]



INFORMATION TO THE ENEMY.

Wife. "I call it simply scandalous that the papers should be allowed to publish the dates when the moon is full."

OSWALD AND CO.

We live in a fortress on the crest of a hill overlooking a little Irish town, a centre of the pig and potheen industries. The fortress was, according to tradition, built by Brian Boru, renovated by Sir Walter Raleigh (the tobacconist, not the professor) and brought up to date by Oliver Cromwell. It has dungeons (for keeping the butter cool), loop-holes (through which to pour hot porridge on invaders), an oubliette (for bores) and a portcullis.

In spite of these conveniences our fortress is past its prime and a modern burglar would treat it as a joke. It is so weak in its joints that when the wind blows it shakes like a jelly, and we have to shave with safety-razors.

In a small villa opposite lives Freddy, our married subaltern, and Mrs. Freddy.

On a patch of turf up a neighbouring lane Oswald and Co. took up their residence this summer.

The troopers called him Oswald for some unknown reason, but I doubt if that was his baptismal name, and I doubt if he was ever baptized.

Oswald was a tall bony grizzled child of the Open.

Years ago he would have been dismissed briefly as a tramp, but we know better now; we have read our Georgian poets and we know that such folk do not perambulate the country stealing fowls and firing ricks from any dislike of settled labour, but because they have heard the call of far horizons, *belles étoiles* and great spaces.

The Co. consisted of a woolly donkey which carried Oswald's portmanteau when he trekked, and a hairy dog which provided him with company and conversation.

The donkey browsed, unfettered, about the roadside, taking the weather as it came; but Oswald and the dog, degenerates, sheltered under a wigwam of saplings and old sacks.

The wigwam being four feet long and Oswald six, he had to telescope like a tortoise to get fully under cover; sometimes he forgot his feet and left them outside all night in the dew, but, as he had no boots to spoil, this didn't matter much.

Not having any business to attend to he lay abed very late. Our troopers, riding at ease *en route* to the drill grounds, would toss their lighted cigarette-ends at the protruding bare feet. A grizzled head telescoping out of the other end of the wigwam and a husky voice calling down celestial fury upon them, would signalise a hit.

The Adjutant was for having Oswald moved on; we should be missing things presently, he warned—saddle-blankets, rifles, horses, perhaps the portcullis. However, the O.C. would have none of it; he maintained that this constant menace at our gates kept the sentries on the *qui vive* and accustomed them to practically Active Service conditions.

So all the summer the wigwam remained on the turf-patch and the sentries on the *qui vive*.

How Oswald existed is a mystery—probably on manna, for he toiled not neither span, and if he stole for a living it was not from us.

He spent his mornings in bed, his afternoons reclining on the bank behind his residence, puffing at his dudheen and watching our recruits going through the hoops with the amused contempt that a gentleman of leisure naturally feels for the working classes.

At the end of September, Freddy, the Benedick, finding himself in the orderly-room and forgetting what had brought him there, applied for leave as a matter of habit, and, walking out again, promptly forgot all about it. Freddy is given that way. Apparently

the Orderly Room was finding time heavy on their hands that morning, for machinery was set in motion, and in due course the astonished Freddy discovered himself with permission to go to blazes for seven days and a warrant to London in his pocket.

He capered whooping home to his villa, told Mrs. Freddy to pack her toothbrush and come along, and the mail bore them hence. Next day the weather broke, the sky turned upside down and emptied itself upon us, the parade ground squelched if you trod on it, the gutters failed to cope with the rush of business, and the roads ran in spate.

The post-orderly, splashing back to barracks, reported the disappearance of Oswald and Co.

We determined that they must have been washed out to sea and pictured them astride the wigwam in a beam-roll off Kinsale, keeping a watchful eye for U-boats.

We had seven days of unrelieved downpour. On the morning of the eighth, Freddy and wife returned from leave, and, opening the front door of the villa—which they discovered they had forgotten to lock in the delirium of their departure—stepped within. At the same moment, Oswald, the hairy dog and the woolly donkey heard the call of the great spaces, and, opening the back door of the villa, stepped without and departed for haunts unknown.

Freddy in a high state of excitement came over to the Mess and told us all about it.

He himself had been all for slaying Oswald on the spot, he said, but Mrs. Freddy wouldn't hear of it.

"She says he hasn't stolen anything," Freddy explained. "She says he was only *staying* with us, in a manner of speaking, and was quite right to take his poor old dog and donkey under cover during that rotten weather, she says—so that's the end of it."

But it wasn't the end of it; Freddy had reckoned without his other O.C. Here was a heaven-sent opportunity of training the men under practically Active Service conditions, scouring the country after real game—Ho! toot the clarion, belt the drum! Boot and saddle! Hark away!

So now we are out scouring the country for Oswald and Co., one hundred men and horses, caparisoned like Christmas-trees, soaked to the skin, fed to the teeth. And Oswald and Co.—where are they? We cannot guess, and we are very very tired of practically Active Service conditions.

Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! Anyone finding three children of the Open answering to the description of our friends the enemy, and returning them, dead or alive, to our little fortress, will be handsomely and gratefully rewarded.

Patlander.



Earnest Lady "Of course I understand men must drink while doing such hot and heavy work. But must it be beer? Can't they drink water?"

Mechanic. "Yes, lady, they can drink water, but (*confidentially*) it makes 'em so giddy."

"Bo heat at hearth and to strike occasionally."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

A case for the N.S.P.C.C.

Appended to a quotation from *The Globe* on German intrigues with the Vatican:—

"[Note: The above is obviously from the pen of Mr. L. J. Maxse, the editor of the *National Review*, who, as recently announced, has become associated with the editorial direction of the Pope.]"

Manchester Evening Chronicle.

In pursuance of this arrangement His Holiness will in future take the style of *Pontifex Maxsemus*.

Journalistic Candour.

"M. Kerensky has announced that all leaders of the revolt will be tried by court-martial, and has indicated that a determined end will be put to the present state of affairs by the most drastic means. Add Russian Fudge matter. utikwtStdbeto"

Adelaide Register.

We have lately read a good deal of "Russian Fudge matter."

"Promenade Concerts, Queen's Hall.

Sir Henry J. Wood, Conductor.

Mondays—Wagner. ——?——?—?——
Tuesdays—Russian. cymfwypo——
Wednesdays—Symphony. cmfwypcmfwvfg
Thursdays—Popular. cmfwypcmfwycppwf
Fridays—Beethoven. cmfwypomfwyy
Saturdays—Popular. cmfwypcmf——"

The Star.

A sporting effort to reproduce the effect of the barrage *obbligato*.



Footpad. "I hear a cyclist coming. I'll upset his bike, and then——"



But it was Mr. Tuber-Caine, the allotment enthusiast, returning from his labours.

TO AN INFANT GNU.

Thomas (that may not be thine actual name
But it will serve as well as any other),
There be coarse souls to whom all flesh is game,
Who do not hail thee as a new-born brother
But merely as a thing at which to aim
Their fratricidal guns; they simply smother
The sense, which I for one cannot eschew,
Of soul relationship 'twixt man and gnu.

'Tis not, O surely not, for such as these
Those baby limbs are flung in lightsome capers;
Those puny bleatings were not meant to please
Facetious writers for the daily papers;
Let baser beasts inspire the obvious wheeze,
Wombats and wart-hogs, tortoises and tapirs;
These lack the subtle spell thy presence flings
About the spirit tuned to higher things.

Well could I picture thee, a dusky sprite,
With Dryad hoofs on Thracian ledges drumming,
When day is slipping from the arms of night
And all the hushed leaves whisper, "Pan is coming!"
And thou before him, leaping with delight,
Stirring all birds to song, all bees to humming
And buds to blossoming—but lo! at hand
A tablet reads, "*C. Gnu. Nyassaland.*"

Thus they've described thy formidable sire,
A whiskered person with a chronic liver.
I feed him biscuits to appease his ire;
He eats the gift but fain would bite the giver.
His eye is red with reminiscent fire,
His thoughts are by the great Zambesi River
Where hides the hippopotam, huge as sin,
And slinking leopards with the dappled skin.

No couches of the nymph and Bassarid,
Or thymy meadows such as Simois glasses,
Lured his exulting feet, my jocund kid,
But veldt and kloof and waving jungle grasses,
Where lurk the python with unwinking lid,
And the lean lion, growling, as he passes,
His futile wrath against the hoarse baboons
That drape the rocks in chattering platoons.

Free of the waste he snuffed the breeze at morn,
The fleet-foot peer of sassaby and kudu;
The hunting leopard feared his bristling horn,
The foul hyæna voted him a hoodoo;
Browsing on tender grass and camel-thorn
He roamed the plains, as all right-minded gnu do;
But now he eats the bun of discontent
That once was lord of half a continent.

And thou, my child, to whom harsh fate has dealt
A captive's birthright—thou wilt never scamper
With wingéd feet across the windy veldt,
Where are no crowds to stare nor bars to hamper;
Thou wilt not ring upon the rhino's pelt
In wanton sport. But there—why put a damper
On thy young spirits by recounting what
Africa is but Regent's Park is not.

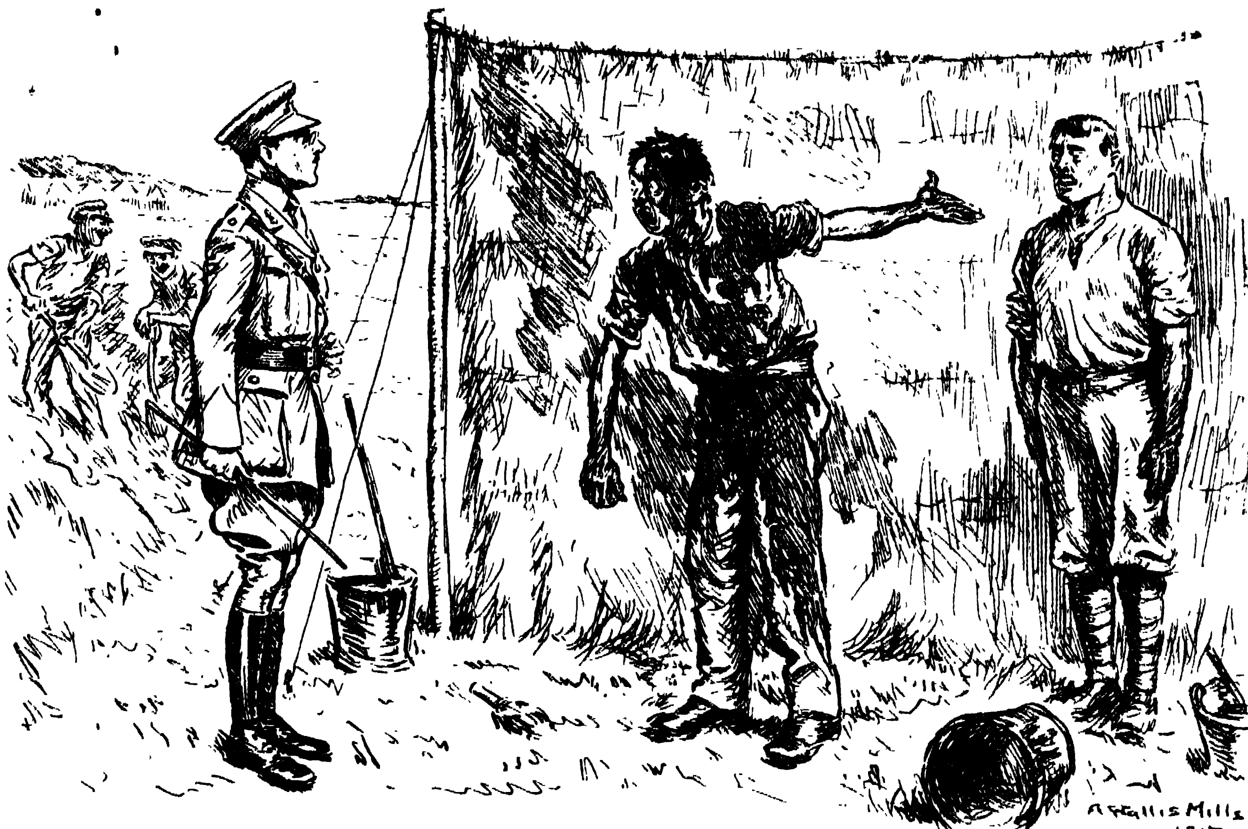
It would but grieve thee, and, moreover, I
Note that thy young attention's growing looser.
A piece of cake? O fie! my Thomas, fie!
The keeper said, "Please not to feed the gnu, Sir."
And yet it seems a shame to pass thee by
Without some slight confectionery douceur;
So here's a bun; and let this thought obtrude:
What matter freedom while there's lots of food!

ALGOL.

Pro-Germanism in Kensington.

"At St. Mary Abbot's, in Kensington, the organist played hymns for two hours during the Sunday raid, in which the congregation joined."—*Daily Mirror.*

The rumour that in consequence of the recent invasion of a popular sea-coast resort by denizens of the East End the local authorities have decided to change its name to "Brightchapel" is at present without foundation.



TRIALS OF A CAMOUFLAGE OFFICER.

C. Officer. "Now then, what's the meaning of this?"

C. Painter. "I was telling 'im 'e didn't know nothing about camerflarge, Sir, and 'e says, 'Ho, don't I? I'll soon show yer. I'll make yer so's yer own mother won't know yer'; an' 'e ups with the paint-bucket all over me, Sir."

L'AGENT PROVOCATEUR.

A short while ago the following advertisement appeared in the "Personal" column of *The Times*:—

"Artist (33), literary, travelled, mentally isolated, would appreciate brilliant, interesting correspondents; writers' anonymity observed."

Now thereby hang many tales (none of them necessarily true). Here is one of them.

The Colonel of the Blank-blank Blankshires exclaimed (as all proper Colonels are expected to do), "Ha!" Carefully marking with a blue pencil a small paragraph on the front page of *The Times*, he threw it on the table among the attentive Mess and snorted.

"Ha! A Cuthbert — a genuine shirker! I think some of you might oblige the gentleman."

Then he stepped outside and went into the seventh edition of his impressionist sketch, "Farmyard of a French Farm," with lots of BBB pencil for the manure heap. He was a young C.O. and new to the regiment.

The Mess "carried on" the conversation.

"*I'll* write to the blighter," shouted the Junior Sub. "I'll be an awf'lly 'interesting correspondent.'"

"And a brilliant one?" queried the Major.

"A Verey brilliant one, Sir," asserted the Sub., giving a sample.

"This sort of slacker," said the Senior Captain bitterly, as with infinite toil he scraped the last of the glaze from the inside of the marmalade pot, "is the sort that doesn't realise that there's a war on."

"Don't you make any mistake," said the Major, "*he* knows, poor devil! I'm going to write to him and say, 'When I think of the incessant strain of the trench warfare carried on with inadequate support by you civilians of military age against the repeated brutal attacks of tribunals, I marvel at the indomitable pluck you display. In your place I should simply jack it up, plead ill-health and get into the Army.'"

"I've got an idea," said the Junior Sub. joyously.

"Consolidate it quickly," said the Adjutant, "and prepare to receive counter-attacks. Yes?"

"I've never yet been allowed to explain *my* side of that confounded affair of the revetments. I'll tell it all to Cuthbert. *He*'ll sympathise with me. I'll tell him all that the C.O. said and all that I should have *liked* to say to the C.O. To pour out one's troubles into a travelled literary bosom — what a relief!"

"That's rather an idea," said the Senior Captain. "I nurse a private grief of my own beneath a camouflage of — of persiflage. I think I shall ask Cuthbert's opinion, as an artist, of a brother artist who himself does perfectly unrecognisable sketches of farmyards"—he waved a golden-syrup spoon towards the Colonel and the manure-heap—"and yet demands a finnicking and altogether contemptible realism in the matter of trench maps. Pass the honey, please."

"It seems to me," said the Major reflectively as he rose from table, "that 'Artist, 33, literary, travelled, mentally isolated' (one) is going to be buried beneath the weight of the world's grievances—or the grievances of this battalion, at any rate."

"It's the same thing," observed the Senior Captain gloomily. "Isn't there any preserved ginger? Lord, what a Mess!"

Weary Williams, a time-expired

Second Lieutenant—a ticket-of-leave man, as it were, without a ticket-of-leave—who had once commanded the remnants of two companies with honour but not with acknowledgment, poised a fountain-pen, inquiring casually, "*What* was it the C.O. said about the destruction of Ypres? Ah, yes" (and he began to write), "*a Brobdingnagian act of brachycephalic brutality. . . .*"

* * * * *

At breakfast about a week later the Colonel seemed to be enjoying his immense pile of correspondence so heartily that many of the Mess, comparatively letterless as they were, directed glances of injured interest towards him—of rather deeper interest than was warranted by military discipline or civilian breeding (which are, of course, the same virtue in different forms).

Then, presently, as he put down one letter and opened another, the Major was seen to stiffen and the Junior Sub. to wilt. The attention of the table became as fixed and frigid as that of the midnight sentry at a loophole. The Colonel toyed happily with another letter (while the Senior Captain made a careful census of the grounds at the bottom of his coffee-cup), took the range of the manure-heap outside the window from the angles of the table-legs, rose, and departed with his correspondence, summoning Williams to follow him.

Outside the Weary One waited respectfully for the Colonel to speak.

"So you saw through my camouflage?" said the latter thoughtfully.

"Yes, Sir."

"How did you do it?"

"Well, Sir, to mention only the internal evidence—an 'Artist'"—Williams waved his hand expressively towards the manure-heap, "'thirty-three'—one of the youngest C.O.'s in the Army, I believe?" He bowed politely.

"Ha!" said the Colonel.

"'Literary'—I remember your stopping Captain Jones's leave for a split infinitive in a ration return. 'Travelled'—you have travelled in Turkey, I think, Sir?"

The Colonel, who had been blown out of a trench at Krithia, nodded shortly.

"'Mentally isolated'—I'm afraid, Sir, our Mess doesn't afford very much for a mind like yours to bite on. I'm afraid, too, that such correspondence as—as mine, for instance—can hardly be called either brilliant or interesting."

"I don't know," said the Colonel. "That was a very good bit about the destruction of Ypres. What was it?—Ha, yes—*A Brobdingnagian act*—"

"—*of brachycephalic brutality*, Sir. But that was not original."

"If you can't be original yourself," said the Colonel kindly, "the next best thing is to quote from those who can."

"That's what I thought, Sir."

"Ha! Well, of course the writers' anonymity must be observed—that's a point of honour. Still, I think, Williams—I have been asked to recommend an intelligent officer for a staff appointment—that if I were to name *you* I should not go far wrong. And—er—if you are ever asked for an opinion of the destruction of Ypres—"

"I shall remember to give the reference, Sir. Thank you, Sir." W. B.

A TROPICAL TRAGEDY.

ON the tesselated slopes
Of the Isle of Tapioca,
Where the azure antelopes
Haunt the valley of Avoca,
Dwelt the maid Opoponax,
Only child of Brox Koax,
Far renowned in song and saga,
Ruler of ten million blacks,
Emperor of Larranaga.

She could play the loud jamboon
With a fervour corybantic;
She could hurl the macaroon
Far into the mid-Atlantic;
More self-helpful than a SMILES,
She could ride on crocodiles,
Catch the fleetest flying-fishes;
She could cook, like EUSTACE MILES,
Wondrous vegetarian dishes.

In the cool of eventide,
Gracefully festooned with myrtle,
In her sampan she would glide
Forth to spear the snapping turtle;
And her voice was blinding sweet,
Piercing as the parrakeet,
Fruity as old Manzanilla,
With a *soupçon* of the bleat
Of the African gorilla.

Eligible swains in shoals,
Victims to her fascination,
Toasted her in flowing bowls
Far beyond all computation;
There was valorous Hupu,
Xingalong and Timbalu,
And the peerless Popocotl,
Who had gained a triple blue
For his prowess with the bottle.

But Opoponax, whose mind
Soared above her native tutors,
Imperturbably declined
All these brave and dusky suitors.
Finally she hailed a tramp
And, contriving to decamp
To the shores of Patagonia,
Finding them too chill and damp,
Perished of acute pneumonia.

In an even darker doom
Tapioca's greatness ended,
For her father to the tomb
By swift leaps and bounds descended;
Xingalong and Timbalu
Both were slaughtered by Hupu,
Who was slain by Popocotl,
Who himself soon after slew
With an empty whisky bottle.

Every tale, we often hear,
Ought to have a wholesome moral;
And this truth is just as clear
In the land of palm and coral;
For this tragedy in tones
Louder than a megaphone's
Warns us that two things are risky,
If you dwell in torrid zones—
Change of climate, love of whisky.

What to do with our Spare Teeth.

From the window of an emporium of ivory articles:—

"CUSTOMERS' OWN TUSKS MOUNTED."

"Daily morning housework; wanted at once, temporarily respectable person."
Middlesex County Times.

Everything is temporary in war-time.

From a drapery firm's advertisement:—

"We are the hub-bub of the Universe."

A distinct infringement of the KAISER'S prerogative.

"The pilot of the Sopwith single-seater aeroplane dropped his bombs and made off safely through a hail of anti aircraft shells, but not before his observer had been wounded in the arm."—*Daily Express.*

It is inferred that the observer, in default of other accommodation, was seated upon the pilot's knee.

"Many an Englishman who disliked hunting or shooting in July, 1914, would have cheerfully pressed a button if he could thereby kill 100,000 Germans of military age in July, 1915."—*The English Review.*

But then, of course, there is no close time for Germans.

"We were pleased to meet here lately Captain ——, R.E., who has been in France since near a couple of years and has seen considerable service in H.M. forces. He left last week en route for la belle Francaise. We wish the gallant officer all future military success."
Scotch Paper.

Our best wishes for the lady, too.

"We have sunk more German submarines than ever before. The Admiralty has begun to see its way to reduce the danger to proportions, normal and negotiable, like other dangers. If that is done within the next months the British flea will have gained the most memorable, though the least evident, victory in all its annals."—*Observer.*

Good old insect! But what an odd way to spell it.



A CONSIDERATE FOE.

"Is it safe now, Mister?" "Yes, it was all clear at 9.20."
"Good on 'em! Jest gave my ole man time to git 'is final."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Mr. Stephen McKenna, with the blushing honours of *Sonia* still fresh upon him, has now turned his pen to a tale of farcical adventure, the result being *Ninety-Six Hours' Leave* (Methuen), and I could find it in my heart to regret it. Because, to speak frankly, the present volume will do little to add to the reputation so deservedly won by the other. It is a tangle of complications, which, since they have nothing solid to rest upon, begin by baffling, and end by boring, the reader who strives to keep pace with them. A young officer, wishful to dine at a smart hotel and having no appropriate clothes, is struck with the idea of pretending to be a foreign royalty, and thus incapable of sartorial indiscretion. And, as all sorts of assassins and undesirable aliens happened to be waiting about to kill the man whose style he borrowed, you can make a fair guess at the subsequent action. There is much dialogue, most of it sparkling, though even here I have to report criticism from a young friend to whom I introduced the story. He said, "People don't talk like that really." Which happens to be undeniably true. Thus, while giving Mr. McKenna credit for an active invention and some really witty turns of phrase, I fear I must repeat my warning that as a *farceur* he is below his best form.

The clever lady who elects to call herself "Richard Dehan" has already secured a deserved reputation as a writer of short stories. Her new book, *Under the Hermes* (Heinemann), gives us a further selection of tales of various lengths, from one that is not quite a novel to others that are as brief as ten pages. The themes and settings are equally varied; but all—or almost all—show the writer at her best in the vigorous, swift and exciting development of some dramatic situation. The exception, I may say at once, is the title tale, to my mind a stilted and - in a double sense —obviously "studio piece," quite unworthy of its position at the opening of so attractive a volume, where indeed it might easily discourage a questing reader. "Mr. Dehan" is far more fairly represented by such brilliant little miniatures of historical romance as (to select three at random) "A Speaking Likeness," "A Game of Faro" and "The Vengeance of the Cherry Stone"—slight sketches ranging from France of the Revolution to mediæval Bologna, but each most effective in its vivid colouring and well-handled climax. Since one of these has lingered for many years in my recollection from some else forgotten magazine, I suspect that most of the tales in the volume may be making a second appearance. If so, it is in every way deserved.

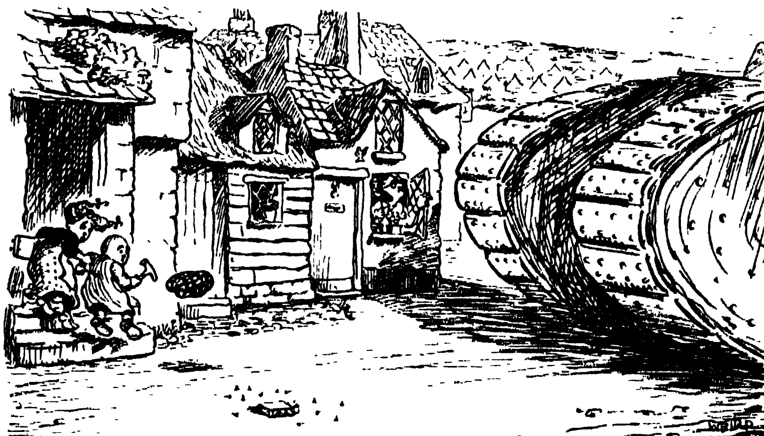
Trench Pictures from France (Melrose) is by the late Major William Redmond, M.P., and *The Ways of War* (Constable) is by the late Professor T. M. Kettle, M.P. Both these books are memorials raised to their authors by the pious zeal of relations and friends who thought it shame that so much nobility of purpose and generous ardour should go unrecorded in a tribute more permanent than the fleeting memories of contemporary survivors. Both Willie Redmond and Tom Kettle were Irishmen and members of the Nationalist Party and were to that extent foes of the British Government; yet, when they were

compelled to look the Prussian menace in the face, neither the older man nor the younger hesitated for a moment. Each, though there were many reasons that might have pleaded against such a course, "joined up" in an Irish regiment, each in due time went to France and each made the supreme sacrifice, falling with his face to the foe. Neither doubted for a moment that he was serving the cause of Ireland in fighting against Prussianism and all that it implies. Their enthusiastic approval of the justice of our cause should be to us a great assurance. I know them both and can say with the most complete sincerity that I never knew two men better loved by all who had to do with them or more worthy of this universal affection. It is in every way right that they should be commemorated for future generations. Willie Redmond's book consists of a series of sketches of the War contributed by him to *The Daily Chronicle*. They are written with great charm and, even in the gloomiest surroundings, reflect the sunny nature of the man. There is a most appreciative biographical memoir by E. M. Smith-Dampier, and in an appendix will be found the memorable and splendid speech delivered by Willie Redmond in the House of Commons on March 7th of this year—a true salutation in view of death. Kettle's book is in the main a reprint of articles that reveal a brilliant and versatile mind. Mrs. Kettle contributes a very interesting and sympathetic account of her gallant husband's life. It would have been impossible for such a man not to have hated the German tyranny.

Mr. Stacy Aumonier takes for his theme the development of a clever neurotic, *Arthur Gaffyn*, who stands, in relation to normal life and normal feelings, *Just Outside* (Methuen)—a common modern type, perhaps a commoner type in all ages than the obvious records show. The author handles with real subtlety the phases of *Arthur's* marriage with a woman much older than himself, a marriage in which the hunger of the woman for love was a greater factor than the not deeply stirred passion of the man. Then, with the appearance of the destined mate, beauty and youth and desire carry the day against duty, but neither callously nor flippantly. The insight and sympathy displayed in the analysis of motive are remarkable. The author has a real gift for portraiture. In particular he touches in his minor folk with extraordinarily deft defining lines. Perhaps in general there is a little hesitancy in craftsmanship, a slight quavering between the fashionable modern realism and an older romanticism. But the seriousness of his artistic intention, the solidity of his work (which is by no means to say stodginess, quite the contrary) will commend Mr. Aumonier to all who care to listen to people who have the one thing necessary, something to say; and the other thing desirable, a pleasant way of saying it.

In its quiet unobtrusive way *When Michael Came to Town* (Hutchinson) is a most excellent specimen of Madame Albanesi's art. No sound of war is to be heard in it, and when I think how completely some of our novelists have failed when trying to deal with contemporary events I cannot be too thankful that this novel is laid in a period before the Germans became an uncivilised nation. *Olive*, the heroine, a delightful girl, is the supposititious child of *Sir James Wenborough*, whose wife, in his absence and without his knowledge, secured her as a substitute for their own child, who died at its birth. The secret is disclosed by an unscrupulous minx, who uses the knowledge she has obtained to push her way into the *Wenborough* household. Men are not Madame Albanesi's strongest points, but in *Roderick Gaye* and *Michael Wenborough* we have well-contrasted characters, and the worst that can be said of them is that they belong to rather stock types. Altogether a book which many people will describe as "perfectly sweet;" but, because of its sympathetic qualities and sound workmanship, it deserves a more distinctive label.

When the lean brown hero with the hawk lip extends an arm of steel from the six-cylinder Rolls-Royce in which he is lounging and snatches the beautiful mannequin from between the very jaws of an omnibus, we realise that we are in the presence of Romance in its purest form. A spin in the Park and a cosy dinner in a Soho restaurant are quite sufficient to convince hero and heroine that they are each other's own. Some novelists would let it go at that, but not Mr. Arthur Applin, who has only got to chapter II. and wishes to give us value for our money. What's to come is, as Shakspeare says, still unsure, but apparently the heroine, who has gone to break the happy news to a poor but respectable aunt in Devonshire, is met at the country station by a chauffeur, who calls her "Lady Alice" and waves her towards a large Limousine. She knows she isn't Lady Alice and has no car to meet her, but she hops in nevertheless. She doesn't know where she is going, but she is on her way. There is a smash, and when the heroine comes to she is being called Lady Alice in an ancestral castle. Everything has been obliterated from her memory, including her own identity and that of the hero, and the author can now make a fresh start. If you wish to know how it all ends you must get *The Woman Who Was Not* (Ward, Lock), but there is no compelling reason why you should.



"Oh, you awful boy! You've left the tacks in the road, and now the tank'll get a puncture."

Air-Raid Fashions at Manchester.

"Monday commences the final week of Sir Thomas Beecham's Season of Nighty Promenade Concerts."
Manchester City Press.

"Wensleydale Blue-Faced Sheep-Breeders' Show."
Yorkshire Post.

We cannot conceive why these breeders should look blue with prices at their present height.

War-time Frugality.

"Before an interested and applauding public on the verandah of the Club-house Mrs. MacDonald, who had also provided tea, distributed the cups and other insignia of victory to the successful competitors."
Standard (Buenos Aires).

CHARIVARIA.

THE mutiny of the German sailors at Kiel is now explained: They preferred death to another speech from the KAISER.

* * *

A Constantinople poet has translated the plays of SHAKSPEARE into Turkish. The rendering is said to be faithful to the text, and it is assumed that a keen appreciation of Turkey's military necessities alone accounts for his reference to the "Swan of Avon" as the "Bulbul of Potsdam."

* * *

The use of flour as an ingredient of sausages is now forbidden. Young sausages which have hitherto been fed on bread and milk must either be broken to bones or killed for the table.

* * *

An optimist writes to express the hope that by this elimination of flour the dreadful secret of the sausage may be at last revealed.

* * *

The German Government has created a Pulp Commission. We have always said they would be reduced to it in time.

* * *

The King of SIAM'S royal yacht has been turned into a cargo boat. Reports that the Sacred White Elephant has been commandeered for use as a floating dock are still unconfirmed.

* * *

For giving corn to pheasants a fine of ten pounds has been inflicted on a merchant of New York (Lincs.) The removal *en bloc* of this village from the mouth of the Hudson river to its present site should finally convince the sceptics of the magnitude of America's war effort.

* * *

The Vacant Land Cultivation Society offers a prize of ten shillings for the heaviest potato. Some of our most notorious potato-tellers are expected to compete.

* * *

The provision of steel helmets for the Metropolitan Police is all right so far as it goes, but the Force is still asking why it cannot be furnished with some protection for its other extremities.

* * *

From China it is reported that an aboriginal priest now claiming the Throne has been accustomed to eat the flesh of tigers, wolves, leopards, &c., also the human heart. It is, however, only fair to our own restaurateurs to state that, though China is alleged to be on the eve of war, there is as yet no food-control in that country.

* * *

An unusual scarcity of wasps is reported from various parts of the country. Nothing is being done about it.

* * *

A calf has been sold for two thousand seven hundred guineas in Aberdeenshire. The plucky purchaser is understood to have had for some time past a craving for a veal cutlet.



The Wit. "AH, NOW YOU'RE FOR IT, ALBERT?"
Tractor-Driver. "WOT'S THE MATTER?"
The Wit. "WHY, YOU'VE BEEN AND GONE AND COME ON PARADE WITHOUT YOUR SPURS."

A new form of frightfulness is evidently being practised upon their guards by our interned Huns. "Some of them," says a contemporary, "purchase a hundred cigars with a portion of the one pound a day which is the miserable maximum they may spend on luxuries."

* * *

"People who speak of suicide seldom do anything desperate," says a well-known mental expert. So that the KAISER'S threat to fight England to the death may be taken for what it is worth.

* * *

An extraordinary meeting of German Reichstag Members has arrived at the decision that the Germans cannot hope for victory in the field. We see nothing extraordinary in this.

* * *

Professor BERGEN was once described as "the well-known inventor and philanthropist." He still invents (his latest is a gas-thrower, reported by the *Berliner Tageblatt* to be "a veritable monster of destruction"), but has dropped the other job.

* * *

A swallow-tail butterfly which escaped from the Zoo has been re-captured at Eastbourne. When caught it gave the policeman to understand that it would go quietly.

* * *

Two men, we read, took twenty-two hours to chisel a hole through the three-foot flint concrete roof of the London Opera House. The report that they did this to avoid the Entertainment Tax has now been contradicted.

* * *

"The American Winston Churchill," says *The Daily Express*, "has to plod through life without a middle name." We all have our little cross to bear. Even the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS has to plod through life with the knowledge that there is another Winston Churchill loose about the world.

* * *

It is proposed that Parliament shall sit from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., instead of from 3 to 11 P.M. We do not care for this crude attempt to mix business with politics.

* * *

The Boundary Commission Report advocates the creation of thirty-one new M.P.'s. It will be a bitter disappointment for those who were sanguine enough to hope that Redistribution would spell Reform.

* * *

The Government has commandeered all stocks of rum. The rigours of war, it seems, must be suffered even by our little tots.

"The bridegroom, 6 ft. 35 ins. in height, was wearing the full-dress uniform of a captain in the Army."—*Great Yarmouth Independent.*

He would need it all.

Headline to a description of a recent push:—

"VONDERFUL RESULTS."
Evening Paper.

The "Hidden Hand" in the composing-room?

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD.

["Stedfastness and righteousness are the qualities which the German people value in the highest degree, and which have brought it a good and honourable reputation in the whole world. When we make experiments in lies and deception, intrigue and low cunning, we suffer hopeless and brutal failure. Our lies are coarse and improbable, our ambiguity is pitiful simplicity. The history of the War proves this by a hundred examples. When our enemies poured all these things upon us like a hailstorm, and we convinced ourselves of the effectiveness of such tactics, we tried to imitate them. But these tactics will not fit the German. We are rough but moral, we are credulous but honest."—*Herr Dernburg, in "Deutsche Politik."*]

In Eden bowers, so fair to see,
There dwelt, when sin was yet to be,
A guileless Serpent up a tree,
Sniffing the virgin breezes;
Till Eve (the huzzy!), one fine day,
With evil purpose came his way,
And led that simple worm astray
By low and wicked wheezes.

A Wolf there was, quite sweet and good,
Till in his path Red Riding-Hood
Went camouflaging through the wood—
A brazen little terror;
Large teeth she had and bulgy eyes
And told the most amazing lies,
And taught him, in a flowery guise,
The downward route to error.

Of Fritz's nature, fresh as morn,
Pure as a babe that's just been born,
Clean as a poodle lately-shorn,
These are symbolic samples;
The Wolf unversed in specious vice,
The Serpent with a taste as nice
As anything in Paradise—
Debauched by bad examples.

England seduced us. 'Neath her spell,
Mistress of lies, we fell and fell
Into the poisoned sink, or well,
Of faked and fabulous rumour;
And there, as we were bound to do,
We failed, because we loved the True,
And loathed the False as alien to
Our artless German humour.

I speak as one who ought to know;
Myself I tried a trick or so
In U.S.A. and had to go,
Looking absurdly silly;
And now against us, big with fate,
That Hemisphere has thrown its weight,
Both North and South (though up to date
We haven't heard from Chili).

Laughter we've earned—a noble shame!
Built to achieve a higher aim,
We honest Huns can't play the game
Of shifty propaganders;
Henceforth we'd better all get back
On to the straight and righteous track
And help our Hindenburg to back
(If not too late) through Flanders.

O. S.

"Red heels were much in evidence, both Lady D—— and Lady C—— affected them, and they were to be seen in other unexpected places."—*Observer.*

Certainly their use as ornaments in the small of the back surprised us a good deal.

THE CARP AT MIRAMEL.

[In the following article all actual names, personal, geographical and regimental, have been duly camouflaged.]

The carp that live in the moat of the Château de Miramel (in the zone of the armies in France) are of an age and ugliness incredible and of a superlative cynicism. One of them—local tradition pointed to a one-eyed old reprobate with a yellow face—is the richer these hundred years past by an English peeress's diamond ring.

From the bottom of the moat one world-war is like another, and none of them very different from peace. It is but a row of grinning red healthy faces over the coping and a shower of bread and biscuit.

When the nightmare of Bonaparte was ended in the Autumn of 1815, the 22nd K.R. Lancers, commanded by an English peer, billeted themselves in and around the Château de Miramel. The English peer, finding time hang heavy on his hands, or my lady's letters proving insistent, sent for her to come out to him at Miramel. You could do that sort of homely thing in 1815.

So my lady comes to Miramel, and the very first day, as she leans out of window in the round tower, mishandles her diamond ring (gift of my lord) and drops it into the moat. Her host, the good Comte de Miramel, dredged and drained, but no trace of the diamond ring was ever found. But old Cyclops, the carp, grinned horribly.

In due course my lord and lady went home to the Isle of Fogs, and thence they sent their portraits to their host as a souvenir of their stay. Here indeed the portraits still hang, very graceful in the style of the period. And to the appreciative visitor Madame de Miramel (of to-day) shows a missive of thanks, written in indifferent bad French, in which my lady refers sorrowfully to "*ma bague diamantée.*"

* * * * * * *

Once again the 22nd K.R. Lancers are billeted in Miramel. The other day I noticed on a worn stone pillar at the great door the following half-obliterated words:—

"Ed. WYNN, pikeman of the dashing 22nd King's Ryol ridgemet of lanciers. Sept. 1815";

and freshly scratched above the inscription:—

"Better at piking than at speling.
22nd K.R. Lancers. Jas. Barnet. Sept. 1917."

The old carp seems to be right, and one war is very like another. There is no radical change in the orthography of the 22nd King's Royal Lancers, and some-one else's wall is still the medium for self-expression.

Old Cyclops must be throwing his mind back a hundred years or so. There is a rain of bread and biscuits into the moat and a ring of red grinning faces above the coping. Yesterday I threw a disused safety-razor blade over the old scoundrel's nose. And "Bless my soul!" he said, as he lazily bolted it, "there hasn't been such a year for minnows since 1815."

But Armageddon 1917 holds surprises even for those who live at the bottom of a moat. For very early this morning a bauble fell into the moat that Cyclops himself couldn't digest. The old cynic was found floating, scarred belly upwards, on the surface of the water.

The mess-waiter took charge of the *post-mortem*. Like the *Duke of Plaza Toro*, he "likes an interment" and rarely misses a last rite. A keen fisherman, he had little difficulty in extracting an exhibit for the Court's inspection, which he unhesitatingly pronounced to be a diamond ring in an advanced state of decomposition.

The mess-cook, on the other hand, identified the relic as the stopping, recently mislaid, from one of his back teeth.

In any case there seems little room for doubt that a Hun airman has avenged the long-dead lady.



ENIGMA.

Policeman (*on duty at St. Stephen's*). "STAND ASIDE, PLEASE."
Mr. Punch. "WHAT'S HAPPENING?"
Policeman. "PARLIAMENT REASSEMBLING."
Mr. Punch. "WHY?"



Ex-Bus-driver (in difficulties in the roadless zone). "'ERE'S OLE PICCADILLY UP AGIN—FAIR IN THE 'IGHTH OF THE SEASON."

THE MUD LARKS.

ALL the world has marvelled at "the irrepressible good humour" of old Atkins. Every distinguished tripper who comes Cook's-touring to the Front for a couple of days devotes at least a chapter of his resultant book to it. "How in thunder does Thomas do it?" they ask. "What the mischief does he find to laugh at?" Listen.

Years ago, when the well-known War was young, a great man sat in his sanctum exercising his grey matter. He said to himself, "There is a war on. Men, amounting to several, will be prised loose from comfortable surroundings and condemned to get on with it for the term of their unnatural lives. They will be shelled, gassed, mined and bombed, smothered in mud, worked to the bone, bored stiff and scared silly. Fatigues will be unending, rations short, rum diluted, reliefs late and leave nil. Their girls will forsake them for diamond-studded munitioneers. Their wives will write saying, 'Little Jimmie has the mumps; and what about the rent? You aren't spending all of five bob a week on yourself, are you?' This is but a tithe (or else a tittle) of the things that will occur to them, and their sunny natures will sour and sicken if something isn't done about it."

The great man sat up all night chewing penholders and pondering on the problem. The BIG IDEA came with the end of the eighth penholder.

He sprang to his feet, fires of inspiration flashing from his eyes, and boomed, "Let there be *Funny Cuts*!"—then went to bed. Next morning he created "I." (which stands for Intelligence), carefully selected his Staff, arrayed them in tabs of appropriate hue, and told them to go the limit. And they have been going it faithfully ever since. What the Marines are to the Senior Service, "I." is to us. Should a Subaltern come in with the yarn that the spook of HINDENBURG accosted him at Bloody Corner and offered him a cigar, or a balloon cherub buttonhole you with the story of a Bosch tank fitted with rubber tyres, C-springs and hot and cold water, that he has seen climbing trees behind St. Quentin, we retort, "Oh, go and tell it to 'I.'" and then sit back and see what the inspired official organ of the green tabs will make of it. A hint is as good as a wink to them, a nudge ample. Under the genius of these imaginative artists the most trivial incident burgeons forth into a LE QUEUX spell-binder, and the whole British Army, mustering about its Sergeant-Majors, gets selected cameos read to it every morning at roll-call, laughs brokenly into the jaws of dawn and continues chuckling to itself all day. Now you know.

Our Adjutant had a telephone call not long ago. "Army speaking," said a voice. "Will you send somebody over to Rataplan and see if there is a Town Major there?"

The Adjutant said he would, and a N.C.O. was despatched forthwith. He returned later, reporting no symptoms of one, so the Adjutant rang up Exchange and asked to be hooked on to Army Headquarters. "Which branch?" Exchange inquired. "Why, really I don't know—forgot to ask," the Adjutant confessed. "I'll have a try at 'A.'"

"Hello," said "A." "There is no Town Major at Rataplan," said the Adjutant. "You astound me, Fair Unknown," said "A."; "but what about it, anyway?" The Adjutant apologised and asked Exchange for "Q." department. "Hello," said "Q." "There is no Town Major at Rataplan," said the Adjutant. "Sorry, old thing, whoever you are," said "Q.," "but we don't stock 'em. Rations, iron; perspirators, box; oil, whale, delivered with promptitude and civility, but NOT Town Majors—sorry." The Adjutant sighed and consulted with Exchange as to who possibly could have rung him up.

Exchange couldn't guess unless it was "I."—no harm in trying, anyhow.

"Hello!" said "I." "There is no Town Major at Rataplan," the Adjutant droned somewhat wearily. "Wha-t!" "I." exclaimed, suddenly interested.



Owing to pressure from the All-Highest, his Oriental ally is forming a magic-carpet bombing squadron.

"Say it again, clearer. "Rat-a-plan—No—Town—Ma-jor," the Adjutant repeated. There was a pause; then he heard the somebody give off an awed "Good Lord!" and drop the receiver. Next morning in *Funny Cuts* (the organ of Intelligence) we learned that "Corps Headquarters was heavily shelled last night. The Town Major is missing. This is evidence that the enemy has brought long-range guns into the opposite sector." Followed masses of information as to the probable make of the guns, the size of shell they preferred, the life-story of the Battery Commander, his favourite flower and author.

The Bosch, always on the alert to snaffle the paying devices of an opposition firm, now has his "I." staff and *Funny Cuts* as well. From time to time we capture a copy and read this sort of thing:—

"From agonised screeches heard by one of our intrepid airmen while patrolling over the enemy's lines yesterday, it is evident that the brutal and relentless British are bayonetting their prisoners."

A Highland Division, whose star pipers were holding a dirge and lament contest on that date, are now ticking off the hours to the next offensive.

The Antrims had a *cordon bleu* by the name of Michael O'Callagan. He was a sturdy rogue, having retreated all the way from Mons, and subsequently advanced all the way back to the Yser with a huge stock-pot on his back, from which he had furnished mysterious stews to all comers, at all hours, under any conditions. For this, and for the fact that he could cook under water, and would turn out hot meals when other *chefs* were committing suicide, much was forgiven him, but he was prone to look upon the *vin* when it was *rouge* and was habitually coated an inch thick with a varnish of soot and pot-black. One morning he calmly hove himself over the parapet and, in spite of the earnest attentions of Hun snipers, remained there long enough to collect sufficient *débris* to boil his dixies. Next day the Bosch *Funny Cuts* flared forth scareheads:—

"Savages on the Somme.

The desperate and unprincipled British are employing black cannibal Zulus in the defence of their system. Yesterday one of them, a chief of incredibly depraved appearance, was observed scouting in the open."

The communiqué ended with a treatise on the Zulu, its black man-eating habits, and an exhortation to "our old Brandenburgers" not to be dismayed.

Patlander.

More Sex Problems.

From a stock-auction report:—

"The bull calves.
The bull calves."
Glasgow Herald.

Notwithstanding the repetition of this statement we find great difficulty in believing it.

"Soldiers' Christmas Gifts.
Posting Dates for Egypt and Salonika."
Times.

It sounds a little like consigning coal to Newcastle.

"Air Raids.—Peaceful country rectory, Hampshire, well out of danger zone, can receive three or four paying guests. Large garden, beautiful scenery, high, bracing. Simple life. £10 each weekly."—*The Times.*

This enterprising parson seems to have borrowed his recipe for the simple life from Gray's *Elegy*:—

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenner of their way.

BEASTS ROYAL.

IV.

KING HENRY'S STAG-HOUND. A.D. 1536.

TEN puffs upon my master's toes,
And twenty on his sleeves,
Upon his hat a Tudor rose
Set round with silver leaves;
But never a hunting-spear,
And never a rowel-spur;
Who is this that he calls his Dear?
I think I will bark at her.

The Windsor groves were fresh and green,
Dangling with Summer dew,
When my master rode with his Spanish queen,
And the huntsman cried, "Halloo!"
Now never a horn is heard,
And never the lances stir.
Who is this that he calls his Bird?
I think I will follow her.

To-night my master walks alone
In the pleachéd pathway dim,
And the thick moss reddens on the stone
Where she used to walk with him.
When will he shout for the glove
And the spear of the verderer?
Where is she gone whom he called his Love?
For I cannot follow her.

SECOND CHILDHOOD.

I MUST make a confession to some-one. I have wasted raw material which is a substitute for something else indispensable for defeating the Hun, and probably traitor is the right name for me. Let me explain.

Somewhere in Nutshire there is a place called Cotterham. It is one of those little villages which somehow nobody expects to meet nowadays outside the pages of a KATE GREENAWAY painting book. There is the village green, with its pond and geese and absurdly pretty cottages with gardens full of red bergamot and lads'-love, and a little school where the children are still taught to curtsey and pull their forelocks when the Squire goes by. And beyond the Green, at the end of Plough Lane and after you have crossed Leg-o'-Mutton Common, you come to Down Wood, and if you don't meet Little Red Riding-Hood on the way or come on Snow White and her seven dwarfs, that is only because you must have taken the wrong turning after you came through the kissing-gate at the bottom of Lovers' Lane. I am a native of Cotterham, and in my more reflective moments I wonder why such an idyllic place should have produced anything so unromantic as myself, His Majesty's Deputy Assistant Acting Inspector for All Sorts of Unexpected Explosives. Cotterham still has a large place in my affections, and it gave me a considerable shock the other day to get a letter from the Squire, who is an old friend, asking me down for a week-end, and adding, "You can do a little professional job for me too. You really will be interested to see what splendid work is being done here in your line of fire. The output is some of the best in the district. But there has been trouble lately and the leaders of the two biggest shifts were found to have appropriated a substantial part of the output to their own uses. I shall rely on you to straighten things out and suggest the right penalties."

So they were even making munitions in Cotterham. I conjured up visions of interminable rows of huts, of thousands of overalled workers swamping Plough Lane, trampling the Green brown, scaring the geese, obliterating the immemorial shape of Leg-o'-Mutton Common by a mushroom township, laying Down Wood low, and coming to me with some miserable tale of petty pilfering for my adjustment. I must own I got out of the train at Muddlehampstead and into the station fly feeling distinctly low-spirited. It was some consolation to find that the railway still stopped seven miles short of my village, though I reflected gloomily that the place itself was doubtless a network of light railways by this time. We bowled along in stately fashion up Plough Lane and past Halfpenny Cross to the Manor House with its thatched roof and Virginia-creeper all over the porch. The Squire carried me off at once for the professional part of my visit, but we fell to talking of fishing, which had been good, and cubbing, which had been bad, and were on to Leg-o'-Mutton Common before I remembered to speak of munitions.

"Not much sign of war here," I said with a relieved sigh. "I was afraid they'd have spoilt the dear old heath for a certainty. Only don't say it's Down Wood they've gone to, for that'd be more than I could stand. I thought there were fairies there long after I ought to have been a hard-headed young man of six, and if they've gone and desecrated that wood with factories——"

The Squire smiled.

"I don't think I should worry. Amongst all your Unexpected Explosives do you happen to condescend to have heard of the gentle horse-chestnut and the school-children that collect them? Here are the two delinquents I wrote to you about, and we've caught them in the act. Just look at them wasting the precious things."

Two small boys were playing at conkers, two small boys, with very earnest faces and grubby clothes which never figured in KATE GREENAWAY'S pictures, wasting precious material which five-and-thirty other scholars were diligently collecting and stuffing into sacks. I ought to have given them a lecture on patriotism—the army behind the Army. But we each of us keep one childish passion untamed, even if we are unromantic old bachelors, and I, His Majesty's Deputy Assistant Acting Inspector for All Sorts of Unexpected Explosives and his very loyal subject, who have lived for nearly half-a-century of Octobers in London town—I borrowed the bigger conker and systematically and in deadly earnest I fought and defeated the other small boy.

They say that treason never succeeds; so perhaps I can't be a traitor after all.

THE UNDISMAYED.

IN a world of insecurity and change it is good to have one bedrock certainty upon which the mind can rest. Thrones totter and fall; Commanders-in-chief are superseded; Admirals of the High Fleet are displaced; in politics leaders come and go and reputations pass; in ordinary life a thousand mutations are visible. But amid all this flux there remains mercifully one resolute piece of routine that nothing can alter. Whatever may be happening elsewhere in the world—mutinies in the German Navy, revolutions in Russia, advances in France, advances in Flanders—Leicester Square keeps its head. Armageddon may be turning the world upside down, but it cannot cause those old antagonists, STEVENSON and REECE, to cease their perpetual contest; and if the War lasts another ten years you will read in *The Times* of October 17th, 1927, a paragraph to the effect that "at the close of play yesterday in the billiard match of 16,000 points up between Stevenson and Reece, at the Grand Hall, Leicester Square, the scores were: Reece (in play), 4,676; Stevenson, 2,837."

Not Cannibals after all.

"The first contingent of the American troops brought food for six months, and hence the fears of the peasants in France lest they should be eaten up are groundless."

Adelaide Advertiser.

"If the public continue to spend the same sum of money on bread at 9d. as they did when it was 1s., it is easy to see that the consumption will rise by a quarter or 25 per cent."—*Glasgow Evening News.*

We are always timid about questioning a Scotsman's arithmetic, but we make the increase a third, or 33⅓ per cent.

CROSS-TALK WITH PETHERTON.

Petherton and I have just emerged from another bombardment. Certain correspondence in *The Surbury Gazette and North Herts Courier* gave me a welcome excuse for firing what I may term a sighting shot. I wrote to my genial neighbour as follows:—

Dear Mr. Petherton,—No doubt you have seen the recent letters in the local paper anent the remains of the old Cross, which are at once an ornament to Castle Street, Surbury, and a standing menace to the peace of mind of the local antiquarians.

I am exceedingly interested in the matter myself and feel that the views of one who, I am sure, adds a wide knowledge of archæology to the long list of his accomplishments, would be both interesting and instructive to myself and (if you would allow your views to be published) to our little community in general.

If therefore you will write and let me know your opinion on the matter I shall take it as a friendly and cousinly (*vide* certain eighteenth-century documents in the Record Office) act.

Yours sincerely,
Henry J. Fordyce.

Petherton replied with a whizz-bang as thus:—

Sir,—I have read the idiotic correspondence to which you refer, and am informed that you are the author of the screed which appeared in last Saturday's issue of the paper. If my informant is correct as to the authorship of the letter I can only say it is a pity that, with apparently no knowledge of the subject, you should venture into print. Anyone enjoying the least acquaintance with the rudiments of English history would be perfectly aware that the remains have no connection with Queen Eleanor whatever. The whereabouts of all the crosses put up to her memory are quite well known to archæologists.

Yours faithfully,
Frederick Petherton.

I replied with light artillery:—

Dear Petherton,—Yours *re* the late Mrs. Edward Plantagenet to hand.

Though not a professed archæologist I do know something of the ruin in question, having several times examined it and having heard, perhaps, most, if not all, the various theories concerning it. I have been here a good deal longer than you have, I believe, and cannot think that you know more of the subject than I.

Have you read Wycherley's treatise on the Eleanor Crosses? [I invented this monograph for the purpose of inducing Petherton to reload.] If not, why not? Perhaps you would like to dispute the existence of a castle on the site where the Castle Farm now stands, and where such shameless profiteering is carried on in eggs and butter?

By the way, how is your poultry? I notice that your *seizième siècle* rooster wants his tail remodelling. Perhaps you are not worrying about new plumage for him till after the War, though it seems like carrying patriotism to absurd lengths.

Yours sincerely,
Henry J. Fordyce.

I hope you will allow your letter to be published in *The Gazette*.

In reply to this Petherton discharged with:—

Sir,—I am not concerned with the castle, which may or may not have existed in Surbury, nor am I interested in your friend's monograph on Eleanor Crosses. Other people besides yourself have the impudence to rush into print on matters of which they are sublimely ignorant.

Perhaps I had better inform you that Edward I. reigned at the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth centuries (1272-1307), not in the fifteenth, and a very slight knowledge of architecture would convince you that the Surbury relics are not earlier than the fifteenth century.

Trusting you will not commit any further absurdities, though I am not too sanguine,

I am, Yours faithfully,
Frederick Petherton.

My views are not for publication. I



He (connoisseur of wines). "We stayed several days at an inn in a little Gloucestershire village, as we found they had such an excellent cellar."

She. "Really! I had no idea the raiders had got so far west as that."



Excitable Lady (describing to wounded Tommies the appearance of a bomb-hole on the London Front). "YOU COULD HAVE BURIED A HORSE IN IT. YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A THING IN YOUR LIFE!"

prefer not to be mixed up in such a symposium.

It was evident that my neighbour's weapon was beginning to get heated, so I flicked him with some more light artillery to draw him on, and loosed off with:—

DEAR OLD MAN,—What a historian you are! You have JOHN RICHARD GREEN beaten to his knees, FROUDE and GARDINER out of sight, and even the authoress of the immortal *Little Arthur* could not have placed EDDY I. with greater chronological exactitude. In fact there seems to be no subject on which you cannot write informatively, which makes me sorry that you will not join in the literary fray in the local paper, as it deprives the natives of a great treat.

But—there is a but, my dear Fred—I cannot admit your claim to superior knowledge of the Surbury relics. Remember, I have grown up with them as it were. Yours ever,

HARRY FORDYCE.

SIR (exploded Petherton),—What senseless drivel you write on the least provocation! Whether you grew up with the Surbury relics or not, you have certainly decayed with them. Every stone that's left of that confounded ruin (probably only a simple market-cross) proclaims the date of its birth. Even the broken finial and the two crockets lying on the ground expose your ignorance. Eleanor Cross, bah!

Yours ffly., F. PETHERTON.

I thought it was time to emerge from my literary camouflage and let off a heavy howitzer; which I did, with the following:—

DEAR FREDDY,—I am afraid you have got hold of the wrong end of the stick and laid an egg in a mare's nest. [These mixed metaphors were designed to tease him into a further barrage.] I did not write, and I do not remember saying that I had written, the letter to the paper which seems to have given you as much pleasure as it has given me. I had no hand in the symposium, but the way you have brought your CHESTERFIELD battery into action has been so masterly that I, for one, can never regret that you were misinformed. I believe the particular letter to *The Gazette* was written by one of the staff, a native of the place, who probably carved his name on the base in his youth, and has felt a personal interest in the Cross ever since. I hope with this new light on the affair you will favour me with your further views on history and archæology.

Yours ever, HARRY.

How lovely the blackberries are looking after the rain!

But I couldn't draw Petherton's fire again, for his gun had been knocked out by this direct hit.

Sugar Control.

Thanks to the new sugar regulations we now expect half a pound of sugar per head per week instead of half a pound of sugar per head per-haps.

"HOGS STILL SOARING."
Headline in Canadian Paper.

The shortage of petrol seems to have driven them from the roads.

"Sir John Hare declares that there is no truth in the statement that he is saying '— — —' to the stage."—*Bournemouth Echo.*

Personally, we never believed that he would be guilty of such language.

"The only thing which will actually bring peace is an army of occupation standing on its own flat feet, either in Germany or on the German frontier."—*Weekly Dispatch.*

But why this preference for the flat-footed? Are not the hammer-toed to have a chance?



THE DANCE OF DEATH.

The Kaiser. "STOP! STOP! I'M TIRED."
Death. "I STARTED AT YOUR BIDDING; I STOP WHEN I CHOOSE."



Officer. "I SAY—LOOK HERE. I TOLD YOU TO GO TO PADDINGTON, AND YOU'RE GOING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION."
Taxi-Driver. "ORL RIGHT—ORL RIGHT! YOU'RE LUCKY TO GET A CAB AT ALL, INSTEAD OF GRUMBLIN' ABAHT WHERE YER WANTS TER GO TO!"

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER LX.

Mary. I wish, Mamma, that there were not so many shocking stories in history.

Mrs. M. History is, indeed, a sad catalogue of human miseries, and one is glad to turn aside from the horrors of war to the amenities of private life. Shall I tell you something of the domestic habits of the English in the early twentieth century?

Mary. Oh do, Mamma; I shall like that very much.

Mrs. M. The nobility and the well-to-do classes no longer lived shut up in gloomy castles, but made a point of spending most of their time in public. They never took their meals at home, but habitually frequented large buildings called restaurants, fitted up with sumptuous and semi-Sultanic splendour. In these halls, while the guests sat at a number of tables, they were entertained by minstrels and singers. It was even said that they acquired the habit of eating and drinking in time to the music. They were waited upon for the most part by foreigners, who spoke broken English, and what with the babel of tongues, the din of the music and the constant popping of corks, for alcohol had not yet been prohibited, the scene beggared description.

Richard. Well, I am sure I would rather dine in our neat little dining-room, with our silent wireless waiter, than partake of the most extravagant repasts in those sumptuous halls.

George. I must just ask you, Mamma, about one thing that has all along puzzled me very much. What was the House of Lords about all this time that they let the House of Commons govern the country and have their own way in everything?

Mrs. M. I am afraid, my dear George, that you are animated by a somewhat reactionary bias in favour of feudalism, which in your own best interests you would do well to curb. It is enough to say that some of the peers supported the House of Commons, and the majority were too timid to make any stand against the numbers and violence of the other House. Nowadays, thanks to the wide diffusion of peerages and the fact that they are conferred far more freely on persons of advanced political views, this lack of independence has largely been eliminated.

Richard. I am sure we must all thank you for the trouble you took to explain about Free Trade and Protection; but if you are not too tired will you kindly tell us something about the learned and clever men who lived at this time?

Mrs. M. You know, my dear boy, that I am always happy to impart information, and am pleased to have such attentive listeners. The authoress of your favourite poems, Mary, lived in this reign. I mean Mrs. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. The Rev. H. G. WELLS, the famous theologian who abolished the Latin and Greek grammars; the Baroness Corkscrew—to call her by the name under which she was ultimately elevated to the peerage—who wrote so many beautiful historical romances that she quite superseded Sir WALTER SCOTT; Sir JOHN OXENHAM, one of England's greatest poets; and Lord HALL-CAINE, author of *Isle of Man Power*, were commanding figures in this period.

Richard. Oh, Mamma, did not Lord HALL-CAINE discover the North Pole?

Mrs. M. Not that I am aware of, my dear boy, though it is quite possible. But you are probably confusing him with the Arctic explorer, Dr. KANE. Among the scientific men I must mention Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL,

the great Scots agriculturist who first applied intensive culture to the kailyard; General Belloc, the illustrious topographer, and Harold Begbie, who discovered and popularized Sir Oliver Lodge.

Richard. Ah, Mamma, I know enough about the Georgians to feel sure that you have left out a great many things. You have never told us about the Marquis of Northcliffe's discovery of America, his introduction of the potato to that Continent, and his building of the Yellow House in the Yellowstone Park.

George. And you have not fully satisfied our curiosity about Sir George Robey, Baronet, Lord Lauder, Sir Charles Chaplin and other great Leaders of English Society.

Mrs. M. True, my dear, but you must read their lives in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, for here is the tea, and I must leave off.

ALLIRAP ASRAS.

It would be interesting to know more of this great Persian ruler, but history being reticent our chance has gone, unless it should be the good fortune of some member of Sir Stanley Maude's expedition, rummaging in the archives of Baghdad, to come upon new facts. Meanwhile I offer the name as a terse and snappy one for a Persian kitten, such as I saw the other day convert several shillings'-worth of my aunt's Berlin wool (as it is still, I believe, called, in spite of *The Daily Mail*) into sheer scrap. Knitting however is not what it was in the early days of the War and the tragedy led to no bloodshed, my aunt, who has evidently an emulative admiration for Sir Isaac Newton, merely shaking her finger. But self-control among women must be on the increase, for in a hotel the other day I overheard a coffee-room conversation in which two cases were instanced of supreme heroism under agonising conditions—one being when a butler (an old and honoured butler too, who had never misconducted himself before) fainted while carrying round the after-dinner coffee and poured most of it over the ample shoulders of a dowager. This lady not only disregarded the pain and the damp, but assisted in bringing the butler to. The Distinguished Service Order has been given for less than that.

It was either in this hotel or another that I met the Naval officer among whose duties is the granting or refusing of permits to amateur photographers in districts where "Dora" does not wish for enemy cameras. Among the requirements of the form which has to be filled up is one asking the applicant, in the interests of identification, to specify any peculiar skin marks. One lady, with a conscientiousness not excelled by the actor who blacked himself all over to play *Othello*, stated that she had only an appendicitis scar.

But I am digressing. Where was I? Oh yes, we were discussing that great Persian, Allirap Asras. Those authorities who think that he was a predecessor of Bahram, the hunter, are wrong, for there was never any Persian of the name at all. I am sorry to have deceived you, but you must blame not me but a certain domestic remedy. If one bright cart, drawn by a mettled steed and dispensing this medicinal beverage at a penny a glass, will insist upon being outside Westminster Abbey and another at the top of Cockspur Street every working day of the week for ever and ever, how can one help sooner or later spelling its staple product backwards and embroidering a little on the result?

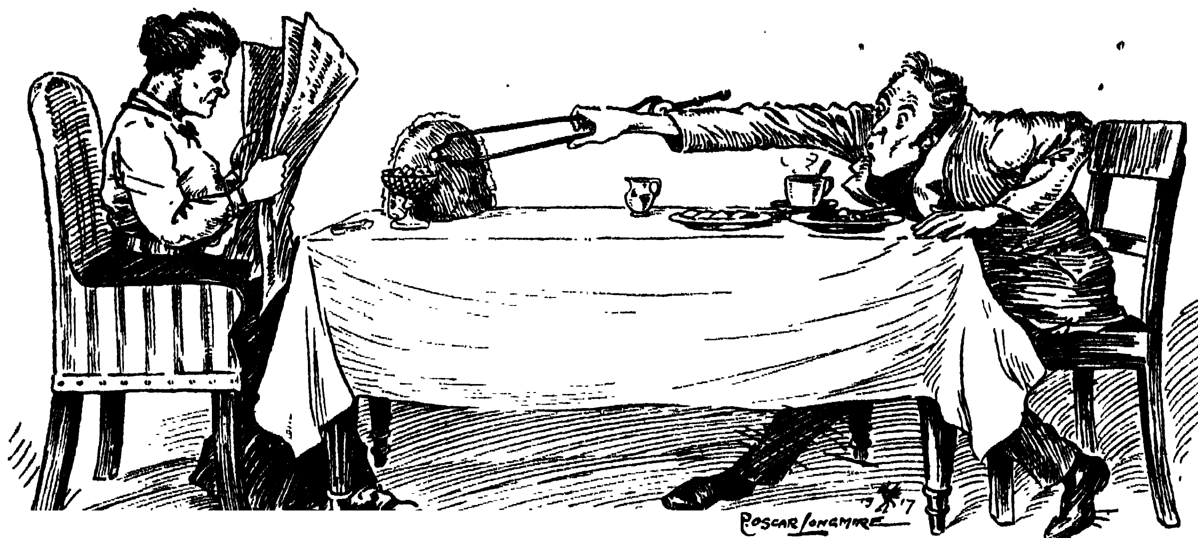
But what I want to know is—who drinks sarsaparilla, anyway?



Vague Tommy (writing letter). "Wot day is it?" *Chorus.* "The fourteenth.' *Tommy.* "Wot month?" *Chorus.* "October.' *Tommy.* "Wot year?"

"What fine fellows we might have been had we lived in those bygone times. We too, perhaps, would have influenced history and our names might have been inscribed in the book of immorality."—*New Ireland.*

We understand now why they call it Sin-Fain.



LAMENTABLE LARCENY IN A BOARDING-HOUSE.

A DECLARATION OF WAR.

This is the yarn that M'Larty told by the brazier fire,
Where over the mud-filled trenches the star shells blaze and expire—
A yarn he swore was a true one; but Mac was an awful liar:—

"'Way up in the wild North Country, a couple of years ago
I hauled Hank out of a snowdrift—it was maybe thirty 'below,'
And I packed him along to my shanty and I took and thawed him with snow.

"He was stiff as a cold-store bullock, I might have left him for dead,
But I packed him along, as I've told you, and melted him out instead,
And I rolled him up in my blankets and put him to sleep in my bed.

"So he dwelt in my humble shanty while the wintry gales did roar,
While the blizzards howled in the passes and the timber wolves at the door,
And he slept in my bunk at night-time while I stretched out on the floor.

"He watched me frying my bacon and he said that the smell was grand;
He watched me bucking the stove-wood, but he never lent me a hand,
And he played on my concertina the airs of his native land.

"And one month grew into two months and two months grew into three,
And there he was sitting and smiling like a blooming Old Man of the Sea,
Eating my pork and beans up and necking my whisky and tea.

"You say, 'Why didn't I shift him?' For the life o' me I dunno;
I suppose there's something inside me that can't tell a fellow to go
I hauled by the heels from a snowdrift at maybe thirty 'below.' . . .

"But at last, when the snows were going and the blue Spring skies were pale,
Out after bear in the valley I met a chap on the trail—
A chap coming up from the city, who stopped and told me a tale—

"A tale of a red war raging all over the land and sea,
And when he was through I was laughing, for the joke of it seemed to be
That Hank was a goldarn German—and Hank was rooming with me!

"So off I hiked to the shanty, and never a word I said,
I floated in like a cyclone, I yanked him out of my bed,
And I grabbed the concertina and smashed it over his head.

"I shook him up for a minute, I stood him down on the floor,
I grabbed the scruff of his trousers and ran him along to the door,
And I said, 'This here, if you get me, is a Declaration of War!'

"And I gave him a hoist with my gum-boot, a kind of a lift with my toe;
But you can't give a fellow a hiding, as anyone sure must know,
When you hauled him out of a snowdrift at maybe thirty 'below.'"

C. F. S.

A Good Day's Work.

"He left Flanders on leave at one o'clock yesterday morning and was in London after fourteen months' fighting before sundown."—*Daily News.*

"Why can't we find machies for long-distance raids since Germans can?"—*Evening News.*

Personally, if distance is required, we prefer a brassie. We can only assume that the iron club is chosen in consequence of the number of bad lies there are about.

On the German Naval mutiny:—

"They may be divided into two camps. One holds that it is not an affair to which too much importance can be attached: the other that it is an affair to which one cannot attach too much importance."—*Star.*

We cannot help feeling that these two factions might safely be accommodated in the same camp.



A LONG-SIGHTED PATRIOT.

Aunt Susie (whose charity begins as far as possible from home). "Have you found out whether they wear knitted socks in Argentina?"

AT THE PLAY.

"One Hour of Life."

In Captain Desmond Coke's extravaganza a group of philanthropists adopt the time-honoured procedure of Robin Hood and his Greenwood Company, robbing Dives on system to pay Lazarus. Their economics are sounder than their sociology, which is of the crudest. They specialize in jewellery—useless, barbaric and generally vulgar survivals—which they extract from shop and safe, and sell in Amsterdam, distributing the proceeds to various deserving charitable agencies. In this particular crowded hour of life the leader of the group, a fanatical prig with hypnotic eyes, abducts the beautiful *Lady Fenton*, with ten thousand pounds' worth of stuff upon her, from one of the least ambitious of Soho restaurants.

How came she there, thus bedizened? Well, her husband, eccentric peer with a priceless collection of snuffboxes and a chronic deficiency of humour, had arranged the little dinner to effect a reconciliation, away from the prying eyes of their set. It was not a success. She felt that she sparkled too much, was piqued, and dismissed her lord. Enter the hypnotic prig, who adroitly conveys her to his headquarters, preaches to her and converts her to the point of surrendering her jewels without a pang, and offering to assist in the lifting of the snuffboxes. I can't say more without endangering the effect of Captain Coke's ingenious shifts and spoofs.

The author seemed to me to tempt Providence by placing his perfervid philanthropist and his serious doctrines against a background of burlesque. But he succeeded in entertaining his audience. Miss Lillah McCarthy, looking her very best as *Lady Fenton*, and Mr. Cowley Wright, looking quite plausible as the irresistible chief of the General Charities Distribution Bureau, shared the chief honours of the evening.

T.

"The views expressed by Mr. Roosevelt are crystallising everywhere, and are bearing excellent fruit."—*Daily Paper.*

How does he get his sugar?

"Two million troubles are now standing to Koslovsky's account in Petrograd banks."
Rangitikei Advocate (N.Z.).

We knew conditions were very trying in Russia, but had no idea any one man had such a burden as this.

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

There was a false Pasha named Bolo,
Who sank in iniquity *so* low
  That the dirtiest work
  Of the Hun and the Turk
Never made him ejaculate *Nolo!*

There was a stout fellow called Yapp,
A great Red Triangular chap,
  Now he's working still harder
  To stock the State larder,
And never has time for a nap.

The manners and customs of Clare
Have long been admittedly "quare,"
  But the tolerance shown
  To sedition full-blown
Is enough to make Cadbury swear.

Politicians unstable and vague
May well take example from Haig,
  Who talks to the Huns
  In the voice of his guns
Till they dread him far worse than the
    plague.

Renowned for her fine macaroni,
And also for Signor Marconi,
  Now Italy sends,
  To enrapture her friends,
(And to finish these rhymes), the Cap-
    roni.

MISSING.

"He was last seen going over the parapet into the German trenches."

What did you find after war's fierce alarms,
When the kind earth gave you a resting place,
And comforting night gathered you in her arms,
With light dew falling on your upturned face?

Did your heart beat, remembering what had been?
Did you still hear around you, as you lay,
The wings of airmen sweeping by unseen,
The thunder of the guns at close of day?

All nature stoops to guard your lonely bed;
Sunshine and rain fall with their calming breath;
You need no pall, so young and newly dead,
Where the Lost Legion triumphs over death.

When with the morrow's dawn the bugle blew,
For the first time it summoned you in vain;
The Last Post does not sound for such as you;
But God's Reveillé wakens you again.

SUGAR.

"Francesca," I said, "you must be very deeply occupied; for ten minutes I have not heard your silvery voice."

"I am attempting," she said, "to fill up our sugar form."

"Is it a tremendous struggle?"

"Yes," she said, "it is a regular brain-smasher."

"Give me the paper, and let me have a go at it."

With a haggard face, but without a word, she handed me the buff form, and sat silently while I read the various explanations and directions.

"Francesca," I said, "you are doing wrong. It says that the form must be filled up and signed by a responsible member of the household. Now you can say that you're brilliant or amiable or handsome or powerful or domineering, but can you honestly say you're responsible? No, you can't. So I shall keep this form and fill it up myself in due time, and leave you to look after the hens or talk to the gardener."

"Anybody," she said, "who can wring a smile from a gardener, as I have this morning, is entitled to be considered responsible. Infirm of purpose! hand me the paper."

"Very well," I said, "you can have the paper; only remember that, if we get fined a thousand pounds for transgressing the Defence of the Realm Act, you mustn't ask me for the money. You must pay it yourself."

"I'll chance that," she said, as I handed back the paper. "Now then, we shan't be long. Which of these two addresses shall we have?"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, they tell you to fill in the address in capital letters, and then they give you two to pick from. One is 1000, Upper Grosvenor Street, W. 1——"

"It is a longer street than I had supposed."

"And the other," she continued, "is 17, Church Lane, Middlewich, Cheshire."

"Let it be Middlewich," I said. "Since boyhood's hour I have dreamt of living in Middlewich. As for the other, I simply couldn't live in a street of a thousand houses. Could you?"

"No," she said, "I couldn't. We'll be Middlewichians. . . . There, it's done. Capital letters and all."

"Don't slack off," I said. "Fill it all up now that you've got started."

"I suppose I'd better begin with myself."

"Yes," I said, "you may have that privilege. Put it down quick: Carlyon, Francesca; age blank, because they don't want ages over eighteen; F for female, and Married Woman for occupation. Then treat me in the same way, putting M for F, and 2nd Lieutenant of Volunteers instead of Married Woman."

"Why shouldn't I put Married Man as your occupation?"

"Simply because it isn't done. It's a splendid occupation, but it isn't recognised as such in formal documents."

"Another injustice to women. I shall enter you as Married Man."

"Enter me as anything you like," I said, "only let's get on with the job."

"Very well; you're down as Married Man."

"Now get on with the children. Muriel first. What about her?"

"But she's away having her education finished."

"Yes," I said, "but she'll be back for the holidays, and she'll want her sugar then, like the rest of us. And Frederick is away at *his* school, probably getting much better sugar than we are. He'll be wanting his ration in the holidays. You'd better put a note about that."

"A note?" she said. "There's no room for notes on this form. All they want is a bald statement. And that's just what they can't get. They'll have to take it with the hair on. I'm cramming in about the holidays, and I hope Lord Rhondda will be pleased with all the information he's getting about our family."

"Keep going," I said; "you've still got the servants to do."

"Yes, but the kitchenmaid's gone, and I haven't engaged another one yet."

"Don't let that worry you," I said. "Write down—'Kitchenmaid about to be engaged. Name will be supplied later.'"

"You're quite brilliant to-day. There, that's finished, thank Heaven."

"Not yet. You've got to address it to the Local Food Office."

"But I haven't the remotest where the Local Food Office is. It can't have been there more than a short time, anyhow."

"Hurrah!" I said, looking over her shoulder at the document. "It says if you are in doubt as to the name of the district of your Local Food Office you are to inquire of any policeman or special constable."

"That's all very well," she said, "but how are we to find a policeman in this remote and peaceful place? I've never seen one. Have you?"

"Yes," I said, "I think I saw one last year on a bicycle."

"Well, he's probably arrived somewhere else by this time. He's no good to us."

"No, but we might find a special constable."

"I'll tell you what," she said, "old Glumgold is a special constable. I heard him complaining bitterly of having been hauled out of bed during the last air-raid on London. 'No nigher to we nor forty mile,' he said it was. He's sure to be among the cabbages. Be a dear and dash out and ask him."

So I found Glumgold in among the cabbages and asked him where the Local Food Office was, and he said he'd be gingered if he knew, he or his old woman either; and that was the question they was a-going to arst of us, because to-day was the last day for sending in. So I advised him to chance it with Nebsbury, which happens to be eight miles off and possesses a High Street; and then I went back to Francesca and told her that Glumgold advised Nebsbury—which was cowardly, but one can't spend a lifetime over a fiddle-headed document like that. Anyhow, we folded it up and posted it, and we've heard nothing since.

R. C. L.



ECHOES OF THE AIR-RAIDS.

First Souvenir hunter. "Found anyfink, 'Erb?"
Second ditto. "No; but that'll be all right. They're sure to come again termorrer night."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Not for a great while have I met a story at once so moving and so simply made as *Summer* (Macmillan). Of course at this time the art of Edith Wharton is no new discovery; but to my thinking she has never done better work than this tale of a New England village, and the wakening to love of the girl who was drowsing away her youth there. It is all, as I say, so simple, and written with such apparent economy of effort, that only afterwards does the amazing cleverness of Mrs. Wharton's method impress itself upon the reader. *Charity Royall* was a waif, of worse than ambiguous parentage, brought up in a community where her passionate and violently sensitive nature was stifled. Two men loved her—dour middle-aged Lawyer *Royall*, whose house she kept, and *Lucius Harney*, the young visitor from the city, the fairy-prince of poor *Charity's* one great romance, through whom came tragedy. You see already the whole stark simplicity of the theme. What I cannot convey to you is that secret of Mrs. Wharton's that enables her by some exquisitely right word or phrase so to illuminate a scene that you see it as though by an inspiration of your own, and feel that thus and thus did the thing in fact happen. There are episodes in *Summer*—for example the Fourth of July firework evening, or the wildly macabre scene of the night funeral on the mountain—that seem to me to come as near perfection in their telling as anything I am ever likely to read, and when you have enjoyed them for yourself I fancy you will be inclined to join me in very sincere gratitude for work of such rare quality.

Those who admired (which is the same as saying those who read) that excellent book, *The Retreat from Mons*, will be glad to hear that its author, Major A. Corbett-Smith, has now continued his record in a further volume, called *The Marne and After* (Cassell). In it you will find all those qualities, a sane and soldier-like common-sense, an entire absence of gush, and a saving humour in the midst of horrors, which made the earlier instalment memorable. Above all else I have been impressed by the first of these characteristics. Major Corbett-Smith writes from the viewpoint of one to whom even this ghastliest of wars is part of the day's work. That he sees its human and hideous sides by no means impairs this quiet professional outlook. I recall one phrase in his chapter on the secret agents of the enemy: "At the Aisne German spies were a regular plague"—just as one might speak of wasps or weather—which somehow conveyed to me very vividly the secret of our original little army's disproportionate influence in the early weeks of the War. The operations which we call the actual Battle of the Marne (surely fated to be the most fought-again engagement in history) are here very clearly described, with illustrative plans; while one other chapter, called suggestively "*Kultur*," may be commended to those super-philosophers amongst us who are already beginning an attempt to belittle the foul record of calculated crime that must for at least a generation place Germany outside the pale of civilization. For this grim chapter alone I should like to see Major Corbett-Smith's otherwise cheery volume scattered broadcast over the country.

June (Methuen) is saturated with the simple sentimentality in which American authors excel. I do not know whether British novelists could write this sort of book successfully if they would, but I do know that they don't. Miss Edith Barnard Delano, however, succeeds in getting considerable charm into her story, and if it leaves rather a sweeter taste in the mouth than some of us relish there are others who like their fiction to be strongly sugared. *June*,

an orphan child, was looked after by nigger servants, and by one, *Mammy*, in particular. She possessed a house and a valley; and a young man prospecting in the latter met with an accident and was discovered by the child. Hence complications, and the removal of *June* from her home to be educated with some cousins. Then poverty, hard times and plenty of pluck. But the clouds began to lift when *June* discovered that an emerald cross of hers was worth four thousand dollars; and finally the sun burst forth when, through the agency of the accidental young man, her property was found to be very valuable, and she more valuable still—to the young man. It sounds ingenuous, doesn't it? But not nearly so easy to write as it seems, for to produce anything as artless as *June* is an art in itself.

In *The Book of the Happy Warrior* (Longmans) a chivalrous modern knight holds up to our youngsters the patterns of an older chivalry to teach them courage, clean fighting and devoted service. Sir Henry Newbolt claims that the tradition of the public schools is the direct survival of the mediæval training for knighthood, and incidentally defends flannelled and muddied youth from hasty aspersions. Roland and his Oliver, Richard Lion-heart, Edward the Black Prince and Chandos, du Guesclin and Bayard, if they revisited this tortured earth, would be dismayed by the procedure and the chilling impersonality of modern war. Perhaps in the glorious single combats of the Flying Corps they might recognise some faint semblance of their ancient method. Sir Henry, rightly from his point of view, chooses to ignore the wholesale horrors of to-day's warfare and to emphasize the ideal of fighting service as a fine discipline and proof of manly worth. He shows an obvious, honest, aristocratic bias, but he does not forget another side of the matter, as a fragment of an imaginary conversation between a young lord and a squire present at the great tourney at St. Inglebert's between the Gentlemen of England and of France pleasantly shows. The Englishmen were worsted and took their defeat in a fine sporting spirit. "How is it we're beaten? We always win the battles, don't we?" asks the boy. "The archers win them for us," says the Squire. Quite a characteristic little touch of subaltern modesty! One thought occurs to me especially. It is unthinkable that a book like this should appear in the Germany of to-day. It will be worth your while giving it to your boy to find out why.



Chairman at Farmers' Ordinary. "Now, gentlemen, fill up your match-boxes to the very good health of the caterer."

Since the practice of writing first novels is becoming increasingly popular with young authors it was inevitable that a "First Novel Library" should find its way on to the market. Whether the classification is to be construed as an appeal for forbearance for the shortcomings of the neophyte, or as a warning which a considerate publisher feels is due to the public, is not for me to say. But the policy of charging six shillings for these maiden efforts—all that is required of us for the mature masterpieces of our Maurice Hewletts and Arnold Bennetts—is open to question. *The Puppet*, by Jane Harding (Unwin), is not without merit, but the faults of the beginner are present in manifold. The heroine tells her story in the first person—a difficult method of handling fiction at the best—and in the result we find a young lady of no particular education or apparent attainments holding forth in the stilted diction of a rather prosy early-Victorian Archbishop. The effect of unreality produced goes far to spoil a plot which is wound and unwound with considerable skill. Miss Harding will write a good novel yet, but she must learn to make her characters act the parts she assigns to them.

We all must be writing books about the War. It is natural enough to suppose one's own share of war-work is worthy of record, and indeed, when we come to think of it, the historian of the future will get his complete picture of the time only when he realises how every scrap of the national energy was absorbed in the one master purpose. That being so it is arguable that Mr. Ward Muir was thinking far ahead in compiling his hospital reminiscences, *Observations of an Orderly* (Simpkin). One hastens to make it clear that the last thing intended or desired is to disparage the usefulness or the stark self-sacrifice of the men who are serving in menial capacities in our war hospitals, but to tell the truth this account of sculleries and laundry-baskets, polishing paste and nigger minstrels, bathrooms and pillow-slips, has not much intrinsic interest about it, nor are the author's general reflections very different from what one could supply oneself without much effort. His notes on war slang are about the best thing in the volume, and I liked the story of the blinded soldiers—feeling anything in the world but mournful or pathetic—who played pranks on the Tube escalator; but on the whole this is a book which will be of considerable interest only to the writer's fellow-labourers. They, beyond any doubt, will be glad to read this history of their familiar rounds and common tasks.

Wanted, a Tortoise-Shell (Lane) would have made an excellent short story, but to pursue its farcical developments through three hundred pages requires a considerable amount of perseverance. The scene of Mr. Peter Blundell's book is laid in tropical Jallagar, where the British Resident was keener on cats than on his duties. A male tortoise-shell was what he fanatically and almost ferociously desired, and to obtain it he was ready to barter his daughter to one *Kamp*, who is tersely described as "a fat Swede." I conceived a strong distaste for this large and perspiring man, and can congratulate Mr. Blundell on having created a character odious enough to linger in the memory. For the rest there are some gleams of real fun where a beach-comber tries to palm off a dyed cat as the long-deferred tortoise-shell, and the exit of this animal from a world too covetous to hold it is thoroughly sound farce. But on the whole I failed to get many of those quiet gurgles of delight which are the best tribute one can pay to a funny man's work.

CHARIVARIA.

Those who think that people in high positions live a life of ease and comfort received a rude shock last week. It is said that, while visiting the Royal Enfield Works canteen, the Duke of Connaught drank two glasses of Government ale.

* * *

Britons have no monopoly of pluck, it seems. Last week a Basuto soldier attached to a labour battalion offered the Lord Mayor's coachman a cigarette.

* * *

Two German bankers, formerly of London, have been arrested in New York as dangerous aliens. Neither of them is a member of our Privy Council.

* * *

It is understood that the Spanish Government has addressed a note to the Allies explaining that all possible precautions will have been taken against the forthcoming escape of U23.

* * *

The Premier has received the magnificent gold casket containing the freedom of the City of London conferred on him last April. A momentary excitement was caused by the rumour that the Corporation had thrown off all restraint and filled it with tea.

* * *

A Brigadier-General has been fined for shooting game on Sunday in Hampshire. Sir Douglas Haig, we understand, has generously arranged to close down the War on the first Wednesday in every month, in order that the Higher Command may assist in supplying the hospitals with game.

* * *

Seven lunatics have escaped from a South Wales Asylum. It is assumed that they got away by disguising themselves as German prisoners.

* * *

It has been decided that Counsel may appear before the High Court dressed as Special Constables. It seems almost certain that this news was withheld from Sir John Simon until he had definitely consented to join Sir Douglas Haig's Staff.

* * *

Two million pounds of jam per week, "the greater part strawberry," are being, it is stated, delivered to the Army. Only the fact that the Army Service Corps' labels all happen to be "plum and apple" prevents the stuff being distributed to our brave troops.

Attempts to destroy livestock destined for the Allies are being investigated, says a New York paper. Only a few days ago, it will be remembered, a certain Legation discovered that its seals had been tampered with.

* * *

It is announced that the War Office has taken over "the greater part" of the new London County Hall. Our casualties were insignificant.

* * *

We are sorry to say that Mr. Charles Hawtrey's latest success, *The Saving Grace*, is not dedicated to Sir Arthur Yapp.

* * *

There is no foundation for the report that the recent postponement of the production of *Cash on Delivery* at the Palace was due to the fact that a new joke was alleged to have been let loose in Mr. Justice Darling's court.

* * *

Extravagant funerals have been condemned by Sir John Paget at the Law Society Appeal Tribunal, and undertakers are complaining that in consequence many of their best customers have decided to postpone their interment till better times.

* * *

"Cats should be brought inside the house during air-raids," says the Feline Defence League. When left on the roof they are liable to be mistaken for aerial torpedoes.

* * *

According to the *Cologne Gazette* German soldiers on the Western Front have formed "Wilhelm Clubs," the members of which are compelled on oath to undertake the work of gaining information about the British lines. We understand that the terms for life-membership are most moderate.



Sympathetic Passer-by. "What's the matter with your little brother?"

The Sister. "Please, Miss, 'e's worryin' about Russia."

A German prisoner named Boldt has escaped from Leigh internment camp. It is stated that he would have experienced no additional difficulty in escaping if he had been called by any other name.

* * *

"We want no patched-up peace," says Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. But if the assaults upon pacifist meetings continue we feel sure there will be some patched-up peacemongers.

* * *

Twopenny dinners are the speciality at a Northern munition works' canteen. We have long been used to twopenny meals, but of course much more was charged for them.

* * *

There appears to be no truth in the report that a burglar has been fined for infringing the Defence of the Realm Regulations by using an unshaded lantern.

* * *

An application is to be made to the Lord Chancellor for a County Court for the Hendon district, though a contemporary remarks that it is doubtful whether there is sufficient work to be done there. But surely this is just the sort of case that could be met by a little judicious advertising.

* * *

Parliament is to be asked to pass a vote of thanks to the Naval and Military Forces of the Crown. And it is thought that the latter will reciprocate by thanking Parliament for giving them such a jolly little war.

* * *

Much concern has been caused by the announcement that bees are entirely without winter stocks. We have pleasure in recording a gallant but unavailing attempt to remedy the situation on the part of two dear old ladies, who thought the paper said "socks."

Punch's Roll of Honour.

We regret to hear that Captain E. G. V. Knox, Lincolnshire Regiment, has been wounded. The many friends of "Evoe" will wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

"Batches of one of its regiments were in such a hurry to get out of the Ypres front when relieved by the 92nd Regiment that they left without giving the newcomers information about the line or the state of their flanks."—*Scots Paper.*

The line seems to have been seriously disorganised in consequence.

PRATT'S TOURS OF THE FRONT.

The Last Word in Sensation.

By special arrangement Pratt's are able to offer their patrons unique opportunities of witnessing the stirring events of the Great Struggle.

Don't miss it; you may never see another War.

Come and see Tommy at work and play.

Come and be *shelled*—a genuine thrill! Same as during London's Air-raids, but less danger.

At the conclusion of the Tour patrons will be presented with a Handsome Medal as a souvenir of their exploits.

* * * * *

The following is a list of Tours that Pratt's offer *you*:—

Pratt's Tours of the Back.
(One week.)

Very cheap. Very safe. Headquarters at the historic town of Amiens.

Itinerary includes: Battlefields of the Somme and Ancre, Bapaume, Arras, Vimy Ridge, Ypres, etc. Guides will take parties round the old British Front lines. The German Defence System will be explained by harmless Huns actually taken at those places.

Special Attractions.

Lantern Lecture by Captain Crump at Thiepval Château. Recherché Suppers at Serre Sucrerie.

* * * * *

Pratt's Tours of Trenches.
(Four days.)

See the real thing. Live it yourself. Dine in a dugout. Drink rum as the Tommy drinks it. See Staff Officers at work (if it can be arranged).

Restrictions.

I. Loud laughing and talking is discouraged.

II. Sunshades and umbrellas must not be put up when in the front line.

III. Don't talk to the man at the periscope.

Gas Warning.

In case of gas put on the respirator; otherwise breathe out continuously.

Special Attraction.

Official Photographers in attendance during Christmas week.

If possible visitors will be given the opportunity of witnessing a practice barrage on the Enemy's front line.

Back seats (in ammunition dumps), two guineas. Front seats (firing line), sixpence.

Terms inclusive for the four days, twenty guineas. Good food. Sugar *ad lib.* All reasonable precautions taken. Casualties amongst visitors up to the present, one sick (sugar saturation).

* * * * *

Pratt's Brief Tours for Busy People.
(Saturday to Monday.)

Very short. Very moderate terms. Five guineas each tour or three for twelve and a-half. Bring the boy.

Special Attraction.

Magnificent Switchback Railway up and down the Messines Mine Craters. Spot where Mr. Winston Churchill lost his little Homburg hat under fire will be shown.

* * * * *

The Ypres Carnival.
(Three days.)

All the fun of the fair. Souvenirs supplied while you wait.

Splendid Side-show Features.

I. How our lads keep fit. Regimental sports. Rivet your sides and see the Bread and Jam Race.

II. Obstacle Race. Lorry *versus* Staff Car (with French carts, traffic control and G.S. wagons as obstacles). Very amusing. Language real.

For the Youngsters.

Pick-a-back rides on the Highland Light Elephantry.

Accommodation.

Bedrooms (*en pension*)—
Ground floor . . . . . . One guinea.
First floor (below) . . . Three guineas.
Second floor (very safe) Ten guineas.

* * * * *

Pratt's "Battle" Tour.

Extraordinary offer. Thrills guaranteed.

By special arrangement Pratt's are enabled to offer their patrons a first-class view of the *British Weekly Push* "Somewhere in France (or Flanders)."

Attention is called to the following specially attractive items (there may be others):—

1. *View of Preliminary Bombardment* from an absolutely proof 12-inch O.P. The surrounding country and the objectives of the next attack will be explained by a specially trained Staff Officer.

2. *The Battle.*

Visitors are earnestly requested to be in time, as space in the Observation Post is limited and late arrivals cause a great deal of discomfort to all. Ladies are respectfully requested to remove their hats.

3. *The Aftermath.*

(*a*) Special Shelters are erected at cross-roads for visitors to witness the getting-up of guns, ammunition, etc., after the attack. Please don't feed the men as they go by or ask the Gunners questions.

(*b*) Breakfast in Boschland. Lunch in a Listening Post. Supper in a Sap-head.

(*c*) A Special Narrow-gauge Railway will take Visitors to the newly-acquired forward area (not obligatory). This part of the programme is liable to variation.

Terms, fifty guineas. An Insurance Agent is always in attendance. Casualties up to the present, one Conscientious Objector missing, believed joined up.

* * * * *

Bombardments arranged at the shortest notice. For five pounds you can fire a 15-inch. Write for Free Booklet and apply for all particulars to Pratt's Agency, London, Paris, etc., etc.

VISITORS.

When I was very ill in bed
The fairies came to visit me;
They danced and played around my head,
Though other people couldn't see.

Across the end a railing goes
With bars and balls and twisted rings,
And there they jiggled on their toes
And did the wonderfullest things.

They balanced on the golden balls,
They jumped about from bar to bar,
And then they fluttered to the walls
Where coloured birds and roses are.

I watched them darting in and out,
I watched them gaily climb and cling,
While all the roses moved about
And all the birds began to sing.

And when it was no longer light
I felt them up my pillows creep,
And there they sat and sang all night—
I heard them singing in my sleep.

R. F.

Another Sex Problem.

"From Lord Rosebery's herd at Mentmore, Mr. Ross got a show cow of the Lady Dorothy family, giving every appearance of being a great milker and a tip-top bull calf."
Aberdeen Free Press.

From a German *communiqué*:—

"Our naval forces had encounters with Russian destroyers and gungoats north of Oesel."—*Westminster Gazette.*

The Russian reply to the ewe-boats, we suppose.

"Kugelmann, Ludwig, of Canterbury Road, Canterbury, grocer, has adopted the name of Love Wisdom Power."—*Australian Paper.*

Who said the Germans had no sense of humour?



BURGLAR BILL.

The Potsdam Pincher. "Surely you ain't askin' me to give up my swag arter all the trouble I've had gettin' it, an' all the valible blood I've spilt."

THE MUD LARKS.

The Babe went to England on leave. Not that this was any new experience for him; he usually pulled it off about once a quarter—influence, and that sort of thing, you know. He went down to the coast in a carriage containing seventeen other men, but he got a fat sleepy youth to sit on, and was passably comfortable. He crossed over in a wobbly boat packed from cellar to attic with Red Tabs invalided with shell shock, Blue Tabs with trench fever, and Green Tabs with brain-fag; Mechanical Transporters in spurs and stocks, jam merchants in revolvers and bowie-knives, Military Police festooned with *pickelhaubes*, and here and there a furtive fighting man who had got away by mistake, and would be recalled as soon as he landed.

The leave train rolled into Victoria late in the afternoon. Cab touts buzzed about the Babe, but he would have none of them; he would go afoot the better to see the sights of the village—a leisurely sentimental pilgrimage. He had not covered one hundred yards when a ducky little thing pranced up to him, squeaking, "Where are your gloves, Sir?" "I always put 'em in cold storage during summer along with my muff and boa, dear," the Babe replied pleasantly. "Moreover, my mother doesn't like me to talk to strangers in the streets, so ta-ta." The little creature blushed like a tea-rose and stamped its little hoof. "Insolence!" it squeaked. "You—you go back to France by the next boat!" and the Babe perceived to his horror that he had been witty to an Assistant Provost-Marshal! He flung himself down on his knees, licking the A.P.M.'s boots and crying in a loud voice that he would be good and never do it again.

The A.P.M. pardoned the Babe (he wanted to save the polish on his boots) on condition that he immediately purchased a pair of gloves of the official cut and hue. The Babe did so forthwith and continued on his way. He had not continued ten yards when another A.P.M. tripped him up. "That cap is a disgrace, Sir!" he barked. "I know it, Sir," the Babe admitted, "and I'm awfully sorry about it; but that hole in it only arrived last night—shrapnel, you know—and I haven't had time to buy another yet. I don't care for the style they sell in those little French shops—do you?"

The A.P.M. didn't know anything about France or its little shops, and didn't intend to investigate; at any rate not while there was a war on there. "You will return to the Front to-morrow," said he. The Babe grasped his hand from him and shook it warmly. "Thank you—thank you, Sir," he gushed; "I didn't want to come, but they made me. I'm from Fiji; have no friends here, and London is somehow so different from Suva it makes my head ache. I am broke and couldn't afford leave, anyway. Thank you, Sir—thank you."



OUT OF REACH.

"Just ask Dr. Jones to run round to my place right away. Our cook's fallen downstairs, broke her leg; the housemaid's got chicken-pox; and my two boys have been knocked down by a taxi."

"I'm sorry, Sir, but the doctor was blown up in yesterday's air-raid and he won't be down for a week."

"Ahem—in that case I will revoke my decision," said the A.P.M. "Buy yourself an officially-sanctioned cap and carry on."

The Babe bought one with alacrity; then, having tasted enough of the dangers of the streets for one afternoon, took a taxi, and, lying in the bottom well out of sight, sped to his old hotel. When he reached his old hotel he found it had changed during his absence, and was now headquarters of the Director of Bones and Dripping. He abused the taxi-driver, who said he was sorry, but there was no telling these days; a hotel was a hotel one moment, and the next it was something entirely different. Motion pictures weren't in it, he said.

Finally they discovered a hotel which was still behaving as such, and the Babe got a room. He remained in that room all the evening, beneath the bed, having his meals pushed in to him under the door. A prowling A.P.M. sniffed at the keyhole but did not investigate further, which was fortunate for the Babe, who had no regulation pyjamas.

Next morning, crouched on the bottom boards of another taxi, he was taken to his tailor, poured himself into the faithful fellow's hands, and only departed when guaranteed to be absolutely A.P.M.-proof. He went to the "Bolero" for lunch, ordered some oysters for a start, polished them off and bade the waiter trot up the *consommé*. The waiter shook his head, "Can't be done, Sir. Subaltern gents are only allowed three and sixpenceworth of food and you've already had that, Sir. If we was to serve you with a crumb more, we'd be persecuted under the Trading with the Enemy Act, Sir. There's an A.P.M. sitting in the corner this very moment, Sir, his eyeglass fixed on your every mouthful very suspicious-like ——"

"Good Lord!" said the Babe, and bolted. He bolted as far as the next restaurant, had a three-and-sixpenny *entrée* there, went on to another for sweets, and yet another for coffee and trimmings. These short bursts between courses kept his appetite wonderfully alive.

That afternoon he ran across a lady friend in Bond Street, "a War Toiler enormously interested in the War" (see the current number of *Social Snaps*). She had been at Yvonne's trying on her gauze for the Boccaccio Tableaux in aid of the Armenians and needed some relaxation. So she engaged the Babe for the play, to be followed by supper with herself and her civilian husband. The play (a War-drama) gave the Babe a fine hunger, but the Commissionaire (apparently a Major-General) who does odd jobs outside the Blitz took exception to him. "Can't go in, Sir." "Why not?" the Babe inquired; "my friends have gone in." "Yessir, but no hofficers are allowed to obtain nourishment after 10 P.M. under Defence of the Realm Act, footnote (*a*) to para. 14004." He leaned forward and whispered behind his glove, "There's a Hay Pee Hem under the portico watching your movements, Sir." The Babe needed no further warning; he dived into his friends' Limousine and burrowed under the rug.



AT BRIGHTON.

Tommy (to alien Visitor about to run up to Town for the day). "This is the Victoria portion, Old Sportski. Higher up for London Bridgeovitch."

Sometime later the door of the car was opened cautiously and the moon-face of the Major-General inserted itself through the crack. "Hall clear for the moment, Sir; the Hay Pee Hem 'as gorn orf dahn the street, chasin' a young hofficer in low shoes. 'Ere, tyke this; I'm a hold soldier meself." He thrust a damp banana in the Babe's hand and closed the door softly.

Next morning the Babe dug up an old suit of 1914 "civies" and put them on. A woman in the Tube called him "Cuthbert" and informed him gratuitously that her husband, twice the Babe's age, had volunteered the moment Conscription was declared and had been fighting bravely in the Army Clothing Department ever since. Further she supposed the Babe's father was in Parliament and that he was a Conscientious Objector. In Hyde Park one urchin addressed him as "Daddy" and asked him what he was doing in the Great War; another gambolled round and round him making noises like a rabbit. In Knightsbridge a Military Policeman wanted to arrest him as a deserter. The Babe hailed a taxi and, cowering on the floor, fled back to his hotel and changed into uniform again.

That night, strolling homewards in the dark immersed in thought, he inadvertently took a pipe out of his pocket and lit it. An A.P.M. who had been sleuthing him for half-a-mile leapt upon him, snatched the pipe and two or three teeth out of his mouth and returned him to France by the next boat.

* * * * *

His groom, beaming welcome, met him at the railhead with the horses.

"Hello, old thing, cheerio and all the rest of it," Huntsman whinnied lovingly.

Miss Muffet rubbed her velvet muzzle against his pocket. "Brought a lump of sugar for a little girl?" she rumbled.

He mounted her and headed across country, Miss Muffet pig-jumping and capering to show what excellent spirits she enjoyed.

Two brigades of infantry were under canvas in Mud Gully, their cook fires winking like red eyes. The guards clicked to attention and slapped their butts as the Babe went by. A subaltern bobbed out of a tent and shouted to him to stop to tea. "We've got cake," he lured, but the Babe went on.

A red-hat cantered across the stubble before him waving a friendly crop, "Pip" Vibart the A.P.M. homing to H.Q. "Evening, boy!" he holloaed; "come up and Bridge to-morrow night," and swept on over the hillside. A flight of aeroplanes, like flies in the amber of sunset, droned overhead *en route* for Hunland. The Babe waved his official cap at them: "Good hunting, old dears."

They had just started feeding up in the regimental lines when he arrived; the excited neighing of five hundred horses was music to his ears. His brother subalterns hailed his return with loud and exuberant noises, made disparaging remarks about the smartness of his clothes, sat on him all over the floor and rumpled him. On sighting the Babe, The O'Murphy went mad and careered round the table wriggling like an Oriental dancer, uttering shrill yelps of delight; presently he bounced out of the window, to enter some minutes later by the same route, and lay the offering of a freshly slain rat at his best beloved's feet.

At this moment the skipper came in plastered thick with the mud of the line, nodded cheerfully to his junior sub and instantaneously fell upon the buttered toast.

"Have a good time, Son?" he mumbled. "How's merrie England?"

"Oh, England's all right, Sir," said the Babe, tickling The O'Murphy's upturned tummy—"quite all right; but it's jolly to be home again among one's ain folk."

PATLANDER.

BEASTS ROYAL.

V.

King Louis' Peacock. A.D. 1678.

The paven terrace of Versailles
With tub and orange-tree,
And Dian's fountain tossed awry,
Were planned and made for me;
Since no one half so well as I
Could grace their symmetry,
Nor teach admiring man
The genuine pavane.

I know that when King Louis wears
A Roman kilt and casque
His smile hides many secret tears
In ballet and in masque,
Since to outshine my pomp appears
So desperate a task,
And royal robes look pale
Beside my noble tail.

With turquoise and with malachite,
With bronze and purple pied,
I march before him like the night
In all its starry pride;
Lulli may twang and Molière write
His pastime to provide,
But seldom laughs the King
So much as when I sing.

His fiddles brown and pipes of brass
May Lulli now forsake,
While I make music on the grass
Before the storm-clouds break;
He stops his ears and cries "Alas!"
Because *he* cannot make
With all his fiddlers fine
A melody like mine.

Le Brun is watching me, I know,
His palette on his thumb,
To catch the glory and the glow
That dazzle as I come;
So be it—but let Molière go,
And Lulli crack his drum:
They do but waste their time;
Minstrel I am, and mime.

Men say the King is like the sun,
And from his wig they spin
The golden webs that, one by one,
Draw Spain and Flanders in;
He will grow proud ere they have done,
A most egregious sin,
And one to which my mind
Has never yet declined.

Queer Cattle.

"Of the 117 sheep sold at the Sunderland Mart, yesterday, there was a very large percentage of heifers and bullocks."

Newcastle Daily Journal.

News from the Russian Front: Pop goes the Oesel.

"Chauffeur Gardener wanted, titled gentleman."—*Glasgow Herald.*

We have often mistaken a taxi-driver for a lord.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The train came to one of those sudden stops in which the hush caused by the contrast between the rattle of the wheels and their silence is almost painful. During these pauses one is conscious of conversation in neighbouring compartments, without however hearing any distinct words.

There were several of us, strangers to each other, who hitherto had been minding our own business, but under the stress of this untoward thing became companionable.

A man at each window craned his body out, but withdrew it without information.

"I hope," said another, "there 's not an accident."

"I have always heard," said a fourth, "that in a railway accident presence of mind is not so valuable as absence of body"—getting off this ancient pleasantry as though it were his own.

The motionlessness of the train was so absolute as to be disconcerting; also a scandal. The business of trains, between stations, is to get on. We had paid our money, not for undue stoppages, but for movement in the direction of our various goals; and it was infamous.

Somebody said something of the kind.

"Better be held up now," said a sententious man, "than be killed for want of prudence."

No one was prepared to deny this, but we resented its truth and availed ourselves of a true-born free Briton's right to doubt the wisdom of those in authority. We all, in short, looked as though we knew better than engine-driver, signalman or guard. That is our *métier*.

Some moments, which, as in all delays on the line, seemed like hours, passed and nothing happened. Looking out I saw heads and shoulders protruding from every window, with curiosity stamped on all their curves.

"They should tell us what 's the matter," said an impatient man. "That 's one of the stupid things in England—no one ever tells you what 's wrong. No tact in this country—no imagination."

We all agreed. No imagination. It was the national curse.

"And yet," said another man with a smile, "we get there."

"Ah! that 's our luck," said the impatient man. "We have luck far beyond our deserts." He was very cross about it.

Again the first man to speak hoped it was not an accident; and again the second man, fearing that someone might have missed it, repeated the old jest about presence of mind and absence of body.

"Talking of presence of mind," said a man who had not yet spoken, emerging from his book, "an odd thing happened to me not so very long ago—since the War—and, as it chances, happened in a railway carriage too—as it might be in this. It is a story against a friend of mine, and I hope he 's wiser now, but I 'll tell it to you."

We had not asked for his story but we made ourselves up to listen.

"It was during the early days of the War," he said, "before some of us had learned better, and my friend and I were travelling to the North. He is a very good fellow, but a little hasty, and a little too much disposed to think everyone wrong but himself. Opposite us was a man hidden behind a newspaper, all that was visible of him being a huge pair of legs in knickerbockers, between which was a bag of golf-clubs.

"My friend at that time was not only suspicious of everyone's patriotism but a deadly foe of golf. He even went so far as to call it Scotch croquet and other contemptuous names. I saw him watching the clubs and the paper and speculating on the age of the man, whose legs were, I admit, noticeably young, and he drew my attention to him too—by nudges and whispers. Obviously this was a shirker.

"For a while my friend contented himself with half-suppressed snorts and other signs of disapproval, but at last he could hold himself in no longer. Leaning forward he tapped the man smartly on the knee, with the question, 'Why aren't you in khaki?' It was an inquiry, you will remember, that was being much put at the time—before compulsion came in.

"We all—there were two or three other people in the compartment—felt that this was going too far; and I knew it only too well when the man lowered his paper to see what was happening and revealed an elderly face with a grey beard absolutely out of keeping with those vigorous legs.

"To my intense relief, however, he seemed to have been too much engrossed by his paper to have heard. At any rate he asked my friend to repeat his remark.

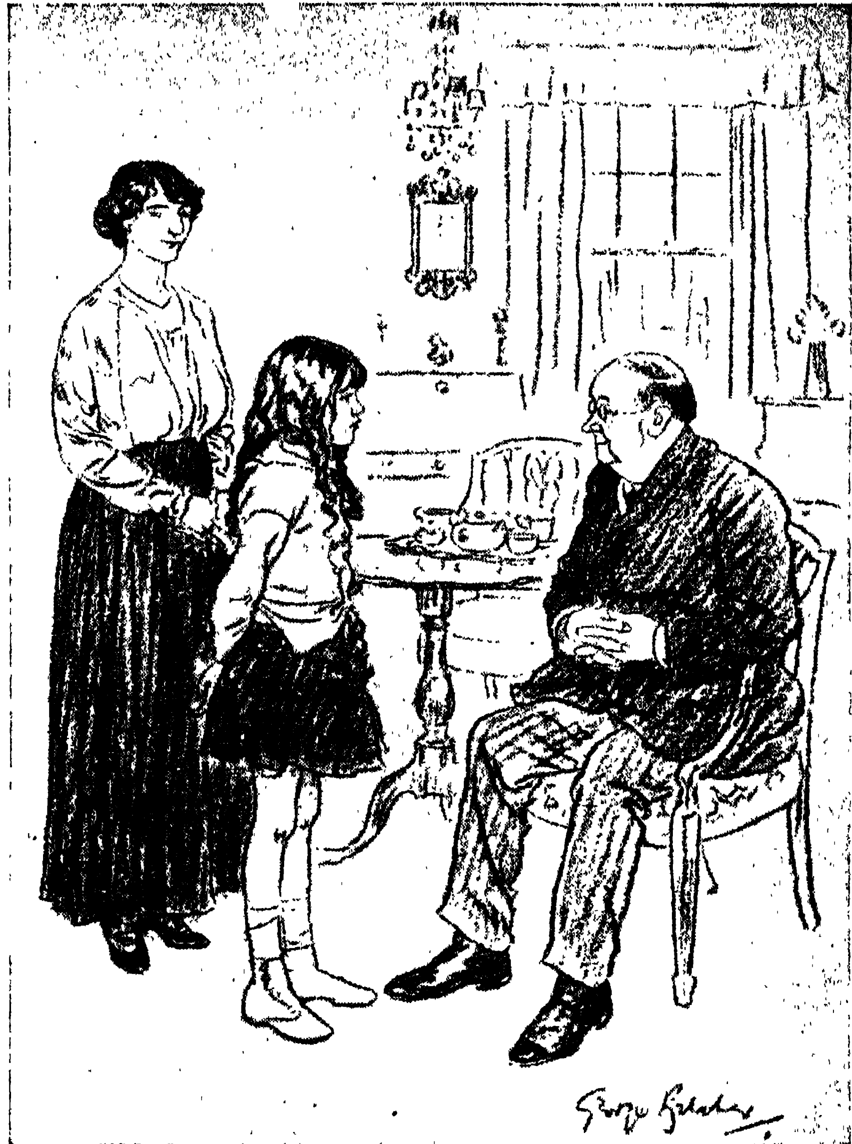
"Here, you will agree, was, if ever, an opening for what we call presence of mind.

"My friend, like myself, had been so taken aback by the apparition of more than middle age which confronted him when the paper was lowered that for the moment he could say nothing; the other passengers were in an ecstasy of anticipation; the man himself, a formidable antagonist if he became nasty,

waited for the reply with a non-committal expression which might conceal pugnacity and might genuinely have resulted from not hearing and desiring to hear.

"And then occurred one of the most admirable instances of resourcefulness in history. With an effort of self-collection and a readiness for which I shall always honour him, my friend said, speaking with precise clearness, 'I beg your pardon, Sir, but, mistaking you for a golfing friend of mine at Babbacombe, I asked you why you were not in Torquay. I offer my apologies.'

"At these words the golfer bowed and resumed his paper, the other passengers ceased for the moment to have the faintest interest in a life which was nothing but Dead Sea fruit, and my friend uttered a sigh of relief as he registered a vow never to be a meddlesome idiot again. But he looked years older."



UNCENSORED NEWS FROM FRANCE.

Visitor. "AND IS YOUR BROTHER STILL IN FRANCE?" *Little Girl.* "YES."
Visitor. "AND WHAT PART OF FRANCE IS HE IN?"
Little Girl. "HE SAYS HE'S IN THE PINK."

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

II.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER IV.

George. I must ask you, Mamma, before we talk of anything else, whether Withsak and Alldane were beheaded?

Mrs. M. No; you will be relieved to hear that, although ALFRED was greatly incensed against them and had resolved to proceed to the enforcement of the extreme penalty, they were rescued by the intervention of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and afterwards granted a free pardon on condition of abstaining from all participation in public life. This magnanimity on the part of ALFRED is all the more praiseworthy as many people firmly believed that these two princes had attempted to poison him, and that they were responsible for all the calamities which had befallen England from the invasion of JULIUS CÆSAR, and which were destined to befall her till the end of time. Indeed a writer in an old saga, known as the Blackblood Saga, went so far as to maintain that the English climate had been permanently ruined by the incantations of Prince Alldane. Undoubtedly his name was an unfortunate one at the time, but, to judge by the old portraits I showed you, neither of these princes looked capable of such atrocities, and Prince Alldane was described as being the essence of rotundity.

Richard. Did not ALFRED invent the quartern loaf?

Mrs. M. Yes; before his time the nobles lived exclusively on cake and venison, while the peasantry subsisted on herbs and a substance named woad, which was most injurious to their digestions. ALFRED, who among his many accomplishments was an expert baker, himself gave instructions to the wives of the poor, supplied them with flour, the grinding of which was carried out in mills of his own devising, and insisted that all loaves should be made of a certain quality and size, with results most beneficial to the physique of his subjects. The story of his quarrel with the woman who would insist on baking cakes illustrates the difficulties he encountered in effecting his reforms.

Mary. Was not ALFRED called "England's Darling"?

Mrs. M. Yes, my dear, and no wonder. Before his time there were no proper newspapers, the few issued being of high price and written in an elaborate style which only appealed to the highly educated. ALFRED changed all this, and insisted that they should be written in a "simple, sensuous and passionate style." This was one of the causes of his falling out with Withsak, who supported the old-fashioned methods, while ALFRED was in favour of simplicity and brevity. You will find all this related in the work of Leo Maximus, a learned writer, the friend and admirer of ALFRED and author of his Life.

George. How much I should like to read it.

Mrs. M. You would find in it some inspiring and interesting particulars of ALFRED's conversations and private life.

Mary. How many things ALFRED did! I cannot think how he found time for them all.

Mrs. M. He found time by never



Mother (to curate). "AND DO YOU REALLY PRAY FOR YOUR ENEMIES?" *Ethel (overhearing).* "*I* DO, MUMMY."
Curate. "AND WHAT DO YOU SAY IN YOUR PRAYER, MY CHILD?" *Ethel.* "I PRAY THAT THEY MAY BE BEATEN."

wasting it. One-third of his time he devoted to religious exercises and to study, another third to sleep and necessary refreshment, and the other to the affairs of his kingdom. The benefits he bestowed on his country were so great and various that even to this day we hardly comprehend them fully, and some ungrateful people refuse to regard them as benefits at all.

Richard. How sad! But thanks to you, dear Mamma, we know better. When Papa comes in to tea I will ask him when he thinks I shall be old enough to read all the books that have ever been written about KING ALFRED. I want to know everything about him.

Il Flauto Magico.

"The Lord Mayor formally declared the aerodrome opened, and turned on the flute diverting the waters of the Cardinal Wolsey river underground."—*Evening News.*

From an interview with Lord ROBERT CECIL, as reported by *The Manchester Guardian*:—

"It is literally true of the British soldier that he is *tans peur et tans rapproche.*"

This perhaps explains some recent reflections on the linguistic accomplishments of our Foreign Office.

MARIANA IN WAR-TIME.

THIS tedious and important War
Has altered much that went before,
But did you hear about the change
At *Mariana's* Moated Grange?
You all of you will recollect
The gross condition of neglect
In which the place appeared to be,
And *Mariana's* apathy,
Her idleness, her want of tone,
Her- -well, her absence of backbone.
Her relatives, no doubt, had tried
To single out the brighter side,
Had scolded her about the moss
And only made her extra cross.

But when the War had really come
At once the place began to hum,
And *Mariana*, bless her heart!
She threw herself into the part
Of cooking for the V.A.D.
And wholly lost her lethargy.
She sent her gardeners off pell-mell
(They hadn't kept the gardens well),
And got a lady-gardener in
Who didn't cost her half the tin,
And who, before she'd been a day,
Had scraped the blackest moss away.
She put a jolly little boat
For wounded soldiers on the moat;
Her relatives were bound to own
How practical the girl had grown.

She often said, "I feel more cheery,
I doubt if I can stick this dreary
Old grange again when peace is rife;
You really couldn't call it life."

But something infinitely more
Than just a European War
Would have been requisite to part
Romance from *Mariana's* heart;
Once more she felt within her stir
The dawn of *une affaire de cœur;*
In other words, I must confess
She found her thoughts were centred less
On that young man who never came
And more on Captain What's-his-name,
Who'd left his other leg in France
And was a model of romance.

* * * * *

The wedding was a pretty thing;
I sent the "Idylls of the King,"
Well bound. And *Mariana* wrote
A most appreciative note.
They live in London now, I'm told;
The Moated Grange is let (or sold);
I only hope they'll manage so
That TENNYSON need never know.

Vergiliana.

For a certain German Admiral on being booted: "*Ite, Capellæ.*"



HERE TO-DAY AND GONE TO-MORROW.

Chorus of Kaiser Wilhelm's ex-Chancellors (*from below*). "COMING DOWN, MICHAELIS?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, October 16th.—To Mr. Punch's blunt inquiry, "Why?" in last week's cartoon different answers would, I suppose, be returned by various Members. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would say that the reassembling of Parliament was necessary in order that he might obtain a further Vote of Credit from the representatives of the taxpayers. Brigadier-General PAGE CROFT, inventor and C.-in-C. of the new "National" party, who has already attached to himself a following not inferior numerically to the little band which, under Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in the eighties, struck terror into the hearts of the Front Benches, longs to prove that, under his brilliant leadership, Lord DUNCANNON, Sir RICHARD COOPER and Major ROWLAND HUNT will emulate the early prowess of Sir JOHN GORST, Sir HENRY DRUMMOND-WOLFF and Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR.

But a word to the gallant General: he will do little until he has secured a corner-seat. By hook or by crook Mr. HOUSTON, "the Pirate King," must be induced or compelled to surrender his coign of vantage to the new generalissimo, who will then be able alternately to pour a broadside into the Government or to enfilade the ex-Ministers who aid and abet them.

Then there are those humanized notes of interrogation like Mr. KING, Mr. HOGGE and Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING. They would like Parliament to be in permanent session in order that the world might have the daily benefit of their searching investigations. Mr KING has not yet quite run into his best form. He had only six Questions on the Paper, and actually asked only five of them—a concession which so paralysed the MINISTER OF RECONSTRUCTION, to whom the missing Question was addressed, that, when asked where his department was located, he had to confess that he did not know the precise number, but it was somewhere in Queen Anne's Gate.

Eclipsed in Ireland by the more spectacular attractions of Sinn Fein, the Nationalists' only hope of recovering their lost popularity is to kick up the dust of St. Stephen's. Accordingly Mr. REDMOND gave notice of yet another Vote of Censure on the Irish Executive, but whether for its slackness or its brutality the terms of his motion do not make quite clear. Perhaps he has not yet made up his own mind on the subject.

I feel sure that Mr. MONTAGU has a sense of humour, and I admired the way in which he concealed its existence when explaining the Indian Government's release of Mrs. BESANT. As he read the VICEROY'S reference to "the tranquillizing effect of Mr. MONTAGU'S approaching visit" the House rippled with laughter; and when he proceeded to say that Mrs. BESANT had undertaken to use her influence to secure "a calm atmosphere for my visit," the ripple became a wave. But with the stoicism of the unchanging East he read on unmoved.

Mr. KENNEDY JONES, taking up the *rôle* of the newsboy in a recent cartoon, invited the Government to give the Germans the monosyllabic equivalent for a very warm time. Mr. BONAR LAW declined to commit himself to the actual term, but announced the intention to set up a new Air Ministry, and to "employ our machines over German towns so far as military needs render us free to take such action."



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE RE-OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN ON OCTOBER 16TH A CERTAIN LIVELINESS WAS OBSERVED ON THE HIBERNIAN FRONT.

To return to Mr. Punch's question, "Why?" I think the answer most Members would make would be, "Because we wanted to see what the Ladies' Gallery would look like without the grille." It must be confessed that those who cherished visions of a dull assembly made glorious by flashing eyes, white arms, and brilliant dresses were disappointed.

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage,"

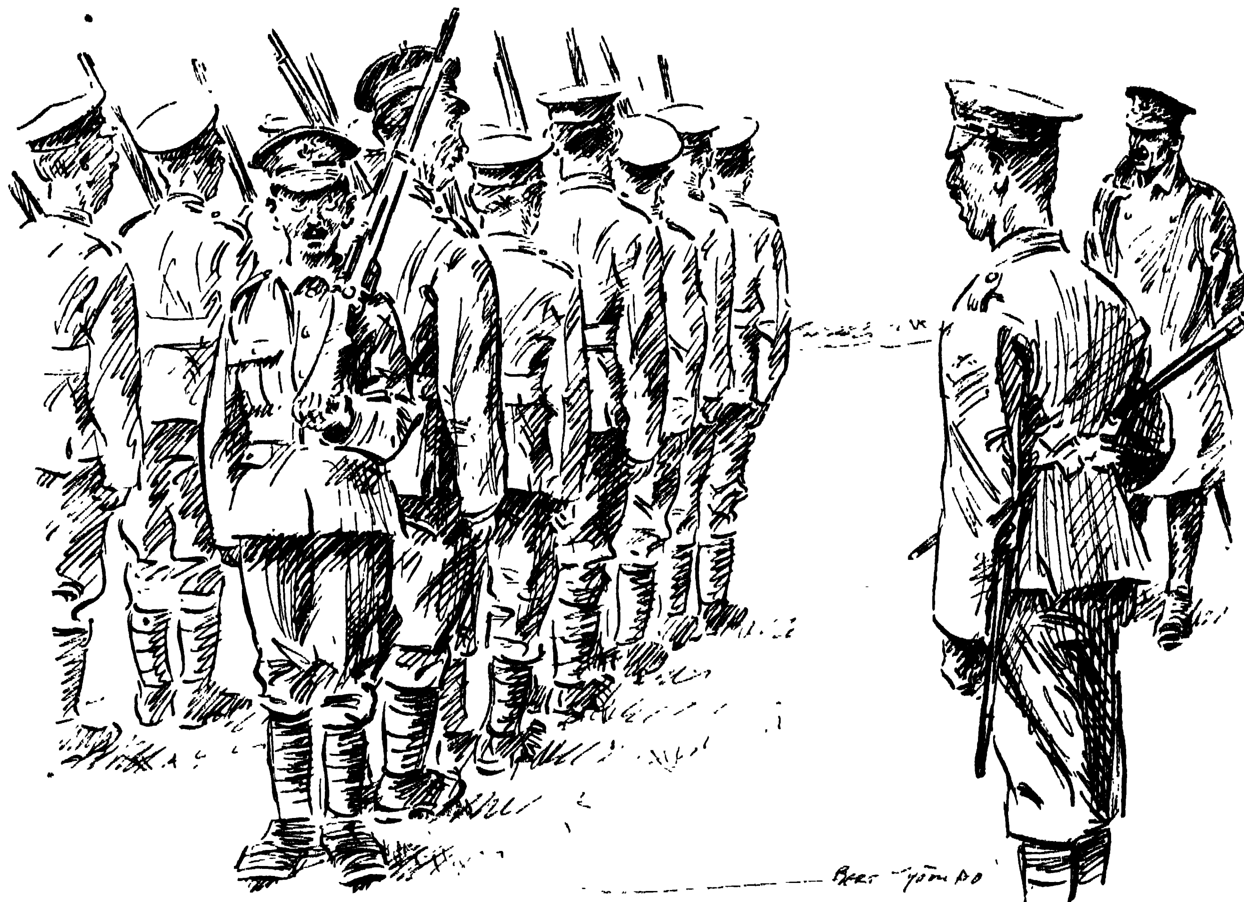
wrote LOVELACE. Well, the iron bars have gone, but the stone walls remain, and make, if not a prison, something very like a *purdah*; and the "angels alone that soar above" are almost as much cut off from the inferior beings below them as they were before Sir ALFRED MOND came to the rescue of Beauty in thrall. He is rather disappointed at getting so little change out of his "fiver."

Wednesday, October 17th.—The latest recruit to what JOHN KNOX would have called the "monstrous regiment of Ministers" is Mr. WARDLE, lately Chairman of the Labour Party. He made a promising *début*. Mr. HOGGE professed to be anxious as to the future of the North-Eastern Railway, which, according to him, had lent all its "genii" to the Admiralty. Mr. WARDLE, quick to note the classical accuracy of the plural, assured him that he need be under no apprehensions—"there are still some genii left."

Ireland is to have the extended franchise conferred by the Representation of the People Bill, but not the accompanying redistribution of seats. The Chairman suggested that Sir JOHN LONSDALE, who wanted to do away with the anomaly, should move a supplementary schedule embodying his own ideas of how Ireland should be redistributed. Unfortunately—for one would have liked to see how much was left for the other three provinces after he had designed an Ulster commensurate with his notion of its relative importance—the hon. Baronet demurred to this tempting proposal, and thought it was a matter for the Government.

Some very pleasant badinage between Lord HUGH CECIL and the HOME SECRETARY as to the relative merits of the words "dwell" and "reside" for the purpose of defining a voter's qualification was followed by an exhaustive and exhausting lecture by Major CHAPPLE on how to tabulate the alternative votes in a three-cornered election. His object was to demonstrate that under the Government scheme the man whom the majority of the voters might desire would infallibly be rejected, while by a plan of his own, which he had tried successfully on a couple of wounded soldiers, the best man invariably won.

Thursday, October 18th.—The most obliging of men, Sir ALFRED MOND nevertheless draws the line when he is asked to look a gift horse in the mouth. His predecessor at the Office of Works having offered a site for a statue of President LINCOLN, it is not for him



"TURN AGAIN."

Instructor (to recruit, who on the command, "Left turn," has made a mess of it). "Now then, Whittington, 'ave another shot."

to challenge the artistic merit of the sculpture, which has been picturesquely described as "a tramp with the colic." It is thought that the American donors, after an exhaustive study of our outdoor monuments, have been anxious to conform to British standards of taste.

The "Nationals" are beginning to move. Their General elicited from the Government a promise to introduce a Vote of Thanks to His Majesty's Forces; though it is possible that this would have been done without his intervention. His lieutenants were less successful. Sir Richard Cooper could not persuade Mr. Bonar Law to publish the official report on the loss of the *Hampshire*, and is now more than ever convinced that K. of K. is languishing in a German prison-camp; while the Home Secretary intimated that he required no instruction from Major Rowland Hunt in the business of suppressing seditious literature.

After all, Ireland is to be redistributed. Unless the success of the Convention renders the task superfluous, the Government will appoint a Boundary Commission as an act of simple justice. Needless to say the announcement was received with frenzied abuse by all the Nationalist factions. Abstract justice, it seems, is the very last thing that Ireland wants.

GADGETS AND STUNTS.

Dear Mr. Punch,—Aware as you must be of a deplorable confusion now prevailing in the public mind as to the true inwardness of the expressions "gadget" and "stunt," you will agree, I am sure, that the moment has come for a clear and authoritative ruling on this vexed point. At a time when the pundits of the Oxford Dictionary are coldly aloof, like Gallio, and the Army Council, though often approached, studiously reserve their decision, it rests with you Mr. Punch, as Arbiter of National Opinion, to give judgment.

What notion, then, of "gadget" and "stunt" is gained by the young subaltern of to-day as he joins his regiment and shakes down to the fundamental facts of life and death? He finds himself harassed by no end of devilish enemy stunts, to stultify which a fatherly all-wise War Office has given him an infinity of gadgets. For every stunt an appropriate countering gadget. Does the foe strafe him with a gas-bombing stunt? "Ha, ha!" laughs he, and dons that unlovely but priceless gadget, his box-respirator. But by no means all gadgets have just one peculiar stunt to counter; such a definition would exclude, for instance, the height-gauge on a plane, which is emphatically, wholly and eternally a gadget of gadgets. Moreover, gadgets are small things. The airman's "joystick" is a gadget; the tank is not. Now are these views sound, Sir, or is it permissible, as one authority does, to describe persons as "gadgets"?

One final word. A nervous subaltern recently appeared before his Adjutant and called the Wurzel-Flummery Electro-Dynamical Apparatus, Mark II., "this sky-plotter stunt." "Great Heavens!" gasped the Adjutant, "what is the Service coming to? Stunt? Gadget, man, gadget!" Three days later the hapless boy found himself desired to resign on the grounds of "gross ignorance of military terminology."

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours solemnly,
Archibald.



TRIALS OF A CAMOUFLAGE OFFICER.

Having camouflaged some coast defences he goes to sea to observe the effect.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*The* German Kaiser, *the Tsar of* Bulgaria, *and the Sultan of* Turkey.)

The Tsar. You must admit that Sofia is a most agreeable place. Where else could you find such genuine and overwhelming enthusiasm for the War and our alliance?

The Kaiser. I don't know. It didn't seem to me exactly violent; but then, of course, you know your people better than I do, and it may be——

The Sultan. Umph.

The Tsar. I know just what you are going to say, Mehmed. You feel, as we do, that the voice of the People is the true guide for a ruler. You feel that too, don't you, Wilhelm?

The Kaiser. I have never hesitated to say so. It is on such sentiments that the greatness of our Imperial House is based.

The Sultan. Umph.

The Tsar. There—I knew you would agree with us. You heard, Wilhelm? Mehmed agrees with us.

The Kaiser. That is, of course, immensely gratifying.

The Tsar. We will at once publish an announcement in all our newspapers. It will declare that the three Sovereigns, after a perfectly frank interchange of views, found no subject on which there was even the shadow of a disagreement between them, and are resolved in the closest alliance to continue the War against the aggressive designs of the Entente Powers until a satisfactory peace is secured. How does that suit you, Wilhelm?

The Kaiser. Very well. Only you must put in that bit about my being actuated by the highest and most disinterested motives.

The Tsar. That applies to all of us.

The Sultan. Umph.

The Tsar. Again he agrees. Isn't it wonderful? I've never met a more accommodating ally. It's a real pleasure to work with him. Now then, we're all quite sure, aren't we, that we really want to go on with the War, and that we utterly reject all peace-talk?

The Kaiser. Utterly—but if they come and *sue* to us for peace we might graciously consider their offer.

The Tsar. That means nothing, of course, so there's no harm in putting it in. At any rate it will please the Pope. We're quite sure, then, that we want to go on with the War? Of course I'm heart and soul for going on with it to the last gasp, but I cannot help pointing out that at present Bulgaria has got all she wants, and my people are very fond of peace.

The Sultan. Umph.

The Tsar. He knows that is so. He's very fond of peace himself. You see he hasn't had much luck in the War, have you, Mehmed?

The Sultan. The English——

The Tsar. Quite true; the English are an accursed race.

The Sultan. The English have a lot of——

The Kaiser. A lot of vices? I should think they have.

The Sultan (*persisting*). The English have a lot of men and guns.

The Tsar. Well done, old friend; you've got it off your chest at last. I hope you're happy now. But, as to this peace of ours, can't something be done? I always say it's a great thing to know when to stop. So it might be as well to talk about peace, even if your talk means nothing. In any case, I tell you frankly, I want peace.

The Kaiser. Ferdinand!

The Tsar. Oh, it's no use to glare at me like that. If it comes to glaring I can do a bit in that line myself.

The Sultan. The Americans-

The Kaiser } (*together*). Oh, curse the Americans!
The Tsar }



Postlethwaite (keenly appreciative of hum of Gotha overhead). "Listen, Agatha! Exactly B flat." [*Strikes note to establish accuracy of his ear.*]

STANZAS ON TEA SHORTAGE.

[Mr. M. Grieve, writing from "The Whins," Chalfont St. Peter, in *The Daily Mail* of the 12th inst., suggests herb-teas to meet the shortage, as being far the most healthful substitutes. "They can also," he says, "be blended and arranged to suit the gastric idiosyncrasies of the individual consumer. A few of them are agrimony, comfrey, dandelion, camomile, woodruff, marjoram, hyssop, sage, horehound, tansy, thyme, rosemary, stinging-nettle and raspberry."]

Although, when luxuries must be resigned,
Such as cigars or even breakfast bacon,
My hitherto "unconquerable mind"
Its philosophic pose has not forsaken,
By one impending sacrifice I find
My stock of fortitude severely shaken—
I mean the dismal prospect of our losing
The genial cup that cheers without bemusing.

Blest liquor! dear to literary men,
Which Georgian writers used to drink like fishes,
When cocoa had not swum into their ken
And coffee failed to satisfy all wishes;
When tea was served to monarchs of the pen,
Like Johnson and his coterie, in "dishes,"
And came exclusively from far Cathay—
See "China's fragrant herb" in Wordsworth's lay.

Beer prompted Calverley's immortal rhymes,
Extolling it as utterly eupeptic;
But on that point, in these exacting times,
The weight of evidence supports the sceptic;
Beer is not suitable for torrid climes
Or if your tendency is cataleptic;
But tea in moderation, freshly brewed,
Was never by Sir Andrew Clark tabooed.

We know for certain that the Grand Old Man
Drank tea at midnight with complete impunity,
At least he long outlived the Psalmist's span
And from ill-health enjoyed a fine immunity;
Besides, robust Antipodeans can
And do drink tea at every opportunity;
While only Stoics nowadays contrive
To shun the cup that gilds the hour of five.

But war is war, and when we have to face
Shortage in tea as well as bread and boots
'Tis well to teach us how we may replace
The foreign brew by native substitutes,
Extracted from a vegetable base
In various wholesome plants and herbs and fruits,
"Arranged and blended," very much like teas,
To suit our "gastric idiosyncrasies."

It is a list for future use to file,
Including woodruff, marjoram and sage,
Thyme, agrimony, hyssop, camomile
(A name writ painfully on childhood's page),
Tansy, the jaded palate to beguile,
Horehound, laryngeal troubles to assuage,
And, for a cup ere mounting to the stirrup,
The stinging-nettle's stimulating syrup.

And yet I cannot, though I gladly would,
Forget the Babylonian monarch's cry,
"It may be wholesome, but it is not good,"
When grass became his only food supply;
Such weakness ought, of course, to be withstood,
But oh, it wrings the teardrop from my eye
To think of Polly putting on the kettle
To brew my daily dose of stinging-nettle!

AT THE PLAY.

"Dear Brutus."

There are great ways of borrowing, as Emerson said, and in his new Fantasy Sir James Barrie has given us a very charming variation on *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (with echoes of *Peter Pan* and *The Admirable Crichton*). Certainly I got far more fun out of his deluded lovers in the Magic Wood than I ever extracted from the comedy of errors which occurred between the ladies and gentlemen of the Court of *Theseus*.

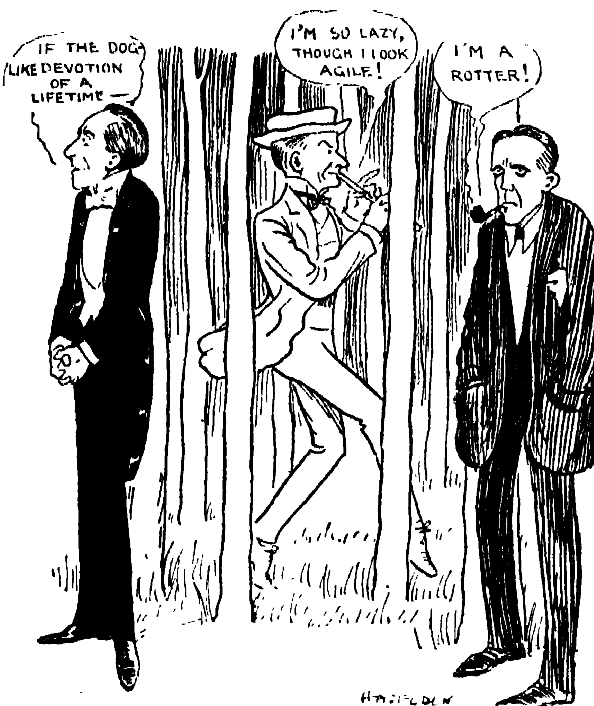
In *Dear Brutus* the contrast between real life and the life of Magic-land is sharply accentuated by the fact that there is not a separate set of characters for each: the same men and women figure in both, making abrupt transitions from one to the other and back again. We have a house party of actual humans (not too obtrusively actual), most of whom, including the butler, imagine that if they could have a Second Chance in life they would not make such a mess of it as they did with the First. One of them thinks he would never have taken to drink and lost his self-respect and his wife's love if he had only had a child; one that he would not have become a pilferer if he had stuck to the City; others that they would have done better to have married Somebody Else. Well, they are all whisked off into the Magic Wood, and there they get their Second Chance. The pilferer becomes a successful tradesman in a large and questionable way; the tippler finds himself sober and attended by the daughter of his heart's desire; various married folk get re-sorted; and so forth.

The moral purpose (if any) of the author, as conveyed to us through the mouth of the leading humourist of the party, is to show that a man's nature would remain the same even if he got a Second Chance. Unfortunately—but what can you expect in the realm of Magic?—the scheme does not work out with any logical consistency. It is true that the philanderer and the pilfering butler show little promise of making anything out of their Second Chance; but, on the other hand, the childless tippler seems to have undergone reformation and recovered his wife's regard; and, if I rightly interpreted certain delicate indications, they propose to have a pearl of a daughter later on. Also the dainty and supercilious *Lady Caroline*, who in the Wood becomes enamoured of the butler-turned-plutocrat (*cf. Titania* and *Bottom*) and subsequently returns to her sniffiness, cannot be said to have lost much by failing to utilise her Second Chance.

However, one might never have troubled about Sir James's logic if he had not declared his moral purpose in set terms. I suppose he had to explain his title, which was sufficiently obscure. It comes, as Mr. Sothern kindly informed us, from the lines:—

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves."

Brutus, in fact, is the famous general to whom certain things were caviare. He is the typical man in the audience, to whom Sir James says: "You, too, Brutus; I'm talking at you."



IN AND OUT OF THE WOOD.

Mr. Purdie . . . Mr. Sam Sothern.
Mr. Coade . . . Mr. Norman Forbes.
Mr. Dearth . . . Mr. Gerald du Maurier.

Happily (for my taste, anyhow) the humour of the play dominates its sentiment. And where the sentiment of the child *Margaret* threatens to overstrain itself we had always the healthy antidote of Mr. Du Maurier's practical methods to correct its tendency to cloy. He was extraordinarily good both as himself and, for a rare change, as somebody quite different. Miss Faith Celli as his daughter—a sort of *Peter Pan* girl who does grow up, far too tall—was delightful in the true Barrie manner. It was a pity—but that was not her fault—that she had to end her long and difficult scene on rather a false note. I am almost certain that no child (outside a Barrie play), who is left alone in a Magic Wood, scared out of her life, would cry aloud, "Daddy, daddy, I don't want to be a Might-have-been." The sentiment of the words was, of course, part of the scheme, but it was not for her to say them.

Mr. Norman Forbes, in the Wood, was an elderly piping faun and performed with astonishing agility a sword-dance over a stick crossed with his whistle. Elsewhere as *Mr. Coade* he played very engagingly the part of the only character who had made such good use of his First Chance that he really didn't need a Second. Both in name and nature he brought to mind the late Mr. Choate, who gallantly declared that if he had not been what he was he would have liked to be his wife's second husband. And no wonder that *Mr. Coade* wanted nothing better than to remain attached to so adorable a creature as his wife, played with a delightful homeliness by Miss Maude Millett, who has lost nothing of that charm to which, with *Mr. Coade*, we retain the most faithful devotion.

Mr. Will West was admirable as a *Crichton* gone wrong; and Mr. Sothern, as the philanderer *Purdie*, took all his Chances of humour, and they were many, with the greatest aplomb. They included some very pleasant satire on stage manners. I have only to mention the names of Miss Hilda Moore, Miss Jessie Bateman, Miss Doris Lytton and Miss Lydia Bilbrooke for you to understand how excellent a cast it was, both for wit and grace.

Finally, Mr. Arthur Hatherton, as *Lob*, the host of the party, a kind of hoary old *Puck* who had a *penchant* for filling his house every Midsummer Eve with people who wanted a Second Chance, interpreted Sir James's whimsical fancy to the very top of freakishness.

I hope, but doubtfully, that there are enough Dear Brutuses in London (so many aliens have lately fled) to do justice to Barrie at his best. O. S.

Le Mot Juste.

"Tea is very scarce and that to Irish folks, who like it black and strong, with always 'one more for the pot,' is a source of damentation."—*Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury.*

"Another Army Order provides that an officer while undergoing instruction in flying shall receive continuous flying pay at the rate of 4s. a day in addition from the public-houses of the town."—*Provincial Paper.*

Very generous of them; but what will the Board of Liquor Control say?



Vicar. "AND WHAT WERE YOUR SENSATIONS WHEN YOU WERE STRUCK?"
Wounded Tommy. "WELL, IT WAS LIKE WHEN THE MISSIS COPS YER BE'IND THE EAR WITH A FLAT IRON—YOU KNOW."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I HAVE often pitied the lot of the costume novelist, faced with the increasing difficulty of providing fresh and unworn trappings for his characters. Therefore with all the more warmth do I congratulate those seasoned adventurers, AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE, on their acumen in discovering such a setting as that of *Wolf-lure* (CASSELL). The name alone should be worth many editions. Nor do the contents in any sort belie it. This remote country of Guyenne, a hundred years ago, with its forests and caves and subterranean lakes, with, moreover, its rival wolf-masters, Royal and Imperial, and its wild band of coiners, is the very stage for any hazardous and romantic exploit. It should be added at once that the authors have taken full advantage of these possibilities. From the moment when the wandering English youth who tells the tale wakes on the hillside to find himself contemplated by a lovely maiden and a gigantic wolf-hound, the adventure dashes from thrill to thrill unpausing. One protest however I must utter. The conduct of the young and lovely heroine (as above) and her single-minded devotion to her lover may be true to nature, but somewhat alienated my own sympathies, already given to the first-person-singular English lad who also adored her, and whom both she and her chosen mate treated abominably. To my thinking, unrequited devotion has no business in a tale of this sort. Realistic pathos may have its *Dobbin* or *Tom Pinch*, but the wild and whirling episodes of tushery demand the satisfactory finish hallowed by custom. With this reservation only I can call *Wolf-lure* about the best adventure-novel that the present season has produced.

Since the opening pages of *Calvary Alley* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) are concerned with choir-boys and a cathedral and a rose-window, things to which one gives, without sufficient reason, an association exclusively of the Old World, I was a little startled, as the action proceeded, by the mention of cops and dimes and trolly-cars. Of course this only meant that I had forgotten, ungratefully, the country in which any story by ALICE HEGAN RICE might be expected to be laid. Anyhow, *Calvary Alley* proves an admirable entertainment, a tale of a girl's expanding fortunes, from the grim slum that gives its name to the book, through many varied experiences of reform schools, a bottling factory and membership of the ballet, up to the haven of matrimony. Through them all, *Nance*, the heroine, carries a very human and engaging personality, so that one is made to see the young woman who is clasped to the heroic breast on the last page as the logical development of the ragged urchin stamping her bare foot into the soft cement of *Calvary Alley* on the first. Moreover—wonder of wonders for transatlantic fiction!—the author is able to write about children, and the contrasted lives of rich and poor city dwellers, without lapsing into sentimentality *O si sic omnes!* But either American bishops are strangely different from the English variety, or Mrs. RICE, following Mr. WELLS's example, has permitted herself an episcopal burlesque. In either case the resulting portrait is hardly worthy of an otherwise admirably-drawn collection of original characters.

Christine (Macmillan) contains a very illuminating picture of Germany in the months immediately preceding the War; but I am perplexed—and a little provoked—by the way in which it is presented. The book opens with a pathetic foreword, signed by Miss Alice Cholmondeley, in which we read: "My daughter Christine, who wrote me these letters, died at a hospital in Stuttgart on the morning of August 8th, 1914, of acute double pneumonia. . . . I am publishing the letters just as they came to me, leaving out nothing. . . . The war killed Christine, just as surely as if she had been a soldier in the trenches. . . . I never saw her again. I had a telegram saying she was dead. I tried to go to Stuttgart, but was turned back at the frontier." Then follows a Publishers' note to the effect that some personal names have been altered. After this one is naturally surprised to find the book advertised as a "new novel." All I can say is that, if Miss Cholmondeley's preface is true, her book is not a novel, and that, if it is untrue, I do not think the foreword is fair or in good taste. My opinion, for what it is worth, is that Miss Cholmondeley was herself in Germany during the summer of 1914, and has chosen this way of telling us what she saw and heard. Anyhow the letters are undoubtedly the work of someone who knows Germany and the inhabitants thereof. And for this excellent reason *Christine* should not be missed by anyone who wants to know in what a state of militant anticipation the Germans were living. The strongest searchlight has been thrown over the Hun, from the habitués of a middle-class boarding-house to members of the Junker breed. Whether these letters ought to be classed as fiction or not they contain facts, and as they are written in a style at once vivid and engaging my advice to you is to read them and not worry too much about the foreword.



USING PETROL FOR PLEASURE.
JOY RIDERS CAUGHT RED-HANDED.

The Four Corners of the World (Hodder and Stoughton) is emphatically what I should call a fireside book. On these chill Autumn evenings, with the rain or the dead leaves or the shrapnel whirling by outside, you could have few more agreeable companions than Mr. A. E. W. Mason, when he is, as here, in communicative mood. He has a baker's dozen of excellent tales to tell, most of them with a fine thrill, out of which he gets the greatest possible effect, largely by the use of a crisp and unemotional style that lets the sensational happenings go their own way to the nerves of the reader. As an example of how to make the most of a good theme, I commend to you the story pleasantly, if not very originally, named "The House of Terror." Before now I have been ensnared to disappointment by precisely this title. But Mr. Mason's House holds no deception; it genuinely does terrify; and when at the climax of its history the two persons concerned see the door swing slowly inwards, and "the white fog billowed into the room," while "Glyn felt the hair stir and move upon his scalp," I doubt not that you will almost certainly partake of some measure of his emotion. Naturally, in a mixed bag such as this, one can't complain if the quality of the contents varies. Not all the tales reach the level of "The House of Terror"; but in every one there is enough artistry to occupy any spare half-hour you may have for such purposes, without letting you feel afterwards that it was wasted. And as a hospital present the collection could hardly be beaten.

Miss Marjorie Bowen's historical romances usually have the merit of swift movement, and that is precisely the quality I miss in *The Third Estate* (Methuen). It does not march—at least not quick enough. You will not need to be told that Miss Bowen has saturated herself conscientiously in her period—an intensely interesting period too—and has contrived her atmosphere most competently and plausibly. But for all that I couldn't make myself greatly interested in the bold bad Marquis de Sarcey in those anxious two years before "the Terror," with his insufferable pride, his incredible elegance, his fantastic ideas of love and his idiotic marriage, the negotiations for which, with the resulting complications, take up so large a space in a lengthy book. It gives one the impression of being written not "according to plan" but out of a random fancy, with so hurried a pen that not merely have irrelevant incidents, absurdities of diction, and indubitable *longueurs* escaped excision, but such lapses from the King's fair English as "save you and I" and "I shoot with my own hand he who refuses." Even a popular author—indeed, especially a popular author—owes us more consideration than that.

The Fortunes of Richard Mahony (Heinemann) is one of those pleasant books in which the hero prospers. True, the process as here shown is very gradual; so much so that the four hundred odd pages of the present volume only take us as far as "End of Book One." Clearly, therefore, Mr. H. H. Richardson has more to follow; and, as one should call no hero fortunate till his author has ceased writing, it is as yet too early for a final pronouncement upon *Richard Mahony*. My own honest impression at this stage would be that he is in some danger of outgrowing his strength. This pathological phrase comes the more aptly since *Richard's* fortune, though begun in the goldfields, was not derived from digging, but from the practice of medicine, and from a lucky speculation in mining stock (I liked especially the description of the day when the shares sold at fifty-three, and *Richard* "went about feeling a little more than human"). The end of the whole matter, at least the end for the present, is that, with his wife, and what he can get together from the remains of the mining *coup*, and the sale of a somewhat damaged practice, *Richard* sets forth for England. Obviously more turns of fortune are in store there for him and *Mary* and that queer character, his one-time inseparable, *Purdy*. That I anticipate their future with much interest is a genuine tribute to the humanity in which Mr. Richardson has clothed his cast. *Richard Mahony*, in short, is a real man, whose fortunes take a genuine hold upon one's attention; though I repeat that I could wish his author had told them less wordily, and—in one glaring instance—with a greater respect for the decencies of medical reticence.

Long-Distance Medical Treatment.

"A telephone massage was received last night by the Scotland Yard authorities."—*Bristol Times and Mirror.*

CHARIVARIA.

The Ministry of Food has informed the Twickenham Food Control Committee that a doughnut is not a bun. Local unrest has been almost completely allayed by this prompt and fearless decision.

* * *

Many London grocers are asking customers to hand in orders on Monday to ensure delivery within a week. In justice to a much-abused State department it must be pointed out that telegrams are frequently delivered within that period without any absurd restriction as to the day of handing in.

* * *

No more hotels in London, says Sir Alfred Mond, are to be taken over at present by the Government, which since the War began has commandeered nearly three hundred buildings. We understand, however, that a really spectacular offensive is being prepared for the Spring.

* * *

Several parties of Germans who escaped from internment camps have been recaptured with comparative ease. It is supposed that their gentle natures could no longer bear the spectacle of the sacrifices that the simple Briton is enduring in order that they may be well fed.

* * *

The *Globe* has just published an article entitled "The End of the World." Our rosy contemporary is far too pessimistic, we feel. Mr. Churchill's appointment as Minister of the Air has not yet been officially announced.

* * *

The *Vossische Zeitung* reports that the Kaiser refuses to accept the resignation of Admiral von Capelle. The career of Germany's Naval chief seems to be dogged by persistent bad luck.

* * *

Another scoop for *The Daily Telegraph*. "On October 14, 1066, at nine a.m.," said a recent issue, "the Battle of Hastings commenced."

* * *

We fear that our allotment-holders are losing their dash. The pumpkin grown at Burwash Place, which measured six feet in circumference, is still a pumpkin and not a potato.

* * *

The Grimsby magistrates have decided not to birch boys in the future, but to fine their parents. Several soft-hearted boys have already indicated that it will hurt them more than their parents.

* * *

A female defendant at a London police court last week was given the choice of prison or marriage, and preferred to get married. How like a woman!

* * *

A correspondent protests against the high prices paid for old postage-stamps at a recent sale, and points out that stamps can be obtained at one penny each at most post-offices, all ready for use.

* * *

A North of England lady last week climbed to the top of the chimney-stack of a large munition works and affixed a silver coin in the masonry. The lady is thought to be nervous of pickpockets.

* * *

A contemporary wit declares that nothing gives him more pleasure than to see golfers at dinner. He loves to watch them doing the soup course, using one iron all the way round.

* * *

There is no truth in the rumour that during a recent air-raid a man was caught on the roof of a certain Government building in Whitehall signalling to the Germans where not to drop their bombs.

* * *

It should be added that the practice of giving air-raid warnings by notice published in the following morning's papers has been abandoned only after the most exhaustive tests.

* * *

The Home Office announces that while it has not definitely decided upon the method of giving warnings at night it will probably be by gun fire. To distinguish this fire from the regular barrage it is ingeniously suggested that the guns employed for the latter purpose shall be painted blue, or some other distinctive colour.

* * *

It is reported that Sinn Fein's second-best war-cry, "Up the Kaiser," is causing some irritation in the Wilhelmstrasse, where it is freely admitted that the Kaiser is already far higher up than the circumstances justify.

* * *

The Lambeth magistrate recently referred to the case of a boy of fifteen who is paying income-tax. Friends of the youth have since been heard to say that there is such a thing as carrying the spirit of reckless bravado too far.



THE AIR-RAID SEASON.

The result of a little unassuming advertisement: 'Cellarman wanted.—Apply, 82, —— Street, W."

"Farm work is proceeding slowly," says a Midland correspondent of the Food Production Department. Those who recall the impetuous abandon of the pre-war agriculturist may well ask whether Boloism has not been work at again.

* * *

Railway fares in Germany have been doubled; but it is doubtful if this transparent artifice will prevent the Kaiser from going about the place making speeches to his troops on all the fronts.

* * *

It is announced that promotion in the U.S. services will be based solely on fitness, without regard to seniority. Those are the sort of revolutionists who would cover up grave defects in army organisation by the meretricious expedient of winning the War.

* * *

Inquiries, says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, disclose a wide-spread habit among customers of bribing the assistants in grocery shops. The custom among profiteers of giving them their cast-off motor cars probably acted as the thin end of the wedge.

* * *

A dear old lady writes that she is no longer nervous about air-raids, now that her neighbourhood has been provided with an anticraft airgun.

Food Economy in Ireland.

"Gloves, stockings, boots and shoes betoken the energy and meal of the day, something tasty is desirable, and a very economical dish of this kind can be made by making . . ."

Belfast Evening Telegraph.

ZEPP-FLIGHTING IN THE HAUTES ALPES.

To J. M.

Recall, dear John, a certain day
Back in the times of long ago—
A stuffy old estaminet
Under the great peaks fledged with snow;
The Spring that set our hearts rejoicing
As up the serried mountains' bar
We climbed our tortuous way Rolls-Roycing
From Gap to Col Bayard.

Little we dreamed, though that high air
Quickens imagination's flight,
What monstrous bird and very rare
Would in these parts some day alight;
How, like a roc of Arab fable,
A Zepp *en route* from London town,
Trying to find its German stable,
Would here come blundering down.

The swallows - you remember? yes?—
Northward, just then, were heading straight;
No hint they dropped by which to guess
That other fowl's erratic fate;
An inner sense supplied their vision;
Not one of them contused his scalp
Or lost his feathers in collision
Bumping against an Alp.

But they, the Zepp-birds, flopped and barged
From Lunéville to Valescure
(Where we of old have often charged
The bunkers of the Côte d'Azur);
And half a brace so strange and far a
Course to the South it had to shape—
Is still expected in Sahara
Or possibly the Cape.

In happier autumns you and I
(You by your art and I by luck)
Have pulled the pheasant off the sky
Or flogged to death the flighting duck;
But never yet—how few the chances
Of pouching so superb a swag—
Have we achieved a feat like France's
Immortal gas-bag bag. O. S.

PURPLE PATCHES FROM LORD YORICK'S GREAT BOOK.

(*Special Review.*)

Lord Yorick's *Reminiscences*, just published by the house of Hussell, abound in genial anecdote, in which the "personal note" is lightly and gracefully struck, in welcome contrast to the stodgy political memoirs with which we have been surfeited of late. We append some extracts, culled at random from these jocund pages:—

The Shah's Romance.

"I don't suppose it is a State secret—but if it is there can be no harm in divulging the fact—that there was some thought of a marriage in the 'eighties' between the Shah of Persia and the lovely Miss Malory, the lineal descendant of the famous author of the Arthurian epic. Mr. Gladstone, Mme. de Novikoff and the Archbishop of Canterbury were prime movers in the negotiations. But the Shah's table manners and his obstinate refusal to be converted to the doctrines of the Anglican Church, on which Miss Malory insisted, proved an insurmountable obstacle, and the arrangement, which might have been fraught with inestimable advantages to Persia, came to nought. Miss Malory afterwards became Lady Yorick."

Practical Joking at Oxford in the "Sixties."

"Jimmy Greene, afterwards Lord Havering, whose rooms were just below mine, suffered a good deal from practical jokers. One day I was chatting with Reggie Wragge when we heard loud cries for help just below us. We rushed down and found Jimmy in the bath, struggling with a large conger-eel which had been introduced by some of his friends. I held on to the monster's tail, while Wragge severed its head with a carving-knife. Poor Jimmy, who was always nervous and not very 'strong in his intellects,' was much upset, and was shortly afterwards ploughed for the seventh time in Smalls. He afterwards went into diplomacy, but died young."

Mrs. Mangold's Complexion.

"At one of these dances at Yorick Castle Mrs. Mangold, afterwards Lady Rootham, was staying with us. She was a very handsome woman, with a wonderful complexion, so brilliant, indeed, that some sceptics believed it to be artificial. A plot was accordingly hatched to solve the problem, and during a set of Kitchen Lancers a syphon of soda-water was cleverly squirted full in her face, but the colour remained fast. Mrs. Mangold, I am sorry to say, failed to see the point of the joke, and fled to her room, pursued as far as the staircase by a score or more of cheering sportsmen."

The Ordeal of Lady Verbena Soper.

"Mr. Goschen, as he then was, was entertaining a large party to dinner at Whitehall. He was at the time First Lord of the Admiralty, and an awkward waiter upset an ice-pudding down the back of Lady Verbena Soper, sister of Lady 'Loofah' Soper and daughter of the Earl of Latherham. The poor lady cried out, 'I'm scalded!' but our host, with great presence of mind, dashed out, returning with a bundle of blankets and a can of hot water, which he promptly poured on to the ice-pudding. The sufferer was then wrapped up in the blankets and carried off to bed. The waiter was of course sacked on the spot, but was saved from prosecution at the express request of his victim and assisted to emigrate to America, where I believe he did well on an orange farm in Florida."

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

There is no War-charity known to Mr. Punch that does better work or more quietly than that which is administered by the Children's Aid Committee, who provide homes in country cottages and farm-houses for children, most of them motherless, of our soldiers and sailors, visit them from time to time and watch over their needs. Here in these homes their fathers, who are kept informed of their children's welfare during their absence, come to see them when on leave from the Front, and find them gently cared for. Since the War began homes have been provided for over two thousand four hundred children. A certain grant in aid is allowed by the London War Pensions Committee, who have learned to depend upon the Children's Aid Committee in their difficulties about children, but for the most part this work relies upon voluntary help, and without advertisement. Of the money that came into the Committee's hands last year only about two per cent. was paid away for salaries and office expenses.

More than a year ago Mr. Punch appealed on behalf of this labour of love, and now he begs his readers to renew the generous response which they made at that time. Gifts of money and clothing, and offers of hospitality, will be gratefully acknowledged by Miss Maxwell-Lyte, Hon. Treasurer of the Children's Aid Committee, 50, South Molton Street, London, W.



VIVE LA CHASSE!

[With Mr. Punch's compliments to our gallant Allies on their bag of Zepps.]

STRONGER THAN HERSELF.

In an assortment of nieces, totalling nine in all—but two of them, being still, in Sir Walter's phrase, composed of "that species of pink dough which is called a fine infant" do not count—I think that my favourites are Enid and Hannah. Enid being the daughter of a brother of mine, and Hannah of a sister, they are cousins. They are also collaborators in literature and joint editors of a magazine for family consumption entitled *The Attic Salt-Cellar*. The word "Attic" refers to the situation of the editorial office, which is up a very perilous ladder, and "salt-cellar" was a suggestion of my own, which, though adopted, is not yet understood.

During the search for pseudonyms for the staff—the pseudonym is an essential in home journalism, and the easiest way of securing it is to turn one's name round—we came upon the astonishing discovery that Hannah is exactly the same whether you spell it backwards or forwards. Hannah therefore calls herself, again at my suggestion, "Pal," which is short for "palindrome." We also discovered, to her intense delight, that Enid, when reversed, makes "Dine"—a pleasant word but a poor pseudonym. She therefore calls herself, after her pet flower, "Marigold."

Between them Pal and Marigold do all the work. There is room for an epigram if you happen to have one about you, or even an ode, but they can get along without outside contributions. Enid does most of the writing and Hannah copies it out.

So much for prelude to the story of Enid's serial. Having observed that all the most popular periodicals have serial stories she decided that she must write one too. It was called "The Prairie Lily," and began splendidly. I give the list of characters at the head of the first instalment:—

The Duke of Week, an angry father and member of the House of Lords.
The Duchess of Week, his wife, once famous for her beauty.
Lady Lily, their daughter, aged nineteen and very lovely.
Mr. Ploot, an American millionaire who loves the Lady Lily.
Lord Eustace Vavasour, the Lady Lily's cousin, who loves her.
Jack Crawley, a young farmer and the one that the Lady Lily loves.
Fanny Starlight, a poor relation and the Lady Lily's very closest friend.
Webb, the Lady Lily's maid.

Such were the characters when the story began, and at the end of the first instalment the author, with very great ingenuity—or perhaps with only a light-hearted disregard of probability—got the whole bunch of them on a liner going to America. The last sentence described the vessel gliding away from the dock, with the characters leaning over the side waving good-bye. Even Jack Crawley, the young farmer, was there; but he was not waving with the others, because he did not want anyone to know that he knew the Lady Lily, or was on board at all. Lord Eustace was on one side of the Lady Lily as she waved, and Mr. Ploot on the other, and they were, of course, consumed with jealousy of each other.



"Do tell me, Uncle, all about this persiflage you put on your tents."

Having read the first instalment, with the author's eye fixed embarrassingly upon me, and the author giggling as she watched, I said that it was very interesting; as indeed it was. I went on to ask what part of America they were all going to, and how it would end, and so on; and Enid sketched the probable course of events, which included a duel for Lord Eustace and Mr. Ploot (who turned out to be not a millionaire at all, but a gentleman thief) and a very exciting time for the Lady Lily on a ranche in Texas, whither she had followed Jack Crawley, who was to become famous throughout the States as "The Cowboy King." I forget about the Duke and Duchess, but a lover was to be found on the ranche for Fanny Starlight; and Red Indians were to carry off Webb, who was to be rescued by the Cowboy King; and so on. There were, in short, signs that Enid had not only read the feuilletons in the picture papers but had been to the Movies too. But no matter what had influenced her, the story promised well.

Judge then my surprise when on opening the next number of *The Attic Salt-Cellar* I found that the instalment of the serial consisted only of the following:—

THE PRAIRIE LILY.

Chapter II.

All went merrily on the good ship *Astarte* until the evening of the third day out, when it ran into another and larger ship and was sunk with all hands. No one was saved.

The End.

"But, my dear," I said, "you can't write novels like that."

"Why not, Uncle Dick?" Enid asked.

"Because it's not playing the game," I said. "After arousing everyone's interest and exciting us with the first chapter, you can't stop it all like this."

"But it happened," she replied. "Ships often sink, Uncle Dick, and this one sank."

"Well, that's all right," I said, "but, my dear child, why drown everyone? Why not let your own people be saved? Not the Duke and Duchess, perhaps, but the others. Think of all those jolly things that were going to happen in Texas, and the duel, and——"

"Yes, I know," she replied sadly. "It's horrid to have to give them up, but I couldn't help it. The ship would sink and no one was saved. I shall have to begin another."

There's a conscience for you! There's realism! Enid should go far.

I have been wondering if there are any other writers of serial stories whose readers would not suffer if similar visitations of inevitability came to them.

Another Impending Apology.

"Some of the Freaks Found in Nature
Dog Mothers Turkeys
Irish Peeress in Khaki."
Toronto Star Weekly.

"Attracted by anti-aircraft guns the Zeppelin bounded upwards."—*Daily Chronicle.*

That was in France. In England the lack of firing (according to our pusillanimous critics) was positively repulsive.



Tommy. "'ANDS UP, ALL OF YER. I'M GOIN' ON LEAVE TERMORRER. AIN'T GOT NO TIME TO WASTE."

OUR INNOCENT SUBALTERNS.

THE leave-boat had come into port and there was the usual jam around the gangways. On the quay at the foot of one of them was a weary-looking officer performing the ungrateful task of detailing officers for tours of duty with the troops. He had squares of white cardboard in his hand, and here and there, as the officers trooped down the gangway, he picked out a young and inoffensive-looking subaltern and subpœnaed him.

I chanced to notice a young and rosy-cheeked second-lieutenant, innocent of the ways of this rude world, and I knew he was doomed.

As he passed out on to the wharf I saw him receive one of those white cards; he was also told to report to the corporal at the end of the quay.

I saw him slip behind a truck, where he left his bag and haversack, his gloves and his cane, and when he re-appeared on the far side he had on his rain-coat, without stars. He had also altered the angle of his cap.

He waited near the foot of the other gangway, which was unguarded. I drew nearer to see what he would do. Presently down the plank came an oldish man—a lieutenant with a heavy moustache and two African ribbons. My young friend stepped forward.

"You are detailed for duty," I heard him say. "You will report to the N.C.O. at the end of the quay." His intonation was a model for the Staff College.

"Curse the thing! I knew I should be nabbed for duty," I heard the veteran growl as he strode off with the white card . . .

I met the young man later at the Hotel ——, where he had had the foresight to wire for a room. As I had failed to do this, I was glad to avail myself of his kind offer to share his accommodation. After such hospitality I could not refuse him a lift in my car, as we were both bound for the same part of the country.

I did not learn until afterwards that a preliminary chat with my chauffeur had preceded his hospitable advances. Whenever anybody tells me that our subalterns of to-day lack *savoir faire* or that they are deficient in tactical initiative, I tell him that he lies.

"A Bachelor, 38, wishes meet Protestant, born 4th Sept., 1899, or 17th, 18th Sept., 1886, plain looks; poverty no barrier; view matrimony."—*The Age (Melbourne).*

For so broad-minded a man he seems curiously fastidious about dates.

HUMOURS OF THE WAR OFFICE.

THE EXCHANGE.

Captain A. and Captain B.,
The one was in F, the other in E,
The one was rheumatic and shrank from wet feet,
The other had sunstroke and dreaded the heat.

"If we could exchange," wrote B. to A.,
"We should both keep fitter (the doctors say),"
And, A. agreeing, they humbly prayed
The great War Office to lend its aid.

In less than a month they got replies,
A letter to each of the self-same size;
A.'s was: "Yes, you'll exchange with B.";
B.'s was: "No, you'll remain in E."

Our Modest Publicists.

"I felt it to be my duty to say that and I said it; and, of course, nobody took any notice."—*Mr. Robert Blatchford, in "The Sunday Chronicle."*

"CHRISTIANIA, Thursday.
Several hours' violent cannonading was heard in the Skagerack.
Norwegian torpedoes proceeded thither to investigate."
Toowoomba Chronicle (Queensland).

Intelligent creatures, they poke their noses into everything.

BEASTS ROYAL.

VI.

King George's Dalmatian. A.D. 1823.

Yellow wheels and red wheels, and wheels that squeak and roar,
Big buttons, brown wigs, and many capes of buff . . .
Someone's bound for Sussex, in a coach-and-four;
And, when the long whips crack,
Running at the back
Barks the swift Dalmatian, whose spots are seven-score.

White dust and grey dust, fleeting tree and tower,
Brass horns and copper horns, blowing loud and bluff . . .
Someone's bound for Sussex, at eleven miles an hour;
And, when the long horns blow,
From the wheels below
Barks the swift Dalmatian, tongued like an apple-flower.

Big domes and little domes, donkey-carts that jog,
High stocks and low pumps and admirable snuff . . .
Someone strolls at Brighton, not very much incog.;
And, panting on the grass,
In his collar bossed with brass,
Lies the swift Dalmatian, the King's plum-pudding dog.

CAMOUFLAGE CONVERSATION.

It came as a shock to the Brigade Major that the brigade on his left had omitted to let him know the time of their projected raid that night. It came as a shock all the more because it was the General himself who first noticed the omission, and it is a golden rule for Brigade Majors that they should always be the first to think of things.

"Ring 'em up and ask," said the General. "Don't, of course, mention the word 'raid' on the telephone. Call it—um—ah, oh, call it anything you like so long as they understand what you mean."

At times, to the casual eavesdropper, strange things must appear to be going on in the British lines. It must be a matter of surprise, to such a one, that the British troops can think it worth their while to inform each other at midnight that "Two Emperors of Pongo have become attached to Annie Laurie." Nor would it appear that any military object would be served in passing on the chatty piece of information that "there will be no party for Windsor to-morrow." This habit of calling things and places as they most emphatically are not is but a concession, of course, to the habits of the infamous Hun, who rightly or wrongly is supposed to overhear everything one says within a mile of the line.

Thinking in the vernacular proper to people who keep the little knowledge they have to themselves, the Brigade Major grasped the hated telephone in the left hand and prepared to say a few words (also in the vernacular) to his fellow Staff Officer a mile away.

"Hullo!" Br-rr—Crick-crick. "Hullo, Signals! Give me S-Salmon."

"Salmon? You're through, Sir," boomed a voice apparently within a foot of his ear.

"OO!" An earsplitting crack was followed by a mosquito-like voice singing in the wilderness.

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!"

"This is Pike."

"This is Possum. H-hullo, Pike!"

"Hullo, Possum!"

"I say, look here, the General w-wants to know" (here he paused to throw a dark hidden meaning into the word) "what time—*it*—is."

"What time it is?"

"Yes, what time *it* is! *It*. Yes, what time it is"—repeated *fortissimo ad lib.*

"Eleven thirty-five."

"Eleven thirty-five? Why, it's on now. I don't hear anything on the Front?"

"No, you wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because it's all quiet."

"But you said s-something was on?"

"No, I didn't. You asked me what time it was and I told you."

Swallowing hard several times, Possum girded up his loins, so to speak, gripped the telephone firmly in the right hand this time, and jumped off again. His "Hullo" sent a thrill through even the Bosch listening apparatus in the next sector.

"Hullo! L-look here, Pike, we—want to-know—what time *it* is."

"Eleven thir——"

"No, no, *it—it*!"

"What?"

"It! You *know* what I mean. Damit, what can I call it? Oh—er, *sports*; what time is your *high jump*?" he added, nodding and winking knowingly: "Well, what time's the circus? When do you start for Berlin?"

"I say, Possum, are you all right, old chap?" said a voice full of concern.

A crop of full-bodied beads appeared on the Brigade Major's brow. His right hand was paralysed by the unceasing grip of the receiver. There was a strained look in his eyes as of a man watching for the ration-party.

"S-something," he said, calmly and surely mastering his fate—"s-something is happening to-night."

"You're a cheery sort of bloke, aren't you?"

"Good God, are you cracked or what? There's a-—"

"Careful, careful!" called the General from his comfortable chair in the other room.

"O-oh!" sang the mosquito voice, "*now* I know what you mean. You want to know what time our—er—ha! ha! you know—the—er—don't you?"

"The—ha! ha! yes"—they leered frightfully at each other; it was a horrible spectacle. No one would think that Possum had so much latent evil in him.

"We sent you the time mid-day."

"Well, we haven't had it. C-can you give me any indication, w-without actually s-saying it, you know?"

"Well now," said the mosquito, "You know how many years' service I've got? Multiply by two and add the map square of this headquarters."

"Well, look here," it sang again, "you remember the number of the billet where I had dinner with you three weeks ago? Well, halve that and add two."

"Half nine and add two" (*aside:* "These midnight mathematics will be the death of me—ah! that's between six and seven?"). *Aloud:* "But that's daylight."

"No, it isn't. Which dinner are you thinking of?"

With the sweat pouring down his face, both hands now clasping the telephone—his right being completely numbed—he called upon the gods to witness the foolishness of mortals. Suddenly a hideous cackle of mosquito-laughter filtered through and, by some diabolical contrivance of the signals, the tiny voice swelled into a bellow close to his ear.

"If you really want to know, old Possum," it said, "the raid took place two hours ago!"

"I hope," said Possum, much relieved, but speaking with concentrated venom, "I h-hope you may be strafed with boiling—— Are you there?" Being assured that he was he slapped his receiver twice, and, much gratified at the unprintable expression of the twice-stunned-one at the other end, went to tell the General—who, he found, had gone to bed and was fast asleep.

"The customary oats were administered to the new Judge."—*Perthshire Constitutional.*

There had been some fear, we understand, that owing to the food shortage he would have to be content with thistles.

THE OLD FORMULA.

Private Brown lay upon his pillows thoughtfully sucking the new pencil given him by his mate in the next bed. Propped against the cradle that covered his shattered knee was a pad, to which a sheet of paper had been fixed, and he was about to write a letter to his wife.

It was plainly to be an effort, for apart from the fact that he was never a scholar there was the added uncertainty of his long disused right hand to be reckoned with; but at last he grasped the pencil with all the firmness he could muster and began:—

"Dear Wife,—I got your letter about Jim he ought to gone long ago, shirking I calls it. This hospital is very nice and when you come down from London youll see all the flowers and the gramophone which is a fair treat. My wounds is slow and I often gets cramp."

No sooner was the fatal word written than the fingers of his right hand began to stiffen, the pencil fell upon the bed, then rolled dejectedly to the floor, where the writer said it might stay for all he cared.

"You must let me finish the letter," said I, when his hand had been rubbed and tucked away in a warm mitten.

"Thank you, Miss; I was getting on nicely, and there's not much more to say," he returned ruefully, scanning the wavering lines before him.

"Well, shall I go on for a bit and let you wind up," said I, unscrewing my pen and taking the pad on my knee.

"Me telling you what to put like?" he asked with a look of pleased relief.

"That's it. Just say what you would write down yourself."

He cleared his throat.

"Dear Wife," he resumed, "the wounds is . . . awful, not letting me write at all. The one in my back is as long as your arm, and they says it will heal quicker than the one in my knee, which has two tubes in which they squirts strong-smelling stuff through. The foot is a pretty sight, as big as half a melon, and I doubts ever being able to put it to the ground again, though they says I shall. I gets very stiff at nights and the pain sometimes is cruel, but they gives me a prick with the morphia needle then which makes me dream something beautiful. . . ."

There was a pause while he indulged in a smiling reverie.

"Perhaps we have said enough about your pains,' I ventured, when, returning from his visions, he puckered his brows in fresh thought. "Your wife might be frightened if——"



Stout Lady (discussing the best thing to do in an air-raid). "Well, I always runs about meself. You see, as my 'usband sez, an' very reasonable too, a movin' targit is more difficult to 'it."

"Not her," he interrupted proudly. "She's a rare good nurse herself, and it would take more than that to turn *her* up."

I shook my pen; he shifted his head a little and continued:—

"Dear Wife,—If you could see my shoulder dressed of a morning you would laugh. They cuts out little pieces of lint like a picture puzzle to fit the places, and I've got a regular map of Blighty all down my arm; but that's not so bad as my back, which I cannot see and which the wound is as long——"

I blotted the sheet and turned over, and Private Brown eyed the space left for further cheerful communications.

"Shall I leave this for you to finish?" I suggested, thinking of tender messages difficult to dictate. "Your fingers may be better after tea, or perhaps to-morrow morning."

"That's all right, Miss. There's nothing more to put except my name, if you'll just say, "Good-bye, dear wife, hoping this finds you well as it leaves me at present."

Fair Warning.

"A POPULAR CONCERT
WILL BE HELD IN THE
Porteous Hall,
On Friday, 2nd November."
Scotch Paper.

CURRAGH MEETING.

Judea . . . . E. M. Quirke 1
Elfterion . . . . M. Wing 2
Tut Ttlddddddrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr aY
Tut Tut . . . . J. Dines 3
Provincial Paper.

From which it is to be inferred
The angry printer backed the third.



"WELL, UPON MY WORD! AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE I HAD TO GET A QUARTER OF A POUND OF BUTTER, THE COOK'S SENT UP MARGARINE. I SHOULD HATE THE MAIDS TO GO SHORT, BUT I *DO* THINK WE OUGHT TO *SHARE* THINGS."

THE ULTIMATE OUTRAGE.

I HAD a favourite shirt for many moons,
Soft, silken, soothing and of tenderest tone,
Gossamer-light withal. The Subs., my peers,
Envied the garment, ransacking the land
To find a shirt its equal—all in vain.
For, when we tired of shooting at the Hun
And other Batteries clamoured for their share
And we resigned positions at the front
To dally for a space behind the line,
To shed my war-worn vesture I was wont—
The G.S. boots, the puttees and the pants
That mock at cut and mar the neatest leg,
The battle-jacket with its elbows patched
And bands of leather round its hard-used cuffs,
And, worst of all, the fuggy flannel shirt,
Rough and uncouth, that suffocates the soul;
And in their stead I donned habiliments
Cadets might dream of—serges with a waist,
And breeches cut by Blank (you know the man,
Or dare not say you don't), long lustrous boots,
And gloves canary-hued, bright primrose ties
Undimmed by shadows of Sir FRANCIS LLOYD—
And, like a happy mood, I wore the shirt.
It was a woven breeze, a melody
Constrained by seams from melting in the air,
A summer perfume tethered to a stud,
The cool of evening cut to fit my form—
And I shall wear it now no more, no more!

There came a day we took it to be washed,
I and my batman, after due debate.
A little cottage stood hard by the road
Whose one small window said, in manuscript,
"Wasching for soldiers and for officers,"
And there we left my shirt with anxious fears
And fond injunctions to the Belgian dame.
So it was washed. I marked it as I passed
Waving svelte arms beneath the kindly sun
As if it semaphored to its own shade
That answered from the grass. I saw it fill
And plunge against its bonds—methought it yearned
To join its tameless kin, the airy clouds.
And as I saw it so, I sang aloud,
"To-morrow I shall wear thee! Haste, O Time!"
Fond, futile dream! That very afternoon,
Her washing taken in and folded up
(My shirt, my shirt I mourn for, with the rest),
The frugal creature locked and left her cot
To cut a cabbage from a neighbour's field.
Then, without warning, from the empurpled sky,
Swift with grim dreadful purpose, swooped a shell
(Perishing Percy was the name he bore
Amongst the irreverent soldiery), ah me!
And where the cottage stood there gaped a gulf;
The jewel and the casket vanished both.

* * * * *

Were there no other humble homes but that
For the vile Hun to fire at? Did some spy,
In bitter jealousy, betray my shirt?
What boots it to lament? The shirt is gone.
It was not meant for such an one as I,
A plain rough gunner with one only pip.
No doubt 'twas destined for some lofty soul
Who in a deck-chair lolls, and marks the map
And says, "Push here," while I and all my kind
Scrabble and slaughter in the appointed slough.
But I, presumptuous, wore it, till the gods
Called for my laundry with a thunderbolt.



HOW TO LOSE THE WAR AT HOME.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, October 22nd.—The fact that a couple of German raiders contrived to slip through the North Sea patrol the other night was made the excuse for an attack upon the Admiralty. Sir Eric Geddes came down specially to assure the House that if it viewed things "in the right perspective" it would realise that such isolated incidents were unavoidable. Members generally were convinced, I think, by the sight of the First Lord's bulldog jaw, even more than by his words, that the Navy would not loose its grip on the enemy's throat.

If "darkness and composure" are, as we have been told, the best antidotes to an air-raid, where would you be more likely to find them than in a Cave? The Home Secretary's explanation did not, of course, satisfy "P. B."—initials now standing for "Pull Baker"—who, in a voice of extra raucosity, caused by his *al-fresco* oratory in East Islington, demanded that protection should be afforded to ballot-boxes. But he and Mr. Joynson-Hicks and Mr. Dillon—whose sudden solicitude for the inhabitants of London was gently chaffed by Mr. Chamberlain—were deservedly trounced by Mr. Bonar Law, who declared that if their craven squealings were typical he should despair of victory.

Who says that the removal of the grille has had no effect upon politics? Exposed to the unimpeded gaze of the ladies in the Gallery the House decided with great promptitude that the female voter should not be called upon to state her exact age, but need only furnish a statutory declaration that she was over thirty.

Tuesday, October 23rd.—So far as I know, the duties of a Junior Lord of the Treasury have never been exactly defined. Apparently those of Mr. Pratt include the compilation of a "London Letter," to be sent to certain favoured newspapers. In one of them he appears to have stated that Mr. Asquith's condition of health was so precarious that there was little likelihood of his resuming an active part in politics. It was pleasant, therefore, to see the ex-Premier in his place again, and able to contribute to the Irish debate a speech showing no conspicuous failure either of intellect or verbal felicity.

Both Mr. Redmond and Mr. Duke had drawn a very gloomy picture of present-day Ireland—the former, of course, attributing it entirely to the ineptitudes of the "Castle," and being careful to say little or nothing to hurt the feelings of the Sinn Feiners, while the latter ascribed it to the rebellious speeches and actions of Mr. De Valera and the other hillside orators whom for some inscrutable reason he leaves at large.

I hope Mr. Asquith was justified in assuming that the Sinn Fein excesses were only an expression of the "rhetorical and contingent belligerency" always present in Ireland, and that in spite of them the Convention would make all things right.



Mr. Duke. "Here, I say—"
Mr. Redmond. "Sure an' I'm sorry, but the gintleman behind pushed me."

Meanwhile the Sinn Feiners have refused to take part in it. And not a single Nationalist Member dared to denounce them to-night. Mr. T. M. Healy even gave them his blessing, for whatever that may be worth.

Wednesday, October 24th.—The strange case of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Montagu was brought before the Upper House by Lord Sydenham, who hoped the Government were not going to make concessions to the noisy people who wanted to set up a little oligarchy in India. The speeches of Lord Islington and Lord Curzon did not entirely remove the impression that the Government are a little afraid of Mrs. Besant and her power of "creating an atmosphere" by the emission of "hot air." Apparently there is room for only one orator in India at a time, for it was expressly stated that Mr. Montagu, who got back into office shortly after the delivery of what Lord Lansdowne characterised as an "intemperate" speech on Indian affairs, has given an undertaking not to make any speech at all during his progress through the Peninsula.

Thursday, October 25th.—Irish Members have first cut at the Question-time cake on Thursdays, and employ their opportunity to advertise their national grievances. Mr. O'Leary, for example, drew a moving picture of a poor old man occupying a single room, and dependent for his subsistence on the grazing of a hypothetical cow; he had been refused a pension by a hard-hearted Board. Translated into prosaic English by the Chief Secretary it resolved itself into the case of a farmer who had deliberately divested himself of his property in the hope of "wangling" five shillings a week out of the Treasury.

According to Mr. Byrne the Lord Mayor of Dublin has been grossly insulted by a high Irish official, who must be made to apologise or resign. Again Mr. Duke was unreceptive. He had seen the Lord Mayor, who dis-



THE UNSEEN HAND.

Bill. "A FELLER IN THIS HERE PAPER SAYS AS WE AIN'T FIGHTING THE GERMAN PEOPLE."
Gus. "INDEED! DOES THE BLINKIN' IDIOT SAY WHO WE'VE BEEN UP AGAINST ALL THIS TIME?"

claimed any responsibility for his self-constituted champion. Mr. BYRNE should now be known as "the cuckoo in the mare's nest."

An attack upon the Petroleum Royalties was led by Mr. ADAMSON, the new Chairman of the Labour Party, who was cordially congratulated by the COLONIAL SECRETARY on his appointment. Mr. LONG might have been a shade less enthusiastic if he had foreseen the sequel. His assurance that there was "nothing behind the Bill" was only too true. There was not even a majority behind it; for the hostile amendment was carried by 44 votes to 35, and the LLOYD GEORGE Administration sustained its first defeat. "Nasty slippery stuff, oil," muttered the Government Whip.

"Wanted, at once, three Slack Carters: constant employment."—*Lancaster Observer.*

We fear that intending applicants may be put off by the conditions.

"WHERE MY CARAVAN HAS RESTED—in A flat."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

And, in the recent weather, a very good place for it.

WAR-TIME TAGS FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

A "TAKE COVER" CONSTABLE TO A "SPECIAL."

"I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick."—*Act I. Sc. 1.*

A WISE MAN.

"Good night, then, Casca: this disturbèd sky
Is not to walk in."—*Act I. Sc. 3.*

A RASH MAN.

"For my part, I have walked about the streets . . .
Even in the aim and very flash of it.'
Act I. Sc. 3.

TO A MUNITION STRIKER.

"But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?"—*Act I. Sc. 1.*

TO A LADY CLERK.

"Is this a holiday?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?"—*Act I. Sc. 1.*

TO LORD RHONDDA
(*with a wheat and potato War-loaf*).

"Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this."—*Act I. Sc. 2.*

The Translator sees through it.

Announcement by a French publisher:—

"Vient de paraître:—'M. Britling commence à voir clair.'"

"MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
A Large Quantity of Old Bricks for Sale."
Dublin Evening Herald.

Do not shoot the pianist. Throw a brick at him instead.

Regarding a certain judge:—

"Hence so many reversals by the Court of Appeal that suitors were often more uneasy if they lost their case before him than if they won it." *Irish Times.*

We assume that they were Irishmen.

"Elderly Lady Requires Post, as companion, Secretary or any position of trust, would keep clergyman's wife in Parish, etc."
Church Family Newspaper.

But the difficulty with the parson's wife in some parishes, we are told, is just the reverse of this.

"Duck and drake (wild) wanted; must be tame."—*Scotsman.*

We dislike this frivolity in a serious paper.



OUR YOUNG VETERANS.

Grandfather. "JUST HAD A TOPPING BIT OF NEWS, OLD DEAR. GERALD'S WANGLED THE D.S.O."
Granny. "ABSOLUTELY *PRICELESS*, OLD THING. ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT CHILD WAS *SOME* NIB."

THE MUD LARKS.

Albert Edward and I are on detachment just now. I can't mention what job we are on because HINDENBURG is listening. He watches every move made by Albert Edward and me and disposes his forces accordingly. Now and again he forestalls us, now and again he don't. On the former occasions he rings up LUDENDORFF, and they make a night of it with beer and song; on the latter he pushes the bell violently for the old German god.

The spot Albert Edward and I inhabit just now is very interesting; things happen all round us. There is a tame balloon tied by a string to the back garden, an ammunition column on either flank and an infantry battalion camped in front. Aeroplanes buzz overhead in flocks and there is a regular tank service past the door. One way and another our present location fairly teems with life; Albert Edward says it reminds him of London. To heighten the similarity we get bombed every night.

Promptly after Mess the song of the bomb-bird is heard. The searchlights stab and slash about the sky like tin swords in a stage duel; presently they pick up the bomb-bird—a glittering flake of tinsel—and the racket begins. Archibalds pop, machine guns chatter, rifles crack, and here and there some optimistic sportsman browns the Milky Way with a revolver. As Sir I. NEWTON'S law of gravity is still in force and all that goes up must come down again, it is advisable to wear a parasol on one's walks abroad.

In view of the heavy lead-fall Albert Edward and I decided to have a dug-out. We dug down six inches and struck water in massed formation. I poked a finger into the water and licked it. "Tastes odd," said I, "brackish or salt or something."

"We've uncorked the blooming Atlantic, that's what," said Albert Edward; "cork it up again quickly or it'll bob up and swamp us." That done, we looked about for something that would stand digging into. The only thing we could find was a molehill, so we delved our way into that. We are residing in it now, Albert Edward, Maurice and I. We have called it "*Mon Repos*," and stuck up a notice saying we are inside, otherwise visitors would walk over it and miss us.

The chief drawback to "*Mon Repos*" is Maurice. Maurice is the proprietor by priority, a mole by nature. Our advent has more or less driven him into the hinterland of his home and he is most unpleasant about it. He sits in the basement and sulks by day, issuing at night to scrabble about among our boots, falling over things and keeping us awake. If we say "Boo! Shoo!" or any harsh word to him he doubles up the backstairs to the attic and kicks earth over our faces at three-minute intervals all night.

Albert Edward says he is annoyed about the rent, but I call that absurd. Maurice is perfectly aware that there is a war on, and to demand rent from soldiers who are defending his molehill with their lives is the most ridiculous proposition I ever heard of. As I said before, the situation is most unpleasant, but I don't see what we can do about it, for digging out Maurice means digging down "*Mon Repos*,"

and there's no sense in that. Albert Edward had a theory that the mole is a carnivorous animal, so he smeared a worm with carbolic tooth-paste and left it lying about. It lay about for days. Albert now admits his theory was wrong; the mole is a vegetarian, he says; he was confusing it with trout. He is in the throes of inventing an explosive potato for Maurice on the lines of a percussion grenade, but in the meanwhile that gentleman remains in complete mastery of the situation.

The balloon attached to our back garden is very tame. Every morning its keepers lead it forth from its abode by strings, tie it to a longer string and let it go. All day it remains aloft, tugging gently at its leash and keeping an eye on the War. In the evening the keepers appear once more, haul it down and lead it home for the night. It reminds me for all the world of a huge docile elephant being bossed about by the mahout's infant family. I always feel like giving the gentle creature a bun.

Now and again the Bosch birds come over disguised as clouds and spit mouthfuls of red-hot tracer-bullets at it, and then the observers hop out. One of them "hopped out" into my horse-lines last week. That is to say his parachute caught in a tree and he hung swinging, like a giant pendulum, over my horses' backs until we lifted him down. He came into "*Mon Repos*" to have bits of tree picked out of him. This was the sixth plunge overboard he had done in ten days, he told us. Sometimes he plunged into the most embarrassing situations. On one occasion he dropped clean through a bivouac roof into a hot bath containing a Lieutenant-Colonel, who punched him with a sponge and threw soap at him. On another he came fluttering down from the blue into the midst of a labour company of Chinese coolies, who immediately fell on their faces, worshipping him as some heavenly being, and later cut off all his buttons as holy relics. An eventful life.

PATLANDER.



Prisoner (on his dignity). "BUT YOU VOS NOT KNOW VOT I AM. I AM A SERGEANT-MAJOR IN DER PRUSSIAN GUARD."

Tommy. "WELL, WOT ABAHT IT? I'M A PRIVATE IN THE WEST KENTS."

A Precocious Infant.

"Will any kind lady adopt nice healthy baby girl, 6 weeks old, good parentage; seen London."—*Times.*

"The King has given £100 to the Victoria Station free buffet for sailors and soldiers."
The Times.

In the days of RICHARD I. it was a commoner who furnished the King in this respect. *Vide* Sir WALTER SCOTT'S *Ivanhoe*, vol. ii., chap. 9: "Truly, friend," said the Friar, clenching his huge fist, "I will bestow a buffet on thee."

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

THERE was an old man with otitis
Who was told it was chronic arthritis;
On the sixth operation,
Without hesitation
They said that he died of phlebitis.

A school just assembled for Prep.
Were warned of an imminent Zepp,
But they said, "What a lark!
Now we're all in the dark
So we shan't have to learn any Rep."

Mr. BREX, with the forename of TWELLS,
Against all the bishops rebels,
And so fiercely upbraids
Their remarks on air-raids
That he rouses the envy of WELLS.

The American miracle, FORD,
By pacificists once was adored;
Now their fury he raises
By winning the praises
Of England's great super-war-lord.

"Wanted—a Pair of Lady's Riding Boots, black or brown, size of foot 4, diam. of calf 14 inches."—*Statesman (Calcutta).*

Great Diana!

"WANTED—Late Model, 5-passenger McLaughlin, Hudson, Paige, or Cadillac car, in exchange for 5-crypt family de luxe section, value $1,500, in Forest Lawn Mausoleum."
Toronto Daily Star.

With some difficulty we refrain from reviving the old joke about the quick and the dead.

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

III.

Conversation on Chapter LXX.

Mary. Do tell us something more, Mamma, about the Great Rebellion and how it began.

Mrs. M. Well, my dear, you must know that in the previous reign it had been the fashion for middle-aged and elderly people to behave and dress as if they were still juvenile. Mothers neglected their daughters and went to balls and theatres every night, where they were conspicuous for their extravagant attire and strange conversation. They would not allow their daughters to smoke, or, if they did, provided them with the cheapest cigarettes. Fathers of even advanced years wore knickerbocker suits on all occasions and spent most of their time playing a game called golf. This at last provoked a violent reaction, and the Great Rebellion was the consequence. Although there was no bloodshed many distressing scenes were enacted and something like a Reign of Terror prevailed for several years.

Richard. Oh, Mamma, please go on!

Mrs. M. Parents trembled at the sight of their children, and fathers, even when they were sixty years old, stood bareheaded before their sons and did not dare to speak without permission. Mothers never sat down in the presence of their grown-up daughters, but stood in respectful silence at the further end of the room, and were only allowed to smoke in the kitchen.

George. That cannot have been very good for the cooking.

Mrs. M. The daughters of the family were seldom educated at home, and when they returned to their father's roof their parents were only admitted into the presence of their children during short and stated periods.

Mary. And when did the English begin to grow kinder to their parents?

Mrs. M. I really cannot say. Perhaps a climax was reached in the Baby Suffrage Act; but after that matters began to improve, and the Married Persons Amusements Act showed a more tolerant spirit towards the elderly. But even so lately as when my mother was a child young people were often exceedingly harsh with their parents, and she has told me how on one occasion she locked up her mother for several hours in the coal-cellar for playing a mouth-organ in the bathroom without permission.

Richard. Pray, Mamma, did the English speak Irish then, as they do now?

Mrs. M. Compulsory Irish was introduced under Alfred as a concession to Ireland for the services rendered by that kingdom to art and literature and the neutrality which it observed during England's wars. There was a certain amount of opposition, but it was soon overcome by Alfred's wisely insisting on the newspapers being printed in both languages. Since then the variations in dialect and pronunciation which prevailed in different districts of England have largely disappeared, and from Land's End to John o' Groat's the bilingual system is now securely established, though my mother told me that as a child she once met an old man in Northumberland who could only speak a few words of Irish, and had been deprived of his vote in consequence.

Richard. What were the Thirty-Nine Articles? I don't think I ever heard of them before.

Mrs. M. When you are of a proper age to understand them they shall be explained to you. They contained the doctrines of the Church of England, but were abolished by Archbishop Wells, who substituted seventy-eight of his own. But as Mary is looking tired I will now conclude our conversation.

THE MOTH PERIL.

["Fruit growers are warned to be on their guard against the wingless moth, for limewashing the trees is almost useless."

Evening Paper.]

If the brute ignores the notice, "Keep off the trees," order him away in a sharp voice.

Sulphuric acid is a most deadly antidote; but only the best should be used. If the moth be held over the bottle for ten minutes it will show signs of collapse and offer to go quietly.

This pest abhors heat. A good plan is to heat the garden-roller in the kitchen fire to a white heat and push it up the tree.

A gramophone in full song is also useful. After a few minutes the moth will come out of its dug-out with an abstracted expression on its face, and commit suicide by jumping into the mouth of the trumpet.

A Comforting Thought for use on War-Time Railways.

"To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive."—R. L. Stevenson.

From a parish magazine:—

"I know 'the war' still continues but these do not explain everything. The large water tank at the schools is for sale—price £5 10s. The sermons and as far as possible the music and hymns on 21st (Trafalgar Day) will bear on the work of our incomparable Navy."

It is believed in the village that the parson is suffering from a rush of Jumble Sales to the head.

HERBS OF GRACE.

Sweet Woodruff.

VII.

Not for the world that we know,
But the lovelier world that we dream of
Dost thou, Sweet Woodruff, grow;
Not of this world is the theme of
The scent diffused
From thy bright leaves bruised;
Not in this world hast thou part or lot,
Save to tell of the dream one, forgot, forgot.

Sweet Woodruff, thine is the scent
Of a world that was wise and lowly,
Singing with sane content,
Simple and clean and holy,
Merry and kind
As an April wind,
Happier far for the dawn's good gold
Than the chinking chaffer-stuff hard and cold.

Thine is the odour of praise
In the loved little country churches;
Thine are the ancient ways
Which the new Gold Age besmirches;
Cordials, wine
And posies are thine,
The adze-cut beams with thy bunches fraught,
And the kist-laid linen by maidens wrought.

Clean bodies, kind hearts, sweet souls,
Delight and delighted endeavour,
A spirit that chants and trolls,
A world that doth ne'er dissever
The body's hire
And the heart's desire;
Ah, bright leaves bruised and brown leaves dry,
Odours that bid this world go by.

W. B.

"Once or twice Mr. Dickens has taken the place of circuit judge when the King's Bench roll has been repleted."—*Evening Paper.*

This, of course, was before the War. Our judges never over-eat themselves nowadays.

From a list of current prices:—

"Brazil nuts 1s. 2d., Barcelona nuts 10d. per lb.; demons 1½d."—*Derbyshire Advertiser.*

No mention being made of the place of origin of the last-named, it looks very much as if there had been some trading with the enemy.

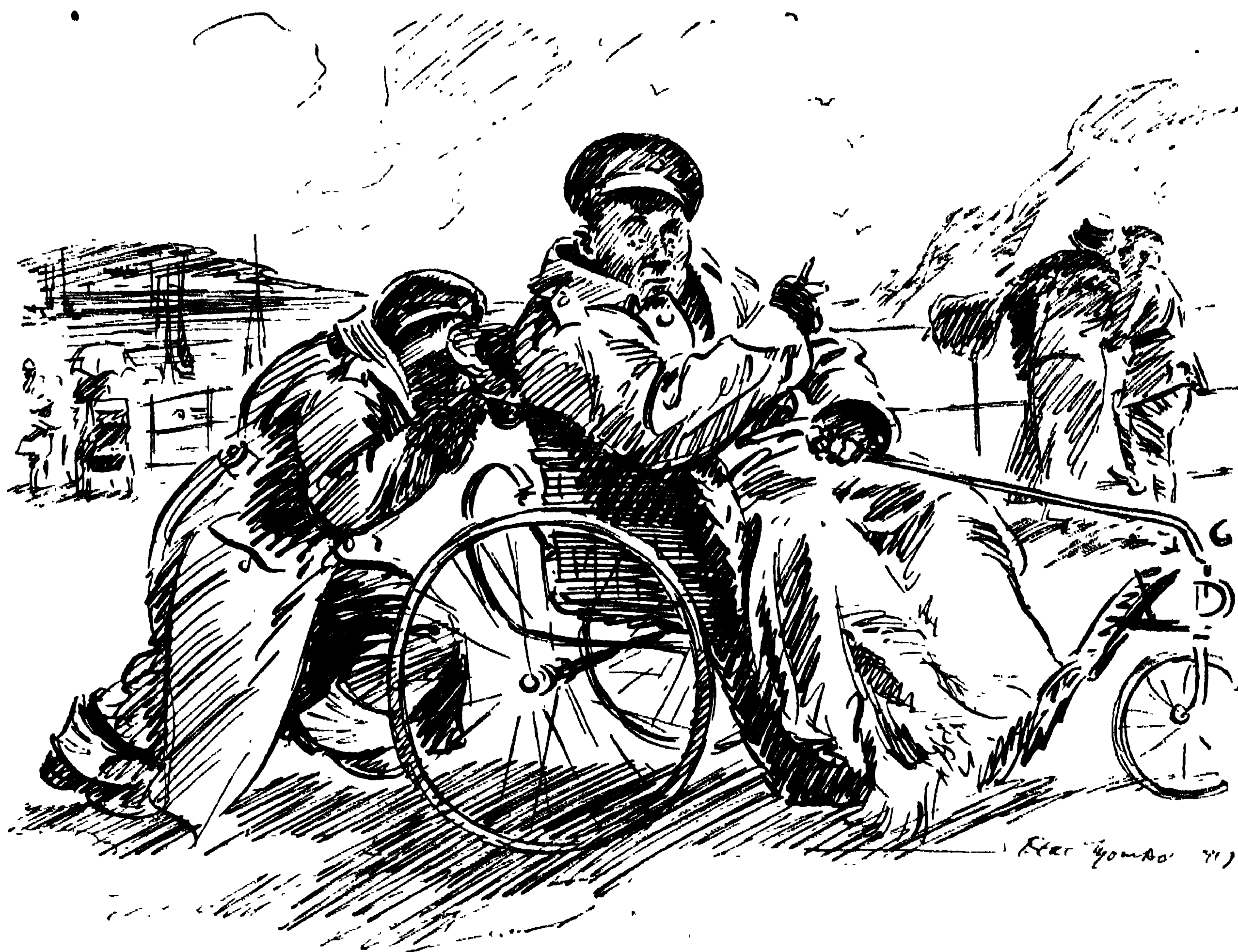
What America says to-day—

"Feminist circles are greatly interested in the announcement made by Dr. Sargeant, of Harvard University, that women make as good soldiers as men."—*Sunday Pictorial.*

Canada does to-morrow—

"The Canadian Government has issued a proclamation calling up . . . childless widows between the ages of 20 and 34 comprised in Class 1 of the Military Service Act."

Yorkshire Evening Paper.



Mike (in bath-chair). "DID YE SAY WE'LL BE TURNING BACK, DENNIS? SURE THE EXERCISE WILL BE DOING US GOOD IF WE GO A BIT FURTHER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE numerous members of the public who like to take their printer's ink with something more than a grain of sea-salt will welcome *Sea-Spray and Spindrift* (PEARSON), by their tried and trusted friend, TAFFRAIL, the creator of *Pincher Martin, O.D.* TAFFRAIL, it must be admitted, has a dashing briny way with him. He doesn't wait to describe sunsets and storm-clouds, but plunges at once into the thick of things. Consequently his stories go with a swing and a rush, for which the reader is duly grateful—that is, if he is a discerning reader. Of the present collection most were written some time ago and have no reference to the War. Such, for instance, is "The Escape of the *Speedwell*," a capital story of the year 1805, which may serve to remind us that even in the glorious days of NELSON the English Channel was not always a healthy place for British shipping. "The Channel," says TAFFRAIL, "swarmed with the enemy's privateers. . . . Even the merchant-ships in the home-coming convoys, protected though they were by men-of-war, were not safe from capture, while the hostile luggers would often approach the English coast in broad daylight and harry the hapless fishing craft within a mile or two of the shore." Yet there does not appear to have been a panic, nor was anyone's blood demanded. *Autres temps autres mœurs.* In "The Gun-Runners" the author describes a shady enterprise undertaken successfully by a British crew; but nothing comes amiss to TAFFRAIL, and he does it with equal zest. "The Inner Patrol" and "The Luck of the Tavy" more than redress the balance to the side of virtue and sound warfare. Both stories are excellent.

Among the minor results following the entry of America into the War has been the release from bondage of several diplomatic pens, whose owners would, under less happy circumstances, have been prevented from telling the world many stories of great interest. Here, for example, is the late Special Agent and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, Mr. LEWIS EINSTEIN, writing of his experiences *Inside Constantinople, April-September, 1915* (MURRAY). This is a diary kept by the Minister during the period covered by the Dardanelles Expedition. As such you will hardly expect it to be agreeable reading, but its tragic interest is undeniable. Mr. EINSTEIN, as a sympathetic neutral, saw everything, and his comments are entirely outspoken. We know the Dardanelles story well enough by now from our own side; here for the first time one may see in full detail just how near it came to victory. It is a history of chances neglected, of adverse fate and heroism frustrated, such as no Englishman can read unmoved. But the book has also a further value in the light it throws upon the Armenian massacres and the complicity of Germany therein. "Though in later years German officialdom may seek to disclaim responsibility, the broad fact remains of German military direction at Constantinople . . . during the brief period in which took place the virtual extermination of the Armenian race in Asia Minor." It is

one more stain upon a dishonoured shield, not to be forgotten in the final reckoning.

I never met a story more aptly named than Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes' *Love and Hatred* (Chapman and Hall). *Oliver Tropenell* worshipped *Laura Pavely*, who returned this attachment, despite the fact that she was already married to *Godfrey*. *Godfrey*, for his part, loved *Katty Winslow*, a young widow, who flirted equally with him, with *Oliver*, and with *Laura's* undesirable brother, *Gilbert*. So much for the tender passion. As for the other emotion, *Oliver* naturally hated *Godfrey*; so did *Gilbert*. *Laura* also came to share their sentiment. By the time things had reached this climax the moment was obviously ripe for the disappearance of the much detested one, in order that the rest of the tale might keep you guessing which of the three had (so to speak) belled the cat. Followers of Mrs. Lowndes will indeed have been anticipating poor *Godfrey's* demise for some time, and may perhaps think that she takes a trifle too long over her arrangements for the event. They will almost certainly share my view that the explanation of the mystery is far too involved and unintelligible. I shall, of course, not anticipate this for you. It has been said that the works of Homer were not written by Homer himself, but by another man of the same name. This may, or may not, give you a clue to the murder of *Godfrey Pavely*. I wish the crime were more worthy of such an artist in creeps as Mrs. Lowndes has proved herself to be.



Patriot Golfer (seeing British aeroplane and not wanting to take any risks). "Fore!"

The test of the second water, as sellers of tea assure us, provides proof of a quality for which one must go to the right market. Baroness Orczy has not feared to put her most famous product, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, to a similar trial. Whether the result of this renewed dilution is entirely satisfactory I leave you to judge, but certainly at least something of the well-known and popular aroma of romantic artificiality clings about the pages of her latest story, *Lord Tony's Wife* (Hodder and Stoughton), while at the bottom of the cup there is not a little dash of the old strong flavour. On the other hand, though it may be that one's appetite grows less lusty, it does seem that in all the earlier chapters there is some undue proportion of thin and rather tepid preparation for episodes quite clearly on the way, so that in the end even the masterly vigour of the much advertised *Pimpernel*, in full panoply of inane laughter and unguessed disguise, failed to astound and stagger me as much as I could have wished. *Lord Tony* was a healthy young Englishman with no particular qualities calling for comment, and his wife an equally charming young French heroine. After having escaped to England from the writer's beloved Reign of Terror, the lady and her aristo father were comfortably decoyed back to France by a son of the people whose qualifications for the post of villain were none too convincing, and there all manner of unpleasant things were by way of happening to them, when enter the despairing husband with the dashing scarlet one at his side—*et voilà tout*. The last few chapters come nearly or even quite up to the mark, but as for most of the rest, I advise you to take them as read.

In *A Certain Star* (Hodder and Stoughton) Miss Phyllis Bottome achieves the difficult feat of treating a love conceived in a romantic vein without declining upon sentimentality, and seasons her descriptions, which are shrewdly, sometimes delicately, observed, with quite a pretty wit. I commend it as a sound, unpretentious, honestly-written book. *Sir Julian Verny*, a baronet with brains and a very difficult temper, falls a captive to *Marian's* proud and compelling beauty. Then, just before the War flames up, secret service claims him, and he returns from a dangerous mission irretrievably crippled. *Marian* fails him. True, she disdains to be released, but out of pride not out of love. It is little grey suppressed *Stella* (her light has been hidden under the dull bushel of a Town Clerk's office) who comes into her kingdom and wins back an ultra-sensitive despairing man to the joy of living and working and the fine humility of being dependent instead of masterful. There are so many *Julians* and there's need of so many *Stellas* these sad days that it is well to have such wholesome doctrine stated with so courageous an optimism.

There is a sentence on page 149 of *A Castle to Let* (Cassell) which, though not for its style, I feel constrained to quote: "It was a glorious day, the sunshine poured through the green boughs, and the moss made cradles in which most people went to sleep with their novels." Well, given a warm day and a comfortable resting-place, this book by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds would do excellently well either to sleep or keep awake with, according to your mood. The scene of it is laid in Transylvania, where a rich young Englishwoman took an old castle for the summer. Incidentally I have learned something about the inhabitants of Transylvania, but apart from that I know now exactly what a novel for the holidays should contain. Its ingredients are many and rather wonderful, but Mrs. Reynolds is a deft mixer, and her skill in managing no fewer than three love-affairs without getting them and you into a tangle is little short of miraculous. Then we are given plenty of legends, mysteries and dreams, just intriguing enough to produce an eerie atmosphere, but not sufficiently exciting to cause palpitations of the heart. Need I add that the tenant of the castle married the owner of it? As she was both human and sporting, it worries me to think that she may now be interned.

CHARIVARIA.

No sooner had the *Berliner Tageblatt* pointed out that "Dr. Michaelis was a good Chancellor as Chancellors go" than he went.

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The Daily Mail is very cross with a neutral country for holding up their correspondent's copy. If persisted in, this sort of thing might get us mixed up in a war.

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A Highgate man has been fined forty shillings for feeding a horse kept solely for pleasure upon oats. His plea, that the animal did not generate sufficient power on coal-gas, left the Bench quite cold.

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A ratcatcher has been granted three pounds of sugar a week until Christmas by a rural Food Control Committee, whom he informed that rats would not look at poison without sugar. The rats' lack of patriotism in refusing to forego their poison in these times of necessity is the subject of unfavourable comment.

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There is no foundation for the report that a prominent manufacturer identified with the Liberal Party has been offered a baronetcy if he will contribute five pounds of sugar to the party funds.

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No confirmation is to hand of the report that Commander Bellairs, M.P., has been *spurlos versnubt*.

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"Why can't the Navy have a Bairnsfather?" asks *The Weekly Dispatch*. This habit of carping at the Senior Service is being carried to abominable lengths.

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Charged with failing to report himself, a man who lived on Hackney Marshes stated that he did not know there was a war on, and that nobody had told him anything about it. A prospectus of *The Times'* History of the War has been despatched to him by express messenger.

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Efforts of the Industrial Workers of the World to establish themselves in this country have received no encouragement, says Sir George Cave. They were not even arrested and then released.

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We trust there is no truth in the rumour that the Air Ministry Bill has gone to a better pigeon 'ole.

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No information has reached the Government, it was stated in the House of Commons recently, that toasted bread is being used as a substitute for tea. The misapprehension appears to have been caused by an unguarded admission of certain tea merchants that they have the public on toast.

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We felt sure that the statement declaring that Mr. Churchill had in a recent speech referred to "my Government" would be contradicted. The slight to *The Morning Post* would have been too marked.

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In a case at Bow Police Court it was stated that it took fifteen policemen and an ambulance to remove a prisoner to the police-station. It is supposed that the fellow did not want to go.

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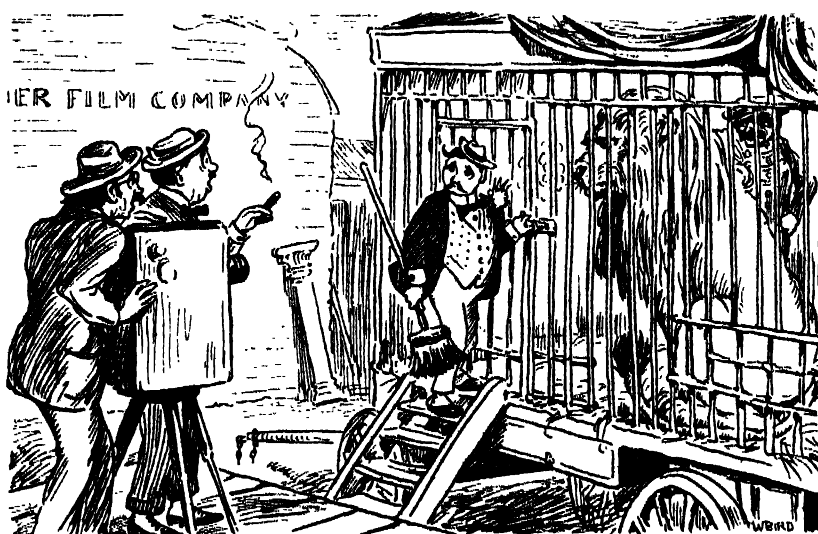
Too much importance must not be attached to the report emanating from German sources that Count Reventlow has been appointed Honorary Colonel to the Imperial Fraternisers Battalion.

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According to *The Evening News* a gang of thieves are "working" the West End billiard saloons. So far no billiard tables have been actually stolen, but a sharp look-out is being kept on men leaving the saloons with bulgy pockets.

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Addressing a Berlin meeting Herr Stegerwald said, "We went to war at the side of the Kaiser, and the All Highest will return from war with us." If we may be permitted to say anything, we expect he will be leading by at least a couple of lengths.



Film Producer (to cinema artist hesitating on the threshold). "You 'd sooner not, eh? What do you think I got you exempted for?"

Commercial Candour.

From a Native Tender for Works:—

"In last we hope to be favoured with your orders, in the execution of which we will neglect nothing that can cause you any inconvenience."

"In the past quarter there were 19 births (6 males and 13 females), comprising 10 between 1 and 65 years, and 9 65 and upwards."—*Huntingdonshire Post.*

The method of dodging the Military Service Acts adopted by these elderly infants strikes us as distinctly unpatriotic.

Looking Ahead.

"Comfortable Home for young lady as paying guest; every convenience; near Cemetery."—*Local Paper.*

"Nothing which happens in Russia . . . can alter the bare fact that Germany is *in extremis* — I am not sure that *articula mortis* wouldn't be the correct term."—*John Bull.*

We, on the other hand, are quite sure it wouldn't.

"'Is it fresh, salt, Danish, or what?' one of the shop assistants was asked.

'Don't know,' he replied, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, and into the heap of butter with his pats."—*Evening Paper.*

The vogue of margarine is now explained.

"Servant (general), lady, two gentlemen; no starch.—*Scotsman.*

We are glad to see that mistresses are taking a firm line against the prevailing stiffness of manners below stairs.

"Of 9,048 houses in Newport only 5,130 are occupied by one family."
The Western Mail.

If full advantage were taken of the housing accommodation it appears that Newport would contain almost two nowadays.

"German Official.

"Only a slight gain near Poelcapelle, 300 inches deep by 1,200 inches wide, remains to the enemy."—*Nottingham Evening Post.*

But by this time the Germans have discovered that, when they give him an inch, Sir Douglas Haig takes an ell.

MORE TALK WITH GERMAN PEACEMONGERS.

(Including an incidental reference to Mr. H. G. Wells.)

[The writer has received a pontifical brochure by Mr. WELLS, reprinted from *The Daily News*, sold by the International Free Trade League and entitled "A Reasonable Man's Peace," in which the following passage occurs:—"The conditions of peace can now be stated in general terms that are as acceptable to a reasonable man in Berlin as they are to a reasonable man in Paris or London or Petrograd. . . . Why, then, does the waste and killing go on? Why is not the Peace Conference sitting now? Manifestly because a small minority of people in positions of peculiar advantage, in positions of trust and authority, prevent or delay its assembling."]

WHEN with another winter's horror nearing
Once more you send along the old, old dove
And frame with bloody lips that hide their leering
A canticle of love;

It has no doubt a most seductive cadence,
But we who look for argument by fact
We miss conciliation's artful aidance,
We note a want of tact.

Your words are redolent of pious unction;
Your deeds, your infamies, by sea and shore,
Go gaily on without the least compunction
Just as they went before.

We are not caught with olive-buds for baiting;
Something is needed just a shade less crude,
Something, for instance, faintly indicating
The penitential mood.

While still the stain is on your hands extended
We'll hold no commerce with your frigid spells,
Even though such a move were recommended
By Mr. H. G. WELLS.

Rather, without a break, like *Mr. Britling*
(Though the brave wooden sword his author drew
Seems to have undergone a certain whittling),
We mean to "see it through." O. S.

THE GREAT MAN.

WHAT am I doing, Dickie? Well, I'll tell you. I'm one of those subalterns you hear of sometimes. You know the kind of things they do? They look after their men and ask themselves every day in the line (as per printed instructions), "Am I offensive enough?" In trenches they are ever to the fore, bombing, patrolling, raiding, wiring and inspecting gas helmets. Working-parties under heavy fire are as meat and drink, rum and biscuits to them. Once every nine months, and when all Staff officers have had three goes, they get leave in order to give excuse for the appointment of A.P.M.'s. There are thousands of us, and we are supposed to run the War. These are the things which I am sure (if you get newspapers in Ceylon) jump into your mind the moment I mention the word subaltern, and I may as well tell you that in associating me with any one of these deeds at the present time you are entirely wrong.

I sit in a room, an office papered with maps in all degrees of nakedness, from the newest and purest to those woad-stained veterans called objective maps. In this room, where regimental officers tread lightly, speak softly and creep away, awed and impotent—HE sits. "HE" is a G.S.O.3, or General Staff Officer, third grade. He it is who looks after the welfare of some hundred thousand troops (when everybody else is out). I am attached to him—not personally, be it understood, but officially. I am there to learn how he does it (whatever it is). High hopes, never realised, are held out to me that if I am good and look after the office during mealtimes I shall have a job of my very own one day—possibly two days.

And he is very good to me. He rarely addresses me directly, except when short of matches, but he often gives me an insight into things by talking to himself aloud. He does this partly to teach me the reasoning processes by which he arrives at the momentous decisions expected of a G.S.O.3, and partly because he values my intelligent consideration.

This morning, for instance, furnished a typically brilliant example of our co-operation. "I wonder," he said (and as he spoke I broke off from my daily duties of writing to Her)—"I wonder what about these Flares? Division say they want two thousand red and white changing to green—oh no, it's the other lot; no, that *is* right—I don't think they *can* want two thousand *possibly*. We might give them half for practice purposes, or say five hundred. Still, if they say they want two thousand I suppose they do; but then there's the question of what we've got in hand. All right, *let them have them*."

That was one of the questions I helped to settle.

"Heavens!" he went on, "five hundred men for digging cable trenches! No, no, I don't think. They had five hundred only the other night—no, they didn't; it was the other fellows—no, that was the night before—no, I was right as usual. One has so many things to think of. Well, they *can't* have them, that's certain; it can't be important—yes, it is, though, if things were to—yes, yes—*we'll let them have them*."

You will note that he said "we." Co-operation again. I assure you I glowed with pleasure to think I had been of so much assistance.

I had hardly got back to my letter when we started off again.

"Well that's my morning's work done—no, it isn't—yes, no, by Jove, there's a code word for No. 237 Filtration Unit to be thought out. No, I shan't, they really *can't* want one, they're too far back—still they *might* come up to filter something near enough to want one—no I *won't*, it's sheer waste—still, I suppose one ought to be prepared—oh, yes, *give* them one—give them the word 'strafe'; nobody's got that. Bong! That's all for to-day."

And now you know what part I play in the Great War, Dickie. Yours, JACK.

P.S.—Just off for my morning's exercise—sharpening the Corps Commander's pencils.

A "PUNCH" COT.

SOME time ago Mr. Punch made an appeal on behalf of the East London Hospital for Children at Shadwell. He has now received a letter from the Chairman, which says: "By a unanimous resolution the Board of Management have desired me to send you an expression of their most grateful thanks for your help, which, it is no exaggeration to say, has saved the Hospital from disaster." He adds that the Board "would like to give a more practical proof of their gratitude," and proposes, as "an abiding memorial," to set aside a Cot in the Hospital, to be called "The Punch Cot."

It gives Mr. Punch a very sincere pleasure to convey to those who so generously responded to his appeal this expression of the Board's gratitude, and he begs them also to accept his own.

The sum so far contributed by Mr. Punch and his friends amounts to £3,505.



INTERLUDE.

St. Patrick. "THAT'S NOT THE WAY I DEALT WITH POISONOUS REPTILES. WHAT'S THE GOOD OF TRYING TO CHARM IT?"

Mr. Lloyd George. "I'M NOT TRYING TO CHARM IT. I'M JUST FILLING IN THE TIME."

THE RECORDER.

[At the concluding session of the Museums Association Conference in Sheffield, Councillor Nuttall, of Southport, said it was desirable that every town should make a voice record of every soldier who returned home from the wars, describing his experience in fighting. It would be a valuable record for future generations of the family to know what their ancestor did in the Great War.]

IN an Expeditionary Force whose vocabulary included several lurid words there was a certain Battalion renowned for the vigour of its language. And in that Battalion Private Thompson held a reputation which was the envy of all. Not only had he a more varied stock of expletives than anyone else, but he seemed to possess a unique gift for welding them into new and wonderful combinations to meet each fresh situation. Moreover he had an insistent manner of delivering them which alone was sufficient to place him in a class by himself. It was not long before many of his friends gave up trying altogether and let Private Thompson do it all for them. It is even rumoured that on occasions men in distant parts of the line would send for him so that he might come and give adequate expression to feelings which they felt to be beyond their range.

To show you the extent of his fame, it is only necessary to mention that Lieutenant —— composed an ode all about Private Thompson and got it published in *Camouflage*, the trench gazette of the Nth Division. Two of the verses went, as far as I can remember, something like this:—

> As Private Thompson used to say,
> He couldn't stand the War;
> He cursed about it every day
> And every night he swore;
> And, while a sense of discipline
> Carried him on through thick and thin,
> The mud, the shells, the cold, the din
> Annoyed him more and more.
>
> The words with which we others cursed
> Seemed mild and harmless quips
> Compared to those remarks that burst
> From Private Thompson's lips;
> Haven't you ever heard about
> The Prussian Guard at X Redoubt,
> How Thompson's language laid them out
> Before we came to grips?

Anyhow, after bespattering the air of France and Flanders with a barrage of anathemas for the best part of a year, Private Thompson did something creditable in one of the pushes, and retired to a hospital in England, whence he emerged a few months later with a slight limp, a discharge certificate and a piece of coloured ribbon on his waistcoat. Having expressed his opinion on hospital life, he returned to his native town.

His first shock was when he was met at the station by the local band and conducted up the Station Road and down the beflagged High Street to the accompaniment of martial and patriotic strains. His second was when he was confronted at the steps of the Town Hall by the Mayor and an official gathering of the leading citizens, with an unofficial background of the led ones, and found himself the subject of speeches of adulation and welcome.

He was too dumbfounded to grasp all that was said, but he recovered his senses in time to hear the Mayor assuring his audience that it gave him great pleasure, indeed he might go so far as to say the very greatest pleasure, to welcome on behalf of their town one who had upheld with such distinction and bravery the reputation and honour of the community. And that, although he did not wish to keep them any longer, yet he must just add that he was going to ask Mr. Thompson then and there, while the remembrance of his terrible hardships was still fresh in his mind, to impart them to a phonograph, so that the archives of the town might not lack direct evidence of the experiences, if he might so express it, of her bravest citizen, and future generations might know something of the noble thoughts that surged in so gallant a breast in times of danger, and the fine and honourable words with which those thoughts had been uttered.

The Mayor's peroration annoyed Thompson; the cheers that followed it annoyed him still more, and the subsequent shower of congratulations and vigorous slaps on the back threatened to move him to reply in a speech which might have been unintelligible to the ladies present.

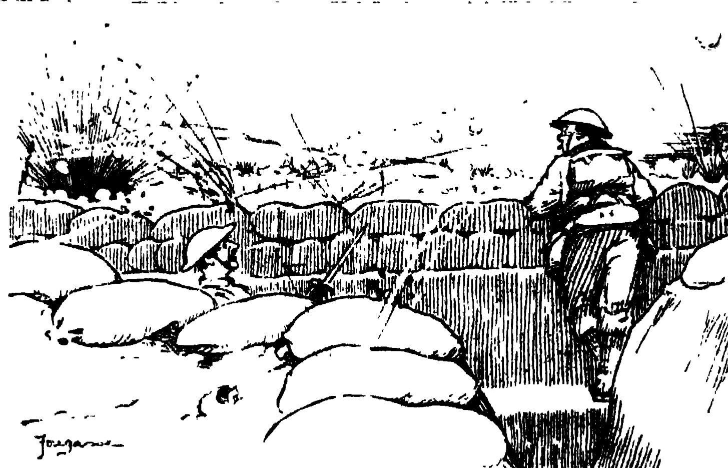
Fortunately the danger was averted. Before he could come into action a select committee of two, specially appointed for the purpose, had seized him by the arms and was conducting him up the steps of the Town Hall. The rapidity and the unexpected nature of the movement threw him out of gear, and he was forced to adopt an attitude of sullen silence during the progress of the little party across the Council Chamber and through a doorway leading into a small room.

This room was furnished only with a table and a chair. On the former stood a phonograph; into the latter the Committee deposited ex-Private Thompson and explained to him that he was desired to sit there and in his own words to recount into the trumpet of the machine his experiences at the Front. That becoming modesty, they added, which hitherto had sealed his lips should now be laid aside. Posterity must not be denied the edification of listening to a hero's story of his share in the Great War. The phonograph was then turned on and the disc began to revolve with a slight grating sound that set Thompson's teeth on edge. He was about to address a few remarks to the Committee when they tactfully withdrew, leaving him alone with the instrument.

For a few seconds he was silent. The machine rasped unchallenged through a dozen revolutions. Then he took a deep breath and, leaning forward, thrust his head into the yawning mouth of the trumpet.

* * * * *

His Worship has sampled the record. The session was a secret one, but the Town has been given to understand that the disc has been sealed up and put away for the use of posterity only.



"HERE, STICK YOUR HEAD DOWN, CHARLIE."
"WHAT—IS THERE AN ORDER COME ROUND ABOUT IT?"

Commercial Candour.

Letter recently received from a firm of drapers:—

"Madam,—With reference to your blue Silk Mackintosh, our manufacturers have given the garment in question a thorough testing, and find that it is absolutely waterproof. If you will wear it on a dry day, and then take it off and examine it you will see that our statement is correct.

Assuring you of our best services at all times,
We are, Madam,
Your obedient Servants,
—— & SONS, LTD."

A DEAL WITH CHINA.

Fritz having killed the mule, it devolved upon the village Sanitary Inspector to see the carcass decently interred, and on application to the C.O. of the nearest Chinese labour camp I presently secured the services of two beautiful old ivory carvings and a bronze statue, clad in blue quilted uniforms and wearing respectively, by way of head-dress, a towel turban, a straw hat and a coiffure like an early-Victorian penwiper. It was the bronze gentleman—the owner of the noticeable coiffure—who at once really took charge of the working party.

He introduced himself to me as "Lurtee Lee" (his official number was thirty-three), informed me he could "speakel Engliss," and, having by this single utterance at once apparently proved his statement and exhausted his vocabulary, settled down into a rapt and silent adoration of my tunic buttons.

Before we had proceeded thirty yards he had offered me five francs (which he produced from the small of his back) for a single button. At the end of one hundred yards the price had risen to seven twenty-five, and arrived upon the scene of action the Celestial gravedigger made a further bid of eight francs, two Chinese coins (value unknown) and a tract in his native tongue. This being likewise met with a reluctant but unmistakable refusal, the work of excavation was commenced.

Now when three men are employed upon a pit some six feet square they obviously cannot all work at the same time in so confined a space. One man must in turn stand out and rest. His rest time may be spent in divers ways.

The elder of the two ivory carvings spent his breathing spells in philosophic reverie; the younger employed his leisure in rummaging on the neighbouring "dump" for empty tobacco tins, which he concealed about his person by a succession of feats of legerdemain (by the end of the morning I estimated him to be in possession of about thirty specimens). Lurtee Lee filled every moment of his off time in the manufacture of a quite beautiful pencil-holder—his material an empty cartridge case, his tools a half-brick and a shoeing nail.

Slowly the morning wore on—so slowly, indeed, that at an early period I cast aside my tunic and with spade and pick endeavoured by assistance and example to incite my labourers to "put a jerk in it." Noon saw the deceased mule beneath a ton or so of clay, and Lurtee Lee, whether from gratitude or sheer camaraderie, gravely presented me with the now completed pencil-holder. No, not a sou would he accept; I was to take it as a gift.

At this moment a European N.C.O. from the Labour Camp came upon the scene and kindly offered to save me a journey by escorting Lurtee Lee and Company to quarters. They shuffled down the road, and I turned to put on my tunic. One button was missing.



Jock. "MAN, IT'S AN AWFU' PUIR DAY FOR FECHTIN'."

Donal'. "AY. BUT IT'S AN AWFU' GUID DAY FOR GETTIN' THE FU' WARRUMTH AN' COMFORT OOT O' THE RUM RATION."

More German Frightfulness.

"Hindenburg sent a great number of bug guns to General Boroevics."—*Daily Paper.*

Another Impending Apology.

"Early in the operations a jet of water struck the Chief Officer of the Fire Brigade directly in the right eye, completely blinding him for the time; and he had to be assisted away but returned shortly after. The Brigade are to be complimented on their work."

Rangoon Times.

"The complete cessation of the exports of opinion from India to China is a distinct landmark in the moral progress of the world."

South African Paper.

This seems rather sweeping. What about Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE?

THE STEW.

FRAGMENT OF A SHAKSPEAREAN TRAGEDY.

["There are many things with which a stew can be thickened."
Extract from Regimental Order.]

SCENE I.—*Battalion Orderly-Room.*

Flourish. Enter Colonel *and* Adjutant.

Colonel. I do mistrust the soft and temperate air
That hath so long enwrapped us. No "returns
Of bakers," visitations of the Staff,
Alarms or inquisitions have disturbed
Our ten days' rest. Nothing but casual shells
And airy bombs to mind us of the War.

Adjutant. Oh, Sir, thy zeal hath mated with thy conscience
And bred i' the mind mistrustful doubts and fears,
A savage brood, which being come to manhood
Do fight with sweet content and eat her up.

Colonel. Alas! it is the part of those who govern
To play the miser with their present good
For fear of future ill. But who comes here?

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. So please you I am sent of General Blood
To bid you wait his coming.

Colonel. When?

Messenger. To-morrow.
He purposes to visit your command
About the dinner-hour. [*Exit.*

Colonel. Now let th' occasion
Be servant to my wits. "The dinner hour."
Twice hath he come; and first upon parade
Inspected all the men; the second time
The transport visited. Surmise hath grown
To certainty. He will inspect the dinners!
Go, faithful Adjutant, stir up the cooks
And bid them thicken stews and burnish pots.

Adjutant. I take my leave at once and go. [*Exit* Adjutant.

Colonel. Farewell.
Now with elusive Chance I'll try a fall
And on the fateful issue risk my all. [*Flourish. Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A kitchen. In the middle a dixie. Thunder.*

Enter Three Cooks.

First Cook. Thrice the dreadful message came.

Second Cook. Thrice the mystic buzzer buzzed.

Third Cook. Sergeant cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time."

First Cook. Round about the dixie go;
In the dense ingredients throw—
Extra bully, every lump
Pinched from some forbidden dump,
Biscuits crunched to look like flour,
Cabbage sweet and onions sour—
Make the broth as thick as glue.
The General will inspect the stew.

All. Fire burn and dixie bubble,
Double toil or there'll be trouble.

Second Cook. 'Taters in the cauldron sink,
Peeled by hands as black as ink;
Portions of a slaughtered cat,
Piece of breakfast-bacon fat,
Bits of boot and bits of stick—
Make the gruel slab and thick.

All. Fire burn and dixie bubble,
Double toil or there'll be trouble.

Third Cook. German sausage won in fight
On some dark and stormy night,
Dim and murky watercress
Stolen from a Sergeants' Mess,
Slabs of cheese and chunks of ham,
Lumps of plum and apple jam,
Bits of paper, ends of string,
Mixed with any damnéd thing,
In the cauldron mingle quick
So the stew be dense and thick.

All. Fire burn and dixie bubble,
Double toil or there'll be trouble. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Outside kitchen. Alarums.*

Enter Orderly Corporal.

Orderly Corporal. Here's a pretty pass. Eyewash, eyewash, eyewash. And such a running to and fro and a go this way and a go that way, and a burnishing up of old brass and a shouting of horrid words, as though the Devil himself were inspecting his own furnace. Faith, an I were eyewashing Beelzebub I could catch it no hotter. [*Shouting within.*
Anon, anon. I will eyewash it no further. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Enter Colonel, Adjutant, Quartermaster and Sergeant-Cook.

Colonel. Is all prepared?

Sergeant-Cook. The dinners would content
RHONDDA himself.

Quartermaster. The General comes.

Flourish. Enter General *and* Attendants.

General. Good Colonel,
Our greetings are the warmer for the thought
Of visits past.

Colonel. The service that we owe
In doing pays itself. Will you inspect
The dinners?

General. First we'll greet the Adjutant,
Whom well we recollect.

Adjutant. This is an honour
Which makes our labours light. Will you be pleased
To inspect the dinners?

General. Yes, but let us first
Discuss the general welfare of the troops
Whose good's our care.

Sergeant-Cook (aside to Colonel). The time is getting long;
The stew's congealing fast.

Colonel. Good General,
Your grace toward our people doth confound
Th' expression of our gratitude. The hour
For dinner is at hand. An you would grace
The issue with your presence it would make
The meal the sweeter.

General (aside). There doth seem to be
More than politeness in these invitations.
(To Colonel) I am no cook to judge by sight and touch
The flavour of a dish. Issue the dinners
To all the rank and file, that so my pleasure
In marking their expressions of content
Be equal to the praise I shall bestow.

Voice within. Help! help! The cooks have fainted in the stew.

Adjutant. They'll not be noticed.

Colonel. Now hath fortune proved
My master. I'll not live a slave to Chance.
[*Eats some of the stew and dies.*

General. Conscience hath claimed her toll and is content.
We'll go inspect another regiment.

CURTAIN.

A member of the Chancery Bar consults us on the following point: "I was awakened," he says, "by my dog during a recent air-raid. He was so annoyed that he consumed the whole of *Lewin on Trusts* and commenced *Tudor on Wills*, and is now suffering from severe indigestion. Have I or has the dog any equitable remedy?"



TERRORS OF THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

Housemaid in Glasgow Hotel. "Ye canna gang to the bathroom the noo."
Sassenach. "Why not?" *Housemaid.* "There's a body in the bath."

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

IV.

Conversation on Chapter LXXI.

Mary. You spoke, Mamma, of Chaucer being the Father of English poetry. Was there *any* English poetry before the discoveries of Lord Edward Marsh?

Mrs. M. Certainly, my dear. Chaucer was our first eminent poet, but, as a distinguished American critic has observed, he could not spell. This greatly interfered with his popularity. Then there was Shakspeare, who wrote quaint old-fashioned plays quite unsuitable for filming, but nevertheless enjoyed a certain fame until it was proved that he never existed and that Shakspeare was the name of a syndicate; or that if he did exist he was somebody else; when all interest in his work naturally evaporated. The abolition of rhyme, about the year 1920, gave a fresh impetus to English poetry, and now, as you know, almost anyone can write it fluently, whereas formerly the easiest poems were written with the greatest difficulty. Indeed one reads of some old poets who were not able to produce a mere hundred lines in a day. Under the "free-verse" system, some of the Palustrine (or Marshy) School have been known to produce as many as three thousand lines in a day and to earn in a week as much as Milton, an old poet of the seventeenth century, received for the whole of his greatest work, on which he was engaged for years.

Richard. You have often talked about people going into sanctuary. What does it mean?

Mrs. M. Originally every church, abbey or consecrated place was a sanctuary, and all persons who had committed crimes or were otherwise in fear of their lives might secure themselves from danger by getting into them. But in the reign which we have been discussing it came to be used specially of the House of Commons from the number of tiresome and objectionable people who sought refuge there, because of the freedom from legal penalties which they enjoyed. Once safe in the House of Commons they said and even did things which, if they had been said or done in public, or even in private, would have exposed them either to prosecution or personal chastisement. Ultimately the nuisance became so great that the privilege of sanctuary was abolished, and the tone of the House of Commons greatly improved.

Mary. I could not quite understand that story about the King and the public jester.

Mrs. M. In earlier reigns it was customary for kings and nobles to have in their retinue some one whose business it was to play the fool, and who was privileged to say or do anything that was ridiculous for the sake of diverting his master. Although this practice had died out the privilege was usurped by a certain number of writers and speakers, who sought to attain notoriety by making themselves as unpleasant or ridiculous as possible on every occasion. It requires some cleverness to be a great fool, and though some of these public buffoons were clever men the majority had more malice than wit, and in time exhausted the patience of the people. Finally, in order to protect them from the violence of the infuriated populace, the Government were obliged to deport the chief offenders to the Solomon Islands, where cannibalism then prevailed.

George. Did they play on anything else besides mouth-organs in those days?

Mrs. M. They had many curious musical instruments which are now entirely obsolete. Of these the most popular was the pianoforte, a large



Scene.—*Basement during an air-raid. Loud noise without.*
The Right Kind of Boy (with great animation). "Mummy, are we winning?"

wooden box with a long horizontal keyboard, which the player struck with his fingers. Considerable and sometimes even distressing dexterity was attained by the performers, who indulged in all sorts of strange antics and gestures. The exercise was found to be remarkably beneficial to the growth of the hair, but it had compensating disadvantages, leading to cramps, dislocations and other troubles. Ultimately pianoforte playing was suppressed, largely owing to the exertions of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Elephants, the tusks of that animal being in great request for the manufacture of the keys.

Richard. I shall never go to the Zoological Gardens without rejoicing over the suppression of the pianoforte.

Mrs. M. Another favourite instrument was the violin, a small and curiously shaped apparatus fitted with four strings, which, when rubbed or scraped with horsehair tightly stretched on a narrow wooden frame, were made to produce sounds imitating the cries of various animals, especially the mewing of a cat, to perfection. But as the timbre of the instrument did not lend itself to successful mechanical reproduction by the gramophone it fell into disuse.

Punch's Roll of Honour.

We are very sorry to learn that Captain A. W. Lloyd, Royal Fusiliers, who for some time illustrated the Essence of Parliament, has been badly wounded in East Africa. We join his many friends in England and South Africa in sending him our sincerest hopes for his restoration to health and strength.

"HE-WHO-MUST-BE-OBEYED."

Sir Arthur Yapp, Sir Arthur Yapp,
He is a formidable chap;
He says the best of this year's fashions
Is to obey his rule for rations.
To every man and every maid
Of every sort of social grade,
Sir Arthur Yapp, Sir Arthur Yapp,
He *is*—to put the thing with snap—
He-Who-*Must*-Be-Obeyed.

Sir Arthur Yapp, Sir Arthur Yapp,
He simply doesn't care a rap
For any one—his only passion's
Compelling us to keep our rations;
Downrightly he demands our aid;
He will not have the troops betrayed.
Sir Arthur Yapp, Sir Arthur Yapp,
He *is*—the right man in the gap—
He-Who-*Must*-Be-Obeyed.

Sir Arthur Yapp, Sir Arthur Yapp,
He says the way to change the map—
The way that all of us can smash Huns—
Is simply sticking to our rations;
Whereas the Hun will have us flayed
Unless the waste of food is stayed.
Sir Arthur Yapp, Sir Arthur Yapp,
He *is* right through this final lap—
He-Who-*MUST*-Be-Obeyed.

W. B.

"TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE TIMES.'

Sir,—Last Sunday evening I read your leader of October 24 as part of my sermon to my village congregation. It went home."
Times.

The Times leader-writer should cultivate a brighter style, more calculated to hold the interest of a congregation.



AT BAY.

England and France (*to their comrade*). "STICK TO IT!"



Tommy. "Where did you get that bunch?" *Australian.* "Oh, I didn't get 'em—the dawg brought 'em in."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, October 29th.—For once Parliament repelled the gibe of its critics that it has ceased to represent the people. Lords and Commons united in praise of our sailors and soldiers and all the other gallant folk who are helping us to win the War, and passed the formal Votes of Thanks without a dissentient voice.

As no eloquence could be adequate to such a theme—not even that of Pericles or Lincoln, as Mr. Asquith tactfully remarked—fewer and briefer speeches might have sufficed. The Prime Minister painted the lily a little thickly, though no one would have had him omit his picturesque narrative of the first battle of Ypres—I hope some of its few survivors were among the soldiers in the Gallery—or his tributes to the Navy and the Merchant Service. Nor did one grudge Mr. Redmond's pæan in praise of the Irish troops. It's not his fault, at any rate, that there aren't more of them.

Seen at its best in the afternoon, the House descended to the depths on the adjournment, when Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. King badgered the Home Secretary for the best part of an hour because in the exercise of his duty he had had some of their friends' correspondence opened and read. In ordinary times Members are very jealous, and rightly so, of this official espionage. The case of Sir James Graham and Mazzini's letters was raked up and quoted for all it was worth—and a little more; for, as Sir George Cave reminded us, even on that occasion a Select Committee supported the action of the Government. The fact is that, when you are fighting for freedom *en gros*, individual liberties must of necessity be curtailed. Knowing that our letters in war-time are liable to inspection, the wise among us stick to postcards. As Mr. Ponsonby assures us that he and his friends have nothing to conceal, let them do likewise.

One missed Mr. Snowden, usually to the fore on these occasions. An incident earlier in the afternoon perhaps accounted for his absence. By way of bolstering up a charge of harshness against the Home Secretary he mentioned that a deported German had "a son serving in the British Army." The Minister frankly admitted it. "The son," he said, "a British subject, who endeavoured to avoid military service, was arrested, and is serving in a non-combatant unit." *Exit* Mr. Snowden.

Tuesday, October 30th.—I strongly suspect Major Newman and Mr. Reddy of collaborating, like the "Two Macs" of music-hall fame. No other theory will explain the gallant Major's well-feigned annoyance at what he called "the assumption of military rank by clergymen and members of the theatrical profession" connected with cadet-corps. Mr. Macpherson supplied the official answer, namely, that gentlemen holding cadet-commissions are entitled to wear service dress; but the real object of the question was revealed when Brother Reddy from the back-benches piped out, "Does that apply to sham officers wearing uniform in this House?" There was a roar of laughter, and Major Newman blushed his appreciation.

I can imagine no more hopeless task than to plead the cause of Bulgaria in present circumstances; yet Mr. Noel Buxton cheerfully essays it whenever he gets an opportunity. This time he attempted to read into a recent utterance of the Foreign Secretary agreement with his own views.

Mr. Balfour's reply, in effect, was "What make you here, you little Bulgar boy?" He maintained that, while not as "dull and cautious" as he had meant it to be, the speech referred to in no way bore out Mr. Buxton's assertions. Then he proceeded in characteristic fashion to knock together the heads of the pro-Bulgarians and

the other Balkan theorists, and declared in conclusion that, while sharing the desire that Bulgaria should come out of the War without a grievance, he was not going to purchase that satisfaction by the betrayal of those who had sacrificed everything they possessed in the cause of the Allies—a declaration which, in view of recent rumours, the House as a whole heard with relief.

Wednesday, October 31st.—No future GILBERT shall be able to write that—

> "The House of Peers, throughout the war,
> Did nothing in particular,
> And did it very well,"

for, thanks to the pertinacity of Lord LOREBURN and Lord SELBORNE, their lordships have done something very particular. They have proposed that the PRIME MINISTER shall announce, with any honour conferred, the reasons why he has recommended it, having previously satisfied himself that a contribution to party funds was not one of them. If Lord LOREBURN had had his way the resolution would have been a good deal stronger, but Lord CURZON, upon whose majestic calm this subject has a curiously ruffling effect, refused to allow the retention of words implying that any Minister had ever been a party to a corrupt bargain.

The debate was anything but dull, and some piquant revelations—of course all at second-hand—were made by the highly respectable peers who took part in it. It would have been livelier still if some of the more recent creations could have been induced to tell the full story of "How I got my Peerage." But they are modest fellows, and unanimously refrained.

Thursday, November 1st.—A full House heard Sir ERIC GEDDES make his maiden speech, or rather read his maiden essay, for he rarely deviated from his type-script. A very good essay it was, full of well arranged information, and delivered in a strong clear voice that never faltered during an hour's recital. If we were to believe some of the critics the British Navy is directed by a set of doddering old gentlemen who are afraid to let it go at the Germans and cannot even safeguard our commerce from attack. The truth, as expounded by the FIRST LORD, is quite different. Despite the jeremiads of superannuated sailors and political longshoremen, the Admiralty is not going to Davy Jones's locker, but under its present chiefs, who have, with very few exceptions, seen service in this War, maintains and supplements its glorious record. Save for an occasional game of "tip and run"—as in the case of the North Sea convoy—enemy vessels have disappeared from the surface of the oceans; and "the long arm of the British Navy" is now stretching down into the depths and up into the skies in successful pursuit of them. If the nation hardly realises yet what it owes to the men of the Fleet and their comrades of the auxiliary Services it is because their work is done with "such thoroughness and so little fuss," and, as Mr. ASQUITH put it, "in the twilight and not in the limelight."



SCENE: *Charing Cross.*—"BUY A BIT O' SHRAPNEL, MISTER?"

"Alderman —— was fined £5 for aiding and abetting his game-keeper in feeding pheasants with guano."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

He must have thought it would be good for their crops.

From a New Zealand official report:

"When sawing a piece of timber F——'s left thumb came into contact with saw, cutting it."

People with thumbs like this ought not to be allowed to handle delicate instruments.

"The first draft sale of the Gloucestershire Old Spots speaks volumes for the black and white pig. . . . Nor must the beautifully-marked pig 'Bagborough Charm VII.,' farrowed 1817, be forgotten."

Farmer and Stockbreeder.

It seems, however, to have been overlooked for some time.

"'By heavens, it's the Germans!' cried Captain Jansson later, at last awake to the truth. 'Call all hands and make for the boats.' He turned the wheel hard astern and stopped the ship."—*Daily Mail.*

Something had gone wrong, we suppose, with the foot-brake.

"——— was born in 1883, and received his musical education, first in Dresden, and subsequently in England with one of the most orthodox of the English professors, as a result of which he entered the Diplomatic Service in 1909 as Honorary Attaché."—*The Chesterian.*

We hope this will silence the complaints as to the insufficiency of our diplomatists' education.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN UP THE THEATRE.

"You want, I take it," said the stranger to the manager, "to make your theatre the most interesting in ..."

"Naturally," the manager replied. "I do all I can to make it so, as it is."

"Perhaps," said the stranger; "we shall see. But I have it in my power to make it vastly more interesting than any theatre has ever been."

"You have a play?" the manager inquired; amending this, after another glance, to "You know of a play?"

"Play? No. I'm not troubling about plays," said the caller. "Plays—what are plays? No, I'm bringing you a live idea."

"But I don't wish to make any change in the style of my performances," said the manager. "If you're thinking of a new kind of entertainment for me—super-cinema, or that 'real revue' which authors are always threatening me with—I don't want it. I intend to keep my stage for the legitimate drama."

The stranger had been growing more and more restless. "My dear Sir," he now protested, "do let us understand each other. Have I ever mentioned the word 'stage'? Have I? No. Your stage is nothing to me; it doesn't come into the matter at all. Do what you like on the stage, but let me tackle the front of the house. That's the real battle-ground. My scheme, which I bring to you first of all, because I think of you as the least unenlightened of all London managers, is concerned solely with the audience. Will you promise not to mention it for a week if I unfold it to you?"

The manager promised.

"Very well," said the other, settling down to business, "let us begin by looking at audiences. What are they made of? Human beings. What kind of human beings? The nobs and the mob. What is the favourite occupation of the nobs? Recognising other nobs. What comes next? Seeing who the other nobs have got with them. What is the favourite occupation of the mob? Identifying the nobs and saying how disappointed they are with their appearance. Isn't that so?"

"More or less," said the manager.

"Very well," the other continued. "Now, then, what do you do for the audiences in your theatre between the Acts?"

"There is an excellent orchestra," said the manager.

"I have heard it," replied his visitor drily. "Most of the music played is composed by the conductor, who conducts with the bow of his violin. No, Sir, that is not enough to do for an audience in the intervals. I warn you that the whole question of intervals will come up soon, and the cleverest manager will be the one who does most to make them amusing. But that's another matter. My scheme for you is to provide more than mere amusement, it is to enable your theatre to partake of some of the quality and some of the success of the great picture newspapers."

"How do you mean?" the manager asked, leaning forward. The word "success" had galvanised him.

"Like this," said the enthusiast. "You grant that the proper study of mankind is man—as the Pope recently said? You grant an intense curiosity as to everybody else being implanted in the human breast? Very well. This, then, is my scheme. You must have each stall legibly numbered so that the whole house behind it and above it can see the number. The boxes must be numbered too. You then instal a printer with a little press somewhere behind the scenes, and to him is brought soon after the curtain rises a list of the names of all the box and stall holders, which he will print off in time for the assistants to sell them all over the house after Act I. This distribution will dispose of the first interval, and incidentally bring in a nice little sum for cigars and champagne for your business visitors, a new hat for your leading lady, and so forth."

"By the way," said the manager, "won't you smoke? These are mild."

"Thank you," said the other. "Very well," he continued, "the next interval will be wholly spent in the exciting and delightful task of identifying the nobs, in which the nobs themselves will take a part. And if there is still a third interval it will be equally amusingly filled by conversation as to the pasts or costumes of the more famous of the female nobs who are present—an interchange of opinion as to the lowness of their necks, conjectures as to the genuineness of their hair, and so forth. Do you see?"

The manager went to the sideboard and brought back some glasses and a bottle. "Yes," he said, "I see. There's something in what you say. But you don't explain how the names are to be obtained?"

"How?" exclaimed the other. "Why, ask for them, to be sure. You'll have to begin with a few blanks, of course, but directly it gets known that you're publishing them during the evening they'll all come in. Bless your soul, I know them! and if the nobs don't tumble to it the snobs will, and they're numerically strong enough to keep any play running. You won't have to worry about the play. As for the back rows of the stalls, where you put the people from the other theatres, why, they'll absolutely push their visiting-cards at you. What do you say?"

"I think it's ingenious," said the



First Mite. "AIN'T 'E JUST LIKE THE PICTURES, LIZ? I BETCHER 'E'S A COWBOY."

Second ditto. "GARN! 'E'S ONLY A SOLDIER."



HUMOURS OF A REMOUNT CAMP.

Staff Officer. "I rode this horse you sent me on Tuesday and he was all right. But when I rode him on Wednesday he was much too frisky."

Remount Officer. "Well, why not ride him only on Tuesdays?"

manager, "and not to be dismissed lightly. But I don't see anything to prevent all the other managers copying it."

"There isn't," said the inventor. "Nothing ever has been done or will be done that can prevent theatrical managers from copying each other. It's chronic. But you'll be the first, remember that; and the pioneer often has some credit. You'll get the start, and that means a lot. For some months, at any rate, it will be your theatre to which the snobs will crowd."

Such was the interview.

What the manager will decide cannot yet be stated, for the week has not expired.

"Goose.—Remembrance and many thanks for war dividends."—*Daily Telegraph.*

This is the best it can do under present conditions. Golden eggs are "off."

"It was Tennyson who told us that there are 'books in running brooks and sermons in stones.'"

But it was Shakespeare who said it first.

LINES ON A NEW HISTORY.

Weary of Macaulay, never nodding,
  Weary of the stodginess of Stubbs,
Weary of the scientific plodding
  Of the school that only digs and grubs;
I salute, with grateful admiration
  Foreign to the hireling eulogist,
Chesterton's red-hot self-revelation
  In the guise of England's annalist.

Here is no parade of erudition,
  No pretence of calm judicial tone,
But the stimulating ebullition
  Of a sort of humanized cyclone;
Unafraid of flagrant paradoxes,
  Unashamed of often seeing red,
Here's a thinker who the compass boxes
  Standing most at ease upon his head.

Yet with all this acrobatic frolic
  There's a core of sanity behind
Madness that is never melancholic,
  Passion never cruel or unkind;
And, although his wealth of purple patches
  Some precisians may excessive deem,
Still the decoration always matches
  Something rich and splendid in the theme.

Not a text-book—that may be admitted—
  Full of dates and Treaties and of Pacts,
For our author cannot be acquitted
  Of a liberal handling of his facts;
But a stirring proof of Britain's title,
  Less in Empire than in soul, of "Great,"
And a frank and generous recital
  Of "the glories of our blood and State."

Journalistic Candour.

"Mrs. ——, to her latest days, was a devoted student of the 'Recorder.' Her end came through continuous 'eye strain' in reading the Conference news for several hours together."—*Methodist Recorder.*

"Barons Court.—To let, furnished, an attractive little artist's House, well fitted throughout."—*The Observer.*

A flapper writes to say that she would like to know more about this attractive little artist.

SIX-AND-A-PENNY-HALFPENNY.

"This," I said, "is perfectly monstrous. It is an outrage. It——"

"What have they done to you now?" said Francesca. "Have they forbidden you to have your boots made of leather, or to go on wearing your shiny old blue serge suit, or have they failed in some way to recognise your merits as a Volunteer? Quick, tell me so that I may comfort you."

"Listen to this," I said.

"I should be better able to listen and you would certainly be better able to read the letter if you didn't brandish it in my face."

"When you've heard it," I said, "you'll understand why I brandish it. Listen:—

"'Sir,—I understand that on the 15th instant you travelled from Star Bend to our London terminus without your season ticket, and declined to pay the ordinary fare. One of the conditions which you signed stipulates that in the event of your inability to produce your season-ticket the ordinary fare shall be paid, and as the Railway Executive now controlling the railways on behalf of the Government is strict in enforcing the observance of this condition, I have no alternative but to request you to kindly remit me the sum of 6s. 1½d. in respect of the journey in question.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

H. W. Hutchinson.'

"This," I said, as I finished reading the letter, "comes from the Great North-Southern Railway, and is addressed to *me*. What do you think of it?"

"The miserable man," said Francesca, "has split an infinitive, but he probably did it under the orders of the Railway Executive."

"I don't mind," I said, "about his treatment of infinitives. He may split them all to smithereens if he likes. It's the monstrous nature of his demand that vexes me."

"What can you expect of a Railway Company?" said Francesca. "Surely you didn't suppose a company would display any of the finer feelings?"

"Francesca," I said, "this is a serious matter. If you are not going to sympathise with me, say so at once, and I shall know what to do."

"Well, what will you do?"

"I shall plough my lonely furrow—I mean, I shall write my lonely letter all by myself, and you shan't help me to make up any of the stingers that I'm going to put into it."

"Oh, my dear," she said, "what is the use of writing stingers to a railway? You might as well smack the engine because the guard trod on your foot."

"Well, but, Francesca, I'm boiling over with indignation."

"So am I," she said, "but——"

"But me no buts," I said. "Let's boil over together and trounce Mr. Hutchinson. Let us write a model letter for the use of season-ticket holders who have mislaid their tickets. We'll pack it full of sarcasm and irony. We will make an appeal to the nobler sentiments of the Board of Directors. We will remind them that they too are subject to human frailty, and——"

"—— we will not send the letter, but will put it away until we've finished our boiling-over and have simmered down."

"Francesca," I said, "am I not going to be allowed to communicate to this so-called railway company my opinion of its conduct? Are all the pearls of sarcasm with which my mind is teeming to be thrown away?"

"Well," she said, "it would be useless to cast them before the Railway Executive."

"Mayn't I hint a hope that the penny-halfpenny will come in useful in a time of financial stress?"

"No," she said decisively, "you are to do none of these things. Of course they've behaved in a mean and shabby way, but they've got you fixed, and the best thing you can do is to get a postal order and send it off to Mr. Hutchinson."

"Mayn't I——"

"No, certainly not. Write a short and formal note and enclose the P.O.; and next time don't forget your ticket."

"If you'll tell me how to make sure of that," I said, "I'll vote for having a statue of you put up."

"Does everybody," she said, "forget his season-ticket?"

"Yes," I said, "everybody, at least once a year."

R. C. L.

HERBS OF GRACE.

VIII.

Southernwood.

Some are for Camphor to put with their dresses,
 "Lay Russia-leather between 'em," say some;
Some are for Lavender sprinkled in presses,
 Some are for Woodruff, that moths may not come;
I am for Southernwood, Southernwood, Southernwood
 (*Gardy robe* called, they do say, by the French),
Whisper of summertime, summertime, summertime,
 Southernwood, laid wi' the clothes of a wench.

Some are for Violets, some are for Roses,
 Some for Penirіall, some for Bee Balm,
When they go church-along carrying posies
 (Smell 'em and glance at the lads in the psalm);
I am for Southernwood, Southernwood, Southernwood
 (*Lad's Love* 'tis called by the home-folk hereby),
All in the summertime, summertime, summertime—
 Lad's Love 'tis called, and for lad's love am I.

W. B.

THE POET.

[Commenting upon the fact that Mr. Justice Salter objected to Mr. Wild, K.C., reading poetry in court, a contemporary gossip-writer remarks, "Why do people write poetry?"]

The following communications, evidently intended for our contemporary, were inadvertently addressed to Mr. Punch:—

Dear Sir,—I took up poetry because I was once bitten by an editor's dog and I determined to be avenged.

Dear Sir,—Two years ago I lost Sidney, my pet silk-worm, and as I had to take up some hobby I decided on poetry.

Dear Sir,—With me it is a gift. It just came to me. On the other hand my friends often suggest my seeing a doctor, as they think there may be a piece of bone pressing on the brain.

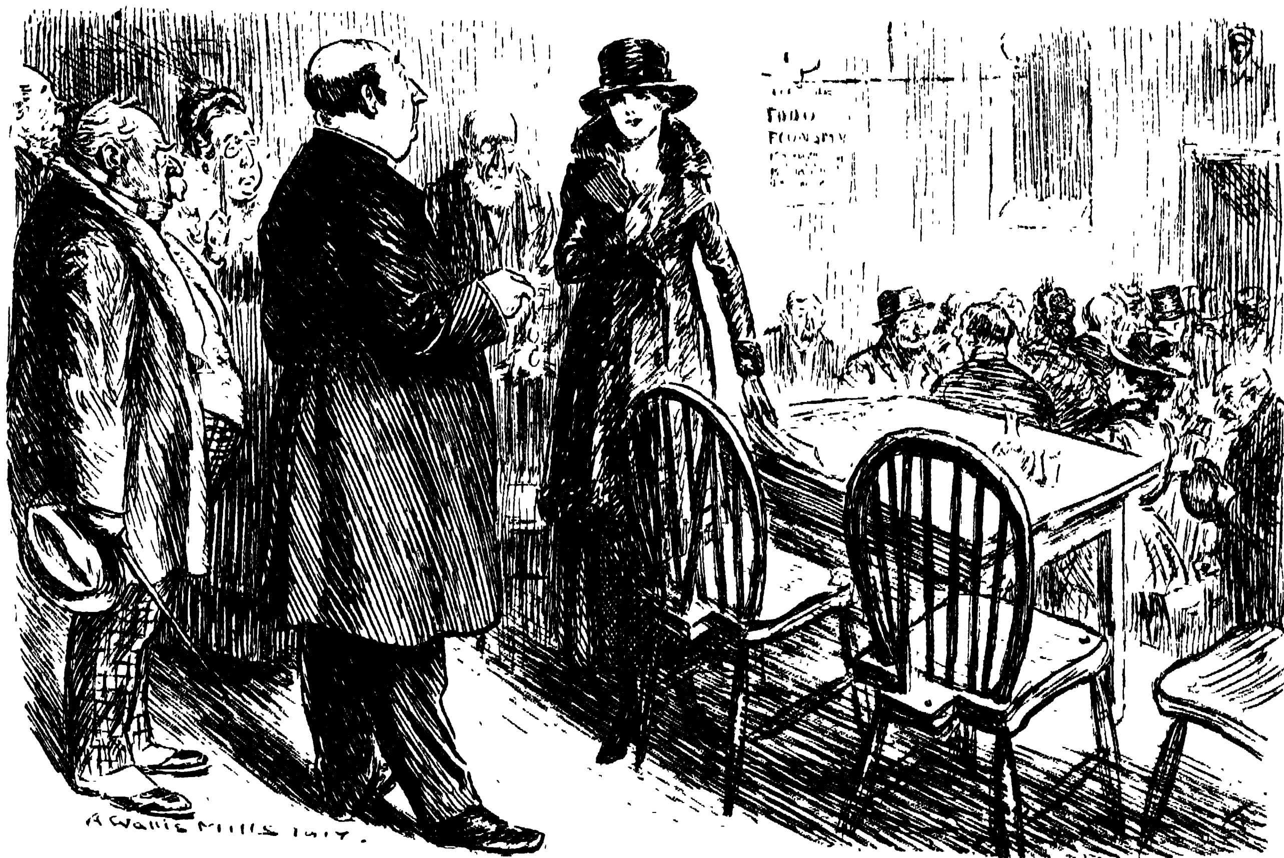
Dear Sir,—I used to suffer from red hair, and gradually I am getting the stuff turned grey. By the way, can you give me a rhyme for "Camouflage"?

Dear Sir,—I began writing lyrics for ragtime revues, because I wanted to see what would happen if I just took hold of the pen and let her rip.

From a calendar:—

"October 31. Wednesday.
August to October Game Certificates expire,
Mystical carpeted earth, with dead leaves of desire,
Disrobing earth dying beneath love's fire."

The rhymes are all right, but the scansion of the first line is susceptible of improvement.



Fair Lecturer (to Food Economy Committee). "OF COURSE I HAD TO MAKE IT AS SIMPLE AS POSSIBLE TO REACH A RATHER LOW LEVEL OF INTELLECT. I HOPE YOU ALL UNDERSTOOD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IT would seem that "BARTIMEUS" occupies the same relative position towards the silent Navy of 1917 that JOHN STRANGE WINTER did towards the Army of the pre-KIPLING era. All his men are magnificent fellows, his women sympathetic and courageous. The Hun, depicted as an unsportsman-like brute (which he is), invariably gets it in the neck (which, I regret to say, he doesn't). And so all is for the best in the best of all possible services. In the Navy they are nothing if not consistent and, while the military story-teller who did not have his knife into the higher command would be looked upon as a freak, "BARTIMEUS" loyally includes amongst his galaxy of perfect people Lords of the Admiralty no less than the lower ratings. No one knows the Navy and its business better than "BARTIMEUS," and he owes his popularity to that fact. Yet he tells us very little about it, preferring to dwell on the personal attributes of his individual heroes, throwing in just enough incidental detail to give his stories the proper sea tang. Of late a good many people have been busy informing us that the Navy, like GILBERT'S chorus-girl, is no better than it should be. But the fault, if there be one, does not lie with the men that "BARTIMEUS" has selected to write about in his latest novel, *The Long Trick* (CASSELL), which will therefore lose none of the appreciation it deserves on that account. And with such a leal and brilliant champion to take the part of the Navy afloat, the Navy ashore, whether in Parliament or out of it, may very well be left to take care of itself.

Although Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE calls his collection of detective stories *His Last Bow* (MURRAY), and also warns us that *Sherlock Holmes* is "somewhat crippled by occasional attacks of rheumatism," there is not in my lay opinion any cause for alarm. If I may jest about such an austere personage as *Sherlock*, I should say that there are several strings still left to his bow, and that the ever amenable and admiring *Watson* means to use them for all they are worth. At any rate I sincerely hope so, for if it is conceivable that some of us grow weary of *Sherlock's* methods when we are given a long draught of them no one will deny that they are palatable when taken a small dose at a time. *Sherlock*, in short, is a national institution, and if he is to be closed now and for ever I feel sure that the Bosches will claim to have finished him off. And that would be a pity. Of these eight stories the best are "The Dying Detective" and the "Bruce-Partington Plans," but all of them are good to read, except perhaps "The Devil's Fort," which left a "most sinister impression" on dear old *Watson's* mind, and incidentally on my own.

Every now and then, out of a mass of War-books grown so vast that no single reader can hope even to keep count of them, there emerges one of particular appeal. This is a claim that may certainly be made for *An Airman's Outings* (BLACKWOOD), especially just now when everything associated with aviation is—I was about to say *sur le tapis*, but the phrase is hardly well chosen—so conspicuously in the limelight. The writer of these modest but thrilling records veils his identity under the technical *nom de guerre* of "CONTACT." With regard to his method I can hardly do better than repeat what is said in a brief preface by Major-General W. S. BRANCKER, Deputy Director-General of

Military Aeronautics: "The author depicts the daily life of the flying officer in France, simply and with perfect truth; indeed he describes heroic deeds with such moderation and absence of exaggeration that the reader will scarcely realise," etc. But he will be a reader poor indeed in imagination who is not helped by these pages to realise some part of the debt that we owe to these marvellous winged boys of ours. As for the heroic deeds, they are of a kind to take your breath—tales of battles above the clouds, of trenches captured by aeroplane, of men fatally wounded, thousands of feet above the enemy country, recovering consciousness and working their guns till they sank dead, while their battered machines planed for the security of friendly lines. Surely the whole history of War has no picture to beat this in devotion.

Evelyn Branscombe Petter has much that is interesting to say about men and women, and packs her thought (I risk the "her") into a quasi-Meredithian form of phrasing which does not always escape obscurity. But how much better this than a limpid flow of words without notable content! *Souls in the Making* (Chapman and Hall) is mainly an analysis of two love episodes in the life of a young man, the liberally educated son of an ambitious self-made soapmaker. The first—with *Sue*, the pretty waitress—is thwarted by a very persistent and unpleasant clerk; the second—with *Virginia*, a girl of birth and breeding—is threatened by the intrusion of the girl's cousin, a queerly morbid ne'er-do-well. There is no action to speak of, so one can't speak of it. I can only say that the interest of the shrewd analysis held me, and that if my guess as to the sex of the writer be sound it is noteworthy that more pains and skill are bestowed upon the characters of the men than of the two girls, who are something shadowy—charming unfinished sketches. There is a vigour and an effect of personality in the writing that put this novel above the large class of the merely competent.



During the hospitable Air-raid Season the Montmorency-Browns maintain their habitual exclusiveness.

Odd what a vogue has lately developed for what I might call the ultra-domestic school of fiction. Here is another example, *Married Life* (Cassell), in which Miss May Edginton, following the mode, unites her hero and heroine at the beginning and leaves them to flounder for our edification amid the trials of double blessedness. I am sorry to say it, but her great solution for the eternal problem of How to be Happy though Married appears to be the possession of a sufficient bank-balance to prevent the chain from galling. In other words, not to be too much married. All this love-in-a-cottage talk has clearly no allurement for Miss Edginton. With her, the protagonists, *Osborne* and his young wife, are no sooner wed than their troubles begin—troubles of the domestic budget, of cooking and stove lighting and the rest. (By the way, for all its carefully British topography, I strongly suspect the whole story of an exotic origin, chiefly from certain odd-sounding words that seem to have slipped in here and there. Does our island womanhood really talk of a *matinée*, in the sense of an article of attire? If so, this is the first I hear of it). To return to the *Kerr* household. In the midst of their bothers *Osborne* is given a post as traveller in motor-cars at a big salary. So off he goes, while *Marie*, like the other little pig of the poem, stays at home, and enjoys herself hugely. When he returns she hardly cares about him at all; and might indeed have continued this attitude of indifference—who knows how long?—had not some Higher Power (perhaps the Paper Controller) decreed a happy ending on page 340. A lesson, I am sure, to us all; but of what character remains ambiguous.

In such a title as *The North East Corner* (Grant Richards) there is something bleak and uninviting, something suggestive of the bitter mercies of an average English April, that is by no means confirmed in the story itself. Windy it certainly is—it runs to 496 pages—for I do not remember any other recent volume where the characters really do talk so much "like a book," and though, of course, this may be a true way of presenting the customs of a hundred years ago, one feels that it can be over-done. *Frank Hamilton*, the magnanimous friend, facile politician and all-but hero, was the worst offender, not only making love to the *Marquis's* unhandsome daughter in stately periods, and invariably addressing pretty *Sarah Owen*, who was much too good for his and the author's treatment of her, in the language of a Cabinet meeting (as popularly imagined), but being hardly able even to lose his temper decently in honest ejaculation. *Rolfe*, his friend, was a Jacobin of the blackest, who preached sedition and the right of tenants to vote as they chose; and the *Hamiltons* were renegades who gained titles and honours by supporting a failing Ministry, from the most opportunely patriotic of motives. The general drift of the plot is neither very readily to be summarised nor indeed very satisfactory, and one might disagree with Mr. John Heron Lepper at several points. At the same time, as his many friends would expect, there is much to be grateful for in this quiet study of Irish times and politics very different from our own. There is a ring of sincerity for one thing, matched by a literary grace that saves his chapters from ever becoming irritating even when they move most slowly.

If the vintage to which "Miss Katharine Tynan's" novels belong is so old that some of its flavour has departed, there is no doubt that many of us are still glad enough to sample it. In these nervous times it is in fact very restful to read a book as calm and detached as *Miss Mary* (Murray). Not that *Mary* refrained from allowing her heart to flutter in the wrong direction, but even the simplest of us couldn't really be alarmed by this excursion. Mrs. Hinkson seems to take all her nice characters under her protective wing, and to include you and me (if we are nice) in a pleasant family party. So at little outlay you have the chance to go to Ireland and stay quietly and decorously with the *de Burghs*. There you will meet a very saint in *Lady de Burgh*, and you will breathe the right local atmosphere, and have, on the whole, a good and tranquillizing time.

CHARIVARIA.

PEOPLE are asking, "Can there be a hidden brain in the Foreign Office?"

***

A German posing as a Swiss, and stated by the police to be "a spy and a dangerous character," has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment. The matter will be further investigated pending his escape.

***

Three men were charged at Old Street last week with attempting the "pot of tea" trick. The trick apparently consists in finding a man with a pot of tea and giving him a sovereign to go round the corner and buy a ham sandwich, the thief meanwhile offering to hold the pot of tea. When the owner returns the tea has, of course, vanished.

***

The increased consumption of bread, says Sir ARTHUR YAPP, is due to the 9*d.* loaf. It would just serve us right if bread cost 2*s.* 6*d.* a pound and there wasn't any, like everything else.

***

"It is all a matter of taste," says a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*, "but I think parsnips are now at their best." They may be looking their best, but the taste remains the same.

***

Seventy tons of blackberries for the soldiers have been gathered by school-children in Buckinghamshire. Arrangements have been made for converting this fruit into plum-and-apple jam.

***

"Home Ruler" was the occupation given by a Chertsey woman on her sugar-card application. The FOOD CONTROLLER states that although this form of intimidation may work with the Government it has no terrors for him.

***

The Russian Minister of Finance anticipates getting a revenue of forty million pounds from a monopoly of tea. It is thought that he must have once been a grocer.

***

The Law Courts are to be made available as an air-raid shelter by day and night, and some of our revue proprietors are already complaining of unfair competition.

***

Two survivors of the battle of Inkerman have been discovered at Brighton. Their inactivity in the present crisis is most unfavourably commented on by many of the week-end visitors.

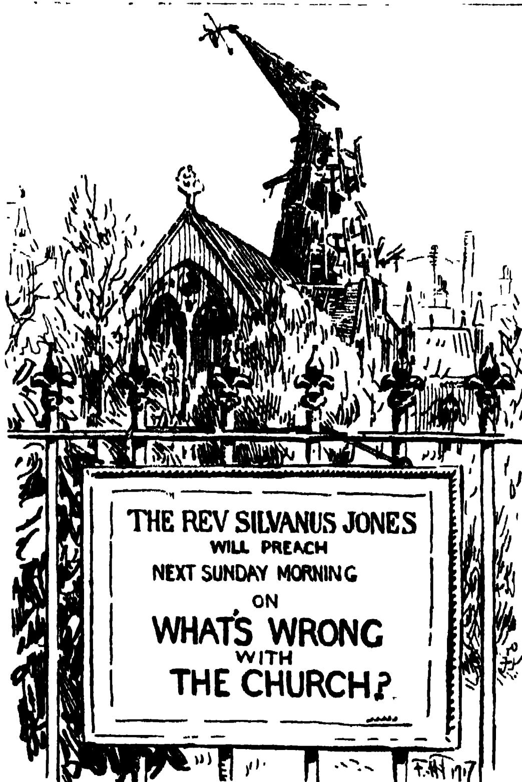
A dolphin nearly eight feet in length has been landed by a boy who was fishing at Southwold. Its last words were that it hoped the public would understand that it had only heard of the food shortage that morning.

***

Captain OTTO SVERDRUP, the Arctic explorer, has returned his German decorations. Upon hearing this the KAISER at once gave orders for the North Pole to be folded up and put away.

***

A certain number of cold storage eggs at sixpence each are being released in Berlin and buyers are urged to "fetch them promptly." In this connection several Iron Crosses have already been awarded for acts of distinguished bravery by civilians.



THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

***

One of the new toys for Christmas is a cat which will swim about in a bath. If only the household cat could learn to swim it might be the means of saving several of its lives.

***

A correspondent would like to know whether the naval surgeon who recently described in *The Lancet* how he raised "hypnotic blisters" by suggestion received his tuition from one of our University riverside coaches.

***

We are asked to deny the rumour that Mr. JUSTICE DARLING, who last week cracked a joke which was not understood by some American soldiers, has decided to do it all over again.

***

The power of music! An enterprising firm of manufacturers offers pensions to women who become widows after the purchase of a piano on the instalment plan.

***

We understand that a Member of Parliament will shortly ask for a day to be set aside to inquire into the conduct of Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN, who is reported to have recently shown marked pro-British tendencies.

***

In view of the attitude taken up by *The Daily Express* against Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE on the question of "spooks," we understand that the celebrated author, who has long contemplated the final death of *Sherlock Holmes*, has arranged that the famous detective shall one day be found dead with a copy of *The Daily Express* in his hand.

***

A customer, we are told, may take his own buns into a public eating-house, but the proprietor must register them. In view of the growing habit of pinching food, the pre-war custom of chaining them to the umbrella-stand is no longer regarded as safe.

INDIA MOVES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The following is taken from a letter from the Quartermaster-General in India to the General Officers Commanding Divisions and Independent Brigades:—

"I am directed to point out that at present there appears to be considerable diversity of opinion regarding the number of buttons, and the method of placing the same on mattresses in use in hospitals.

I am therefore to request that in future all hospital mattresses should be made up with fifty-three buttons placed in fifteen rows of four and three alternately."

This should convince your readers that even India has at last grasped the idea of the War and is getting a move on.

"Mr. H. A. Barker, the bonesetter, performed a bloodless and successful operation yesterday upon Mr. Will Thorne's knee, which he fractured six years ago."—*Sunday Paper.*

If the case is correctly reported—which we doubt—it was very confiding of Mr. THORNE to go to him again.

MORE SORROWS OF THE SULTAN.

Beersheba gone, and Gaza too!
And lo! the British lion,
After a pause to comb his mane,
Is grimly padding off again,
Tail up, *en route* for Zion.

Yes, things are looking rather blue,
Just as in Mesopotamy,
My life-blood trickles in the sand,
My veins run dry; I cannot stand
Much more of this phlebotomy.

In vain for William's help I cry,
Sick as a mule with glanders,
Too busy—selfish swine—is he
With winning ground in Italy
And losing it in Flanders.

His missives urge me not to fly
But use the utmost fury
To hold these Christian dogs at bay
And for his sake to block the way
To his belovéd Jewry.

"My feet," he wired, "have trod those scenes,
Within the walls of Salem
My sacred presence deigned to dwell,
And I should hate these hounds of hell
To be allowed to scale 'em.

"So do your best to give them beans
(You have some ammunition?),
And at a less congested date
I will arrive and consecrate
Another German mission."

That's how he wires, alternate days,
But sends no troops to trammel
The foe that follows as I bump
Across Judæa on the hump
Of my indifferent camel.

Well, I have tried all means and ways,
But seldom fail to foozle 'em;
And now if William makes no sign
(This is his funeral more than mine)
The giaours can have Jerusalem.

O. S.

THE SUGAR FIEND.

"I will have a cup of tea," I said to the waitress, "China if possible, and please don't forget the sugar."

"Yes, and what will you eat with it?" she asked.

"What you please," I replied; "it is all horrible."

I do not take kindly to war-time teas. My idea of a tea is several cups of the best China, with three large lumps of sugar in each, and half-a-dozen fancy-cakes with icing sugar all over them and cream in the middle, and just a few cucumber sandwiches for the finish. (This does sound humorous, no doubt, but I seek no credit for it. Humour used to depend upon a sense of proportion. It now depends upon memory. The funniest man in England at the present moment is the man who has the most accurate memory for the things he was doing in the early summer of 1914).

The loss of the cakes I could bear stoically enough if they would leave my tea alone, or rather if they would allow me a reasonable amount of sugar for it. However, we are an adaptable people and there are ways in which even the sugar paper-dish menace can be met. My own plan, here offered freely to all my fellow-sufferers, provides an admirable epitome of War and Peace. The sugar allowance being about half what it ought to be, I take half of the cup unsweetened, thus tasting the bitterness of war, and then I put in the sugar and bask in the sunshine of peace.

On this particular occasion peace was on the point of being declared when I found my attention irresistibly compelled by the man sitting opposite to me, the only other occupant of my table. At first I thought of asking him not to stare at me so rudely, and then I found that he was not looking at me but over my shoulder at some object at the end of the room. I can resist the appeal of three hundred people gazing into the sky at the same moment, but the intense concentration of this man was too much for me. I turned round. Seeing nothing unusual I turned back again, but it was too late. My sugar had gone! No trace of it anywhere, except in the bubbles that winked suspiciously on the surface of the miscreant's tea.

His face did not belong to any of the known criminal types. It was a pale, dreamy, garden-suburb sort of face—a face you couldn't possibly give in charge, except, perhaps, under the Military Service Acts.

"Do you know," I said to him, "that you have just committed one of the most terrible offences open to civilised mankind—a crime even worse (Heaven help me if I exaggerate) than trampling on an allotment?"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" he replied, waking from his dream. "Did you want that sugar? You know, you seemed to be getting on very well without it."

As I could not believe him to be beyond the reach of pity, I explained my method to him, describing as harrowingly as I could the joy of those first few moments after the declaration of peace. I suggested to him that he might sometimes find it useful himself, if ever he should be compelled to sit at an unoccupied table. ("*Touché*," he murmured, raising his hat). "And now," I concluded, "as I have told you my system, perhaps you will tell me yours—not for imitation, but for avoidance."

"There is very little to tell," he replied sorrowfully, "but it is tragic enough. All my life I have been fond of sugar. Before the war I took always nine lumps to a cup of tea. (It was my turn to raise my hat.) By a severe course of self-repression I have reduced it to seven, but I cannot get below that. I have given up the attempt. There are a hundred cures for the drink habit: there is not one for the sugar habit. As I cannot repress the desire, I have had to put all my energy into getting hold of sugar. I noticed some time ago that at these restaurants they give the sugar allowance to all customers who ask for tea or coffee, although perhaps twenty per cent. of them do not take sugar at all. It is these people who supply me with the extra sugar I need. In your case it was an honest mistake. I always wait to see if people are proposing to use their sugar before I appropriate it."

"But if you only take from the willing," I inquired, "why do you not ask their permission?"

"I suppose I have given you the right to ask me that question," he replied with much dignity, "but it is painful to me to have to answer it. I have not yet sunk so low that I have to beg people for their cast off sugar. I may come to it in the end, perhaps. At present the 'earnest gaze' trick is generally sufficient, or, where it fails, a kick on the shin. But I hate cruelty."

"Physical cruelty," I suggested.

"No, any kind of cruelty. I have said that in your case I made a mistake. If I could repair it I would."

"Well," I said, "here's something you can do towards it, although it's little enough." And I handed him the ticket the waitress had written out for me. "And now I'll go and get a cup of tea somewhere."

"One moment," he said, as I rose to go. "We may meet again."

"Never!" I said firmly.

"Ah, but we may. I have a number of disguises. Let me suggest something that will make another mistake of this kind impossible."

"I am not going to give up my plan," I said.

"No, don't," he answered; "but *why not drink the sugared half first?*"

Extract from an official letter received "Somewhere in France":—

"It must be clearly understood that the numbers shown under the heading, 'Awaiting Leave' will be the number of all ranks who have not had leave to the United Kingdom since last arrival in this country, whether such arrival was their last return from Leave, or their last arrival in France."

And the Authorities are still wondering why the "Awaiting Leave" list tallied so exactly with the daily strength.



A GREAT INCENTIVE.

Mehmed (*reading despatch from the All-Highest*). "'DEFEND JERUSALEM AT ALL COSTS FOR MY SAKE. I WAS ONCE THERE MYSELF.'"

THE MUD LARKS.

THE ammunition columns on either flank provide us with plenty of amusement. They seem to live by stealing each other's mules. My line-guards tell me that stealthy figures leading shadowy donkeys are crossing to and fro all night long through my lines. The respective C.O.'s, an Australian and an Irishman, drop in on us from time to time and warn us against each other. I remain strictly neutral, and so far they have respected my neutrality. I have taken steps toward this end by surrounding my horses with barbed wire and spring guns, tying bells on them and doubling the guard.

Monk, the Australian, dropped in on us two or three days ago. "That darn Sinn Feiner is the limit," said he; "lifted my best moke off me last night while I was up at the batteries. He'd pinch BALAAM'S ass." We murmured condolences, but Monk waived them aside. "Oh, it's quite all right. I wasn't born yesterday, or the day before for that matter. I'll make that merry Fenian weep tears of blood before I've finished. Just you watch."

O'Dwyer, the merry Fenian, called next day.

"Give us a dhrink, brother-officers," said he, "I'm wake wid laughter."

We asked what had happened.

"Ye know that herrin'-gutted bushranger over yonder? He'd stale the milk out of your tea, he would, be the same token. Well, last night he got vicious and took a crack at my lines. I had rayson to suspect he'd be afther tryin' somethin' on, so I laid for him. I planted a certain mule where he *could* stale it an' guarded the rest four deep. Begob, will ye believe me, but he fell into the thrap head-first—the poor simple divil."

"But he got your mule," said Albert Edward, perplexed.

"Shure an' he did, you bet he did—he got old Lyddite."

Albert Edward and I were still puzzled.

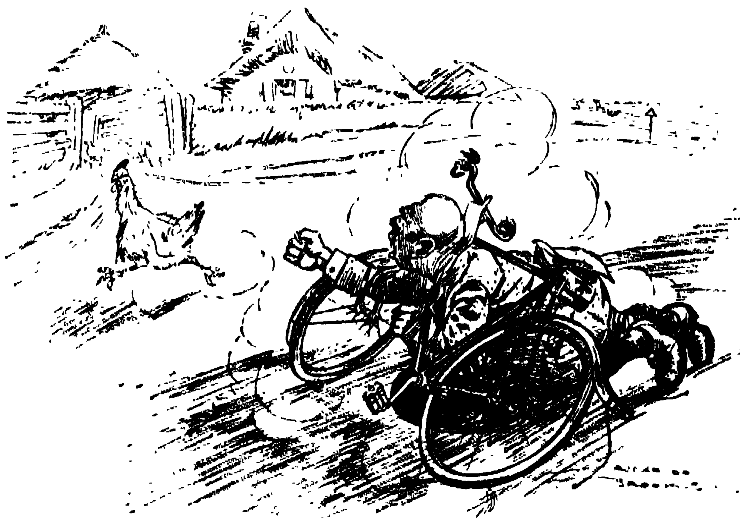
"Very high explosive—hence name," O'Dwyer explained.

"Dear hearrts," he went on, "he's got my stunt mule, my family assassin! That long-ear has twenty-three casualties to his credit, including a Brigadier. I have to twitch him to harness him, side line him to groom him, throw him to clip him, and dhrug him to get him shod. Perceive the jest now? Esteemed comrade Monk is afther pinchin' an infallable packet o' sudden death, an' he don't know it - yet."

"What's the next move?" I inquired.

"I'm going to lave him there. Mind you I don't want to lose the old moke altogether, because, to tell the truth, I'm a biteen fond of him now that I know his thricks, but I figure Mr. Monk will be a severely cured character inside a week, an' return the beastie himself with tears an' apologies on vellum so long."

I met O'Dwyer again two days later on the mud track. He reined up his cob and begged a cigarette.



Keen Motorist (who has temporarily taken to push-biking, to leisurely fowl which has brought him low). "JUST YOU WAIT TILL THEY REMOVE THESE PETROL RESTRICTIONS."

"Been havin' the fun o' the worrld down at the dressin'-station watchin' Monk's casualties rollin' in," said he. "Terrible spectacle, 'nough to make a sthrong man weep. Mutual friend Monk lookin' 'bout as genial as a wet hen. This is goin' to be a wondherful lesson to him. See you later." He nudged his plump cob and ambled off, whistling merrily.

But it was Monk we saw later. He wormed his long corpse into "*Mon Repos*" and sat on Albert Edward's bed laughing like a tickled hyena. "Funniest thing on earth," he spluttered. "A mule strayed into my lines t'other night and refused to leave. It was a rotten beast, a holy terror; it could kick a fly off its ears and bite a man in half. I don't mind admitting it played battledore and what's-'is-name with my organisation for a day or two, but out of respect for O'Dwyer, blackguard though he is, I . . ."

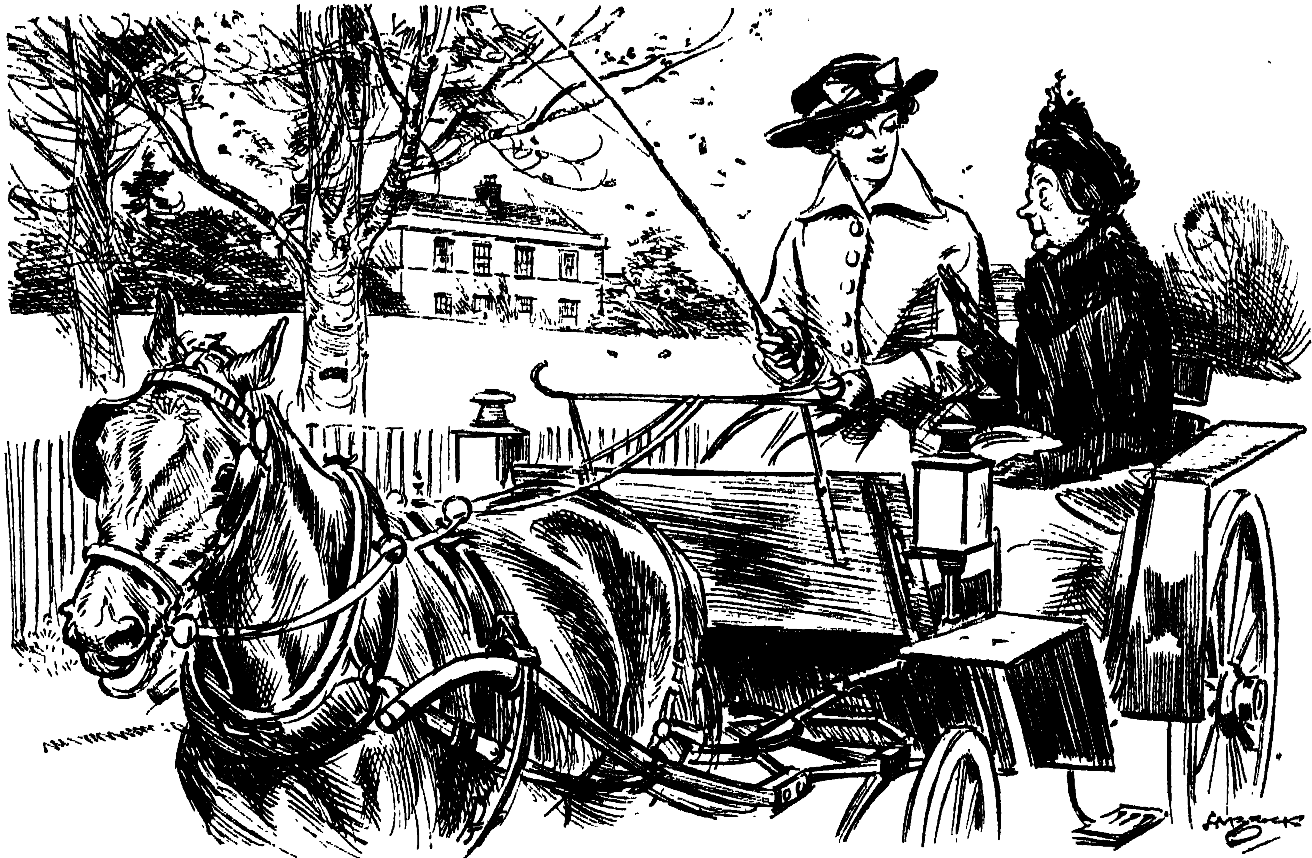
"Oh, so it was O'Dwyer's mule?" Albert Edward cut in innocently.

Monk nodded hastily. "Yes, so it turned out. Well, out of respect for O'Dwyer I looked after it as far as it would allow me, naturally expecting he'd come over and claim it—but he didn't. On the fourth day, after it had made a light breakfast off a bombardier's ear and kicked a gap in a farrier, I got absolutely fed up, turned the damn cannibal loose and gave it a cut with a whip for godspeed. It made off due east, cavorting and snorting until it reached the tank-track; there it stopped and picked a bit of grass. Presently along comes a tank, proceeding to the fray, and gives the mule a poke in the rear. The mule lashes out, catching the tank in the chest, and then goes on with his grazing without looking round, leaving the tank for dead, as by all human standards it should have been, of course. But instead of being dead the box of tricks ups and gives the donk another butt and moves on. That roused the mule properly. He closed his eyes and laid into the tank for dear life; you could hear it clanging a mile away.

"After delivering two dozen of the best, the moke turned round to sniff the cold corpse, but the corpse was still warm and smiling. Then the mule went mad and set about the tank in earnest. He jabbed it in the eye, upper-cut it on the point, hooked it behind the ear, banged its slats, planted his left on the mark and his right on the solar plexus, but still the tank sat up and took nourishment.

"Then the donkey let a roar out of him and closed with it; tried the half-Nelson, the back heel, the scissors, the roll, and the flying-mare; tried Westmoreland and Cumberland style, collar and elbow, Cornish, Græco-Roman, scratch-as-scratch-can and Ju-jitsu. Nothing doing. Then as a last despairing effort he tried to charge it over on its back and rip the hide off it with his teeth.

"But the old tank gave a "good-by ee" cough of its exhaust and rumbled off as if nothing had happened, nothing at all. I have never seen such a look of surprise on any living creature's face as was on that donk's. He sank down on his tail, gave a hissing gasp and rolled over stone dead. Broken heart."



Aunt Maria. "Do you know I once actually saw the Kaiser riding through the streets of London as bold as brass. If I'd known then what I know now I'd have told a policeman."

"Is that the end?" Albert Edward inquired.

"It is," said Monk; "and if you go outside and look half-right you'll see the bereaved Mr. O'Dwyer, all got up in sack-cloth, cinders and crêpe rosettes, mooning over the deceased like a dingo on an ash-heap." Patlander.

"For the Duration . . ."

"The forenoon service in the Parish Church will be at 11 o'clock instead of 11.15 on Sunday first, and will continue till further orders."
Scottish Paper.

Aid for the Military Police.

"The recruiting hut which is being erected in Trafalgar Square in connection with the campaign undertaken by the Ministry of Labour to recruit women for the Women's Army Auxiliary Cops will shortly be completed."—*Sunday Pictorial.*

"She was visited occasionally by a man of foreign appearance, who was believed to be her bother-in-law."—*Ipswich Evening Star.*

Probably one of those "strained relations" we so often read about.

"My Correspondent's bona fides are above suspicion."
"*The Clubman*" in "*The Pall Mall Gazette.*"

One good fide deserves another, but of course the more the merrier.

INVITATION.

If you will come and stay with us you shall not want for ease;
We'll swing you on a cobweb between the forest trees;
And twenty little singing-birds upon a flowering thorn
Shall hush you every evening and wake you every morn.

If you will come and stay with us you need not miss your school;
A learned toad shall teach you, high-perched upon his stool;
And he will tell you many things that none but fairies know—
The way the wind goes wandering and how the daisies grow.

If you will come and stay with us you shall not lack, my dear,
The finest fairy raiment, the best of fairy cheer;
We'll send a million glow-worms out, and slender chains of light
Shall make a shining pathway—then why not come to-night? R. F.

Christmas Fare in War-time.

"Whatever the dinner be like, we can still have our fill of holly and mistletoe."—*Star.*

IMITATION AIR-RAIDS.

Mr. Punch is glad to note that some real efforts are being made to meet the public needs in this matter on nights when there is no attack by the enemy.

In particular the owners of certain large warehouses have come forward in a spirited manner by giving directions for the banging of large folding-doors at suitable (irregular) hours. Private individuals also, especially when returning home late at night, can do something in the way of supplying entertainment for nervous residents in the neighbourhood. Much is expected, too, of the large dairy companies, who, by their control of vast numbers of heavy milk-cans, are in a peculiarly favoured position. By the manipulation of these vessels on a stone floor a very complete imitation of a raid can be produced. A good deal, of course, can be done by any ordinary householder. "I have had great fun," one correspondent writes, "with a very deliberate and heavily-striking Dutch clock, which I have lately put against my party-wall. My neighbour's family frequently jump up and run for the basement. When they get used to the thing I shall give the other side a turn."

THE FIRE-DRILL.

Once a month, as laid down in "Orders for Auxiliary Hospitals for Officers," or some such document, we practise fire-drill. This consists of escaping from upper windows by means of precarious canvas chutes. The only people exempted from this ceremony are Mrs. Ropes who watches with great delight from a safe distance—and Sister, who stands sternly at the top to make sure (*a*) that those patients who don't want to go down do go down, and (*b*) that those patients who do want to go down don't go down more than once. No excuses are taken. The fixed ration is one slither per chute per person.

We had this month's rehearsal last Tuesday. The patients were put through it first, Major Stanley—to his great disgust—being chosen to lead the way and set his juniors an example. He was told that it was possible, by sticking out his elbows, to go down as slowly as he liked; but he must have done it wrong somehow, for he disappeared with startling suddenness the instant he let go the window-sill, and almost simultaneously his boots shot out at the other end and doubled Dutton the butler up so badly that he had to be taken away and reinflated.

Haynes, who came next, insisted on first making his dying speech from the window, for, as he pointed out to Sister, when people allowed themselves to be inserted alive into machines of this type there was every likelihood of their reappearing at the other end in the form of sausages. Seymour handed Sister a bulky package labelled "Will" before starting, and most of us managed to be mildly humorous in some way or other.

Mrs. Ropes, on the lawn, enjoyed it all immensely; and so did Ansell, who was standing beside her with an air of detachment. Sister's eagle eye singled him out.

"Come along, Mr. Ansell," she called. "I see you—your turn next. No shirking."

"I'm not in this, Sister," he answered loftily.

"Oh, indeed! And why not?"

"Because I sleep on the verandah. If there's a fire I simply get out of bed and step into the garden."

"Oh, no, you don't," put in Seymour. "That would be entirely contrary to regulations. The official method of escaping from burning buildings is down the official chute. In case of fire your correct procedure will be to double smartly upstairs, commend your soul to Providence in a soldier-like manner, and toboggan smartly down."

(Have I mentioned that Seymour is an Adjutant?)

"That's right, Captain Seymour," said Sister from above. "Bring him up under escort if necessary."

After the patients came Miss Ropes, and after her the domestic staff, beginning with the less valuable members and working up gradually to Dutton and Cook. It was possible to trace the progress of the younger and slighter maids by a swiftly descending squeal, while that of the more portly was visible as a leisurely protuberance. At last Cook was the only one left—Dutton was not feeling quite up to performing the journey. She was a new cook, and very precious. She had all the generous proportions of her profession, and with them went a placid temper and a great sense of personal dignity.

"Oh, Cook," said Miss Ropes, "*you* needn't go down, you know, unless you want to."

There are times when official regulations must be sacrificed to diplomacy. But Cook was in high good humour, and quite determined on doughty deeds. Miss Ropes said no more.

The task of getting a wide cook into a narrow canvas tube proved quite unexpectedly difficult; and, when it was accomplished, so far from sticking out her elbows as brakes, she had to press them close to her sides in order to move at all. With the aid of a friendly pressure applied to the top of her head by Sister she got slowly under way. The chute bulged portentously. The bulge travelled a few feet; then it stuck and became violently agitated. Sister clutched at the top of the chute, while Dutton hung manfully on to the other end.

"Don't struggle," said Sister in a stern professional voice. "Keep your arms still, and you'll come down all right." A muffled screaming and a dangerously increased agitation of the chute was the only reply. Cook had quite lost her head and was having violent hysterics. Three or four of us raced upstairs to aid Sister in keeping the top end of the apparatus from jerking free, while several more went to the assistance of the flustered Dutton.

Cook ceased to struggle for a moment, but only through exhaustion; for when Sister seized the opportunity to repeat her advice a fresh paroxysm came on, and everybody "stood to" at their posts again. Miss Ropes conceived the idea of attaching a cord to Cook's armpits and hauling her up again by main force. She dashed into the house, and found a demoralised kitchen-maid calling incoherently for help down the telephone.

Meanwhile Cook had had her worst spasm. We hung grimly on to the chute, dismally confident that something would have to give way soon. Suddenly there was a rending sound; the seam of the canvas ripped open and a gaping slit appeared, through which Cook's freed arm flapped wildly. Then the arm disappeared as the body to which it was attached gathered momentum; and when Miss Ropes appeared with a length of cord she was just in time to see her retainer return to the world alive, but practically inside out.

As soon as Cook recovered her breath it was apparent that her temper was no longer placid. Forgetting entirely that it was by her own choice that she had made the trip, she gave us all to understand that she believed the whole incident to have been specially arranged for her humiliation. She gave notice on the spot, and staggered indignantly to the house to pack her box, leaving her employer once again face to face with the Servant Problem.

THE ARTISETTE.

(*An Engineering School for Women has been started in Scotland.*)

What if my lady should appear
In a mechanic's grimy gear?
I shall not squeamishly decline
To figure at her shrine.

If Vulcan's smoky sway precludes
An assignation in the woods,
I shall not linger less elate
Outside the foundry gate.

When she knocks off at eventide
I'll flutter fondly to her side,
And demonstrate that grease and oil
Can't loosen love's sweet coil.

Most tenderly my tongue shall wag
To Amaryllis on the slag,
Whilst I endeavour to confine
Her horny hand in mine.

Personal.

"Pat. Don't be disappointed. Nothing amiss. Iris."—*Calcutta Statesman.*

Only a letter gone astray.

"Apartments (furnished and unfurnished) to be let, outside air radius."
Daily Telegraph.

A little suffocating, perhaps.

"If a million quarter acres in the country were left uncultivated, the result would be that a quarter of a million acres would be left uncultivated."—*Scotch Paper.*

Examined and found correct.

Extract from a speech by Lord Selborne:—

"In that ouse Capital was very fully represented—he thought over-represented."
Daily Telegraph.

The printer seems to have thought so too, when he cut the capital out.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.



"TAXI! TAXI!" "WHAT ABAHT IT?"



"I WANT TO GO TO HAMPSTEAD." "DO YER?"



"I'LL DOUBLE YOUR LEGAL FARE."
"DOUBLE THAT AGIN, AN' I'LL TAKE YER—'ALF-WAY."



"AN', MIND YER, I WOULDN'T 'AVE BROUGHT YER AS FAR AS THIS ONLY I 'APPENED TO 'AVE BIN COMIN' ANY'OW. I LIVE UP 'ERE."



Officer (returning to France in heavy sea). "I—HOPE—TO—HEAVENS—THE—NEXT—WAR THEY HAVE—WILL—BE—IN ENGLAND."

NIGHTMARES.

I.

OF A FORM MASTER WHO DREAMS THAT HE HAS CALLED ON THE WAR CORRESPONDENT OF "THE DAILY MAIL" FOR A LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE OPENING SENTENCE OF CÆSAR'S *DE BELLO GALLICO*.

"*Omnis Gallia in tres partes divisa est.*" Is it fanciful to say of the three parts into which all Gaul is divided that by their colours may they be known, the blue, the brown and the ghastly, ghoulish, intolerable, bestial, but, thank God, passing, grey? Yes, thank God, the blight of greyness cannot last long; even now the scabrous plague is being burnt up and swept back and overwhelmed by the resistless flood, eager yet cautious, persistent yet fiery, of the blue and the brown. Hideous, pitiable, soul-searing are the scars that it leaves in its mephitic wake, but the cleansing tide of the brown and the blue sweeps on, and the healing wand of time waves over them, and soon the shell-holes and the waste places and the abominations of desolation are covered with little flowers—or would be if it were Spring.

The Spring! No one knows what depth of meaning lies in that little word for our brave fellows, what intensity of hopes and fears and well-nigh intolerable yearnings it awakens beneath the cheery insouciance of their exteriors; no one, that is, except me. They tell me about it as they pass back, privates and generals, war-hardened veterans and boys of nineteen with the youth in their eyes not yet drowned by the ever-increasing encroachments of the war-devil; all are alike in their cheerful determination to see this grim and bloody business of fighting to an honourable end, and alike, too, in that their souls turn frankly, as might children's, for refreshment and relief to the kindly breast and simple beauties of Mother Nature.

The key-note of their attitude is given in the sentence, spoken dreamily and as if in forgetfulness of my presence, by a Corporal of the R.G.A. as I cleaned his boots—it was an honour. "The blue—the blue—the blue—and the white!" He was gazing skywards. I could see nothing but grey clouds, but I knew that his young eyes were keener than mine, that he had learnt to look into the inmost heart of things in that baptism of fire, that travail of freedom, where desolation blossoms and hell sprouts like a weed. Through the grey he could discern the triumph of the blue and the white of peace, when the work of the brown shall be done. It was an allegory. More he told me, too, in his simple country speech, so good to hear in a foreign land: of the daisies in the yard at home, of the dandelions on the lawn, of his pet pig: things too sacred to repeat here. And he told me that the great event on the Front now is the Autumn glory of the trees. Then he departed, and as he went he broke into deep-throated, Homeric laughter, and I—I understood: he was mocking Death. Even thus does laughter yap at the heels of that dishonoured king out here.

TO THE BOOD.

A SODDET.

[Our poet has caught a severe cold through having spent the night in the cellar.]

BOOD, whose autubdal spleddour, as of dood,
Shides od frob set of sud to dawdigg bord,
Gradt be this bood, o bood, to calb by bood
With agodisigg apprehedsiod tord.

Illube dot with thy beabs the biddight burk,
Whed through the gloob the Huddish biscreadts
Cobe sdeakigg, bedt od their idhubad work
Of bobbigg slubberigg dod-cobbatadts.

Or if thy labbedt gleabs thou bayst dot blidd,
Thed bay they aid our airbed add our guds:
Its bark bay every barkigg bissile fidd,
Bay dought be dode abiss, dor dode be duds.

So bayst thou baffle burderous WILLIAB'S plad,
Add all attebts of that bad badbad bad.



PRIVILEGED DISLOYALTY.

First Traitor. "HOW ARE WE TO PUSH OUR PROPAGANDA PAST THE CENSOR?"

Second Traitor. "NOTHING EASIER. GET THE RIGHT KIND OF QUESTIONS ASKED IN PARLIAMENT; THERE'S NOBODY TO STOP *THEM* FROM BEING PUBLISHED."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 5th.—By way of celebrating Guy Fawkes Day the Government announced their intention of compensating, up to a limit of five hundred pounds, any householder whose property has been damaged in air-raids. How soon he will cage his "monkey" will depend upon the Treasury, which is morbidly anxious lest in its transactions *bis dat qui cito dat* should be literally illustrated.

The official price of potatoes is still unsettled. According to his own statement the FOOD CONTROLLER is only waiting for the decision of the War Cabinet. "On the contrary," said Mr. LAW, "the Cabinet is only waiting for Lord RHONDDA." It seems to be another case of the Earl of CHATHAM and Sir RICHARD STRACHAN; and in the meantime the potatoes are rotting.

Provided that no scarcity of gas for other purposes is caused the Government see no objection to its use for the propulsion of motor-cars. On receiving this information Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING at once ordered a Zeppelin attachment to his famous torpedo-shaped car. No other gas-consumer will suffer, as he is prepared to keep the apparatus inflated from his own retorts.

By the scheme of the Boundary Commissioners, the roll of the Commons, already a hundred per cent. too big for its accommodation, is to be increased by some thirty Members. Various suggestions for enabling the new-comers to assist at debates have been proposed. "Dug-outs" under the existing benches, whence they could poke out their heads between the legs of other Members, and "painters' cradles" depending from the ceiling, or the galleries, are among the most popular.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that the HOME SECRETARY strenuously resisted the proposal of the London representatives to give another couple of Members to "the hub of the universe," as Mr. WATT, momentarily forgetting the claims of Glasgow, handsomely called it. Among a number of minor concessions, Mr. THEODORE TAYLOR's plea that Batley should be associated with Morley "because they have had many a tussle at cricket" could not be resisted.

Tuesday, November 6th.—A statement that the great War Savings meeting at the Albert Hall cost £3,500, chiefly for the expenses of delegates shocked the thrifty conscience of Mr. HOGGE, who hoped Mr. BALDWIN would discourage the PRIME MINISTER's meetings if they were so expensive. Mr. BALDWIN did not condescend to answer him or he might have observed that the delegates in question were voluntary workers who by their exertions had helped to raise over a hundred millions for the prosecution of the War.

Mr. TILLETT, the newly-elected Member for North Salford, took his seat, and



"Forgetting the claims of Glasgow."
MR. WATT.

there was general cheering as, under the safe-conduct of two amply-proportioned friends, Little Ben was introduced to Big Ben.

When Mr. BALFOUR informed Mr. JOWETT at Question-time that the only commitments of Great Britain to



THE NEW RECRUIT.
SIR JOHN SIMON.

France are contained in the Treaty of Alliance of September 5th, 1914, which has been duly published, he knocked the foundation from under the subsequent peace-debate. But that did not prevent Mr. LEES SMITH from making a long speech, on the assumption that by promising to help France to recover her ravished provinces we had improperly extended the objects of the war. Mr. McCURDY, who shares with Mr. LEES SMITH the representation of Northampton, plainly hinted that if his colleague cared to visit his constituents they would be delighted to present him with a specimen of the local manufacture.

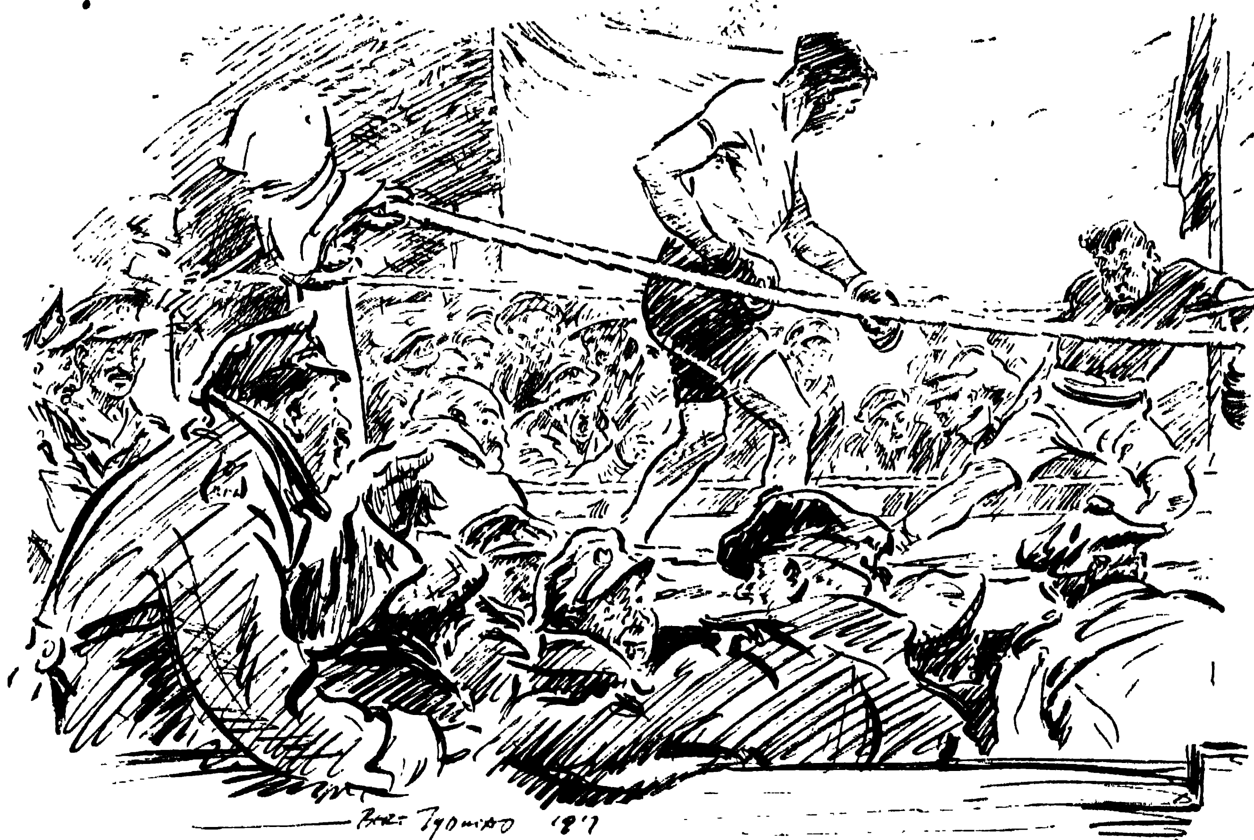
The speeches of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. ASQUITH, though well worth hearing, were hardly needed to complete the rout of the Pacifists; and, in the division on the Closure, the men who are prepared (in Mr. FABER's pungent phrase) "to take the bloody hand of Germany" made a very poor muster.

Wednesday, November 7th.—I am inclined to echo Lord SALISBURY's regret that Labour has no direct representative in the Upper House. The proletarian peer, if there were one, would have been both surprised and delighted to hear how the non-proletarians, without exception, spoke of his class.

My imaginary peer would have been especially edified by the speech of Lord MILNER, whom a small but noisy section of the Press persists in describing as more Prussian than the Prussians. Not under-estimating the difficulties in the way of a frank and full understanding between Capital and Labour, he nevertheless believed that they would be overcome, because he had an abiding faith in the mass of his fellow-countrymen. Not quite what one expects of a British Junker, is it?

Thursday, November 8th. — When tonnage is so scarce it seems odd that room can still be found for consignments of wild animals. Mr. PETO drew attention to a coming cargo, including two hundred avadavats, the little birds about which *Joseph Surface* was so contemptuous, and six hundred monkeys—"sufficient," as he pleasantly observed, "to fill this House."

For once Mr. BILLING expressed a widely-held opinion when he questioned the propriety, in present circumstances, of holding the LORD MAYOR's Banquet. Mr. BONAR LAW's solemn assurance that he only accepted the invitation on the distinct understanding that the feast would fall completely within the FOOD CONTROLLER's regulations, was not altogether convincing. Members were anxious to know the exact dimensions that Lord RHONDDA has laid down for the turtle-ration.



Onlooker (at a Company exhibition, to the better man). "HERE, LAAD, NOT SO MOOCH OF IT. WE'M SHORT O' SOJERS IN OUR COOMPANY, DOAN'T THEE FORGET!"

GILBERT.

WE are all very fond of Gilbert. There are, however, one or two things about him which even his best friends will admit make it hard for us at times to remember how much we really love him. Sometimes he seems almost too good to be true. Yet I have known wet horrible days in the trenches when the sight of him coming smiling down the line, exuding efficiency and enthusiasm at every pore, has made his fellow-officers positively dislike him.

For, alas, he is one of those dear over-zealous fellows whom in moments of depression we stigmatise as "hearty." He has even been known to be hearty at breakfast; to come trampling into the dug-out with that blinking old smile on his face, expressing immense satisfaction with life in general at the top of a peculiarly robust voice; to tread on his captain's toes and slap his next-door neighbour heartily on the back, and then to explain to a swearing and choking audience how splendidly he has slept, and what a topping day it is going to be.

Never has Gilbert been known to spend a bad night; he is one of those fortunate animals who can go to sleep standing and at five minutes' notice, and start snoring at once. If you try to sleep anywhere near him, you dream of finding yourself in Covent Garden station, trying to board endless trains which roar through without stopping—that's the kind of snore it is.

And now it is time I told my story.

It happened many years ago, when the War was young and the Bosch comparatively aggressive; when our big guns fired once every other Sunday and we lived precarious lives in holes in the ground. Our Brigadier, a conscientious soldier of the old school, was dodging round our line of trenches, and had just reached the sector allotted to my company, which was also Gilbert's, when the distant buzz that generally means an aeroplane overhead made itself distinctly heard.

"Can you spot him?" said the General to his Brigade-major; "one of theirs, I suppose?"

Now it is as much as a Brigade-Major's job is worth to confess ignorance at such a crisis. So, after sweeping the skies fruitlessly with his glasses and listening intelligently to the steady drone, he said, "Yes!" with as much conviction as possible.

"Heads down," said the General sharply, "and don't move. Pass it down." And by way of example he sat heavily on my periscope and stayed gazing at the ground like a fakir lost in meditation.

Meanwhile the message was passed along, and the trench became silent as the grave. I was informed a few days later that it reached the outer battalion of the next brigade later on in the morning, and was popularly supposed to have reached Switzerland the same evening.

For about five minutes the droning continued ("Having a good look at us," said the Brigade-major in a sepulchral whisper) and then suddenly ceased with what I can only describe as an appalling snort. Almost simultaneously a tousled head was thrust out of a dug-out almost into the great man's face, and Gilbert's cheerful roar was heard by a scandalised company.

"Had a topping sleep. What's the time, someone?"

"Best milch cows have been sold recently for £60 in the Isle of Wight. At a meeting of the Cowes Council it was stated that at Chichester cows had sold for £73 each."

Times.

And now that the Isle of Wight milkers have held their indignation meeting it is expected that the anomaly will be removed.



ONE UP!

PETER, THE TEMPTER.

Necessity does not make stranger bedfellows than some of the changes brought about by War. Who, for example—and certainly not such a born sun-worshipper as I—would ever have dreamt that a time would come when we in London and the Eastern counties would desire rain and wind with a passionate keenness once reserved solely for fine weather? Yet so it is. By reason of that foolish invention of flying we now, when we go to the window in the morning and lift the blind, are dashed and darkly thoughtful if no sky of grey scudding misery meets our gaze. "Please Heaven it pours!" we say. Just think of it—"Please Heaven it pours!" What a treachery! It may even come that we include prayers for storms in the Liturgy.

In default of bad weather we may have to Take Cover; and it is when we Take Cover that discoveries begin and long-postponed adventures fructify. For years and years, for example, I had looked down that steep hill by the Tivoli site in the Strand into the yawning cavern that opens there, and wondered about it. I had thought one day to explore it, but had never done so, any more than I have yet proceeded further towards a visit to the Roman Bath, also off the Strand, than to threaten it.

But I shall get to the Bath yet, because already, thanks to the intervention of the Hun, I have become intimately acquainted with Lower Robert Street, and the next step is simple.

In the ordinary way, short of desperate impulse and decision—unless by some happy chance I had relinquished the burden of this pen and taken happy service with one of the wine merchants who store their treasure there—I should never have entered Lower Robert Street at all, for it goes nowhere and runs under the earth, and it is damp and mouldy, and the only doors, leading to this vault and that, are locked. But for all these disabilities Lower Robert Street is, in Gotha and Zeppelin times, a very present help and refuge. There assemble, with more or less fortitude and philosophy, the denizens of the Adelphi, thankful indeed that the brothers Adam established their streets and terrace on so useful a foundation; and there twice recently have I joined them. And an odd assembly we have made, ranging as we do from successful dramatists to needy journalists, with an actress or so to keep us manly.

There for long hours have we waited until the "All clear" has sounded—or, at any rate, some have done so. As for myself, on the last occasion, taking advantage of a lull in the uproar, I crept away to bed, and, after falling into the sleep of exhaustion, had the ironical experience of being rudely awakened by the reassuring bugles and my night again ruined.

Having taken cover only in Lower Robert Street, which is open to all, I cannot with any personal knowledge speak of the camaraderie of private basements; but I suppose that that exists and is another of the War's by-products. I take it that, in the event of a sudden alarm, no householder with a cellar would be so inhuman as to refuse admittance to a stranger, and already probably a myriad new friendships and not a few engagements have resulted. Our own camaraderie is admirable. The federation of the barrage breaks down every obstacle; while a piece of shrapnel that one can display is more valuable than any letter of introduction, no matter who wrote it. Hence we all talk; and sometimes we sing too—choruses of the moment, for the most part, in one of which the depth of our affection for our maternal relative is measured and regulated by the floridity of the roses growing on her porch.

And yet, when at last friendliness is

upon the town, there are people—and not only alien Hebrews either—who have been hurrying away from London! When London has become more interesting than ever before in its history there are people who leave it!

Personally I mean to cling to the old city as long as it will cling to me; but even now across one's aching sight comes a "dream of pastime premature" which shakes such resolves a little. Peter, for example, has been having a disturbing effect on me. Only now and then, of course—when I am not quite myself; when the two and thirty (what remains of them) are not so firmly gritted as they should be; when even London seems unworthy of devotion.

But these moods pass. You will admit, though, that Peter has his lure. I read about him in the *Tavistock Gazette*, one of the few papers, I fancy, which does not belong to Lord Northcliffe; and this is how the lyric (it is really a lyric, although it masquerades as an advertisement) runs, not only in the paper but in my head: "To be let, by Tender" (this is not an oath but some odd legal or commercial term) "as and from Lady Day all that nice little Pasture Farm known as Higher Church Farm, situate in the village of Peter Tavy." Now what could be more unlike London under the German invasion and all that nasty little tunnel known as Lower Robert Street, than Peter Tavy?

But I must not be tempted. I must stick it out here.



Wounded Tommy. "Will you play Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song,' please?"
Distinguished Pianist (with a soul above Mendelssohn). "I'm afraid I can't."
Tommy. "It is a bit of a teaser, ain't it? Ties my sister up in a knot whenever she tackles it."

LITERARY GOSSIP À LA MODE.

The mystification practised by authors who have passed off as their own work the compositions of others is familiar to all literary students. Shakspeare's assumption of borrowed plumes is of course the classic example. But another and more subtle problem is the interchange of functions between two men of letters; and the theory recently advanced by the distinguished critic and occultist, Mr. Pullar Leggatt, deserves at least a respectful hearing.

Briefly stated, it is that during his hermit existence at Putney the late Mr. Swinburne effected an interchange of this sort with Sir W. Robertson Nicoll; the Editor of *The British Weekly* devoting himself to the composition of poems, while the poet assumed editorial control of the famous newspaper. If the theory thus crudely stated sounds somewhat fantastic the arguments on which it is based are extraordinarily plausible if not convincing.

To begin with, experts in anagrams will not fail to notice that the names Algernon Swinburne and W. Robertson Nicoll contain practically the same number of letters—absolutely the same if Swinburne is spelt without an "e"—and that the forenames of both end in "-on," as does also the concluding syllable of Watts-Dunton. The fact that the Editor of *The British Weekly* has never published any poems over his own name only tends to confirm the theory, as the argument conclusively establishes.

For it is impossible to believe that so versatile a polymath should not at some time or other have courted the Muse, and, if so, under what name could he have had a stronger motive for publishing his poems than that of Swinburne? So austere a theologian would naturally shrink from revealing his excursions into the realms of poesy, and under this disguise he was safe from detection. Lastly, while Sir W. Robertson Nicoll has always championed the Kailyard School, Swinburne lived at The Pines. The connection is obvious, as thus: Kail, sea-kale, sea-coal, coke, coker-nut, walnut, dessert, pine-apple, pine.

As regards Swinburne's conduct of *The British Weekly*, it is enough to point to such alliterative and melodious combinations as "Rambling Remarks" and "Claudius Clear." The theological attitude of the paper presents difficulties which are not so easy to overcome, but Mr. Pullar Leggatt has promised to deal with this question later on. Meanwhile the diplomatic silence maintained by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Edmund Gosse must not be interpreted as conveying either a complete acceptance or a total rejection of this remarkable theory.

The New Crummles.

Hertling "is not a Prussian."

MY PYJAMAS.

A Study in the Fastidious.

I hope this is not going to be embarrassing. If so, it is not my fault. This is history, please remember, not fiction. I wanted—I am obliged to say it—pyjamas for winter wear. I know all about pyjamas for summer wear; what I wanted was pyjamas for winter wear, and I decided that Agnes should make them. For years I have been trying to get proper pyjamas—by which I mean pyjamas properly made—but the haberdasher always smiles depreciation and tells me that the goods he offers me are what are always worn. Quite so, but what I say is that out of bed and for the purpose of having your photograph taken Trade pyjamas are all right; but that in bed they commit untold offences. I enter my bed clothed; I settle down in it half-naked. The jacket has run up to my arm-pits; my legs are bare to the knee; my arms to the elbows; the loosely buttoned front is ruckled up into a funnel, down which, whenever I move, the bedclothes like a bellows draw a chill blast of air on to that particular part of my chest which is designed for catching colds. When I turn over in my dreams I wake to find myself tied as with ropes. Slumber's chains have indeed bound me. I am a man in the clothing of a nightmare. The cold, cold sheets catch me in the most ticklesome delicacies of my back and make me jump again. Enough.

"Well," said Agnes, "if I am going to make your pyjamas you must tell me exactly what you want."

"My pyjamas," I said, "shall be buttoned round the ankle and capacious below the waist—there I ask a Turkish touch. The jacket shall be buttoned at the wrists and baggy at the shoulder; at the chest it shall strap me across like an R.F.C. tunic, and it shall be securely clipped to the trousers."

"Why not have it all in one?"

"What!" I cried, "and parade hotel passages in search of the bath looking like a clown out of a circus? No, thank you."

"You must make me a pattern then," said Agnes, "or I shan't know what to do."

I can't make patterns, but I can, and I did, make plans of ground and first-floor levels, a section and back and front elevations, all to a scale of one inch to the foot exactly. I also made a full-size detail of a toggle-and-cinch gear linking the upper storey to the lower.

"I think," Agnes said, "you had better come to the shop and choose the material."

I thought so too. I wanted something gaudy that would make me feel cheerful when I woke in the morning; but I also had another idea in my mind. *Mangle-proof buttons!* Have the things been invented yet?

The archbishop who attended to us deprecated the idea of india-rubber buttons.

"What kind are you now using?" he asked solicitously.

"At present, on No. 2," I said, "I am using splinters of mother-of-pearl. Last week, with No. 1, I used a steel ring hanging by its rim to a shred of linen, two safeties, and a hairpin found on the floor."

I chose a flannel with broad green and violet stripes, and very large buttons of vitrified brick which I hoped might break the mangle. These buttons were emerald in colour and gave me a new idea. *Trimmings.*

"I want to look right if the house catches fire," I told Agnes. "Green sateen collar to match the buttons——"

"And for the wristbands," said Agnes, catching my enthusiasm.

"And for the wristbands," I agreed; "but," I added, "not at the ankles. That would make the other people in the street expect me to dance to them, and I don't know how to."

And now the good work is complete. Toggle and cinch perform their proud functions, and I sleep undisturbed by Arctic nightmares, for I have substituted green ties for the stoneware buttons which reduced my vitality by absorbing heat. My only trouble is my increasing reluctance to rise in the morning. I don't like changing out of my beautiful things so early in the day. I am beginning to want breakfast in bed.

AT THE DUMP.

(Lines to the N.C.O. in charge.)

Now is the hour of dusk and mist and midges,
Now the tired planes drone homeward through the haze,
And distant wood-fires wink behind the ridges,
And the first flare some timorous Hun betrays;
Now no shell circulates, but all men brood
Over their evening food;
The bats flit warily and owl and rat
With muffled cries their shadowy loves pursue,
And pleasant, Corporal, it is to chat
In this hushed moment with a man like you.

How strange a spectacle of human passions
Is yours all day beside the Arras road,
What mournful men concerned about their rations
When here at eve the limbers leave their load,
What twilight blasphemy, what horses' feet
Entangled with the meat,
What sudden hush when that machine-gun sweeps,
And—flat as possible for men so round—
The Quartermasters may be seen in heaps,
While you sit still and chuckle, I 'll be bound!

Here all men halt awhile and tell their rumours;
Here the young runners come to cull your tales,
How Generals talked with you, in splendid humours,
And how the Worcestershires have gone to Wales;
Up yonder trench each lineward regiment swings,
Saying some shocking things;
And here at dark sad diggers stand in hordes
Waiting the late elusive Engineer,
While glowing pipes illume yon notice-boards,
That say, "No lights. You must not loiter here."

And you sit ruminant and take no action,
But daylong watch the aeroplanes at play,
Or contemplate with secret satisfaction
Your fellow-men proceeding towards the fray;
Your sole solicitude when men report
There is a shovel short,
Or, numbering jealously your rusty store,
Some mouldering rocket, some wet bomb you miss
That was reserved for some ensuing war,
But on no grounds to be employed in this.

For Colonels flatter you, most firm of warders,
For sandbags suppliant, and do no good,
And high Staff officers and priests in orders
In vain beleaguer you for bits of wood,
While I, who have nor signature nor chit,
But badly want a bit,
I only talk to you of these high themes,
Nor stoop to join the sychophantic choir,
Seeing (I trust) my wicked batman, Jeames,
Has meanwhile pinched enough to light my fire.

A. P. H.



Lady (looking out of train on to darkened platform). "Porter, is this Edgware Road? I can't see a thing."
Porter (with Irish blood in her). "Not yet, M'm. Edgware Road 's the station before you gets to Baker Street."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

"In a few days," says the puff preliminary of *The Coming* (Chatto and Windus), "you and all your friends will be reading and discussing this most strange and prophetic novel." Perhaps. But what we shall be saying about it depends largely, I suppose, upon our definition of the term prophetic; also a little upon our feeling with regard to good taste and the permissible in fiction. My own contribution will be a sincere regret that a writer as gifted as Mr. J. C. Snaith should have attempted the obviously impossible. His theme, symbolised by a wrapper-design of three figures silhouetted against a golden sunrise, is a second advent of the Messiah, embodied in the person of a village carpenter named (with palpable significance) *John Smith*, whom local prejudice sends, not inexcusably, to a madhouse, where he dies, after converting the inmates and instituting a campaign of universal peace. Frankly, the chief interest of such a wildly fantastic idea lies in watching just how far Mr. Snaith can carry it without too flagrant offence. That his treatment is both sincere and careful hardly lessens my feeling that the whole attempt is one to be deplored. Humour of the intentional kind has, of course, no place in the author's scheme. How remote is its banishment you may judge when I tell you that the Divine message is represented as given to mankind in the form of a wonderful play, which instantly achieves world-wide fame, being performed by no fewer than fifty companies in America alone. The problem (to name but one) of the resulting struggle between plenary inspiration and the conditions of a fit-up tour is only another proof of my contention that there are more things in heaven and earth than can be treated in realistic fiction, and that Mr. Snaith's good intentions have unfortunately betrayed him into selecting the least possible.

If *Humphrey Thorncot* and his sister *Edith* had not bored one another and grown touchy—I judge by their reported conversations—in a house with green shutters in Chelsea, they would never have gone to St. Elizabeth, which is a Swiss resort, and would never have met the East-Prussian family of the *von Ludwigs* in the year before the War. And *Humphrey* would never have fallen (temporarily) in love with *Hulda von Ludwig*, nor would *Karl von Ludwig* have fallen (permanently) in love with *Edith Thorncot*. The troubles and miseries of this latter couple are related by Mr. Hugh Spender in *The Gulf* (Collins). Papa *von Ludwig* objects so violently to all this love-making that he eventually succumbs to a regular East-Prussian stroke of apoplexy which all but leads to a charge of parricide against *Karl* by his base brother, *Wilhelm*. *Karl* is really too good for this world. He objects to atrocities and refuses at the risk of his own life to shoot innocent Belgian villagers. Being imprisoned, he escapes by means of a secret sliding panel and an underground passage which leads him, not immediately, but after many vicissitudes, to America. There he is joined by his faithful *Edith*, who defies the Gulf caused by the War, and marries him. Mr. Spender appears to have been in some doubt as to whether he should write the story of two

souls or the history of the first few weeks of the War. Eventually he elects to do both, and his novel consequently suffers somewhat in grip. He certainly paints a very vivid picture of events in the first period of active operations. May I hint a doubt, by the way, whether in 1913 a French Professor would have mentioned HINDENBURG as one of Germany's most important men? Whatever he may have been in Germany, HINDENBURG was for the outside world a later discovery.

Further Memories (HUTCHINSON) is justly called by its publishers a "fascinating volume." The designation will not surprise those who enjoyed the late Lord REDESDALE's former book of recollections. The present collection is a little haphazard (but none the worse for that), its chapters ranging over such diverse subjects as Gardens and Trees, QUEEN VICTORIA, BUDDHA, and the Commune. Certainly not the least interesting is that devoted to the story of the Wallace Collection, of which Lord REDESDALE was one of the trustees. His account of the origin and devolution of the famous treasures will invest them with a new interest in the happy days when they shall again be visible. Mr. EDMUND GOSSE contributes a foreword to the present volume, in which he draws a pathetic picture of the author, still unconquerably young, despite his years, facing the future with only one fear, that of the unemployment to which his increasing deafness, and the break-up of the world as it was before the War, seemed to be condemning him. *Further Memories* was, we are told, undertaken as some sort of a safeguard against this menace of stagnation. It was a measure for which we may all be glad, as we can share Mr. GOSSE's thanksgiving that the writer's death, coming when it did, saved him, as he had wished, "from all consciousness of decrepitude."



DURING THE RAID.

Disappointed Player. "HARD LINES! I HAD AN EASY FIVE SHOT THAT WOULD HAVE RUN ME OUT."

When an unstable young wife, getting tired of a pedantic husband in the way so familiar to students of novels, goes off with a companion more to her taste, anyone can foresee trouble, or what would there be to write about? When, further, her detestable lover, seeking change and fearing the financial lash of his properly indignant parent, terminates the arrangement, even an observer of real life can guess that her return to her rightful lord and master must entail disagreeables; but only a reader well brazened in modern fiction could expect Don Juan promptly to make love to and marry the husband's sister without a word of apology to anyone. This kind of rather unsavoury dabbling in problems best left to themselves generally concludes with the decease of most of the characters and a sort of clearing up, and to this rule, after many years and pages of discomfort, MARY E. MANN's new story, *The Victim* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), is no exception. Not a very attractive programme, but all the same the volume has one or two redeeming features. For one thing, the sister is clearly and attractively drawn, and so is the picture on the wrapper, though it represents no particular incident to be traced in the pages of the volume which it adorns. Writing more strongly than is perhaps her wont, Mrs. MANN has taken some trouble to emphasise the fact that in these cases of uncontrolled passion the major penalty of guilt is borne not by the offenders themselves but by the first generation succeeding. This does need saying occasionally, I suppose, and to that extent *The Victim* redeems itself from the charge of trivial unpleasantness.

Mr. J. RATH has really discovered a new type of heroine, new at least this side the Atlantic. His farm-bred *Sadie*, a Buffalo shirt-packer, classifies men by the sizes of their shirts, has no use for any swain with a chest measurement under forty, and eventually in a most original way finds her hero in *Mister 44* (METHUEN), an enormous Canadian engineer and sportsman. She is no chicken herself and has a passion to be free of the city and out in the great open. *Sadie* is more than big; she is beautiful, burnished-copper-haired, sincere and kind, and, though I think the author "gets this over" quite well I liked her best before she found her man and her *Robinson Crusoe* adventures among the islands of Ontario, and was giving back chat to the little foreman in the factory. Here she is a pure delight; and in these days, when a knowledge of the American language may come in handy at any moment, this amiable romance may well be recommended as an attractive manual of first-aid in the matter.

Without professing to be a student of Mrs. DIVER's books I know enough about them to be worried by the commonplaceness of *Unconquered* (MURRAY). Like so many other authors she has succumbed to the lure of the War-novel. There may be a public for tales of this kind, but I have not yet read one that approaches artistic success. Here we are spared nothing. *Sir Mark Forsyth* goes to France in the early days, is first of all reported "missing, believed killed," and then officially reported "killed." Of course he turns up again, but such a physical wreck that the minx whom he was to have married breaks off the engagement. Naturally the sweet girl, friend of *Mark's* childhood, undertakes to fill the gap. The minx, *Bel Alison*, is so scathingly drawn that from sheer perversity I found myself hunting for one good point in her character; but without a find. On the other hand, *Lady Forsyth, Mark's* mother, and a quiet, capable man called *Macnair*, are admirably put before us. Yet at best there remains the conviction that the War is so terribly real that these attempts to romance about it are almost bound to be as superficial as they are superfluous.

"Lost, between Ryde Pier and Southsea, Black Satin Bag, containing keys and eyeglasses. Reward given."—*Portsmouth Paper.*

A chance for the local mine-sweepers.

CHARIVARIA.

MORE than a million pounds of concealed sugar have been discovered in New York. It is suspected that this was intended as the nucleus of a hoard.

* * *

A contemporary recently stated that LENIN claims to stand for the leadership of Russia. But surely they do not stand for leadership in Russia. They rush for it with revolvers.

* * *

"This is a time for action, not for talk," said Colonel HOUSE on his arrival in England. A stinging rejoinder is expected from the FOOD-CONTROLLER'S Department.

* * *

It is rumoured that the restaurant keepers have agreed among themselves that to avoid confusion the price of all beefsteaks shall be stamped clearly on the sole.

* * *

The Meat Order will probably be amended to make meat-stalls rank as shops. At present of course they suffer under the stigma of being merely places where you can purchase meat.

* * *

We understand that, in order to avoid confusion and undue alarm, German prisoners in this country will in future be expected to give twelve hours' notice of their intention to escape.

* * *

Sugar is to be omitted from a number of medical preparations from December 1st, and children are complaining that the decision has quite spoilt their Christmas prospects.

* * *

Counsel, in a prosecution for selling a tobacco substitute, has stated that there is nothing in the Act to prevent a man from smoking what he likes. In the trade this is generally regarded as a nasty underhand jab at the British cigar industry.

* * *

Lord RHONDDA, in announcing his new rationing scheme, differentiates between brain workers and manual workers. It will be interesting to see to which category certain Government officials will be assigned.

* * *

"The bamboo," according to a weekly paper, "holds the record among plants for rapid growth, having been known to grow two feet in twelve hours." The silence of allotment holders on this subject is significant.

* * *

Mr. SYDNEY G. GAMBLE, second in command of the London Fire Brigade, is about to retire. There is some talk of arranging a farewell fire.

* * *

We understand, by the way, that retirement from the London Fire Brigade always carries with it the privilege of wearing the uniform at one's own fires.

* * *

A theatrical paper advertises for a "Male impersonator" for pantomime. No conscientious objector need apply.

* * *

A news message to the *Politiken* states that the people of Iceland are making demands for their own flag or separation. The movement seems to be an isolated one and not likely to spread. Anyhow, there is no cause for alarm at Tooting, where the authorities are not expecting any trouble of this kind.

* * *

A Cranford dairyman has been selling milk at threepence per quart. In trade circles it is supposed that he is doing it for a wager.

* * *

According to *The Evening News*, Councillor WILLIAM SHEARRING, the new Mayor of Bermondsey, started life as a van boy. This gave him a pull over most of us, who started life as infants.

* * *

After December 17th, parcels for neutral countries may not be sent without a permit. Cement and other articles intended for enemy consumption can only be forwarded by special arrangement with the Ministry of Blockade.

* * *

The average man, says a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*, does not know how to invest five pounds in War Loan. Yet all he has to do is to pay his little fiver across the counter just as if he were buying a pound of tea.

* * *

The LORD MAYOR'S Coachman has retired after twenty-eight years' service. He was a splendid fellow, taking him all round.

An official memo from the Front:—

"A complaint has been received from the Provost Corps that two horses, apparently ridden by grooms, committed a civil offence in ——, in that they crashed into a motor car, which at the time was stationary, damaging same. On being questioned where they came from, they replied, 'From Australia,' and after paying a few more like compliments disappeared at the gallop."

It is supposed that these intelligent animals had been reading a recent article by "Patlander."



Sociable Escort (to Bosch prisoner, after several ineffectual attempts to start a conversation). "AHEM!—ER—NO TROUBLE AT HOME, I HOPE?"

"The R.F.C. on the same day bombed the junction. There was a large numtity of rolling stock in the station, on which, and on the station building, several direct hits were observed to cause considerable damage."—*The Times.*

"Numtity" is doubtless a dodge of the CENSOR to prevent us knowing too much. We suspect that "quanbor" was what the writer really wanted to say.

"Mr. Drucker (for the trustees of the Testator) said the late Lord Blythswood had made 51 oleograph codicils to his

them."—*Evening Paper.*

It rather looks as if the two were not genuine oleographs but only colourable imitations.

"American eggs arriving at Manchester yesterday were quoted from 27s. 6d. to 28s. per 120, which caused Irish eggs to be reduced from sixpence to a shilling."—*Daily Paper.*

Very Irish eggs.

"12 Feet Corsets at a ridiculous price of Re. 1 each, all sizes."

Advt. in "Advocate of India."

"A ridiculous price," says the advertiser, but "an absurd figure" would have been even better.

"The Examiners appointed by the Board of the Faculty of Natural Science give notice that Wilfrid Dyson Hambly, Jesus College, having submitted a dissertation on 'Tattooing and other forms of body-marking among primitive peoples,' will be publicly examined on Monday, November 12, at 2.30 p.m., in the Department of Social Anthropology, Barnett House."—*Oxford University Gazette.*

We trust he showed, and obtained, full marks.

TO ATTILA'S UNDERSTUDY.

[Reuter reports that a British prisoner has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for calling Germans "Huns."]

The choice was yours, we understood.
We thought that, when you wished to cater
For China's spiritual good,
This name received your imprimatur;
"Go forth," you said, "my sons!
Go and behave exactly like the Huns!"

Though under any other name,
However alien to their nature,
Your people would have smelt the same,
We let you choose their nomenclature,
And studiously respected
The one that in your wisdom you selected.

And now, when someone, clearly set
On flattering you by imitation,
Applies that chosen epithet
To certain units of your nation,
It seems a little odd
That you should go and clap him into quod.

Perhaps you've come to hold the view
That when you claimed to touch their level
You were unfair to heathens who
Candidly called their god a devil;
Who fought some barbarous fights,
But fought at least according to their lights.

So Huns are off. Who takes their place?
Well, since no beast on earth would stick it
If after him we named your race,
We'll call you Germans—there's your ticket;
Just Germans—that's a style
Which can't offend the other vermin's bile.

O. S.

NIGHTMARES.

II.

Of a T.B.D. Captain, who dreams that he has found his Log-book made up by Mr. Philip Gibbs.

Time:—7.30 a.m.—Once more we set out on our never-ending mission, our ceaseless vigil of the seas. The ruddy weather-stained coxswain swung the wheel this way and that—his eyes were of the blue that only the sea can give—in obedience to, or rather in accord with, the curt, mystic, seaman-like orders of the young officer of the watch. "Hard a-port! Midships! Hard a-starboard! Port 20! Steady as she goes!" And ceaselessly the engine-room telegraph tinkled, and the handy little craft, with death and terror written in her workmanlike lines for the seaman, for all her slim insignificance to the landlubber on the towering decks of the great liner, swung smartly through the crowded water-way out to the perils lurking 'neath the seeming smile of the open sea: the guardian angel of our commerce it went, to meet—what Heaven alone could foretell!

Course.—S. 70° E. Towards the rising sun and our brethren in khaki, toiling in the wet mud as we toil on the wet waters!

Deviation.—1° E. Wonderful the accuracy of the little instrument whereon men's lives do hang, wise in the lore of the firmament!

Patent Log.—O. Nothing—as yet! What will it register ere the day be done? Or will its speckless copper lie rusting in the grey chill of the sea's dank depths?

Revs.—I don't know, but the propellers swirl faithfully and unceasingly.

Wind.—W. by E. Bearing a message across the vast Atlantic of hope and present succour from our new great Ally, the mighty Republic of the West. America, ah America! But we of the sea are men of few words, and this is not the place.

Force.—3. A balmy zephyr, yet with the sharp salt tang of the sea that a sailor loves.

Sea.—2. Softly undulating is the swell, scarce perceptible to inexperienced eyes, such as those of the land-lubbers on the towering decks of the great liners; gleaming dead copper and blue in the morning sun, flecked with spectral white in the distance—the easy roll of untrammelled waters!

Weather.—C. Detached clouds. Almost had I written "B," seeing the perfect filmy blue all around the horizon; but a seaman's scrutiny showed me faint fluffy wisps o'erhead, luminous and marged with palest gold; and ever must a sailor be suspicious of the treacherous weather-god.

Thermometer.—42°. Not yet is Winter here, but its threat approaches.

Barometer.—30·01. Will it stay there?

Remarks.—Once more we set out on our ceaseless vigil, our never-ending mission of the sea!

* * * * *

Remarks.—(7.30 p.m.).—Another day has passed, another day's duty has been done. Nothing *apparently* has happened outside the ordinary routine of the ship. One keen-eyed young officer has succeeded another on the bridge, with tired lines on a face grey beneath the great brown hood of his duffle—a face so youthful, yet with the knowledge of the command of men writ plain thereon. The propellers have swirled faithfully and unceasingly; the good ship in consequence has cleft the passive waves. But who knows what hideous lurking peril of mine or torpedo we have not survived, what baleful eye has not glowered at us, itself unseen, and retired again to its foul underworld, baulked of its thirsted prey?

III.

Of the Editor of *The Daily Yap*, on observing that his Special Correspondent is a retired Lieut., R.N., who sends him the following account of a Push:—

Time: 6.0 a.m. Course: (approx.) E. Distance run: 1½ m. Wind: S.W. Force: 6. State of land: 5 (rough, owing to craters). Weather: R. Therm.: 35°. Bar.: 28·89. Remarks: Objectives attained. Observation hampered by weather.

Big Game Shooting.

"Angus Bowser, the popular feed merchant of Dartmouth, shot his mouse on Thanksgiving Day. With a couple of friends he left in auto about 1 o'clock Monday afternoon for Bowser's Station. The party was in the woods for about two hours when the mouse was sighted."—*Canadian Paper.*

We hope Mr. Roosevelt will not be jealous.

Extracts from a recent novel:—

"He stepped out at Fernhurst Station, and walked up past the Grey Abbey that watched as a sentinel over the dreamy Derbyshire town. . . . So it was the system that was at fault, not Fernhurst. Fairly contentedly he went back by the 3.30 from Waterloo."

The train system which sent him to the Midlands by the South-Western was doubtless deranged by military exigencies.

"Although Lord Warwick is the most sympathetic and attentive of listeners, he has not remembered more than one good story, and that has now been quoted in all the papers; we mean Lord Beaconsfield story is said to be unprintable; then why tantalise Lord Rosslyn, on account of the possible effect of his language on the pack, compensated by the Commissionership of the Kirk of Scotland. The other Beaconsfield story is said to be unprintable, then why tantalise us?"

Saturday Review.

Why, indeed?



THE GREAT UNCONTROLLED.

Lord Rhondda. "LOOK HERE, JOHN, ARE YOU GOING TO TIGHTEN THAT BELT, OR MUST I DO IT FOR YOU?"

John Bull. "YOU DO IT FOR ME. THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE THERE FOR."



Farmer. "WHY DO THEY LET THAT CLOCK CHIME? AREN'T THEY AFRAID THE HUNS MIGHT HEAR IT?"
Yokel. "BLESS YOU, THAT'S TO DECEIVE 'EM. IT'S 'ALF-A-HOUR FAST."

HOW TO BECOME A TOWN-MAJOR.

THROUGH large and luminous glasses Second-Lieut. St. John regards this War and its problems. He is a man of infinite jobs. There are few villages in France of which he has not been Town Major. Between times he has been Intelligence Officer, Divisional Burial Officer, Divisional Disbursing Officer, Salvage Officer, Claims, Baths, Soda-water and Canteens Officer.

He was once appointed Town-Major of some brick-dust, a rafter and two empty bully-beef tins—all of which in combination bore the name of a village. He assumed his duties with a bland Pickwickian zest, which did good to the heart. He had boards painted.

THIS IS BLANK VILLAGE

said one aggressively, and

TO THE TOWN-MAJOR OF BLANK

said another. A third read,

TO THE INCINERATOR

though there was nothing there to incinerate and (incidentally) no incinerator. "HORSES," shouted another didactically, "MUST NOT TROT THROUGH THE MAIN STREET." That there was no street there at all did not detract from the splendour of his notices, on which he spent much paint and happiness.

With the slightest encouragement he would have placarded that arid wilderness with "NO SMOKING IN THE LIFTS," and "BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS," but he had small encouragement, and so he contented himself with a final placard which warned the troops against riding through standing crops and occupying the houses of civilians without permission from the Town-Major.

Still, no one becomes a Town-Major without some sort of claim to the post.

Second-Lieut. St. John's first appearance in Armageddon took place during "peace-time warfare." An unpleasant and quite unnecessary little bulge in the trench-line, known as the Toadstool, was manned by the platoon of which he found himself second-in-command. It is rumoured that a Hun patrol, crawling to the edge of our parapet, saw in the ghastly glare of a Verey light the benign and spectacled countenance of Second-Lieut. St. John staring amiably across No Man's Land, and came to the hasty conclusion that they had made a mistake as to direction, since here was obviously one of their own officers of the Herr Professor type. Rumour adds that they retired to their own lines and were promptly shot for cowardice.

Certain it is that on that particular night Second-Lieut. St. John did a thing the full details of which are now revealed to the Intelligence Corps for the first time. He fired a Verey light. It pleased him enormously. The sense that he, and he alone, was the cause of all those sliding shadows and that flood of greenish light in No Man's Land went to his head like strong drink. He fired another and another and another . . . The Hun was puzzled at this departure from routine, and opened a morose machine-gun fire which skimmed the top of the parapet and covered Second-Lieut. St. John with earth from shattered sandbags. He went on firing Verey lights in a sort of bland ecstasy till his supply ran out, when he went to his Company Commander's dug-out for more. He filled his pockets with fresh ammunition, went back to his post, and began firing again. The first light was mauve. He almost clapped his hands at it, and fired the second. It was pink. The third was yellow, the

fourth scarlet, and the fifth emerald green.

"The Crystal Palace," said Second-Lieut. St. John, "isn't in it." And then, because his watch had ended, he handed over to another yawning subaltern and went to bed.

Over miles and miles of country wild-eyed gunners were glaring into the night and asking each other blasphemous questions. What did it mean?

"It must be Huns," said the British gunners; "they 're coming over."

"That is without doubt an English signal," said the enemy. "We will prepare for an attack"

Then the Hun gunners suddenly made up their minds to be on the safe side, and they put down a tremendous barrage on to No Man's Land.

"Told you so; they're on to our front line," said we, and put down a tremendous barrage on to No Man's Land.

A Hun sentry, waking with a start, sounded the gas alarm. It was taken up all along the German line and overheard by a vigilant British sentry, who promptly set himself to make all possible noise with every possible means.

Old French ladies in villages twenty miles back from the line lay all that night hideous in respirators. Anxious Staffs rang up other anxious Staffs. Gunners questioned the infantry. The infantry desired information from the gunners. All along the line the private soldier was jolted from that kind of trance which he calls "getting down to it," and was bidden to stand to till morning.

And our Mr. St. John, who was a new and superfluous officer and liable to be overlooked, slept through it all with a fat smile.

* * * * *

It was after that that they made him a Town-Major.



Sandy (on departure of peace-crank, who has been holding forth). "Man, he's a queer card, that. Think ye he's a' there, Donald?"

Donald. "Dod, Sandy, if what's no there is like what is there, it's just as weel he's no a' there."

Our Pampered "Conchies."

"There was a long and interesting debate on the imprisonment of conscientious objectors in the House of Lords."—*The Times.*

This beats Donington Hall to a frazzle.

"Teachers will welcome the resolution deploring 'the omission from the Bill of any limitation upon the size of classics.'"
Teacher's World.

Their pupils are believed to hold a diametrically opposite opinion.

After the Guildhall Banquet:—

"Some had black leather bags, some had aprons. Others had nothing at all and staggered off with a conglomeration of beef, pie, and turtle soup tucked up under their arms."—*Weekly Dispatch.*

The menu said "Clear Soup," but this must have been a bit thick.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

David Lloyd George, described as Prime Minister, was charged, on the information of Herbert Henry Asquith, with exceeding the speech limit while on tour. Mr. Bonar Law, who appeared for the defendant, asked for an adjournment and invited the Court to "wait and see." Upon hearing those words prosecutor broke down and had to be assisted out of the court.

Horatio Bottomley pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of fortune-telling. It appears that the defendant had stated that the War would be over by Christmas. For the defence it was stated that the defendant had not specified which Christmas, and even so if he had said so it was so. Defendant asked for a remand to enable him to dispense with legal assistance.

Result of the Food Shortage?

"Exchange new gold full plate, seven teeth, for good brown skin hearthrug."—*The Lady.*

From the police-notice *re* air-raid warnings:—

"When the car has two occupants one might concentrate on whistling and calling out 'Take Cover.'"

As his own won't be enough he should borrow the other occupant's mouth.

THE NEW MRS. MARKHAM.

V.

CONVERSATION ON CHAPTER LXXIII.

Mary. There were two things in your last chapter that I did not quite understand—the National Debt and the Flappers.

Mrs. M. About the National Debt, my dear child, I think you must wait until your papa comes home to tea, but perhaps I can satisfy your curiosity about the Flappers, who were indeed amongst the most singular and formidable products of the age we have been discussing. The origin of the term is obscure, some authorities connecting it with the term "flap-doodle," others with the motion of a bird's wings, and I remember a verse in an old song which ran as follows:—

> "Place me somewhere east of Suez
> On a lone and rocky shore,
> Where the Britons cease from Britling
> And the flappers flap no more."

This, however, does not throw much light on the subject. Perhaps the term Flapper may best be defined as meaning a twentieth-century hoyden, and was applied to a type of girl from the age of thirteen to seventeen, whose extravagances in speech, manner and dress caused deep dismay among the more serious members of the community. In particular the learned Dr. SHADWELL denounced them with great severity in a leading review, but with little result. They bedizoned themselves with frippery, shrieked like parrots on all occasions and interpreted the motto of the time, "Carry On," in a sense deplorably remote from its higher significance.

George. I think it seems, Mamma, as if the young girls of those times must have tried to make themselves as unpleasant as possible. How thankful I am that Mary is not a Flapper!

Mrs. M. You may well be. But allowance must be made for the misapplied energy of our ancestors. If the Flappers excite our disgust, their subsequent treatment moves our commiseration, since the Sumptuary and Disciplinary Laws passed by the House of Ladies dealt in drastic fashion with the offences which I have described. As a matter of fact many Flappers grew up into excellent and patriotic women. I remember my grandmother saying to me once, "When I was sixteen I had a voice like a cockatoo and the manners of a monkey," but nothing could have been more discreet or sedate than her deportment in old age.

Richard. Did the Flappers speak English?

Mrs. M. Presumably; but, judging from the records of their dialect which have come down to us, their speech was made up of a succession of squeals rather than of articulate words, and has so far defied the efforts of modern philologists. Indeed speech seems to have been almost at a discount, owing to the immense popularity of the moving picture play, then in its infancy and as yet unaccompanied by mechanical reproduction of the voices of the actors. Indeed at one time it was said that there were only three adjectives in use in Flapper society "ripping," "rotten" and "top-hole," I think they were.

George. What stupid words! I wish they could have heard some of papa's adjectives.

Mrs. M. Your father, my dear, has a copious and picturesque vocabulary, but phrases which are pardonable in moments of expansion in a person of mature years are not always suitable for juveniles.

THE TRANSGRESSOR.

I WAS walking painfully along a lonely road towing my three-thousand-guinea ten-cylinder twelve-seater. According to Regulation 777 X, both brakes were on. My overcoat collar was turned up to protect my sensitive skin from a blasting easterly gale, and through the twilight I was able to see but a few yards ahead. I had a blister on my heel. Somewhere, many miles to the eastward, lay my destination. Suddenly two gigantic forms emerged from the hedgerow and laid each a gigantic paw upon my shoulders. A gruff voice barked accusingly in my ear.

"You are the owner of a motor-car?"

Was it any use denying the fact? I thought not.

"Yes," I replied humbly, "I am."

"Have you the permit which allows you to possess this?" He waved towards the stagnant 'bus.

"I have."

"Have you the licence which allows you to take it upon the high road?"

With frozen fingers I held it out to him. He moved to the back of the car, unscrewed the entrance to the petrol tank and applied his nose to the aperture. After three official sniffs he turned upon me aggressively.

"There is an undeniable odour of petroleum. How do you account for that?"

"Sir," I replied, "last week my little son had his knockabout suit dry-cleaned in Perthshire by the petrol-substitute process. This morning he climbed upon the back of the car to see whether his Silver Campine had laid an egg in the hood."

He glared at me.

"Ah! Have you the necessary extension which allows you to use a motor-car as a habitation for hens?"

I gave it to him.

Then, frustrated with fury, he thundered at me successively: "Have you a towing permit? Have you a dog licence? Can you produce a boot and shoe grant? Do you hold any rubber shares? Have you been inoculated for premature decay? What did you do in the Great War?"

I gave him the necessary documents in perfect order. For a moment he was nonplussed. Then he asked with sly intention, "Have you the champagne and chicken sandwich ration which is apportioned to super-inspectors?"

I handed it to him with a table-napkin (unused) and a pair of wire cutters thrown in. For some minutes he remained silent, except in the gustatory sense, then he turned upon me and, handing back an empty bottle, said triumphantly, "You must now produce, under Clause 5005 Gerrard, framed this morning at 11-30 o'clock, one pint of old ale and six ounces of bread and cheese for the sustentation of the sub-inspector."

I regarded him stonily and leant against the cold, cold bonnet of the car. Alas! I had it not.

"Sir," I pleaded, "I did not know . . . give me time. The next inn is but a few miles. If you and your companion will take a seat I will bring you to the inn door and all will be well."

He laughed in my face.

"Algernon Brocklebank Smith," he said sternly, "you have betrayed yourself into our hands." He turned to his myrmidon: "Get a move on you, Herbert; it's a bit parky standing about here."

After all he was but a coarse fellow.

Herbert, galvanised into action, produced a small oblong object from his pocket, lighted the end of it with the glowing butt of one of my Corona Coronas, and placed it underneath the car. In a few moments all that remained of my three-thousand-guinea ten-cylinder twelve-seater was one small nut, which was immediately impounded.

I raised the collar of my overcoat (second reef), shifted my face to the eastward, and, notwithstanding the blister on my heel, turned my steps towards my destination.

I uttered no plaint. I had transgressed against the immutable law.

Is the Race losing its Nerve?

"A sensation has been caused by the announcement that Miss Teddie Gerard is leaving 'Bubbly' to play the leading part in 'Cheep' at the Vaudeville Theatre."—*Daily Mirror.*

THE "WAR LEADER" AND TWO SENSITIVE SOULS.



"The entire German economic structure is on the verge of collapse,



but

we should be mad if we blinded our eyes to the fact that they can hold out for years yet.



The Submarine Campaign has been an utter failure. No shortage of food exists or will exist



if

we one and all determine not to consume an ounce more food than is absolutely necessary to keep body and soul together.



The War is, to all intents and purposes, already won,

provided

that in the next three years the whole nation makes such a stupendous effort as we have not as yet dreamed of," etc., etc.



Bookmaker (with long experience of the Turf but none of Coursing). "I'M GIVIN' YOU SIX TO FOUR AGAINST THE FAWN, SIR. NOW I'LL GIVE ANYONE SIX TO FOUR AGAINST THE BLACK."

Friend (hurriedly). "BUT YOU CAN'T GIVE THOSE ODDS WITH ONLY TWO RUNNERS."

Bookmaker. "WHY? AIN'T THE BLOOMIN' RABBIT GOT A CHANCE?"

NEW MEN AND OLD FACES.

[According to a writer in *The Daily Chronicle*, Lord Morley's face "in conformation gets more and more like Goethe's."]

VISCOUNT, better known as plain JOHN MORLEY,
As I gather from a chatty screed,
Ever daily grows exteriorly
(Pray forgive a rhymer's urgent need)
More like GOETHE—please pronounce it "Gertie"—
Who expired soon after eighteen-thirty.

But this instance is not isolated,
As a survey of our statesmen shows;
WINSTON now suggests a long post-dated
DAN O'CONNELL in his mouth and nose;
NORTHCLIFFE's growing more Napoleonic
Than the Corsican, though less laconic.

In the noble lineaments of BILLING
Shrewd observers (like myself) can trace
Wonderful, inspiring, vivid, thrilling
Memories of JULIUS CÆSAR's face,
With a hint of something far more regal,
More suggestive of the soaring eagle.

I admit GEORGE MOORE is not yet showing
Marked resemblance to his namesake, TOM;
But great CHESTERTON is hourly growing
Almost indistinguishable from
Dr. JOHNSON; daily grows more plain
SHAKSPEARE's facial forecast of HALL CAINE.

HALDANE and his spiritual brother,
SCHOPENHAUER, that dyspeptic sage,
Monthly grow so very like each other,
As portrayed in MAXSE's lurid page,
That it passes MAXSE's Christian charity
To detect the least dissimilarity.

BELLOC is approximating closely
To the massive mien of CHARLES JAMES FOX;
BUCHAN plagiarizes very grossly
From the rapt expression of JOHN KNOX;
And the LAUREATE, if his hair grow scanty
Or he shaved his beard, might look like DANTE.

CLARA BUTT, the eminent musician,
Vividly resembles PERICLES;
SARGENT and the late lamented TITIAN
Are as like each other as two peas;
LOREBURN, known to cronies as "Bob" Reid,
Duplicates the Venerable BEDE.

But enough of this identifying
Instances of the recurrent face;
Rather let us foster an undying
Resolution in the British race
Evermore and evermore to shun
Any imitation of the Hun.

A Poser from the Bench.

From the report of a collision case:—

"Mr. Justice ——: 'Which car hit the other first?' 'I cannot say.'—*Freeman's Journal.*

"OUR SWEEP IN THE HOLY LAND."
Daily News.

Ours is in Mesopotamia.



HOW IT STRIKES A SOLDIER.

The Kaiser. "WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS LLOYD GEORGE AFFAIR?"

Marshal von Hindenburg. "I'VE NO TIME TO READ POLITICAL SPEECHES, SIRE. THIS FELLOW HAIG KEEPS ME TOO BUSY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 12th.—An old Parliamentarian, when asked by a friend to what party the Prime Minister now belonged, sententiously replied, "He used to be a Radical; he will some day be a Conservative; and at present he is the leader of the Improvisatories."

The latest example of his inventive capacity does not meet with unmitigated approval. Members were very curious to know exactly how the new Allied Council was going to work, and what would be the relations between the Council's Military advisers and the existing General Staffs of the countries concerned. Mr. Bonar Law assured the House that the responsibility for strategy would remain where it is now, but did not altogether succeed in explaining why in that case the Council required other military advisers.

The Secretary for Scotland is about the mildest-mannered man that ever sat upon the Treasury Bench. But even he can be "*très méchant*" at a pinch. When Mr. Watt renewed his complaint that sheriffs-principal in Scotland had very little to do for the high salaries they received, Mr. Munro replied that "it would just be as unsafe to measure the activities of the sheriff-principal by the number of appeals he hears as to measure the political activities of my hon. friend by the number of questions he puts."

The Pensions Department at Chelsea is to be reorganised. Mr. Hodge excused the delays by pointing out that an average of thirty-three thousand letters a day is despatched, but, as he added that there is a staff of four thousand five hundred persons to do it, it hardly looks as if they were overworked.

Tuesday, November 13th.—The House of Lords was to have discussed the state of Ireland, but, owing to the absence of its Leader, fell back upon the less exciting but more practical topics of sugar-substitutes for jam, and barley for beer. It was cheering to learn from the Duke of Marlborough that the jam-manufacturers gave great care to exclude arsenic from their glucose, and from Lord Rhondda that there would be plenty of barley for both cakes and ale.

Mr. Wardle is the latest example of the poacher turned gamekeeper. A few months ago, as leader of the Labour Party, he was instant in criticism of the ineptitutes of Government officials. This afternoon, upon his old friend, Mr. Tyson Wilson, venturing to refer to the "stupid decisions" of the Board of Trade, Mr. Wardle was down on him in a moment. With the air of one who had been born and brought up in Whitehall Gardens, he replied, "Stupid decisions are not made by the Board of Trade."

The Pacifists had rather a mixed day.



PENSIONS.
Mr. Hodge.

They were visibly relieved when Mr. Bonar Law (supported by Mr. Asquith) declined to admit into the Bill for extending the life of this Parliament a provision enabling constituencies to get rid of Members who had ceased to represent them. But they did not like his contemptuous reference to their argumentative powers. Mr. Trevelyan, who regards himself as the representative (by literary descent) of Charles James Fox, was particularly annoyed.

As party-funds are rather under a cloud just now the Government thought they might justify their existence by drawing on them for the campaign against enemy propaganda. But their custodians thought otherwise. The Tory Whip was prepared to make a small contribution; the Liberal would give nothing, on the ground that the total required was extravagantly large. So the country will have to foot the bill.

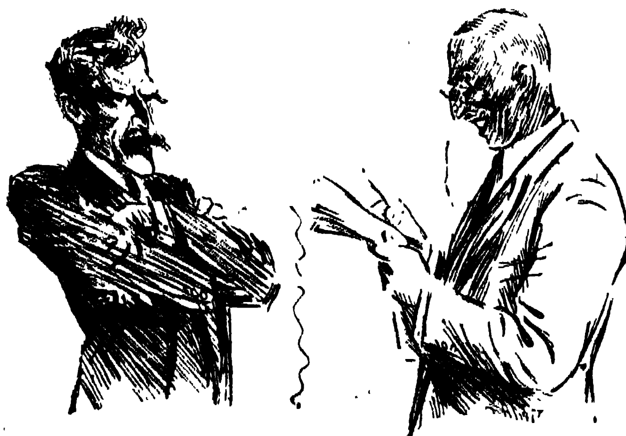
Wednesday, November 14th.—The knowledge that Mr. Asquith was to "interpellate" the Prime Minister regarding his recent speech in Paris, and the Allied War Council therein described, brought a crowd of Members to the House, and filled the Peers' Gallery with ex-Ministers scenting a first-class crisis.

The protagonists on entering the arena were loudly cheered by their respective adherents, but the expected duel did not come off. Mr. Asquith's questions were searching enough, but not provocative. Mr. Lloyd George's reply was comprehensive and conciliatory, and ended with the promise of a day for discussion. Instead of a fight there was only an armistice, usually a preliminary to a definite peace.

A little disappointed, perhaps, the Peers betook themselves to their own Chamber, there to hear Lord Parmoor discourse upon the woes of conscientious objectors. Many of them, he thought, had been vindictively punished for their peculiar opinions. Nobody, in a somewhat cloudy discussion, made it quite clear whether the Tribunals or the Army authorities or the Home Office were most at fault; and Lord Curzon's suggestion that persons who refused not merely to fight but to render any kind of service to their country in its time of need were not wholly free from blame had almost the air of novelty.

The Air-Force Bill passed through Committee in one sitting. The credit for this achievement may be divided equally between Major Baird, who proved himself once more a skilful pilot, and Mr. Billing, who spoke so often that other intending critics got little chance. Counting speeches and interruptions, I find from the official reports that he addressed the House exactly one hundred times; and it is therefore worth noticing that his last words were, "This is what you call muzzling the House of Commons."

Thursday, November 15th.—Lord Wimborne did his best to-night to defend the inaction



IN RE ADMIRAL JELLICOE.
Mr. Lynch. Dr. Macnamara.



The Colonel. "I'd take all those mutinous hounds and put 'em against the wall."

Aunt Jane. "But, my dear, the awful thing is that it has spread to our own Army. I heard two soldiers in the train to-day talking about their sergeant-major in a *dreadful* way."

of the Irish Executive in the face of the *Sinn Fein* menace. But he would have been wiser not to have adduced the argument that Ireland was a *terra incognita*. If there is one subject that the Peers think they know all about it is the sister-island. Lord Curzon thought it would be a mistake, by enforcing "a superficial quiet," to check the wholesome influences brought into being by the Convention. He did not go so far as to say that Mr. De Valera was one of them.

At last the Government have decided to take short order with the pernicious literature of the Pacifists. In future all such documents are to be submitted to the Press Bureau before publication. A howl of derisive laughter greeted the Home Secretary's announcement, but when Mr. Snowden essayed to move the adjournment, although he and his friends were joined by some of the Scotch and Irish malcontents, the total muster was only thirty-three, and the motion accordingly came to earth with a thud.

By a large majority the House refused to reinstate the Livery franchise in the City of London. In any case this ancient privilege could not long have survived the curtailment of the Lord Mayor's Feast.

BOON FOR BUSY BRIDEGROOMS.

In these days of military hustle, when a soldier comes home, falls in love, gets engaged, marries, sets up a home, and returns to the Front in less than a week, there is little time for the ordinary courtesies of matrimonial procedure. It is felt, therefore, that the appended printed form of thanks for wedding presents—based on the model of the Field Service Postcard—will prove a great boon to all soldiers who meditate matrimony during short leave. It will be found sufficient merely to strike out inappropriate words in the printed form, which is as follows:—

"Captain and Mrs. —— beg to return thanks for your

Beautiful
Charming
Generous
Very generous
Useful
Very Useful
More than useful
Unexpected
Totally unexpected
Remarkable
Artistic

Gift.
Cheque.
Letter."

Examples.—(1) To a rich and miserly uncle, who has come down with an astonishingly handsome sum—strike out everything except "Very generous—more than useful—totally unexpected cheque."

(2) To an eccentric former admirer of the bride, who has sent a forty-stanza poem, entitled "Sunset in the Whitechapel Road: Thoughts Thereon"—strike out everything except "Remarkable gift."

(3) To an enormously wealthy female relative, who disapproves of the bride and has sent a second-hand plated sugar-sifter—strike out everything except "Gift."

(4) To anyone of whom much was expected, but who neither gave a present nor wrote—strike out everything on the postcard.

"Strange Story of a Wedding in the Divorce Court."—*Daily News.*

It seems a rather unfortunate choice of *locale.*

Extract from an Indian begging-letter:—

"My mother is a widow, poor chap, and has a postmortem son."

"Amateur Gent., experienced, wanted, for week at Xmas. All expenses paid."

Daily Telegraph.

Why not have a professional one and do the thing handsomely?

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE LETTER.

ONCE upon a time, not so very long ago, an illustrious man of affairs—soldier and statesman too—visited our shores, and by his wise counsels so captured the imagination of his hearers and readers that one of the greatest of all compliments was paid to him, and anyone with a black cocker spaniel to name named it after him; and he had a name rather peculiarly adapted to such ends too.

It chanced that among the puppies thus made illustrious was one which a young soldier before leaving for France to win the War gave to his sister, and when writing to him, as, being a good girl, she regularly and abundantly did, she never omitted to give tidings as to how the little creature was developing; and I need hardly say that in the whole history of dogs, from TOBIT's faithful trotting companion onwards, there never was a dog so packed with intelligence and fidelity as this. Most girls' dogs are perfect, but this one was more remarkable still.

Now it happened that the gallant brother, in the course of his duties as a war-winner, was moved from place to place so often that he gradually lost definition, as the photographers say, and the result was that one of her recent letters failed to catch up with him. That was a pity, because it was a better letter than usual. It gave all the news that he would most want to hear. It said what picture her father was working on at the moment, and told, without spoiling them, his two last jokes. It said whom her mother had called on and who had called on her mother and how something must be done to stop her smoking too many cigarettes. It said that their young brother, having sprained his ankle at hockey, had become a wolf for jig-saw puzzles. It said where their parents had dined recently and where they were going to dine and who was coming next week. It said what she had seen at the theatre last Saturday and what book she was reading. It said which of the other V.A.D.'s had become engaged. It said what an awful time they had had trying to buy some tea, and how scarce butter had become, and what a cold she had caught in the last raid, and how Uncle Jim had influenza and couldn't go on being a special, and how Aunt Sibyl had been introduced to one of the GEDDESES and talked to him as though it was the other, and how she herself had met Evelyn in the street the other day and Evelyn had asked "with suspicious interest after you"—and a thousand other things such as a good sister, even though busy at a hospital, finds time to write to a brother over there, all among the mud and the shells, winning the War. And not being in the habit of signing her name, when writing in this familiar way, she finished up with a reference to the darlingest of all dogs by sending its love at the very end: "Love from ——" and so forth.

Well, the letter, as I have said, could not be delivered. The postal people at the Front, and behind the Front, are astonishingly good, but they could not get in touch with the brother this time, and therefore they opened the letter and looked at the foot of it for the name of the writer and found that of the dog, and at the head of it for the street and town where the writer lived, and sent it back as "insufficiently addressed."

And that is why in a certain house in Chelsea a treasured possession is a returned letter for General SMUTS.

From an article entitled "Is it Safe for Cousins to marry?":—

"It is just as well, however, to pick out somebody besides your cousin for your wife."
The Family Doctor.

Before acting on this advice, however, it might be safer to consult The Family Lawyer.



AFTER A DAY ON THE ALLOTMENT.

"SUDDENLY SHE REALISED THAT HER IDOL HAD FEET OF CLAY."
Extract from popular novel.

THE VERY GLAD EYE.

MOTHER put down the key of the hen-house and took up the letters that lay beside her plate.

"If only Joan would write larger," she sighed, turning over an envelope across which an ant seemed to have walked and left an inky trail. "I've mislaid my glass too, and shan't be able to read a word. Where could I have put the miserable thing?" she asked, peering again at the ridiculous little script.

Father put down his paper and said these hunts for Aunt Matilda were getting monotonous. Only yesterday he had rescued her from some dried bulbs in the greenhouse, and didn't Mother think it time she saw a good oculist and had proper spectacles, instead of using the old lens in that carved gold bauble belonging once to his grandmother's aunt.

"Perhaps it's just a bad habit," she answered with a smile, "or my eyes are getting lazy. But really I can see *so* well through it, and if they would print the newspapers better——"

"No one we know in this morning's list," said Father shortly, as he turned a sheet; "and we should be hearing from those rascals now that the push is over," he added, glancing at Mother, who began to sip her coffee hurriedly.

"They might even get leave together," ventured Margery. "It's five months since Dick came home, and as for Christopher——"

"What swank for old Margots, now her hair is up," piped Archie. "Two brothers from the trenches to——"

"If you'd make a little less noise, my son," said Father in a strange voice, "I might be able to take in what I'm reading. There's something here about Christopher."

"What?" cried Mother, springing from her chair.

"Yes, it's Christopher plain enough," he repeated with shining eyes. "Christopher Charles Bentley, and—God bless my soul!—the boy has been splendid! It's all down here, and——"

"Read, read!" we clamoured, as his voice grew husky and indistinct.

"Read!" again we shouted, as Mother came and took the paper gently from him.

"When you're all quiet, children,"

she began, devouring the words before her.

Quiet! Even the canary held its breath while Mother read that wonderful paragraph.

It was a long one, and every word of it a tribute to our magnificent Chris, who had organised a small volunteer party, attacked a strong point, and captured fifteen of the enemy and a machine-gun, for which gallant act he had been awarded the M.C.

With lingering pride she went through it a second time, and only then did we see that she was staring at the paper, proudly and fiercely, through the handle of the hen-house key!

THE MUSICAL CRITIC'S ORDEAL.

[Mr. CYRIL SCOTT, the musical composer, in his recently published volume on *The Philosophy of Modernism in its connection with Music*, states that the criterion of lofty music, the method of gauging the spiritual value of art, "is only possible to him who has awakened the latent faculties of the pineal gland and the pituitary body."]

LATELY I've been reading CYRIL SCOTT'S
Book on Music, modern and unmuzzled,
And, though solving many toughish knots,
By one statement I am sadly puzzled,
Namely, that if we would understand
What divides the noble from the shoddy
We must cultivate "the pineal gland,"
Also "the pituitary body."

But unfortunately SCOTT refrains
(Hence my present painful agitation)
From elucidating how one gains
This desiderated consummation.
Must I fly to silken Samarcand,
Or explore the distant Irrawaddy
For the culture of my pineal gland
And of my pituitary body?

Is the object gained by force of will
Or some drastic vegetarian diet?
Does it mean a compound radium pill
Causing vast upheaval and disquiet?
Do I need some special "Hidden Hand,"
Or the very strongest whisky toddy
To arouse my dormant pineal gland,
My unused pituitary body?

Should I read the works of Mr. YEATS,
Or the lays of WILCOX (ELLA WHEELER)?
Must I visit the United States
And consult the newest occult "healer"?
Is the tragedy of IBSEN'S *Brand*
Or the humour of *Poor Pillycoddy*
Better feeding for my pineal gland
And for my pituitary body?

Vain the subtle art of HENRY JAMES,
Vain the wealth of ROTHSCHILDS or of MORGANS,
If I fail to satisfy the claims
Of these mystic and momentous organs;
I'm no better than a grain of sand
Or a simple common polypody,
With an undeveloped pineal gland,
An inert pituitary body.

Blindly seeking for a helpful clue,
Welcoming no matter what suggestion,
I have lately sounded one or two
Leading doctors on this vital question;
But they think I'll have to be trepanned
If I wish effectively to modify the structure of my pineal gland
Or of my pituitary body.

MORAL.

'Gin pituitary bodies,
With awakened eye,
Meet with humble hoddy-doddies—
Smaller human fry—
Cries and kissing both are missing
When they're passing by,
And the astral demi-god is
Comin' thro' the rye.



First A.B. (indicating old tramp steamer in ballast). "THANK 'EAVENS WE AIN'T GOT PROPELLERS WHAT STICK OUT LIKE THAT ON THIS 'ERE JUNK, BILL."

Second A.B. "WHAT ARE YOU GROUSING ABOUT NOW?"

First A.B. "WHY, THE BLOOMIN' FIRST-LOOTENANT WOULD MAKE US POLISH THE BLINKIN' THING."

Our Colloquial Contemporaries.

"Repeated charges by Turkish cavalry resulted in only a slight gain of ground at the expense of heavy osses."—*Daily News.*

Free Fooders.

"ROSYTH WORKERS AND THE COST OF LIVING.

Mr. Douglas moved that they demand a reduction in the cost of living of 200 per cent. by abolishing profiteering and securing national control of food supplies. It was subsequently agreed to demand 100 per cent. decrease in the cost of food."—*Glasgow Herald.*

THE COMPLETE PLASHER.

"Francesca," I said, "listen to this."

"I will," she said, "if it's worth listening to."

"You can't tell that till you've heard it, can you?"

"Well, what is it, anyhow?"

"It's a letter," I said, "from Harry Penruddock."

"That doesn't sound very exciting."

"Ah, but wait a bit."

"Well, get a move on. I've got to see the cook."

"He sends me," I said, "a notice which has been served upon him about his cottage at Smoltham. He wants to have my opinion about it."

"Very well, give him your opinion, and let's get on with the War."

"Francesca," I said, "are you not more than a little peevish this morning?"

"I have no patience," she said, "with notices that have to be served. It's always done by sanitary inspectors and rate collectors, and people of that sort. Why can't they just post them and have done with it?"

"Who are you," I said, "that you should fly in the face of Providence in this way? Can't you see that if a notice is 'served,' it immediately becomes twice as important?"

"Oh, if it adds to the dignity of an inspector, well and good; but for my part I should have posted it."

"You are not a sanitary inspector, and cannot realise the feelings of one."

"They have no feelings, and that's why they're made inspectors."

"Hush!" I said, and began to read:—

"'In pursuance of the directions given in an Act passed in the fifth and sixth years of the reign of King William the Fourth, entitled "An Act to consolidate and amend the Laws relating to Highways in that part of Great Britain called England," I, T. Bradish, of the Town Hall, Smoltham, do hereby give you notice forthwith to cut, prune, plash or lop certain Trees and Hedges overhanging the highway immediately adjoining your premises, No. 15, East Gate, in the Parish of Smoltham, and which are causing an obstruction and annoyance to the said highway, so that the obstructions caused to the said highway shall be removed.

"'Dated this 19th day of October, 1917.'"

"Isn't it priceless?" I said.

"It is," said Francesca. "I never knew before that a road could be annoyed."

"Even a road has its feelings."

"Yes, perhaps it's a short lane, and everybody tramples on it, and it turns at last."

"So do borough engineers and surveyors, it seems."

"I bet this one's a Tartar."

"How can you tell that?"

"I can tell it by his style, which is very severe and uncompromising."

"His style," I said, "is as the statute made it, and mustn't be impugned by us."

"I particularly like that bit about plashing the trees. How in the name of all that's English do you plash a tree?"

"If," I said, "you were a fountain and wanted to be poetical, you would plash, instead of splashing."

"That's nonsense," she said.

"No," I said, "it's poetry."

"But you don't pour poetry on overhanging trees. It must mean something else"

"I'll tell you what; we'll get a dictionary."

"Yes," she said, "you get it. I'm no good at dictionaries. I always find such a lot of fascinating words that I never get to the one I want."

"I'm rather like that myself," I said. "However I'll exercise self-restraint. Here you are: Packthread, Pastime, Pin—there's a lot about Pin—Plash. Got it! It means 'to bend down and interweave the branches or twigs of.'"

"Now," she said, "we know what Mr. Bradish wants."

"He's a very arbitrary man," I said. "How can he expect Harry Penruddock to bend down and interweave the branches or twigs of?"

"Anyway, Harry's got to do it, whether he understands it or not."

"Yes," I said, "borough surveyors take no denials. And now that you've had your lesson in English, you can go and see the cook."

"Half a mo'," she said; "I'm acquiring a lot of useful information about 'Plaster.' I never knew——"

"Hurry up," I said, "or we shan't get any lunch."

R. C. L.

DERELICT.

(*Notices to Mariners. North Atlantic Ocean. Derelict reported.*)

"WE left 'er 'eaded for Lord knows where, in latitude forty-nine,
With a cargo o' deals from Puget Sound, an' 'er bows blown out by a mine;
I seen 'er just as the dark come down—I seen 'er floatin' still,
An' I 'ope them deals 'd let her sink afore so long," said Bill.

"It warn't no use to stand by 'er—she could neither sail nor steer—
With the biggest part of a thousand mile between 'er and Cape Clear;
The sea was up to 'er waterways an' gainin' fast below,
But I'd like to know she went to 'er rest as a ship's a right to go.

"For it's bitter 'ard on a decent ship, look at it 'ow you may,
That's worked her traverse an' stood 'er trick an' done 'er best in 'er day,
To be driftin' around like a nine-days-drowned on the Western Ocean swell,
With never a hand to reef an' furl an' steer an' strike the bell.

"No one to tend 'er binnacle lamps an' light 'er masthead light,
Or scour 'er plankin' or scrape 'er seams when the days are sunny an' bright;
No one to sit on the hatch an' yarn an' smoke when work is done,
An' say, 'That gear wants reevin' new some fine dogwatch, my son.'

"No one to stand by tack an' sheet when it's comin' on to blow;
Never the roar of 'Rio Grande' to the watch's stamp-an'-go;
An' the seagulls settin' along the rail an' callin' the long day through,
Like the souls of old dead sailor-men as used to be 'er crew.

"Never a port of all 'er ports for 'er to fetch again,
Nothin' only the sea an' the sky, the sun, the wind an' the rain;
It's cruel 'ard on a decent ship, an' so I tell you true,
An' I wish I knew she 'ad gone to 'er rest as a good ship ought to do."

C. F. S.



Mabel. "WHAT SORT OF A DANCE WAS IT LAST NIGHT? HOW DID YOU GET ON?"
Gladys. "OH, ALL RIGHT. I WAS UP TO MY KNEES IN BOYS ALL THE EVENING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

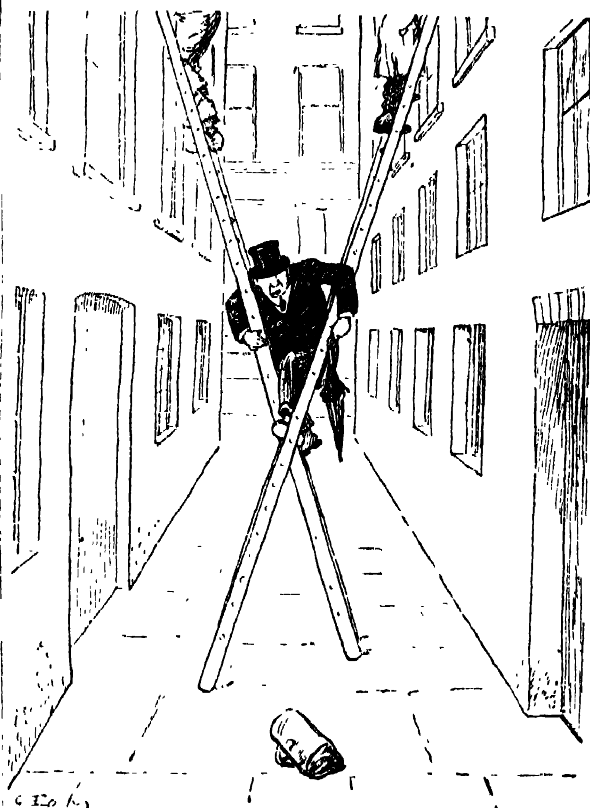
(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

GENERALLY speaking, stories left unfinished because of the death of the writer in mid course can only be at best an uncomfortable, exasperating legacy to his admirers. But by a thrice happy chance this is not the case with the two novels upon which the late HENRY JAMES was engaged at the time of his fatal illness. This good fortune comes from the fact that it was the writer's habit "to test and explore," in a written or dictated sketch, the possible developments of any theme before embarking upon its treatment in detail. I get the phrase "test and explore," than which there could be no better, from the brief preface to the volume now before me, *The Ivory Tower* (COLLINS). It exactly suggests the method of this preliminary study, doubly precious now, both as supplying the key by which we can understand the fragment that has been worked out, and as in itself giving us a glimpse, wonderfully fascinating, of its evolution. *The Ivory Tower* (called so characteristically after an object whose bearing upon the intrigue is of the slightest) is a study of wealth in its effect upon the mutual relations of a small group of persons belonging to the plutocracy of pre-war America. Its special motive was to be a development of situation as between a young legatee, in whom the business instinct is entirely wanting, and his friend and adviser, whom he was presently to detect in dishonest dealing, yet refrain from any act of challenge that would mean exposure. "Refrain"—does this not give you in one word the whole secret of what would have been a study in character and emotion obviously to the taste of the writer? For itself, and still more for the glimpse of what it was to become, *The Ivory Tower* must have a place in every collection where the unmatchable wit of HENRY JAMES is honoured as it should be.

Something less successful perhaps for itself, though even more absorbing technically, is the volume containing the unfinished fragment of another HENRY JAMES novel, to be called *The Sense of the Past* (COLLINS). Here especially it is the preliminary study that furnishes the chief interest; the spectacle of this so-skilled craftsman struggling to master an idea that might well, I think, have been found later too unsubstantial, too subtly fantastic, for working out. Very briefly, the theme is to treat of a young American, in whom this "Sense of the Past" is all-powerful; whom the gift of an old London house and its furnishings enables to transport himself bodily into the life of 1820. More than this, he lives that life (and it is here that one suspects the idea of becoming unmanageable) in the person of an actual youth of that time, in whom a corresponding Sense of the Future has been so strong that he has answered the curiosity of his descendant by an exchange of personalities. Of course the dangers and confusions of the plan, a kind of psychological version of one often used in farce (except that it precisely wasn't to be any manner of dream), are such as might well alarm any writer—and, one might add, any reader also. It is a further misfortune that the style of what is actually written should be in the master's most remote and obscure manner, so much so, that one is forced

to wonder whether, without the notes as guide, it would be in any sort clear what the whole thing was about. The transition, for example, from the actual to the supernatural event is so abrupt that it might well have left the uninformed helplessly befogged. But this very fact again, as supposing some further treatment only now to be guessed at, helps to make the unique fascination of the book as revealing the difficulties and rewards of letters.

Whatever Mr. ERNEST THOMPSON SETON cares to write I am glad to read, but there were moments in *The Preacher of Cedar Mountain* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) when the great moral lesson of the story was as much as I could bear. The tale reveals the spiritual and moral development of *Jim Hartigan*. The author assures us that most of the characters are drawn from life, and that some of the main events are historical. All which I can easily believe, for Mr. SETON's blunt method of describing *Jim Hartigan's* evolution from an unhallowed stable-boy to a muscular Christian continually suggests reality. It is not a stylish method, but it gets home, and in a tale of this kind that is the main, if not the only, matter of importance. *Jim's* besetting weaknesses were drink and an overwhelming love for horses. The former he conquered fairly soon, but the latter tripped him up more than once, and if he had not been guided by the wisest woman who ever came from the West his end would have been chaotic. The races at Fort Ryan are excellently described, and as a picture of the West of America some forty years ago you will find this story of *Jim's* conversion both instructive and intriguing. All the same Mr. SETON has so often delighted me by his tales of the animal world that I hope this excursion is merely a holiday from the work for which he has a real genius.



THE ABOVE GENTLEMAN IS SUPERSTITIOUS ON THE SUBJECT OF WALKING UNDER LADDERS.

Up to the present time the crop of German spy-stories has been distinguished by quantity rather than by quality. Possibly the authors, realising that the wildest flights of their highly-trained fancies could never match the actual machinations of the German Secret Service as revealed in the official news, have not put their hearts into the work. In *The Lost Naval Papers* and other stories (MURRAY) Mr. BENNET COPPLESTONE has shown unusual boldness in connecting the activities of his super-policeman, *Dawson*, with the more prominent events of the War. Indeed, I am not sure that the terror he professes to feel in the presence of the Scotland Yard official (for he tells his stories *in propria persona*) is not to some extent justified. "Dora" is very sensitive and six months ago would never have permitted Mr. COPPLESTONE to reveal to our enemies either the bumptious egoism of a nameless First Lord or the platitudinous vacillations of an anonymous Premier, even in the interests of popular fiction. Though we concede his audacity in allowing his superlative sleuth to stop a general strike of engineers by threatening them with martial law and to tempt the German fleet to come out by sending it false news of our battleship strength, or to enable the battle of the Falkland Islands to be won by piling dummy battle cruisers up outside Plymouth harbour, the merit of Mr. COPPLESTONE's book does not lie in the complexity or vitality of his plots. It lies in a keen sense of humour and clever character suggestion, and the recognition that the thing written about is of less importance than the manner of writing. We earnestly desire that Mr. COPPLESTONE should devote another volume - a whole one—to the inimitable *Madame Guilbert*; but whatever he writes about will be welcome, provided it be written in the vein of the volume before us.

Out of such workaday elements as the hypnotic fascinations of a sleek music-master, the follies of a runaway schoolgirl and the well-disciplined affections of a most superior young gentleman, Mr. W. E. NORRIS has contrived to create yet another new story, without infringement of his own or anyone else's copyright. Thanks to the incidence of War and the author's skilful manipulation of Europe's distresses (for once the KAISER's intrusion into the middle of a peaceful—almost too peaceful—narrative is not unwelcome), the second half of *The Fond Fugitives* (HUTCHINSON) is better than the first. Not, indeed, that such a wary hand as the writer has been so ill-advised as to follow his hero to Flanders, or even to let his heroine do so; but his wounded soldier, come home with sympathy and understanding grown big enough to realise that a girl, though indiscreet once, may yet be adorable ever after, is certainly more to one's taste than the philanderer about town, admiring other men's wives, in July, 1914. And so the story, slight though it is, ends on a strong note and with fair hope of happiness for two wiser and not much sadder people. Some of the minor characters are quite capitally drawn, particularly the old father and mother in pathetic flight before the shadow of their daughter's disgrace; but it is the freshness of the heroine herself, outraging all tradition by refusing, though without bravado, to remain for ever in the gloom of a childish error, that one likes to remember. Altogether, the author's friends will find this book not at all below the level of his best work.

Small Craft (ELKIN MATTHEWS), by Miss C. FOX SMITH, contains several poems that have appeared in *Punch* over the initials "C. F. S." They should receive a fresh welcome from all who share her understanding of the ways of seafaring men, and from the larger public that is beginning to appreciate the gallantry and devotion of our Merchant Service.

Extract from a letter in *The Saturday Review*:—

"But posterity ought to share the burden, as it has always done in the past."

A tardy but complete answer to the old question, "What has posterity done to deserve our consideration?"

CHARIVARIA.

"How the Germans never got wind of it," writes a correspondent of the British attack on the HINDENBURG line, "is a mystery." The failure of certain M.P.'s to ask questions about it in Parliament beforehand may have had something to do with it.

* * *

An order has been promulgated fixing the composition of horse chaff. The approach of the pantomime season is thought to be responsible for it.

* * *

"We are particularly anxious," writes the Ministry of Food, "that Christmas plum-puddings should not be kept for any length of time." A Young Patriots' League has been formed, we understand, whose members are bent on carrying out Lord RHONDDA'S wishes at any cost to their parents.

* * *

Another birthplace of ST. GEORGE has been captured in Palestine. It is now definitely established that the sainted warrior's habit of trying to carry-on in two places at the same time was the subject of much adverse criticism by the military experts of the period.

* * *

A Camberley man charged with deserting the Navy and joining the Army explained that he was tired of waiting for TIRPITZ to come out. We are informed that Commander CARLYON BELLAIRS, M.P., and Admiral W. H. HENDERSON have been asked to enlighten the poor fellow as to the true state of affairs.

* * *

A skull of the Bronze Age has been found on Salisbury Plain. Several hats of the brass age have also been seen in the vicinity.

* * *

Imports of ostrich feathers have fallen from £33,000 in 1915 to £182 in 1917. Ostrich farmers, it appears, are on the verge of ruin as the result of their inability to obtain scissors and other suitable foodstuffs for the birds.

* * *

"Measures are being taken to check pacifists," says Sir GEORGE CAVE. Prison-yard measures, we hope.

* * *

A Stoke Newington constable has discovered a happy method of taking people's minds off their food troubles. During the last month he has served fifty of them with dog-summonses.

* * *

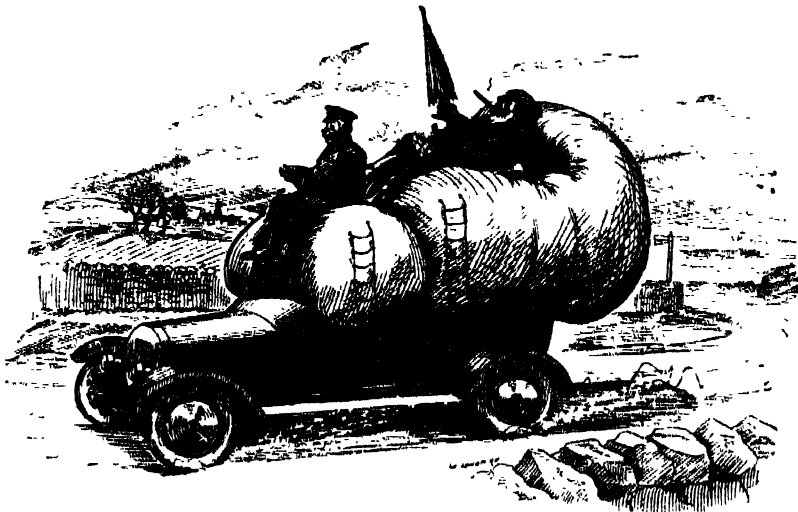
Five hundred pounds have been sent to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER by an anonymous donor. It is thought that the man is concealing his identity to avoid being made a baronet.

* * *

"What is the use of corporations if they can do nothing useful?" asks Councillor STOCK, of Margate. It is an alluring topic, but a patriotic Press has decided that it must be postponed in favour of the War.

* * *

During trench-digging on Salisbury Plain the skeleton of a young man, apparently buried about the year 600 B.C., was unearthed. The skull was partially fractured, evidently by a battle-axe. Foul play is suspected.



JOY-RIDING UP TO DATE.
THE UNDEFEATED WAR-PROFITEER.

* * *

Sugar was sold for half-a-guinea a pound at a charity sale in the South of England, and local grocers are complaining bitterly of unfair competition.

* * *

A contemporary points out that there is a soldier in the North Staffordshire Regiment whose name is DOUGLAS HAIG. Riots are reported in Germany.

* * *

'Can Fish Smell?' asks a weekly paper headline. We can only say that in our experience they sometimes do, especially on a Monday.

* * *

An employer pleading for an applicant before the Egham Tribunal stated that he had an oil-engine which nobody else would go near. We cannot help thinking that much might be done with a little tact, such as going up to the engine quietly and stroking its face, or even making a noise like a piece of oily waste.

* * *

Germany's new Hymn of Hate has been published. To give greater effect to the thing and make it more fearful, Germans who contemplate singing it are requested to grow side-whiskers.

* * *

It is rumoured that since his recent tirade at York against newspapers Dr. LYTTELTON has been made an Honorary Member of the Society of Correctors of the Press.

* * *

The Evening News informs us that Mr. HENRY WHITE, a grave-digger of Hellingly, has just dug his thousandth grave. Congratulations to our contemporary upon being the first to spread the joyful news.

* * *

Unfortunately, says *The Daily Mail*, Lord NORTHCLIFFE cannot be in four places at once. Pending a direct contradiction from the new Viscount himself, we can only counsel the country to bear this announcement with fortitude.

* * *

Only the other day *The Daily Chronicle* referred to the Premier as "Mr. George," just as if it had always been a penny paper.

* * *

The rush to a certain Northern suburb has died down. The rumour that there was a polite grocer there turns out to be cruelly at variance with the facts.

Another Sex-Problem.

"Plaintiff was the daughter of an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary, and was a grand-nephew of Dr. Abernethy, the famous surgeon."—*Evening Paper.*

From a recent novel:—

'His face was of the good oatmeal type, and grew upon one."

Useful in these days of rations.

From *The New Statesman's* comment on Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Paris speech.

"He does try to be Biblical sometimes. In the Paris speech he used the unnatural word 'yea' twice. Each time it gave one shudders down the back."

No doubt next time, in view of our obligations to U.S.A., the PRIME MINISTER will say "Yep."

THE VICTORY.

[*For J. B., with the author's affectionate pride.*]

Hindenburg to Mackensen.

Dear Mac, in that prodigious thrust
In which your valiant legions vie
With Hannibal's renown, I trust
You go a shade more strong than I,
Lately I've lost a lot of scalps,
Which is a dem'd unpleasant thing,
You may enjoy the Julian Alps—
I do not like this Julian Byng.

I find him full of crafty pranks:
Without the usual warning fire
He loosed his beastly rows of tanks
And sent 'em wallowing through my wire;
For days and days he kept the lid
Hard down upon his low designs,
Then simply walked across and did
Just what he liked with all my lines.

The fellow doesn't keep the rules;
Experts (I'm one myself) advise
That in trench-warfare even fools
Cannot be taken by surprise;
It isn't done; and yet he came
With never a previous "Are you there?"
And caught me—this is not the game—
Bending my thoughtful gaze elsewhere.

Later.—My route is toward the rear.
Where I shall stand and stop the rot
Lord only knows; and now I hear
Your forward pace is none too hot;
Indeed, with Byng upon the burst,
If at this rate I make for home,
I doubt not who will get there first,
I to the Rhine, or you to Rome.

O. S.

THE LITERARY ADVISER.

No, he does not appear in the *Gazette*. War establishments know him not and his appointment throws no additional labour upon the staff of Messrs. Cox and Co. Unofficially he is known as O.C. Split Infinitives. His duties are to see that the standard of literary excellence, which makes the correspondence of the Corps a pleasure to receive, is maintained at the high level set by the Corps Commander himself. Indeed the velvety quality of our prose is the envy of all other formations.

Apart from duties wholly literary, he is also O.C. Code Names. The stock-in-trade for this skilled labour is an H.B. pencil and a Webster Dictionary. The routine is simplicity itself. As soon as anybody informs him of a new arrival in the area he fishes out the dictionary, plays Tit-Tat Toe with the H.B., writes out the word that it lands upon at the end of his rhyme, and, hey presto! there is another day's work done.

But one day, for the sake of greater secrecy, it became necessary to rename all the units of the area, and the Literary Adviser suddenly found himself put to it to provide about three hundred new Code Names at once. Heroically he set to work with his dictionary, his H.B. pencil, and his little rhyme. For two days the Resplendent Ones in the General Staff Office bore patiently with the muttering madman in the corner. For two days he fluttered the leaves of his dictionary and whispered hoarsely to himself, "Tit-tat-toe, my-first-go, three-jolly-nigger-boys-all-in a-*row*," picking out work after word with unerring accuracy until the dictionary was a waste of punctures and three generations of H.B.'s had passed away. Before the second day was out the jingle had done its dreadful work. It was as much as the clerks could do to avoid keeping step with it. The climax came when the Senior Resplendent One, looking down at the telegram he was writing, found to his horror that he had written, "Situation quiet Tit-Tat-Toe. Hostile artillery activity normal Tit-Tat-Toe," and so on, substituting this abomination in place of the official stop, "Ack-Ack-Ack") throughout.

It was enough. Still gibbering, the Literary Adviser was hurled forth from the office and told to work his witchcraft in solitude.

Paler, thinner and older by years he emerged from his retirement triumphant, and the new code names went forth to a flourish of trumpets or rather of the hooters of the despatch-riders.

Then it began. For days he was subjected to rigorous criticisms of his selection. "Signals" tripped him up first by pointing out two units with the same name, and they also went on to point out that the word was spelt "cable" in the first instance and "cabal" in the second. The gunners, working in groups, complained bitterly that a babel had arisen through the similarity of the words allotted to their groups. One infuriated battery commander said it was as much as he could do to get anyone else on the telephone but himself.

Touched to the quick by criticism (when was it ever otherwise amongst his kind?) the Adviser set aside his real work (he was, of course, writing a book about the War) and applied himself to the task of straightening the tangle. Obviously the ideal combination would be for each unit to have a code name that nobody could mistake no matter how badly it was pronounced. And to this ideal he applied himself. Often, on fine afternoons, the serenity of the country-side was disturbed by the voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Soap—Silk—Salvage—Sympathy," to see if any dangerous similarity existed. At dinner a glaze would suddenly come over his eyes, his lips would move involuntarily and mutter, as he gazed into vacancy, "Mustard — Mutton — Meat Muffin."

Histrionic effort played no small part in these attempts and led to a good deal of misunderstanding, for he felt it incumbent on him to try his codes in every possible dialect. Instead of the usual cheery "Good morning," a major of a famous Highland regiment was scandalised by an elderly subaltern blethering out, "Cannibal—Custard—Claymore—Caramel," in an abominable Scotch accent. Another day (on receipt of written orders) he was compelled to visit the line to see if things had been built as reported, or, if it was just optimism again. Half-an-hour later a sentry brought him down the trench at the point of the bayonet for muttering as he rounded the traverse, "Galoot—Gunning—Grumble—Grumpy," in pseudo-Wessex. Naturally, to Native Yorkshire this sounded like pure Bosch.

Ah! but he won through in the end. The man who has stood five years of unsuccessful story-writing for magazines is not the kind to let himself be beaten easily. There could be no doubt of the final result. When the revised list was issued the response to the inquiry, "Hullo, is that Sink?" was met by a "No, this is Smack," that crashed through the thickest intellect.

But vaulting ambition had o'erleapt itself. As a covering note to the new issue he had put up the following letter:—

"Ref. G K etc., etc., of 10th inst. On November 3rd all previous issues of Code Names will be cancelled in favour of the more euphonious nomenclature which is forwarded herewith."

A shriek of joy echoed through the corps. "Euphonious!" What a word! What a discovery in a foreign country! The joy of the signal operators, on whom something of the spirit of the old-time bus-drivers has descended, was indescribable. You had only to pick up the receiver at any time and the still small voices of the busy signal world could be heard chortling, "Hullo-oo? Hullo, Euphonious! How's your father? Yes, give me Crump." Or, "No, I can't get the General; he's left his euphonious receiver off."

Poor Euphonious (he has never been called by anything else since)—they have threatened to make him O.C. Recreations for Troops.



BIRDS OF ILL OMEN.

Mr. Punch. "ONLY GOT HIM IN THE TAIL, SIR."
The Man from Whitehall. "YES, BUT I MEAN TO GET THE NEXT ONE IN THE NECK."



Mistress. "I hope you're doing what you can to economise the food."
Cook. "Oh, yes'm. We've put the cat on milk-an'-water."

PARS WITH A PUNCH.

All the Real News about Men, Women and Things.

By Our Rambling Gossip.

(*With acknowledgments to some of our contemporaries.*)

A Long-Felt Want.

The opening, next week, of a Training School for Bus and Tube Travellers will, it is hoped, supply a long-felt want in the Metropolis. I understand that a month's course at the establishment will enable the feeblest of mortals to hold his own and more in the fearful mêlée that rages daily round train and vehicle. I have a prospectus before me as I write; here are some of its sub-heads: "The Strap-Hanger's Stranglehold," "Foot Frightfulness," "How to Enter a Bus Secretly," "The Umbrella Barrage," "Explosives—When their Use is Justified," "What to do when the Conductor Falls off the Bus." This certainly promises a speedy amelioration of present-day travelling conditions.

Timbuctoo Tosh.

Last week, when all those ridiculous rumours anent Timbuctoo were flying about, you will remember how I warned you to set no faith in them. You will admit that I was a good counsellor. Nothing *has* happened at Timbuctoo. I doubt very much whether anything *could* happen there.

Hush!

On the other hand, keep your eye on a spot not a thousand miles away from Clubland. Something will certainly happen there some day, and, when it does, bear in mind that I warned you.

Amazing Discovery.

Mr. Roosevelt's discovery that, unknown to himself, he has been blind in one eye for over a year, is surely surpassed by the experience of Mr. Caractacus Crowsfeet, the popular M.P. for Slushington; who has just learnt, as the result of a cerebral operation, that he possesses no brain whatever. "It is indeed remarkable," said Mr. C. to me the other day, "for I can truthfully assert that in all my arduous political labours of the past ten years I have never felt the need or even noticed the absence of this organ." He coughed modestly. "I have always maintained that in politics it is the man, not the mind, that counts."

She Has One!

Mrs. Zebulon Napthaliski proposes to spend the winter on her Brighton estate. "Yes—I *have* received my sugar card," she told me, in answer to my eager query. "More than that I cannot say."

Fare and Foliage.

That charming fashion of decorating the dinner-table with foliage will be all the rage this winter. Well-known London hostesses, basket on arm, may daily be seen in Mayfair garnering fallen leaves from lawn, path or roadside. Some very daring Society women are dispensing altogether with a cloth, the table being covered with a complete layer of leaves. I doubt, however, whether this will become popular, guests showing a tendency to mislay their knives and forks in the foliage.

A Bon Mot.

Have you heard the latest *bon mot* that is going the round of the clubs? Mrs. Savory Beet, of Pacifist fame, has, as you will recall, announced her intention of taking up war work. "Ah!" was the comment of a cynical bachelor, "it was a case of her taking up some-



Urchin (with an inborn terror of the Force). "Oo, muvver! It won't, will it?"

thing or being taken up herself!" His audience simply screamed with laughter.

Watch Out!

Don't be surprised if you hear of some sensational political developments in the near future. The Minister who said recently that the inevitable sequel to war was peace, was, in the opinion of those competent to judge but, by reason of their official position, unable to criticise, hinting at proposals which, if the signs and portents of the time go for anything, would have far-reaching effects on the question of Electoral Representation. I will say no more. Time alone will disclose my meaning.

Ominous.

"—— went every morning to a firm of sausage-makers by whom he was employed as a horse-dealer."—*Irish Paper.*

"Rome, Saturday.
The announcement is made to-day of the award by the King [of Italy] of gold medals to Lieutenant Giuseppe Castruccio and 1 sentence him to three months' hard."
Manchester Evening Chronicle.

When will British journalists learn not to interfere with the internal affairs of friendly nations?

THE LAST MATCH.

This is the last, the very, very last.
Its gay companions, who so snugly lay
Within the corners of their fragile home,
All, all are lightly fled and surely gone;
And their survivor lingers in his pride,
The last of all the matches in the house;
For Mr. Siftings says he has no more,
And Siftings is an honourable man,
And would not state a fact that was not so.
For now he has himself to do without
The flaming boon of matches, having none,
And cannot furnish us as he desires,
Being a grocer and the best of men,
But murmurs vaguely of a future week
When matches shall be numerous again
As leaves in Vallombrosa and as cheap.
Blinks, the tobacconist, he too is spent
With weary waiting in a matchless land;
What Siftings cannot get cannot be got
By men like Blinks, that young tobacconist,
Who tried with all a patriot's fiery zeal
To join the Army, but was sent away
For varicose and too protuberant veins;
And being foiled of all his high intent
Now minds the shop and is a Volunteer,
Drilling on Sundays with the rest of them;
He too, amid his hoards of cigarettes,
Is void of matches as he's full of veins.
So here's a good match in a naughty world,
And what to do with it I do not know,
Save that somehow, when all the place is still,
It shall explode and spurt and flame and burn
Slowly away, not having thus achieved
The lighting of a pipe or any act
Of usefulness, but having spent itself
In lonely grandeur as befits the last
Of all the varied matches I have known.

Our Samsons.

"Wanted at once.—Reliable Man for carrying off motor lorry."—*Clitheroe Advertiser.*

"To-day the man possesses a second thumb, serviceable for all ordinary purposes."
Belfast Evening Telegraph.

In these days of restricted rations it seems a superflous luxury.

"Diamond Brooch, 15cwt., set with three blue white diamonds; make a handsome present; £9 9s."—*Derby Daily Telegraph.*

It seems a lot for the money; but personally we would sooner have the same weight of coals.

THE WAY DOWN.

SYDNEY SMITH, or NAPOLEON or MARCUS AURELIUS (somebody about that time) said that after ten days any letter would answer itself. You see what he meant. Left to itself your invitation from the Duchess to lunch next Tuesday is no longer a matter to worry about by Wednesday morning. You were either there or not there; it is unnecessary to write now and say that a previous invitation from the PRIME MINISTER and so on. It was NAPOLEON'S idea (or Dr. JOHNSON'S or MARK ANTONY'S—one of that circle) that all correspondence can be treated in this manner.

I have followed these early Masters (or whichever one it was) to the best of my ability. At any given moment in the last few years there have been ten letters that I absolutely *must* write, thirty which I *ought* to write, and fifty which any other person in my position *would* have written. Probably I have written two. After all, when your profession is writing, you have some excuse on returning home in the evenings for demanding a change of occupation. No doubt if I were a coal-heaver by day, my wife would see to the fire after dinner while I wrote letters. As it is, she does the correspondence, while I gaze into the fire and think about things.

You will say, no doubt, that this was all very well before the War, but that in the Army a little writing would be a pleasant change after the day's duties. Allow me to disillusion you. If, three years ago, I ever conceived a glorious future in which my autograph might be of value to the more promiscuous collectors, that conception has now been shattered. Three years in the Army has absolutely spoilt the market. Even were I revered in the year 2,000 A.D. as SHAKSPEARE is revered now, my half-million autographs, scattered so lavishly on charge-sheets, passes, chits, requisitions, indents and applications would keep the price at a dead level of about ten a penny. No, I have had enough of writing in the Army and I never want to sign my own name again. "Yours sincerely, HERBERT ASQUITH," "Faithfully yours, J. JELLICOE"—these by all means; but not my own.

However, I wrote a letter the other day; it was to the bank. It informed them that I had arrived in London for a time and should be troubling them again shortly, London being to all appearances an expensive place. It also called attention to my new address—a small furnished flat in which Celia and I can just turn round if we do it separately. When it was written, there came the question of posting it. I was all for waiting till the next morning, but Celia explained that there was actually a letter-box on our own floor, twenty yards down the passage. I took the letter along and dropped it into the slit.

Then a wonderful thing happened. It went

Flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - FLOP.

I listened intently, hoping for more . . . but that was all. Deeply disappointed that it was over, but absolutely thrilled with my discovery, I hurried back to Celia.

"Any letters you want posted?" I said in an off-hand way.

"No, thank you," she said.

"Have you written any while we've been here?"

"I don't think I've had anything to write."

"I think," I said reproachfully, "it's quite time you wrote to your—your bank or your mother or somebody."

She looked at me and seemed to be struggling for words.

"I know exactly what you're going to say," I said, "but don't say it; write a little letter instead."

"Well, as a matter of fact I *must* just write a note to the laundress."

"To the laundress," I said. "Of course, just a note."

When it was written I insisted on her coming with me to post it. With great generosity I allowed her to place it in the slit. A delightful thing happened. It went

Flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty—FLOP.

Right down to the letter-box in the hall. Two flipperties a floor. (A simple calculation shows that we are perched on the fifth floor. I am glad now that we live so high. It must be very dull to be on the fourth floor with only eight flipperties, unbearable to be on the first with only two.)

"*O-oh!* How *fas*cinating!" said Celia.

"Now don't you think you ought to write to your mother?"

"Oh, I *must*."

She wrote. We posted it. It went

Flipperty - flipperty—— However, you know all about that now.

Since this great discovery of mine, life has been a more pleasurable business. We feel now that there are romantic possibilities about letters setting forth on their journey from our floor. To start life with so many flipperties might lead to anything. Each time that we send a letter off we listen in a tremble of excitement for the final FLOP, and when it comes I think we both feel vaguely that we are still waiting for something. We are waiting to hear some magic letter go *flipperty-flipperty-flipperty-flipperty* . . . and behold! there is no FLOP . . . and still it goes on—*flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty*—growing fainter in the distance . . . until it arrives at some wonderland of its own. One day it must happen so. For we cannot listen always for that FLOP, and hear it always; nothing in this world is as inevitable as that. One day we shall look at each other with awe in our faces and say, "But it's still flipperting!" and from that time forward the Hill of Campden will be a place holy and enchanted. Perhaps on Midsummer Eve——

At any rate I am sure that it is the only way in which to post a letter to Father Christmas.

Well, what I want to say is this: if I have been a bad correspondent in the past I am a good one now; and Celia, who was always a good one, is a better one. It takes at least ten letters a day to satisfy us, and we prefer to catch ten different posts. With the ten in your hand together there is always a temptation to waste them in one wild rush of flipperties, all catching each other up. It would be a great moment, but I do not think we can afford it yet; we must wait until we get even more practised at letter-writing. And even then I am doubtful; for it might be that, lost in the confusion of that one wild rush, the magic letter would start on its way—*flipperty-flipperty*—to the never-land, and we should forever have missed it.

So, friends, acquaintances, yes, and even strangers. I beg you now to give me another chance. I will answer your letters, how gladly. I still think that NAPOLEON (or CANUTE or the younger PLINY—one of the pre-Raphaelites) took a perfectly correct view of his correspondence . . . but then *he* Never had a letter-box which went

Flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty - flipperty—FLOP.

A. A. M.

The H.D. and Q. Department.

"Major-General F. G. Bond is gazetted Director of Quartering at the War Office."

Pacifists beware!

"DIRTY WORK
AT
DOWNING STREET.
BY
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY."

John Bull.

They shouldn't have let him in.



Officer. "Why were you not at Roll-Call last night?"
Defaulter. "Well, Sir, with this 'ere camp camouflaged so much, I couldn't find my way out of the canteen."

COUNTER TACTICS.

About a year ago I paid a visit to my hosier and haberdasher with the intention of purchasing a few things with which to tide over the remaining months of winter. After the preliminary discussion of atmospherics had been got through, the usual raffle of garments was spread about for my inspection. I viewed it dispassionately. Then, discarding the little vesties of warm-blooded youth and the double-width vestums of rheumatic old age, I chose several commonplace woollen affairs and was preparing to leave when my hosier and haberdasher leaned across the counter and whispered in my ear.

"If I may advise you, Sir, you would be wise to make a large selection of these articles. We do not expect to replace them."

He glanced cautiously at an elderly gentleman who was stirring up a box of ties, then, lowering his voice another semitone, added, "The mills are now being used exclusively for Government work." He insinuated the death-sentence effect very cleverly, and at that moment, coming to his support, as it were, the old gentleman tottered up, seized upon two garments and carried them off from under my very fingers. As he went out a middle-aged lady entered and made straight for the residue upon the counter. A feeling of panic came upon me. "Right you are," I exclaimed hurriedly, "I'll take the lot." As a matter of fact she only wanted a pair of gloves for her nephew in France.

A few days later, still having the wool shortage in mind, I approached my hosier and haberdasher on the subject of shirts. For a second or two he looked thoughtfully at the toe of his boot. Then coming suddenly to a decision he disappeared stealthily into the back premises, from which he presently emerged carrying a large bale of flannel, which he cast caber-wise upon the counter.

"There," he said triumphantly, "I don't suppose there's another piece of flannel like that in the country." He fingered it with an expert touch.

"You don't say so," I said as I rubbed it reverently between my finger and thumb, just to show that he wasn't the only one who could do it.

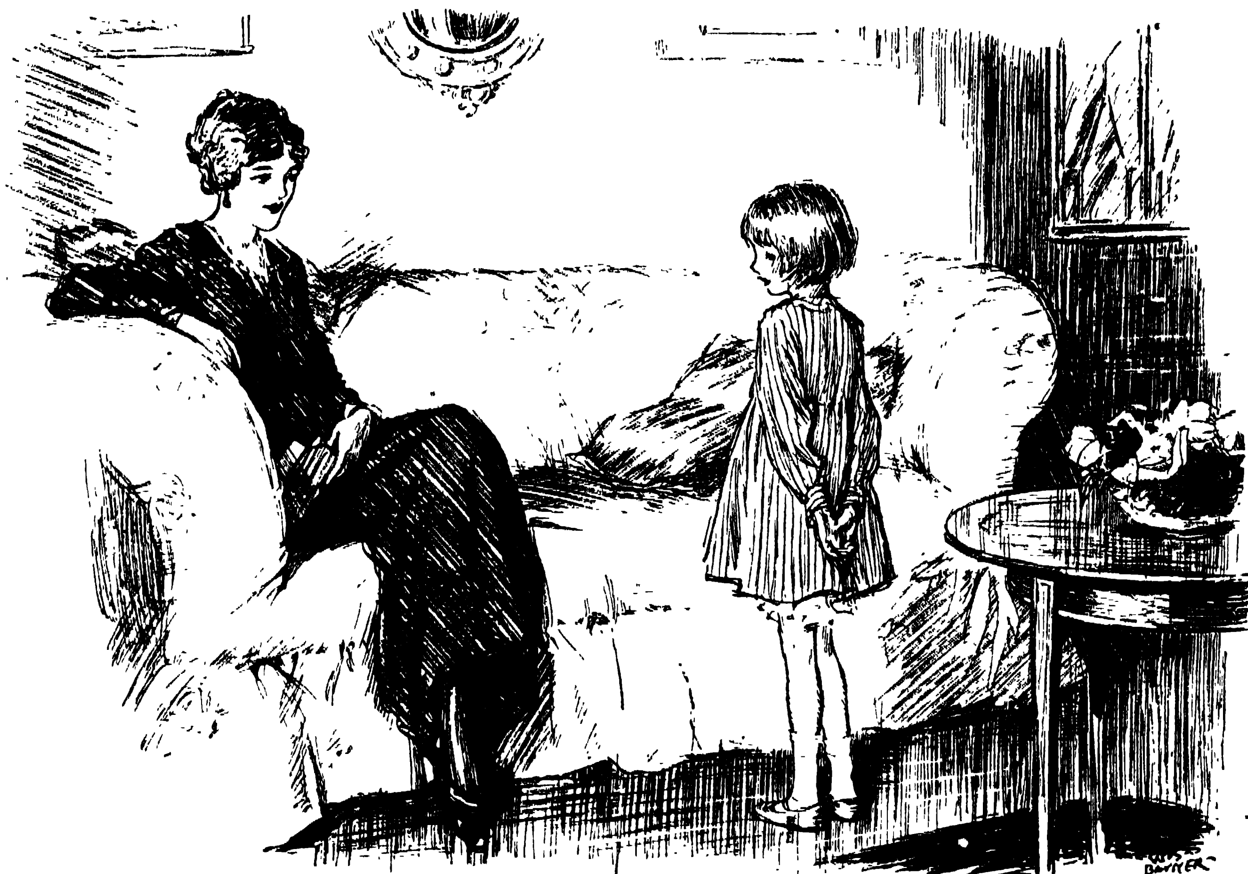
"I'm afraid it's only too true," he confessed, "and I may add that, after we have sold out our present stocks, flannel of any kind will be absolutely unobtainable."

"None at all?" I asked, horror struck at the vision of my public life in 1920—a bow cravat over a double-width vestum.

He shook his head and smiled wisely.

I am instinctively against hoarding, but I know that if I did not buy it Jones would, and then some fine day, when nobody else had a shirt left, he would swagger about and make my life intolerable. This decided me and I bought the piece.

A few days later it occurred to me that it might be advisable to lay down some socks. My idea was in perfect unison with that of my hosier and haberdasher. Socks were going to be unprocurable in a few months. I patted myself on the back and bought up the 1916 vintage of Llama-Llama footwear. The following week thirty-



Mother (to child who has been naughty). "Aren't you rather ashamed of yourself?"
Child. "Well, Mother, I wasn't. But now that you've suggested it I am."

seven shirts arrived and I had to buy a new chest-of-drawers.

This, as I have stated before, was about a year ago. Yesterday I paid my hosier and haberdasher another visit. If all the bone factories had not been too exclusively engaged, etc., etc., I wished to buy a collar stud. There was an elderly man standing in the shop. He was quite alone, contemplating a mountain of garments. There were little vesties, double-width vestums and ordinary woollen affairs.

You could have knocked me over with a dress-sock.

And where was my hosier and haberdasher? Had the stranger—just awakened to the value of his possessions—entered the shop and suddenly cast all this treasure upon the counter? I imagined the shock of this procedure on a man like my hosier and haberdasher, whose heart was perhaps a trifle woolly. Had he collapsed? I glanced surreptitiously behind a parapet of clocked socks.

A moment later, from somewhere in the back premises, he appeared carrying a large bale of flannel, which he cast caber-wise upon the counter. I was dumbfounded.

Then I knew the truth.

"Sir," I said, turning to the stranger, "I believe you are about to make a selection from these articles (I indicated them individually), which you imagine to be the last of their race?"

He nodded at me in a bewildered sort of way.

"In a few months," I continued remorselessly, "they will be absolutely unprocurable" (he gave a start of recognition), "and you, having bought them, will sneak through life with the feelings of a food-hoarder, mingled with those of the man who slew the last Camberwell Beauty. I know the state of mind. But you need not distress yourself. These garments (I indicated them again) will only be unprocurable because they are in your possession. I have about half-a-ton myself, which, until a few minutes ago, would have been quite unprocurable. But I have changed my mind and, if you will come with me, you can take your choice with a clear conscience, and (I glanced maliciously at my faded hosier and haberdasher) at the prices which were prevalent a year ago."

I linked my arm with that of the stranger, and together we passed out of the shop into the unpolluted light of day.

PRETENDING.

I know a magic woodland with grassy rides that ring
To strange fantastic music and whirr of elfin wing,
Where all the oaks and beeches, moss-mantled to the knees,
Are really fairy princes pretending to be trees.

I know a magic moorland with wild winds drifting by,
And pools among the peat-hags that mirror back the sky;
And there in golden bracken the fronds that toss and turn
Are really little people pretending to be fern.

I wander in the woodland, I walk the magic moor;
Sometimes I meet with fairies, sometimes I'm not so sure;
And oft I pause and wonder among the green and gold
If I am not a child again—pretending to be old.

W. H. O.

It is understood that the Food-Controller has protested against the forcible feeding of hunger-strikers. If they want to commit the Yappy Dispatch, why shouldn't they?



ST. GEORGE OUT-DRAGONS THE DRAGON.

[With Mr. Punch's jubilant compliments to Sir Douglas Haig and his Tanks.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 19th.—Such a rush of Peers to the House of Commons has seldom been seen. Lord WIMBORNE, who knows something of congested districts, arrived early and secured the coveted seat over the clock. Lord CURZON, holding a watching brief for the War Cabinet, was only just in time to secure a place; and Lord COURTNEY and several others found "standing room only." If we have many more crises Sir ALFRED MOND will have to make provision for strap-hangers.

There was very little sign of passion in Mr. ASQUITH'S measured criticism of the Allied Council and of the PRIME MINISTER'S speech on the subject in Paris. His foil was carefully buttoned, and though it administered a shrewd thrust now and again it was not intended to draw blood.

At first the PRIME MINISTER followed this excellent example, and contented himself with defending, and incidentally re-composing, his Paris oration. The Allied Council, as now depicted, was a horse of quite another colour from what it seemed in Paris. A further example of *camouflage*, I suppose.

Only when he came to deal with his Press critics did he let himself go, to the delight of the House, which loves him in his swashbuckling mood. As he confessed, however, that he had deliberately made "a disagreeable speech" in Paris in order to get it talked about, the Press will probably consider itself absolved.

Tuesday, November 20th.—Like John Bull, as represented in last week's cartoon, Lord LAMINGTON has arrived at the conclusion that compulsory rationing must come, and the sooner the better. Lord RHONDDA, however, is still hopeful that John will tighten his own belt, and save him the trouble. "More Yapping and Less Biting" should be our motto. But if we fail to live up to it, the machinery for compulsory rationing is all ready. Indeed, according to Lord DEVONPORT, it has been ready since April last, when an "S.O.S." to the local authorities was on the point of being sent, but a timely increase in imports stopped it.

Nobody doubts Commander WEDGWOOD'S essential patriotism; he has proved it like a knight of old on his body; but he is unfortunate in some of his political associates, who take advantage of his good nature. A book with a preface by himself had been seized by the police on suspicion of being seditious, and he loudly demanded to be prosecuted. But Sir GEORGE CAVE was not inclined to set up a legal presumption that the writer of a preface is responsible for the rest of the book. If he were, a good many "forewords" would, I imagine, never have been written.

Wednesday, November 21st.—By a strange oversight the Royal Marines were not specifically mentioned in the recent Vote of Thanks to the Services. Apparently the fact that this country is proud of them is one of those things that must not be told to the Marines. But Dr. MACNAMARA assured the House that the omission should now be repaired.

There has been a shortage of provisions in the city where *Lady Godiva* suffered from a shortage of clothes.



"His foil was carefully buttoned."
MR. ASQUITH.

Mr. CLYNES was prompt with a remedy. A representative of the FOOD-CONTROLLER has already been sent to Coventry.

Conscientious Objectors found a doughty champion in Lord HUGH CECIL. Rarely has an unpopular case been fortified with a greater wealth of legal, historical and ethical argument. Only once, when he accused Mr. BONAR LAW of holding the same doctrine as Herr BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, did he lose, for a moment, the sympathy of his audience. But he soon recovered himself, and thereafter held the House rapt with Cecilian harmonies.

To such a lofty plane, indeed, had the debate been lifted that Mr. RONALD MCNEILL, tall as he is, had some difficulty in bringing it down to earth again; and when the division was called the spell was still working, and in a very big House the "Conchies" only lost their votes by thirty-eight.

Thursday, November 22nd.—Pending the introduction of the promised censorship of Parliamentary Questions, Mr. JOSEPH KING is working overtime. No story is too fantastically impossible to find a shelter under his hospitable hat. To-day it was a secret treaty between the Russian Government (old style) and the French Republic, by which Belgium was to be compensated at the expense of Holland. Lord ROBERT CECIL denounced it as an invention of the enemy. But I don't suppose the denial had the smallest effect upon Mr. KING, who probably went off and dined heartily on a magnum of mare's-nest soup.

A tremendous accession to the ranks of the Sinn Feiners has been narrowly averted. When Members read the menu which, according to Major NEWMAN, the Irish Government has adopted for political prisoners—three good square meals a day, including an egg, ten ounces of meat, a pound and a half of bread, two pints and a half of milk, and real butter—they were strongly minded to enlist under Mr. DE VALERA'S banner and get themselves arrested forthwith. But Mr. DUKE'S emphatic denial shattered their dream of repletion at the taxpayers' expense.

A final attempt to get proportional representation included in the Franchise Bill was heavily defeated. In a dashing attempt to save it Sir MARK SYKES declared that the old Eatanswill methods of electioneering had gone for ever—"no mouth was large enough to kiss thirty thousand babies." But the majority of the House seemed to be more impressed by the self-sacrificing argument of that eminent temperance advocate, Sir THOMAS WHITTAKER, who feared that "P.R." would lead to an increase in "milk-and-water politicians."

Always Something New From Africa.

"A Belgian East African communiqué says that before the converging advance of the Anglo-German Belgian columns, the enemy retired to the south bank of the Kilimbero."
Mombasa Times.

We seem to have met some of these Anglo-German columns in the Pacifist Press.

"Our machines then bombed the General, in which the German Head-quarters at Constantinople are reported to be situated."
Times.

The General must have been stout, even for a German.

"Not having regained consciousness the police are left with little tangible evidence to work upon."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Let us hope they will soon come to.



HOW TO UTILISE OUR SKILLED CRAFTSMEN.

First Lieutenant. "WHAT WAS THIS MAN BEFORE HE JOINED?" *Petty Officer.* "OPTICIAN, SIR."
First Lieutenant. "WHAT HAD WE BETTER GIVE HIM TO DO?" *Petty Officer.* "THERE'S THEM PRISMATIC SPOTTING GLASSES, SIR. THE LEATHER STRAP IS BROKEN OFF THEM. HE COULD SPLICE IN A PIECE O' COD LINE."

LE POILU DE CARCASSONNE.

THE *poilus* of France on the Western Front are brave as brave can be,
Whether they hail from rich Provence or from ruined Picardie;
It's the self-same heart from the lazy Loire and the busy banks of Seine,
Undaunted by perpetual mud or cold or gas or pain;
And all are as gay as men know how whose wealth and friends are gone,
But the gayest of all is a little white dog that came from Carcassonne.

He was brought as a pup by a *Midi* man to a sector along the Aisne,
But his man laid the wire one pitch-black night and never came back again.
The pup stood by with one ear down and the other a question mark,
And at times he licked his dead friend's face and at times he tried to bark,
Till the listening sentry heard the sound, and when the daylight shone
He looked abroad and cried, "*Bon Guieu! C'est le poilu de Carcassonne!*"

So the dead man's *copains* kept the dog on the strength of the company,
And whoever went short it was not the pup, though a greedy pup was he;
They gave him their choicest bits of *singe* and drops of *pinard* too;
He was warm and safe when he crept beneath a cloak of horizon-blue;
They clipped fresh *brisques* in his rough white coat as the weary months dragged on,
And all the sector knows him now as *le Poilu de Carcassonne.*

And in return he keeps their hearts from that haunting foe, *l'ennui;*
He's their plaything, friend, and sentry too, and a lover of devilry;
He helps them to hunt out rats or Boches; he burrows and sniffs for mines,
And he growls when the murderous shrapnel flies screaming above the lines;
His little black nose is a-quiver with glee whenever a raid is on,
And they say with pride, "*C'est la guerre elle même, notre Poilu de Carcassonne!*"

There was none more glad when they went to rest in their billet, a ruined shack,
But when they returned to the front-line trench he was just as pleased to be back;
He's the spirit of fun itself, and so when other men feel blue,
His friends remark, "*Le cafard, quoi? On l'connaît pas chez nous!*"
So when you drink to the valiant French and the glorious fights they've won
Just raise your glass to a little white dog that came from Carcassonne.

AT THE PLAY.

"Loyalty."

If you are a pernickety intellectual (*soi-disant*) you may really permit yourself to be faintly amused at the fiery zeal of the mystery-wrapt author of *Loyalty* for his (or, quite possibly, her) country's cause in this difficult hour. If you are cast in the common human mould that nowadays is seen for the glorious thing it is, you will respond to many single-minded, wholesome thoughts in the impassioned statement of his thesis. And if you happen to belong to that simple discredited breed, the English, so long overshadowed by the nimbler Britons, you may have quite a nice little private thrill of your own, a thrill of pride in your precious stone, and begin to think with seriousness of the advantages of "home rule all round" in an England-for-the-English mood, and of the value of a nationalism that is as irrational as conjugal or mother love—and as fine.

The author's hero is an Englishman of the wandering type, assistant editor on a crank paper. The play is a protracted debate in four sessions, June, 1914; July, 1914; August, 1914; September, 1916. And here the author makes his most serious mistake, the mistake made by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in his recent squib. If he had contrived his Little Navy folk, the proprietor, editor and revolving cranks as something more than mere caricatures, brands of straw prepared for his consuming bonfires, he would have strengthened, not weakened, his excellent case. He has quoted his enemies' mistakes without their excuses, their texts without their contexts. And that is a form of propaganda which can only touch the converted, or such of them as are not stirred by a sporting instinct to a certain mood of protest and a wish that the other fellow should be given a better start in the heresy hunt.

The *dramatis personæ*, then, divide themselves into the men of straw and the right sort. Of the former you have first *Sir Andrew Craig*, chairman of the party in his constituency and editor of *The New Standard* (there were indeed altogether new standards of efficiency, mentality and hospitality in that rather imaginative newspaper office of the First Act). Mr. Fisher White gave us the courtly-obstinate old man to the life (this player has a way of removing straw). In the dramatic passage in which, returning after being broken in a German prison, he relates some of the horrors of which it is good for us to be reminded, he rose to the height of his fine talent. His exquisite elocution—a remarkable feat of virtuosity—was in itself a sheer delight.

Mr. Stutchbury, the editor, pacifist and sentimental democrat, was dealt to Mr. Lennox Pawle. He played his hand well. There was never such an editor outside Bedlam; but Mr. Pawle is a resourceful person and by a score of clever tricks of gesture and business made a reasonable figure of fun for our obloquy. All but broken in the end, but still claiming that he had "the larger vision" (as he certainly had the larger diameter), there was a certain dignity of pathos in his exit, a late *amende* by an otherwise remorseless puppet-maker. Mr. Sydney Paxton as a pillar of Nonconformity offered a clever study in the unctuous-grotesque; Mr. Vincent Sternroyd sketched a portrait of a nut-consuming impenitent disarmamentist. The author is the first, so far as I know, to give public emphasis to the queer fact of natural history that there is some connection between extreme opinions and the prominence of the Adam's apple of the holder of them—a fact on which I have often pondered.

Mr. M. Morand, the aggressive Scots member of the election committee, inspired to great heights of insobriety by the return of his London-Scottish nephew from the Front, sounded a welcome human note, as did Mr. Sam Livesey, the Labour Member of the committee, shaken out of his detachment into an extreme explicitness of language by a Zeppelin raid experience. Mr. George Bellamy's Welsh Disestablisher and Mr. Griffith Humphreys' exuberant German press-agent of the pre-war period were both really shrewd studies.

Of the right sort there were but five—and one of these, the editor's secretary, at heart an honest patriot, but in fact eating the bread of shame, was perhaps not altogether of the right sort. Still he did get off his chest at last the pent-up passion of years, and very well he did it, with the help of Mr. Randle Ayrton, whose subtle little touches, building up a picture of a disheartened hack, were very adroit indeed.



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF EDITORIAL LIFE.

Frank Aylett . . . . Mr. C. Aubrey Smith.
Anthea Craig . . . . Miss Viola Tree.

Then there was young *Henry Craig*, at the beginning an undergraduate in his last term, at the end a V.C. in his last resting-place. Mr. Percival Clarke's was an adequate pleasant study. So also was Mr. Philip Anthony's of a Canadian, full of strange idioms, who butted in to just the wrong corner of Fleet Street to put the editor wise about the intentions of a Germany in which he had spent his last two years. And then there was splendidly English *Frank Aylett*, exile returned, unspoilt by the cynicism of party and paper, whose fortune came to him just at the psychological moment, enabling him to give his proprietor notice and fight and win a by-election in the astonied man's own constituency, besides carrying off his daughter (Miss Viola Tree), who was the fifth of the right sort. What more plausible English hero than Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, except that he had to talk a good deal more than seemed appropriate to his type? There was a well-managed post-election scene when he was at his best (as was the author). And all through there was good and sometimes glorious sense for those to hear who had ears.

The programme promised us about a month's interval between Acts I. and II. It was actually less than that; but if Mr. J. H. Squire's musicianly orchestra had not been there to charm us we might conceivably have been bored. T.

More Commercial Candour.

"For Sale.—A 45 H.P., 6 cyl. —— Car, touring body, fitted with every latest convenience. Exceptionally well sprung. Just purchased by owner and run under 1,000 miles. Guaranteed over 25-galls. to the mile by Agents. Rs. 11,000."—*Indian Paper.*



"DIVERSION" IN THE BALKANS.

HEROES.

If the question were put to a company of young women, "What is the most thrilling experience you can have in a London street?" the odds are a thousand to one that they would reply that nothing could be more thrilling than to meet a famous actor in plain clothes and identify him. I am not a young woman myself, but I should be inclined to share their opinion. There is something about an actor in real life, moving along like a human being—one of us—that always stirs my pulse. It is exciting enough to see Mr. LLOYD GEORGE or Mr. ASQUITH or Sir OLIVER LODGE; but no one stirs the imagination like an actor.

That is why I still tremble a little whenever I think of my good fortune the other afternoon in the Haymarket, and why my pen shakes as I commit the adventure to paper. For I met face to face two of the most successful actors in London—at the present moment, in the world.

I was walking up the Haymarket in the rain, hoping, in spite of the new prohibitive rates, that I might see an empty cab, when I met them coming down. They were walking with a man whom I did not recognise, and, like me, were getting wet. One thinks of successful actors as riding always in taxis; but taxis are very rare nowadays, particularly in the wet, and somehow it did not seem unnatural that they should be on foot. I am glad enough that they were, or I should have missed my *frisson*; and others would have suffered a similar loss, for the recognition was not only on my part but on that of several passers-by, and it was instantaneous. Indeed, I heard one lady tell her companion the name of the play they are in and the extraordinary length of its run, and since she spoke loudly I thought how delightful it must be to be a theatrical celebrity and hear cordial things like that as you move about. Neither of them paid any attention, however, although their friend showed signs that the flattery had not escaped him; the two Illustrions (to coin a word) merely walked on, superior to our homage, and disappeared into Charles Street, where the stage door of His Majesty's is.

Pouring though it was, and grovelling admirer of footlight favourites as I am, somehow I never thought to offer either of them my umbrella. But then one doesn't offer an umbrella to a donkey or a camel, even though they are two of the stars of *Chu Chin Chow*.

Another Injustice.

From a Sinn Fein speech:—

"When Ireland was silent England did not hear her cry out."—*Wicklow News-Letter.*

"WHY SHOULD A RABBIT COST 2s. 3d.?

This question from a reader induces me to postpone until next week my analysis of the high cost of onions."—*Empire News.*

On the principle that it is better to make sure of the rabbit before arranging about the stuffing.

"Stockholm, Tuesday.

News from Finland shows that the Socialist leaders have lost control of the workmen, and all kinds of excesses are taking place. The present Commandant at Tornea was a sailor, the head of the passport office was a tailor, and the chief telegraphic censor a tinker."
Central News.

We miss the soldier, to say nothing of "apothecary, ploughboy, thief."

"Scholars and tragedians between them seem to have appropriated the right to keep Shakespeare's memory green. But there are other Richmonds in the field, humble Richmonds, not well read . . . John of Gaunt, crying that his England 'never did nor never shall lie at the proud foot of a conqueror . . .'"
The Times.

The writer who thus deprived the *Bastard* in *King John* of his famous lines was, we infer, one of the "other Richmonds."

SUGAR.

An Elegiac Ode.

Queen of the palate! Universal Sweet!
Gastronomy's delectable Gioconda!
Since with submission loyally I greet
And follow out the regimen of Rhondda,
I cannot be considered indiscreet
If I essay, but never go beyond, a
Brief elegiac tribute to a sway
By sterner needs now largely swept away.

Thy candy soothes the infant in its pram;
Thou addest mellowness to old brown sherry;
Thou glorifiest marmalade, on Cam
And Isis making breakfast-tables merry;
Thou lendest magic to the meanest jam
Compounded of the most insipid berry;
And canst convert the sourest crabs and quinces
To jellies fit for epicures and princes.

Thou charmest unalloyed, in loaf or lumps
Or crystals; brown and moist, or white and pounded;
I never was so deeply in the dumps
That, once thy fount of sweetness I had sounded,
Courage returned not; even with the mumps
I still could view with gratitude unbounded
The navigators of heroic Spain
Who found the New World—and the sugar-cane.

Sprinkled on buttered bread thou dost excite
In human boys insatiable cravings,
On Turkish (I regret to say) Delight
Thou lurest them to dissipate their savings,
Instead of banking them, or sitting tight,
Or buying useful books and good engravings;
And lastly, mixed with strawberries and cream,
Thou art more than a dish, thou art a dream.

Before necessity, that knows no ruth,
Ordained thy frugal use in tea and coffee,
Some Stoics banned thee—men who in their youth
Showed an unnatural dislike of toffee;
For sweetness charms the normal human tooth,
Sweetness inspires the singer's tenderest strophe,
Since old Lucretius musically chid
The curse of life—*amari aliquid.*

Eau sucrée, I admit, is rather tame
Compared with beer or whisky blent with soda;
But gallant Frenchmen, experts at this game,
Commend it highly either as a *coda*
Or prelude to their meals, and much the same
Is sherbet, which the Gaekwar of Baroda
And other Oriental satraps quaff
In preference to ale or half-and-half.

Nor must I fail, O potent saccharin!
Thou chemic offspring of by-products coaly,
Late comer on the culinary scene,
To hail thy aid, although it may be lowly
Even compared with beet; for thou hast been
Employed in sweetening my roly-poly—
Thou whom I once regarded as a dose
And now the active rival of glucose!

But still I hear some jaundiced critic say,
Some rigid self-appointed *censor morum*,
"Why harp upon the pleasures of a day
When freely sweetened was each cup and jorum,
Ere stern controllers had begun to stay
The genial outflow of the *fons leporum*?
Now sugar's scarce, and we must do without it,
Why let regretful fancy play about it?"

True, yet it greatly goes against the grain,
Unless one has the patience of Ulysses,
Wholly and resolutely to refrain
From dwelling on the memory of past blisses;
Forbidden fruits allure the strong and sane;
Joys loved but lost are what one chiefly misses;
This is my best excuse if I deplore
"So sad, so *sweet*, the days that are no more."

'TATERS.

Scene: *At "The Plough and Horses."*

"You seen Parson lately, George?"

"Not lately I ain't, Luther."

"Not since 'is 'taters be out o' ground?"

"No. Finest crop in village, some do say."

"That be right—sev'ral ton of 'em there be."

"What to goodness do 'e want 'em all for, then? 'Im an' 's wife an' a maid 'll never eat all them 'taters."

"I'll tell you what 'e says to me, for 'appen 'e'll say it to you, George, when 'e comes acrost you next. 'E says to me, 'I've growed as many potatoes as I've had strength to grow, an' they've prospered exceedin'ly,' 'e says, 'thank God! So if any deservin' folk in my parish gets through wi' their own crop an' wants more later on they 'as only to come to me, for I've growed more 'an my 'ouse'old 'll eat if they was to eat all day.'"

"'E be proud o' that?"

"Fine an' proud 'e be."

"An' yet it be some'at unfort'nate too. For all of us as is left in this 'ere parish 'as growed as many 'taters as they'll be like to need, same as 'e. So I don't see nought but disappointment for Parson an' a lot o' good 'taters lyin' to rot in their pies."

"Some there be too fond o' Parson to let that 'appen. Me an' my wife be sendin' few of ours to London ev'ry week or so. So in due season we shall be free to go to Parson an' 'elp 'im through wi' 'is, same as 'e wants us to. I 'ears as others is doin' some'at the same as us—fear is as too many 'll tumble to the idea, which is why I'd 'ave you keep it fro' goin' further, George."

"Silent as th' grave I'll be. So you're givin' your 'taters 'way to please Parson? Yet I do allus say as 'taters what a man grows wi' sweat of 'is own brow do beat all others in t' eatin'."

"That may be; but us can't afford to be so mighty pernickerty in time o' war. Nor we ain't givin' nothin 'way in manner o' speakin'. Fair market price they gives for 'em in London. So it be somethin' in 'and in these 'ard times as well as savin' Parson from a bitter disappointment what 'e ain't done nothin' to deserve, so far as I can see."

"Two organ grinders, aged 23 and 16, were taken to Charing Cross Hospital to-day with bad injuries and severe shock, the result of a barrel organ getting out of control in Rosebery-avenue."
Evening Paper.

They should try a less dangerous instrument next time.

"'Seed potatoes' means potatoes grown in Scotland or Ireland in the year 1917, or grown in England or Wales in the year 1917 from seed grown in Scotland or Ireland in the year 1916, which will pass through a riddle having a 1⅝-in. mesh, and will not pass through a riddle having a 1⅛-in. mesh."—*Journal of the Board of Agriculture.*

We ourselves cannot get through any riddle of this kind.



Sergeant (instructing squad of volunteers in physical drill). "THIS 'ERE HEXERCISE IS INTENDED TO 'ARDEN THE MUSCLES OF THE STUMMICK AND MAKE IT HIMPERVIOUS TO GERMAN BULLETS HIN CASE OF HINVASION."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is difficult within the ordinary limits of a review in these columns to say all that one feels or even to express adequately one's gratitude after reading the two volumes of Lord MORLEY'S generous and delightful *Recollections* (MACMILLAN). I seem to have been sitting with him in a large and comfortable library while the great Viscount rolled me out his mind, now breaking out into a glowing eulogy of GEORGE MEREDITH, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN or LESLIE STEPHEN, or again dashing off with a few firm and skilful strokes a portrait of JOHN MILL or HERBERT SPENCER, or some other intellectual giant of that nineteenth century which Lord MORLEY nobly defends and of which he himself was *grande decus columenque*. The book is crammed with passages that arouse and maintain pleasure in the reader and clamour for quotation on the part of the reviewer. "Meredith," we are told, "who did not know Mill in person, once spoke to me of him, with the confident intuition proper to imaginative genius, as partaking of the Spinster. Disraeli, when Mill made an early speech in Parliament, raised his eye-glass and murmured to a neighbour on the bench, 'Ah, the Finishing Governess.'" Or we are introduced to SPENCER at MILL'S table: "The host said to him at dessert that Grote, who was present, would like to hear him explain one or more of his views about the equilibration of molecules in some relation or other. Spencer, after an instant of good-natured hesitation, complied with unbroken fluency for a quarter-of-an-hour or more. Grote followed every word intently, and in the end expressed himself as well satisfied. Mill, as we moved off into the drawing-room, declared to me his admiration of a wonderful piece of lucid exposition. Fawcett, in a whisper, asked me if I understood a word of it, for he did not. Luckily I had no time to answer." Or again: "Another contributor [to *The Saturday Review*] was the important man who became Lord SALISBURY. He and I were alone together in the editorial anteroom every Tuesday morning, awaiting our commissions, but he too had a talent for silence, and we exchanged no words, either now or on any future occasion." How charming a picture is this of two shy British publicists maintaining towards one another, against every possible discouragement, an inviolable silence. Not even the weather could tempt them to break it. Yet the great characteristic of this book is the large-hearted tolerance of comment and judgment which makes it emphatically a friendly book. As such I commend it with all the warmth in my power.

For her new story, *Missing* (COLLINS), Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD has used her knowledge, already proved elsewhere, of two settings, the English Lakes and a Base Hospital somewhere in France. Also perhaps her knowledge of human nature, though I like to think that there are not many elder sisters so calculatingly callous as *Bridget*. The bother about her was that she sadly wanted her attractive younger sister to marry a sufficient establishment, not, I fear, from wholly altruistic motives. So she was not altogether sorry when the impecunious soldier-husband, whom *Nelly* had personally preferred, was reported missing, thus leaving the chance once again open. Then, just as her plans seemed to be prospering, word came secretly to her that there was a man shattered and with memory lost in a base hospital who might possibly be the brother-in-law whom she so emphatically didn't want. What happens upon this you

shall find out for yourself. Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, as you will notice, has no fear of a dramatic, even melodramatic, situation; handles it, indeed, with a skill that the most popular might envy. Thence onwards the story, perhaps a trifle slow in starting, gathers force. The two visits to the camp at X—— (a very thin disguise for a place that no Englishman of our time will ever forget) are admirably vivid; the last chapters especially being as moving as anything that Mrs. WARD has given us, whether in her popular, profound or propagandist manner.

Lately, Mr. E. F. BENSON seems to have been devoting himself almost wholly to chronicling the short and simple annals of the middle-aged. With one exception, all his recent protagonists have been, if not exactly in the sere and yellow, at least ripely mature. So that such a title as that of his latest novel, *An Autumn Sowing* (COLLINS), produced in me rather a feeling of familiar expectancy than of surprise. Also when the wrapper artist clothes a volume with a picture of an elderly gentleman obviously giving up an attractive young woman of perhaps one-third his years it is idle to pretend that the contents retain all the thrill of the unforeseen. Having said so much, I can let myself go in praise (as how often before) of those qualities of insight and gently sub-acid humour that make a BENSON novel an interlude of pure enjoyment to the "jaded reviewer." In case the indiscreet cover may happily have been removed before the volume reaches your hands, I do not propose to give away the plot in any detail. The autumn sowing of course produces a crop not exactly of wild oats, but of romantic tares that springs in the hitherto barren heart of one *Keeling*, prosperous tradesman, husband, father, mayor, public benefactor and baronet, by reason of the too sympathetic damsel who types his letters and catalogues his library. That library shows Mr. BENSON's genius; without it I should hardly have been able to believe in the subsequent happenings, but, given this "secret garden," all the tragedy is explained. I have left myself no space in which to do justice to some admirable characterization. *Keeling's* wife is worthy of a place in the author's long gallery of woolly-witted matrons; while in *Silverdale* he has given a study of clerical futility and egotism almost savage in its detestability, a portrait at which one laughs and shudders together. Of course the book will have, and deserve, a huge welcome.

The union of scholarship and sympathy, enthusiasm and eloquence, is rare; yet these qualities are to be found in perfect harmony in the stately volume on the poets' poet which has just been published under the style, on the cover, *Life of John Keats*, and on the title-page, *John Keats, His Life and Poetry, His Friends, Critics and After-Fame* (MACMILLAN)—a volume upon which Sir SIDNEY COLVIN has been engaged ever since his retirement from the Print Room of the British Museum, and may be said to have been preparing to write all his days, ever since, as a boy, he first opened the "magic casement." A book representing so long and ardent a devotion, and written by one whose loyalties have always been so cordially sustained and acknowledged, could not but glow; and it is its warmth of feeling which, to my mind, peculiarly marks this very distinguished work. It is more than a life; it is a "companion" to KEATS so complete and understanding that one can with confidence apply to it the abused word, "definitive." Critical essays on the poet no doubt will continue to appear, but this is the last biographical monument likely to be raised to him.



A CONSOLING THOUGHT.

Belated Traveller (surprised by a bull when taking a short cut to the station). "BY JOVE! I BELIEVE I SHALL CATCH THAT TRAIN AFTER ALL."

Your enjoyment of *The Head of the Family* (METHUEN) may in a measure depend upon your capacity to appreciate *William Linkhorn* and the glory of his "great flaming beard." To me, unhappily, *William* was an uncouth rustic, just that and very little else; but he possessed some mysterious attraction for women; so, at any rate, Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY tells me, though she does not explain to my satisfaction what it was. *Phoebe-Louisa* married him partly because she wanted a man to help in her greengrocery; but what charm he had for her soon waned, and she smote hard when she caught him philandering with *Beausire Fillery*. It was all the lady's fault; *William* had, so to speak, only to wave his beard and she was at his feet. But if the hirsute feature of this story leaves me cold it is easy enough to enjoy and admire the rest. The *Firebraces*, spoken of here as "The Family," are most admirably drawn. Never has the condescension of county people to those less exalted in birth been described with more delightful irony. True that some of the *Firebraces* kicked over the traces and married whom they listed, but the family as a whole was rooted deep enough to stand shocks which would have devastated people of less assured position. The scenes of the story are laid in and around Lewes, a part of England dear to Mrs. DUDENEY's heart, and of which she writes with real comprehension and devotion.

By a self-denying ordinance Mr. Punch declines, as a general rule, to review in these columns the work of his Staff. But he may permit himself to announce to all lovers of the gay humour of "A. A. M." that Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON have just brought out a new novel, *Once on a Time*, by Mr. ALAN A. MILNE, with illustrations by Mr. H. M. BROCK.

"Alexander had his 'Plutarch' always under his pillow."
British Weekly.

This must have been a very early edition.

"Colombo is suffering from an attack of rabies and there have been 38 cases reported so far. In the first six months of the year 1,300 days were destroyed."—*Singapore Free Press.*

Let us hope that every day had its dog.

CHARIVARIA.

THE announcement of Mr. Justice BRAY that bigamy is rampant at the present time has been drawn to the notice of the FOOD-CONTROLLER, who wishes it to be clearly understood that under no circumstances will the head of a family be allowed a sugar ration for more than one wife.

* * *

"I have in my possession," writes a correspondent of *The Evening News*, "a loaf of bread made by my husband's mother in 1821." This should dispose of the popular belief that nobody anticipated the War except Mr. BLATCHFORD.

* * *

Lug-worms are being sold at Deal for five shillings a score. They are stated to form an agreeable substitute for macaroni.

* * *

"In China," says *The Daily Express*, "a chicken can still be purchased for sixpence." Intending purchasers should note, however, that at present the return fare to Shanghai brings the total cost a trifle in excess of the present London prices.

* * *

A recent applicant to the Warwickshire Appeal Tribunal claimed that he had captured the German shell-less egg trade. He denied that the enemy had purposely allowed it to escape.

* * *

A tramp charged at Kingston with begging was wearing three overcoats, two coats, two pair of trousers and an enormous pair of boots. It seems strange that this man should not have realised that he was in a position to earn a handsome salary as a music-hall comedian.

* * *

Owing to a cow straying on the line at Acton Bridge last week a goods train was derailed. It seems that the unfortunate animal was not aware that cow-catchers had been abolished.

* * *

It is reported that the two thousand taxi-drivers still on strike have decided to offer their services to Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES for munition work. Suitable employment will be found for them in a high-expletive factory.

* * *

In New York a club has been started exclusively for golfers. The others insisted on it.

A notice exhibited in the window of a Bermondsey public-house bears the words, "There is nothing like Government Ale." Agreed.

* * *

"Shrimps," says a Southern Command Order, "should not be purchased where a long train journey is involved." For soldiers, however, who require this kind of diet little excursions to the seaside can always be arranged for with the C.O.

* * *

At Aberavon the other day the son of an interned German was bitten by a dog which he had kicked by accident. The dog of course did not know it was an accident.

* * *

We are the first to record the fact that a dear old lady, the other morning, went up to the Tank in Trafalgar Square and offered it a bun.

* * *

We should like to deny the rumour that when he heard of Lord ROTHERMERE'S appointment to the Air Ministry Lord NORTHCLIFFE muttered, "Alas! my poor brother."

* * *

More bread is being eaten than ever, says the FOOD CONTROLLER. It appears that the stuff is now eaten by itself, instead of being spread thinly on butter, as in pre-war days.

* * *

The largest telescope in the World has just been erected at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California. Enthusiasts predict that the end of the War will be clearly visible through it.

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Owing to scarcity of petrol several fire-brigades have had again to resort to horses. In consequence people who have fires are requested to place their orders at once, as they can only be dealt with in strict rotation.

* * *

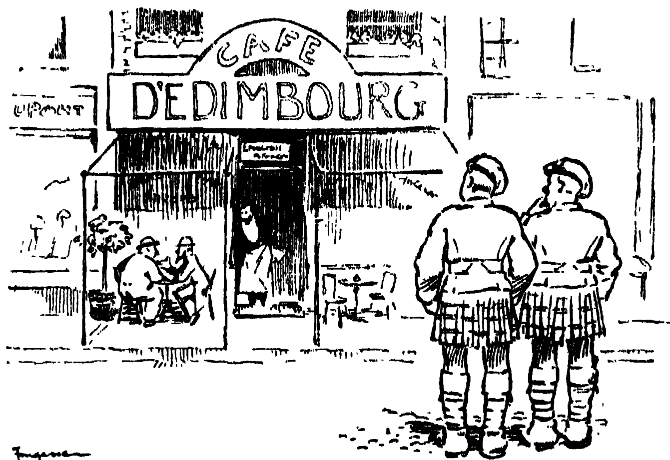
The prisoner who escaped from the Manchester Assize Court, after being sentenced to three years' imprisonment, has explained that he was just pretending to be a German prisoner.

* * *

An awkward situation has arisen through Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW and Mr. GEORGE MOORE having solved the Irish problem in the same week, as one or the other of them is certain to claim the credit of having his solution rejected.

* * *

"Blasting" for tin is being carried on in an experimental station in Cornwall. Similar operations are said to be used in searching for sugar.



"WE 'LL NO GANG IN THERE, JOCK."
"FOR WHY, DONAL'?"
"MAN, IT'S GOT AN AWFU' GERRMAN-LIKE NAME, YON."

A Daughter of Lilith.

"Gentlewoman, with tame snake, wants quiet home, suburban family, small garden; no others; no animals."
Melbourne Argus.

"MRS. —— wishes to recommend a boy (15) who has done well in the pantry."
Eastern Daily Press.

But would Sir ARTHUR YAPP approve?

"Will any generous soul save and buy up a young scholar, foreign (British) aristocracy, by helping him in his first struggle (legal profession)? acceptable only on returnable condition."
Manchester Guardian.

Before starting to save for the above purpose, we should like to know more about this scion of the "foreign (British) aristocracy." We don't want to find ourselves trading with the enemy.

"Canon —— made a strong comment on the proposal to use the Ulley water for public consumption during his sermon on Sunday morning."—*Provincial Paper.*

The rev. gentleman cannot believe that his sermons are so dry as all that.

"The undersigned begs to inform the public that a very superior cow will be slaughtered on the 20th evening and exposed on the morning of the 21st for sale."—*Madras Mail.*

That ought to stop her swanking.

"CAMOUFLAGED ATTACK.
Paris, Thursday.
All the newspapers print long accounts of the new offensive, under the heading, 'Great British Victory,' and all agree in assigning the chief honours attack, and the new British method of organ-attack, and the new British method of arganising the offensive in secret."
Provincial Paper.

And very well camouflaged, too.

LEAVES FROM A LONDON NOTE-BOOK.

By Our Man About Town.

(*With acknowledgments to some of our Metropolitan penny evening papers.*)

Sugar Cards.

A highly placed official tells me that the discovery that a number of people move about from place to place, that servants sometimes leave their situations, and that households are consequently liable to variation in their personnel, is due to a very smart member of the Sugar Commission, who will be suitably decorated. This discovery, on the very eve of compulsory rationing in other commodities, will mean an immense saving of national funds. Instead of billions, only a few millions of cards will need to be destroyed—a very useful economy.

A Great Mayfair Effort.

The Mayfair Tableaux Association will shortly hold a Fancy Dress Exhibition of Really Beautiful War-workers. The subjects represented will range from Cleopatra to Botticelli's "Primavera," and from Salome to the Sistine Madonna. Preliminary photographs are about to appear in the Society Press. The particular object of this great sacrifice in the cause of charity has not yet been determined upon, but will be announced in due course.

The Submarine Menace.

No significance should be attached to recent statistics of torpedoed ships in view of public announcements to the effect that the submarine menace has been practically scotched.

International Bolo.

The British Parliamentary Branch of the International Bolo Club indignantly deny that they have received a single pony, or any less sum, from German sympathisers in support of Pacifist propaganda. They generously recognise that Germany's economical straits are even greater than ours, and they would not willingly, even for the sake of a common cause, put a strain upon the resources of their German friends.

Mahenge.

The other day I consulted an old friend on the Imperial Staff as to the pronunciation of Mahenge, the scene of our latest victory in East Africa. From the evasive character of his reply I gathered that my inquiry was of the nature of an indiscretion.

The Cabinet and the "Vicious Circle."

Several members of the Cabinet—the one that doesn't meet—have informed me of their conviction that, in the event of the War lasting on into 1920, there is every prospect of establishing an elementary co-ordination between the various Government departments. Meanwhile they ask me to correct a confusion in the public mind by which the "Vicious Circle" is regarded as a synonym for themselves.

Manhood and Moral.

Every day brings me a sheaf of correspondence in which I am asked to give my opinion as to our prospects of victory in the near future. I have one formula for reply. I refer my correspondents to a recurrent paragraph in *The Times* under the heading "News in Brief." It runs as follows: "At the close of play yesterday in the billiard match of 16,000 points up, between Inman and Stevenson, at the Grand Hall, Leicester Square, the scores were," etc., etc. After all, the deciding features in the Great World-Struggle will be manhood and *moral*.

Trotsky's Peace Overtures.

From private sources, which corroborate the information given to the public, I hear that the Spanish Chargé-d'Affaires at Petrograd is the only member of the Diplomatic Corps in that capital who has taken cognisance of Trotsky's overtures (which, of course, must be distinguished from Tschaikowsky's). I very much doubt if King Alfonso had a hand in this, though he has more than once intimated to me his desire for peace.

Lansdowne and Lenin.

What with the aircraft strike at Coventry and the activities of Lord Lansdowne, Lenin and others, this has been a great week for Pacifists and Pro-Bosches. In Germany, where the Press has eagerly followed *The Daily Telegraph* in giving prominence to Lord Lansdowne's views, it is felt that our ex-Foreign Secretary ought to receive a step in the peerage, with the title Duke of Lansdowne and Handsup.

The Premier Abroad.

In conversation with Mr. Lloyd George on the occasion of one of his flying visits to England, I learned how much he regretted that pressure of time prevented him while in Italy from running over to Venice and ascending the restored Campanile. While in residence in Paris, however, he had had the pleasure of renewing his acquaintance with the Eiffel Tower.

Browning and Swinburne.

During the dark hour of trial through which Italy has been passing, my thoughts have often strayed to Asolo in the Trevisan, the scene of '*Pippa Passes*, by the late Robert Browning (whom I knew well). "Italy, what of the night?" wrote my old friend Swinburne. "Morning's at seven!" replies *Pippa*. Those brave words have heartened me a good deal. O. S.

TO A DACHSHUND.

[About the precise nationality of whose remote progenitor—whether Danish, Flemish, or British through the old English Turnspit—the writer will not stay to argue.]

My faithful Peter, mount upon my knee,
And shame me with the patience of your eyes,
Till I for divers patriots that be
Humbly apologise.

Not for the street-boy—him you had for years
And, knowing, make allowance for his ways,
If boots of ignorance and stones and jeers
Martyr your latter days;

But for such shoddy patriots as join
The street-boy's manners to a petty mind,
And dealing little in true-minted coin
Tender the baser kind.

For instance, Smith (till lately Gründelhorn),
Who meets you with your mistress all alone,
And growls a "German beast!" with senseless scorn
In a (still) guttural tone.

And Jones, who owes his mansion to the War
And loves to drown great luncheons in champagne,
But who, to prove he loves his England more,
Strikes at you with his cane.

The while Miss Podsnap, who in dogs can brook
No name that smacks of Teuton, snatches up,
Lest you contaminate it with a look,
Her Pomeranian pup.

Forgive them, Pete! We are not all well bred,
Not all so wise, so sensible as you;
Not all our sires, for generations dead,
To British homes were true.

Yet, prizing steadfast love and fealty, some
The gulf of their deficiencies may span,
And learn of you the virtues that become
An English gentleman.

We wish Russia wouldn't wash her dirty Lenin in public.



DAVID IN RHONDDALAND.

David. "I'M OFTEN AWAY FROM HOME. HOW DO I GET SUGAR?"
The Mad Grocer. "YOU DON'T; YOU FILL UP A FORM."
David. "BUT I *HAVE* FILLED UP A FORM."
The Mad Grocer. "THEN YOU FILL UP ANOTHER FORM."

MILLIE AND THE "KAYSER."

Millie is a "daily help." Who it is that she helps—whether herself or her employer—I am not in a position to say, for I am only temporarily a lodger in the house where Millie helps, and she doesn't help me much. But to-day I have made her hear and understand one whole sentence. It is the first time during the six days that we have known each other that I have conveyed anything to her except by graphic gesticulation and grimace.

I accepted the fact at the outset that my soft and seductive tones could never penetrate Millie's stone-deafness. Only the loudest and angriest remarks are audible to Millie, so I preserve an attitude of silent facial amiability in all my relations with her.

Balaam could not have looked more surprised than did Millie this evening when, in the act of clearing away my latest meal, she heard me say, "Leave the matches."

She stopped dead and looked at me over the tray of dirty crockery. Her expression was not unfriendly.

"But I got t' look after myself," she explained; "I 'd be all done up if I hadn't they matches in the morning to light the fire and all. You wouldn't get no bath-water."

"I want to smoke," I said obstinately.

She kept her hand over the box of matches. She had not heard. I made intelligent signs illustrative of the lighting of a cigarette. Millie told me, in pure Cornish:—

"You can only get a box at a time now, and half-a-pound o' sugar I gets when I shows my card, and they do say we won't get that—only quarter soon. I 'd like to get at that Kayser! I 'd smash him up, I would!" She said this in the kindest, most benign way, with a smile as nearly caressing as a smile without front teeth can be. "He 'd come short off if I got to him! And he deserves it, I 'm sure," she concluded, as she departed—with the matches . . .

A long walk over the Cornish cliffs in the gusty North wind from the Atlantic had made me drowsy, and as I sat before the fire my thoughts wandered from Russian politics and the Italian situation to Millie—and the "Kayser": Millie, who was short of stature and round-backed, who showed her fifty-odd years unflinchingly to the world; Millie with her felt slippers and her overall and coarse hands; Millie, the possessor of a sugar-card—and the mighty War Lord, stern and implacable, trying to subdue the world to his will. And Millie only wished she could get near him to smash him up—"the Kayser would come short off." . . .

* * * * *

The lamp-lit cottage room faded; the sound of November winds and swirling leaves outside died away. For a moment I peered through a greyish-blue moving mist—it might have been cigarette smoke; gradually I distinguished forms and colours beyond; then the fog lifted and I looked upon an electrically-lighted room, with the aspect of an office *de luxe*. There were telephones and file cases, typewriters and all the appurtenances of business operations; the furniture was massive and handsome, and carpets and hangings had every appearance of magnificence and costliness.



Friend (to Cinema Commissionaire, who has received notice). 'I'm surprised you 're leavin'. I thought you was a fixture 'ere."

Commissionaire. "Is anybody a fixture in these times? Look at the Tsar of Russia, Tino, Tirpitz, and the rest of 'em."

I knew without thought that this was the private room of Wilhelm of Prussia. He himself, standing with his back to the roaring log fire in the deep grate, was too like the cartoons in the English papers to be mistaken. The iron-grey hair and upturned moustache, the cold eyes and sardonic mouth were all there "as per invoice." He was even wearing an aggressively Prussian uniform, and kept his spiked helmet on his head and his sword hanging at his side.

The Crown Prince was in evidence, disguised as a Death's Head Hussar, and Hindenburg was easily recognisable as he bristled with the nails which the admiring populace had hammered into him; the rest of the company were unknown to me. They were all engaged in a heated discussion when suddenly there came a knock at the door, a knock which, to me, was curiously familiar.

During the silence that ensued Millie walked into the room. She was still wearing her overall and felt slippers, and she had not waited to put on a hat or even to straighten her hair. She came forward unhesitatingly, with her short, shuffling steps and, disregarding the furious demand of a Bavarian General as to who she was and how she dared to enter there, she addressed herself to the Kaiser himself. She spoke in her normal tones, but to me there seemed something sinister about them at this moment, and I noticed that in her right hand she carried a coal-hammer.

Now above all things Millie hated breaking coal and filling scuttles, and I knew that she would not be carrying a coal-hammer without a very special reason. Her words revealed it.

"You, Kayser, I 've been wanting to get near you and smash you up, I have. You 've gone a bit too far, you have. . . No sugar without a card, and then only half-a-pound, and they do say it 'll only be a quarter soon. And *matches!*—only one box at a time, and *they* don't strike, and how 's a body to light a fire at all?"

With this she lifted her coal-hammer and brought it down with all her force on the Kaiser's head. Involuntarily I flinched; it was a terrible blow.

Several Generals, their iron crosses jingling, rushed forward and seized Millie, uttering guttural sounds of horror and indignation. But the Kaiser stood unmoved—yes, unmoved. Millie gaped at him. He ordered his satellites to release her and, as they reluctantly did so, Millie nodded her head at them.

"You leave me where I 'm to! He can take up his own part," she told them.

The Kaiser addressed her sternly.

"Presumptuous woman," he said, "it is not written that you shall be the cause of my death. There is something much higher in store for me. You deserve worse than death at my hands; but since you are from England I will squeeze from you all the information I require and bend you to my uses."

All this was obviously wasted on

Millie, who heard nothing. Having waited politely until his lips stopped moving in speech, she again cracked him on the head with the coal-hammer.

The Kaiser ignored this uncivil retort and spoke again.

"You shall go back to your matchless country and tell them there that we have plenty of matches in Germany; that we have kept on good terms with Stockholm, and our matches are made in Sweden. We have all we need to kindle every fire in hell. Now are you convinced that you are beaten?"

He was interrupted by another blow from the coal-hammer, which made him bite his tongue, for Millie was becoming exasperated and put all her strength into the stroke. The Kaiser stepped back.

"Poor fool! You are wasting your strength, even as Haig wastes *his* in blow after blow on the Western front."

But even as he uttered the lying boast he tottered and fell back unconscious into the arms of Little Willie.

The Generals and Statesmen gathered round their stricken master, gabbling purest Prussian.

Millie appeared satisfied at last, although the Crown Prince had scarcely glanced at her, for she was not his type. She took advantage of the commotion to procure two boxes of matches which had been thrown carelessly on the table. These she bestowed mysteriously beneath her overall.

"He deserved it too!" she muttered contentedly as she hobbled to the door; "and I don't believe so much about all his matches either. You can only get two boxes at a time even here." With this reflection she unostentatiously departed.

* * * * *

Again that familiar knock. . . .

I was back in my little sitting-room in Cornwall and Millie entered with my candle, which she put down on the table rather noisily. I gave her the usual grin and nod of acknowledgment, and she wished me good-night and went.

In the tray of the candlestick there was a box of matches. I picked it up and turned it over curiously. Could my dream have been true? Or was it only a coincidence that in blatant red letters on that match-box were the words:—

"Made in Sweden."



Sub (to A.P.M., who has severely censured him for being without gloves, wearing collar of wrong colour, etc.). "Oh, by the by, Sir, how do you like the way I do my hair?"

"Spokane (Washington), Monday.
Troops raided the I.W.W. headquarters and arrested James Rowan (leader) and 2¼ others on the eve of threatened disturbances."
Toowoomba Gazette (Australia).

Unfortunately in such cases half-measures are rarely successful.

"The Autumn Meeting
of the
Wisbech Local Peace Association
will be held on
Wednesday, November 28th, 1917.
Being full moon, a good attendance is expected."—*Isle of Ely Advertiser.*

The Gothas would see that it was a peace-meeting and leave it alone.

"The tanks crossed the deep gulf of the Hindenburg main line, pitching nose downwards as they drew their long bodies over the parapets and rearing up again with their long forward reach of body and heaving themselves on to the German paradise beyond."
Yorkshire Evening Post.

That is not what the Germans called it.

"If Cambria Falls——
The possibilities in the New Battle."
Dublin Evening Herald.

No wonder Mr. Lloyd George hurried off to France.

"On the earth, the broken acres;
In the heaven, a perfect ground."
The Canadian Churchman.

Of course Canada is before everything an agricultural country, and we feel sure that Browning would be the last man to object to any adaptation of his lines which would make them more suited to the needs of the people and the times.

THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE

Supplying one answer to the question, "Why does a dramatist grow old sooner than anyone else?"

From G. Sheridan Smith, author, to Sir James Benfield, actor-manager.

Dear Sir,—Herewith I am forwarding a copy of an original three-act comedy, entitled, *Men and Munitions*. As the interest is largely topical I should be much obliged if you could let me have your verdict upon it with as little delay as possible.

Faithfully yours,
G. Sheridan Smith.

From the Same to his friend, Buskin Browne, actor.

Dear B. B.,—By this post I am sending my new comedy, *Men and Munitions*, to your manager, whom I believe it should suit. If an occasion served for you to put in a word about it without too much trouble, I should be eternally grateful.

Yours ever, G. S. S.

From Buskin Browne, in answer.

My dear Man,—With all the pleasure in life. I fancy we're changing our bill shortly, and, as farce is all the rage just now, I'll boom your *Munition Mad* directly I get a chance. Best of luck.

Yours, Bee-Bee.

From G. Sheridan Smith, in reply. A telegram.

Thousand thanks play called men and munitions comedy not farce.

From the Same to the Same, six weeks later.

Dear B. B.,—I hate to trouble you, but as I've heard nothing yet from the management about my comedy I am writing to ask if you can give me any idea of Sir J. B.'s intentions regarding it. Did he say anything that you dare repeat? Yours, G. S. S.

From Buskin Browne, in answer, a fortnight later.

Dear old Boy,—No chance as yet, as the chief has been away ill. But he comes back on Saturday, when I will mention the farce to him without fail.

Yours "while this machine is to him," Bee-Bee.

From G. Sheridan Smith to Sir James Benfield, a month later.

Dear Sir,—I was profoundly grieved to learn from a mutual friend that you had been so long on the sick list. Now, however, that you are at work again, and (I trust) fully restored to health, may I hope for a verdict upon my comedy, *Men and Munitions*, at your earliest convenience?

With warmest congratulations,
I am, Faithfully yours,
G. Sheridan Smith.

From Sir James Benfield's Secretary, in answer, a week later.

Dear Sir,—Sir James Benfield desires me to acknowledge your letter, and to inform you that he has been away ill, and unable to attend to any correspondence.

Faithfully yours,
Basil Vyne-Petherington,
Secretary.

From Buskin Browne to G. Sheridan Smith.

Dear old Man,—I heard unofficially last night that your farce has had a quite top-hole report from the reader, and might be put on almost at once. *Ça marche!* Anything for me in it?

B. B.

From Basil Vyne-Petherington to G. Sheridan Smith, by same post as above.

Dear Sir,—In answer to your inquiry we can trace no record of the receipt of any MS. from you. If you will kindly let me have particulars, name of play, date when forwarded, etc., the matter shall receive further attention. Faithfully yours,

Basil Vyne-Petherington,
Secretary.

From G. Sheridan Smith, in answer. A telegram.

Men and munitions comedy fourteen weeks ago kindly wire reply paid.

Reply to above. A telegram.

No trace comedy entitled fourteen weeks suggest inquire post-office.

Reply to above.

Name of comedy men and munitions reply paid urgent.

Reply to above.

Your play returned last week.

Reply to above.

Nothing arrived here please look again.

From Basil Vyne-Petherington to G. Sheridan Smith.

Dear Sir,—In returning herewith your blank-verse tragedy, *Hadrian*, I am desired by Sir James Benfield to thank you for kindly allowing him the opportunity of reading it.

Faithfully yours,
Basil Vyne-Petherington,
Secretary.

From Buskin Browne to G. Sheridan Smith.

Dear old Boy,—The A.S.M. told me to-day that our backers won't look at farce, though the chief simply loves yours. So I'm afraid we can only say better luck next time.

Yours disappointed, B. B.

From Basil Vyne-Petherington to G. Sheridan Smith, five weeks later.

Dear Sir,—Sir James Benfield has been interested to learn that you have written a comedy of topical interest, called (he understands) *The Munitioneer*. Should you care to forward it for his consideration he would be pleased to read it, and, if suitable, to arrange for its production at this theatre. Faithfully yours,

Basil Vyne-Petherington,
Secretary.

From G. Sheridan Smith, in reply. A telegram.

Where did you get a name like that?

From Basil Vyne-Petherington, in final answer, a month later.

Sir,—I am requested by Sir James Benfield to state that he has been compelled to make a rule never to send his autograph to strangers.

Yours faithfully,
Basil Vyne-Petherington,
Secretary.

WHITE MAGIC.

Blind folk see the fairies,
Oh, better far than we,
Who miss the shining of their wings
Because our eyes are filled with things
We do not wish to see.
They need not seek enchantment
From solemn printed books,
For all about them as they go
The fairies flutter to and fro
With smiling, friendly looks.

Deaf folk hear the fairies
However soft their song;
'Tis we who lose the honey sound
Amid the clamour all around
That beats the whole day long.
But they with gentle faces
Sit quietly apart;
What room have they for sorrowing
While fairy minstrels sit and sing
Close to their listening heart?

R. F.

Extract from a French account of the tanks in action in the battle for Cambrai:—

"Les chars d'assaut eurent aussi leur cri de guerre. Peu avant l'attaque, le long de leur ligne courut un message répétant, en le modifiant légèrement, celui de Nelson à Trafalgar: 'L'Angleterre compte que chaque tank fera aujourd'hui son devoir sacré.'"—*Havas.*

We had often wondered what the French was for "Do your damnedest!" Now we know.

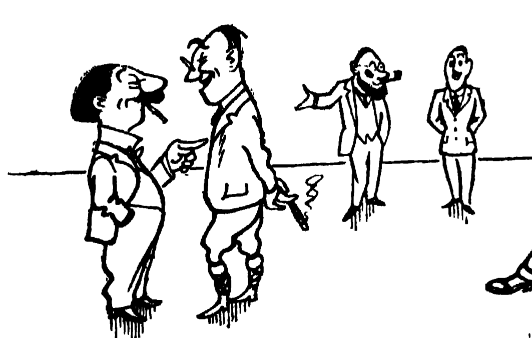
GETTING AWAY FROM IT.




Captain Brown, home on leave and very war-weary,



decides that at all costs he will spend an evening where khaki is not.





He has pleasant recollections of a visit, in times of peace, to a delightful Bohemian Club of which Robinson was a Member.



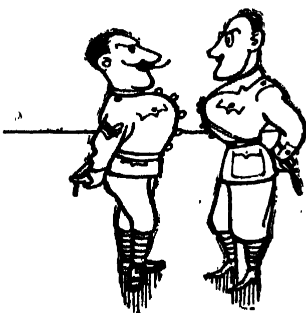
So he rings up Robinson,



who will be delighted to see him.



Brown experiences a distinct shock on meeting Robinson,






And a still greater shock on entering the Club.



Head Waiter. "Sorry, Sair—can't help it. Full up! No room for a long time. After all, dere is a war on."

TO MY BUTCHER.

O butcher, butcher of the bulbous eye,
That in hoarse accents bidst me "buy, buy, buy!"
Waving large hands suffused with brutish gore,
Have I not found thee evil to the core?
The greedy grocer grinds the face of me,
The baker trades on my necessity,
And from the milkman have I no surcease,
But thou art Plunder's perfect masterpiece.
These others are not always lost to shame;
My grocer, now—last week he let me claim
A pound of syrup 'twas a kindly deed
To help a fellow-townsman in his need,
Though harsh the price, and I was feign to crawl
About his feet ere I might buy at all.
But thou—although a myriad flocks may crop
By Sussex gorse or Cheviot's grassy top,
A myriad herds tumultuously snort
From Palos Verdes eastward to Del Norte,
Or where the fierce vaquero's bold bravado
Resounds about the Llano Estacado;
Though every abattoir works overtime
And every stall in Smithfield groans with prime
Cuts, from thy lips the ready lie falls pat,
How thou art sold clean out of this and that,
But will oblige me, just for old time's sake,
With half a shin bone or some hard flank steak;
Or (if with mutton I prefer to deck
My festive board) the scraggy end of neck.
And once, when goaded to a desperate stand,
I wrung a sirloin from thy grudging hand,
Did not thy boy, a cheeky little brute
With shifty eyes, mislay the thing *en route*,
Depositing at my address the bones
Intended for the dog of Mr. Jones?

I sometimes think that never runs so thin
The milk as when it leaves the milkman's tin;
That every link the sausageman prepares
Harbours some wandering Towser unawares.
And Binns, the baker (whom a murrain seize!),
Immune from fraud's accustomed penalties,
Sells me a stuff compound of string and lead,
And has the nerve to name the substance bread.
But deafer far to the voice of conscience grown
The type that cuts me off a pound of bone
Wherefrom an ounce of fat forlornly drops,
And calls the thing two shillings' worth of chops;
More steeped in crime the heart that dares to fleece
My purse of eighteen-pence for one small piece
Of tripe, whereof, when times were not so hard,
The price was fourpence for the running yard!

Wherefore I hate thee, butcher, and would pass
Untempted of thy viands. But, alas!
The spirit that essays in master flights
To sip the honey from Parnassus' heights,
That daily doth his Pegasus bestride
And keeps the War from spoiling on the side,
Fails to be fostered by the sensuous sprout
Or with horse carrots blow its waistcoat out.
So, though I loathe thee, butcher, I must buy
The tokens of thy heartless usury.
Yet oft I dream that in some life to come,
Where no sharp pangs assail the poet's tum,
Athwart high sunburnt plains I drive my plough,
Untouched by earth's gross appetites, and thou,
My ox, my beast, goest groaning at the tugs,
And do I spare thy feelings? No, by jugs!
With tireless lash I probe thy leaden feet,
And beat and beat and beat and beat and beat.

Algol.



IF EVERYBODY HELPED——

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 26th.—Rather a jolly day in the House of Commons. It was pleasant to hear Lord Wolmer, ingenuous youth, explaining, on behalf of the War Trade Department, that there was no danger of an unusually large consignment of rubber bathing-caps finding their way from Switzerland to the heads of German Fräuleins. To Colonel Yate belongs the credit of pointing out that people do not bathe in Switzerland in the winter.

Where Russia is concerned Mr. Balfour declines to be included among the prophets; all he knows is that that unhappy country has not yet evolved a Government with which he can negotiate. He was more explicit regarding the German tale of a Privy Council in 1913, presided over by the King, at which Mr. Asquith and Lord Kitchener conspired with Sir Edward Grey and Lord Morley (whose "Reminiscences" are strangely silent on the subject) to declare war upon Germany. Who after this shall dare to say that the Germans have no imagination?

Mr. Will Thorne considers that compulsory rationing ought to be postponed until the menus at the hotels and clubs are cut down to two courses. Somebody ought to invite Mr. Thorne, who from his appearance I should judge to have a healthy appetite, to partake of one of these (alleged) Gargantuan feasts and see what he thinks of it. His comment would probably be, "Can't we go and have a steak somewhere?"

When is a leaflet not a leaflet? "When it is an election address," says Sir George Cave. At the same time he warned Mr. King that if he thought to get round the new regulations by embodying his peculiar views in the form of electioneering literature he might still collide with "Dora." The warning was surely superfluous. The last thing any Pacifist M.P. wishes to do is to submit himself to the judgment of his constituents.

Tuesday, November 27th.—Mr. Macpherson's statement that officers with the Expeditionary Force are supplied with whisky at prices varying from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* a bottle may have horrified the teetotalers, but has intensified the patriotic desire of some of our Volunteers to share the hardships of those gallant fellows in the trenches.

There was another long-drawn-out duel between Mr. Houston and Sir Leo Chiozza Money on the subject of shipping freights. The House always enjoys these encounters, although the opponents, like the toy "wrestlers" of our youth, never get much "forrader." The Member for West Toxteth has probably forgotten more about the shipping trade than his opponent ever knew. But for all that Sir Leo keeps his end up, though his assertion that the consumer would not benefit if the Government charged "Blue-book rates" for ordinary cargo does not convince everybody. But then everybody does not understand Blue-books.



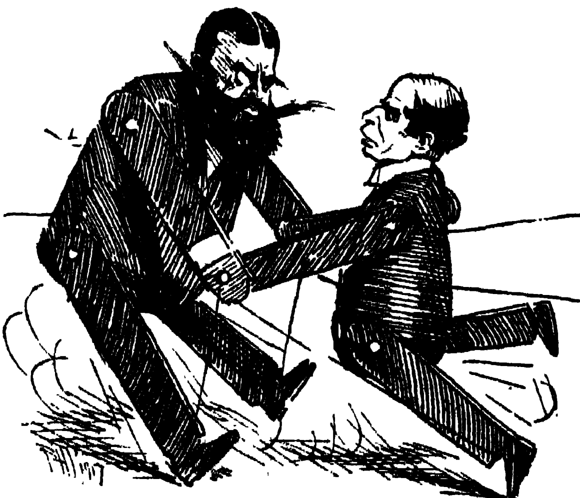
"Can't we go and have a steak somewhere?"
Mr. Will Thorne.

Wednesday, November 28th.—The Peers were surprised to hear from Lord Courtney that he was not of the creed of the conscientious objector. They had been under the impression that his public career had been one long orgie of conscientious objection to everything that did not emanate from his own capacious brain. Even his hat and his waistcoat proclaim his defiance of conventional opinion.

For weeks past the House of Commons has been invited to believe that German "pill-boxes" were composed of British cement; and the case seemed clear when a British officer wrote from Flanders the other day that he had discovered in the German lines a label plainly marked "Artificial Portland." Members were relieved to learn that the label came from a Belgian factory taken over by the Germans. "If those pill-boxes had really been made of our cement," said a Medway representative, "we should be hammering at them still."

Thursday, November 29th.—Question-time would be much more amusing if Ministers and Members were more accomplished in the art of repartee. A few are quick enough. When Mr. Lees Smith complained that one of his statements had been described by the Foreign Secretary as a mare's nest Lord Robert Cecil swiftly replied that he did not remember the incident, but had no doubt that if his right hon. friend used the term it was justified.

Under the Redistribution scheme as arranged by the Boundary Commissioners the name West Birmingham would have disappeared from the roll of constituencies. In graceful tribute to the memory of Joseph Chamberlain the House unanimously agreed to its reinstatement. It also changed the name of the Woodstock division to the Banbury division; but the idea that this was done as a compliment to the junior Member for the City of London is, I am told, erroneous.



"Sir Leo keeps his end up."
Mr. Houston. Sir Leo Chiozza Money.

"In such a Questionable Shape."

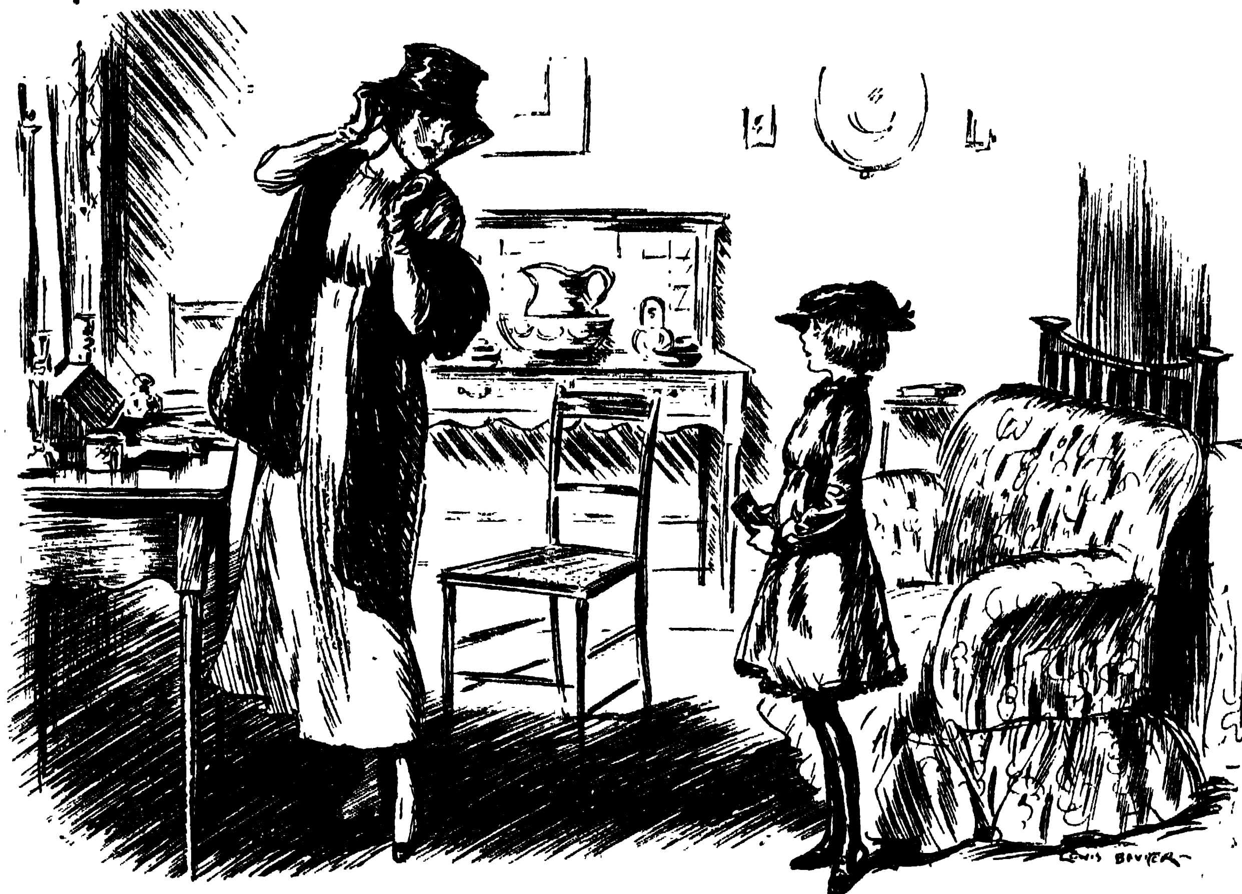
"This, of course, brings up the almighty question—Who wrote Shapespeare?"—*Mr. George Moore in "The Observer."*

A short answer to this almighty question is—Either Mr. George Moore or the writer who determined "to call a spade a spape."

"Cook-General, good (26), Wanted immediately, or by December 6th, for three months, in Exeter. Wages 50s. per mouth."

Express and Echo (Exeter).

We confidently hope that she has only one.



Mother. "Good gracious! That's not your new best hat?"
Child. "Well, Mother, you know I told you when we got it that it wouldn't wear well."
Mother. "I don't remember your saying so."
Child. "Yes, Mother. Surely you remember I said, 'The first time that hat's sat on it's done for'?"

BELIEVE ME OR BELIEVE ME NOT.

Although he had been rendered absolutely dumb by shell-shock the soldier was able to earn a little extra money by doing odd jobs. But nothing could get his speech back. It was a very stubborn and perplexing case. For eighteen months he had not succeeded in uttering a word, though understanding everything that was said to him. All the usual devices had failed; every kind of sudden surprise to startle him into articulation had been attempted; electricity had been passed through the muscles of the tongue and larynx; doctors had discussed him with a volubility only equalled by his own silence. But he remained dumb. It seemed hopeless.

Last week the mistress of the house where he was mostly employed sent him to the grocer's with, as usual, a slip of paper. The paper was addressed to the grocer, and it said, "Please do your utmost to give the bearer some sugar and tea. Even the smallest quantity will be gratefully welcomed."

Entering the shop the soldier laid the message on the counter, prepared to wait patiently for the harassed tradesman to attend to him. He had often been there before and knew what it meant; but on this occasion the grocer instantly advanced to meet him, took the paper smilingly and read it.

"Certainly," he replied. "I suppose four pounds of each would be enough to go on with?"

"Four pounds!" said the soldier. "Strike me pink, she'd think herself the Queen with four ounces!"

Things we should like to see Illustrated.

From a recent novel:—

"... Then the gong went, and she followed it into the dining-room ..."

"Class A (fit for general service) is subdivided as follows:—1—Men actually fit for general service in any theatre in all respects. 2—Recruits who should be fit for A1 as soon as trained. 3—Men who have previously served with an expeditionary force who should be fit for £1 as soon as 'hardened.'"
Scots Paper.

They must be well worth it, even in a soft state.

More War Economy.

"Butcher. Wanted, Second Hand."
Manchester Evening News.

"Southport.—Mrs. ——, Homely Apts; sea view; piano: mod."—*Daily Paper.*

We approve Mrs. ——'s candour about the piano, which accords with our own experience in seaside boarding-houses.

"Germany recently began calling up Class 19120."—*Western Mail.*

The end of the War may be in sight, but it still seems to be some distance off.

"In districts where a number of shops were serving the same people and streets, they would be asked to co-operate so that butcher, baker and grocer would use the same vans. Traders who refused to comply with the scheme would be dealt with."—*Evening Paper.*

But surely such unpatriotic shopkeepers should not be dealt with.

"Lost, on or about September 30 last, a Gold Bar Brooch, with chaste Scotch terrier in centre."—*Manchester Evening News.*

We are glad to see that at least one of our dumb friends has not been affected by the wave of bigamy that has been sweeping over the country.



Old hand (supplying desired information to new arrival). "Those things up there? Oh, they're canteens for the R.F.C."

THE HUT.

As ordered, we marched the Battery to B 35d 45.25. Reader, have you ever lived in, or on, an unfurnished map-reference in Flanders? If not, permit me to inform you that this group of letters and numerals represented a mud-flat pocked with ancient shell-craters, through which loafed an unwholesome stream under a bilious-looking sky. The Junior Subaltern, fresh from home, asked where the billets were. We could but bless his happy innocence and remind him that as Army Field Artillery we were nobody's children, the orphan bravoes of the Western Front, and that for us a bunch of map co-ordinates was considered ample provision.

The horses, having with proper pride sneered at the stream, were silenced with their nosebags, and then we asked our cook what about it? That dauntless artist in bully beef promptly brought our far-travelled mess-table into action in the open, and thus publicly we sat round it on our valises and drank Vichy water until the novelty palled. Then the rain began and the men once more united in wishing themselves in Tennessee.

The Captain was now driven from the bosom of the mess to find a Camp Commandant, and to tell him, with the Major's compliments, that even the personnel of Army Brigades were liable, in the words of the book, to deteriorate rapidly if unprotected from damp. The officer, whom he found lurking in a neighbouring Nissen hut, was tall and stately, but admitted, under pressure, that to him was entrusted the stewardship of our mud-flat and the adjacent camps, and that he could give us a mess. Through the insistent drizzle this person, smiling now very pleasantly, led us to a depressed wooden building that suggested a derelict Noah's Ark with a sinister look about the windows. The bad-tempered sky scowled between the planks of the roof; the querulous wind whined up through the floor; rats backed snarling into the corners on our entrance.

"This is the place," said the C.C. "You 'll soon make yourselves very comfortable."

That night I dreamed I was a "U" boat, and started up, snorting, to find myself under a cascade, while the felt upon the roof banged and rasped and flapped. It sounded as if the ark were trying to fly, but found its wings rusty. At dawn we sent the Captain out, and refused him breakfast till by some resource of ingenuity or crime he obtained certain sausages of new felt. These our fearless batmen unrolled and nailed upon the roof. After his porridge we pushed him out again with a strong party under orders to carry the nearest R.E. dump by force or fraud, and secure large quantities of timber, nails, canvas and, if possible (the up-to-date R.E. dump secretes many unexpected commodities), Turkey carpets, wall-paper, sofa-cushions and bedroom-slippers.

The batmen were sent out with a limbered cart, some smoke shell and the total establishment of billhooks, and forbidden to return without sufficient material for bedsteads, window-shutters, bookshelves and chairs. By evening the place began to feel habitable, and the C.C., when he looked in to borrow a horse, endeared himself to us all by his obvious pleasure in our comparative comfort. We lent him the best horse in the battery.

The Major's batman devoted the following day to the construction of a species of retiring-room at one end of the hut, wherein the modest members of the mess might bathe and splash at ease. The remainder of the servants went out armed and returned with (1) a zinc bath, (2) a stove, (3) a cuckoo clock, (4) a large mirror, (5) a warming-pan. "Once let us make a home for ourselves," we said, "and our energies will be free to finish the War." We devoted every cunning worker in the battery to this great end. Drill was abandoned, stables forgotten. We installed bookshelves, bootjacks, a sideboard, hat racks, a dumb waiter, a stand for the gramophone and a roll-top desk for the Major. The walls were tapestried with canvas, hung with pictures, scalps, and the various decorations won by members of the mess. The original building, disreputable and hateful, was hidden and forgotten.

And then the C.C. called again, and, after a minute and admiring inspection of our abode, informed us that to his bitter sorrow he had to turn us out;



She. "OH, WAS THAT A BOMB?"
He. "YES, I THINK IT WAS. BUT IF IT WAS AS NEAR AS IT SOUNDED IT WOULD HAVE BEEN VERY MUCH LOUDER."

umteen battalions of infantry were coming in and had to be accommodated—this being an infantry camp. . . .

That night, as I walked about in the rain, I looked in at the open door of our lost home. Two N.C.O.'s were sitting over our stove, lost, lonely in the elongated emptiness; longing, I knew, to be with their comrades bellowing in an adjacent hut. And so I understood and knew at length how Camp Commandants manage the maintenance and improvement of their domain. I devote myself now to warning the simple-hearted gunner against unfurnished huts and the hospitality of Camp Commandants. And some day I hope to be in a position to lend that particular C.C. another horse.

Punch's Roll of Honour.

WE deeply regret to learn that Lieutenant GEORGE L. BROWN, Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, who contributed sketches to *Punch* before the War, has died of wounds.

We are very glad to say that Captain A. W. LLOYD, Royal Fusiliers, is making a good recovery from the severe wound which he received in East Africa.

MARGARINE.

A HOUSEKEEPER'S PALINODE.

MARGARINE—the prefix "oleo-"
Latterly has been effaced,
Though no doubt in many a folio
Of the grocer's ledger traced—

Once I arrogantly rated
You below the cheapest lard;
Once your "g" enunciated,
With pedantic rigour, hard.

How your elements were blended
Naught I knew; but wild surmise
Hinted horrors that offended
Squeamish and fastidious eyes.

Now this view, unjust, unfounded,
I recant with deep remorse,
Knowing you are not compounded
From the carcase of the horse.

Still with glances far from genial
I beheld you, margarine,
And restricted you to menial
Services in my cuisine.

Still I felt myself unable,
Though you helped to fry my fish,
To endure you at my table
Nestling in the butter-dish.

Now that I have clearly tracked your
Blameless progress from the nut,
I proclaim your manufacture
As a boon, without a "but."

Now I trudge to streets far distant,
Humbly in your queue to stand,
Till the grocer's tired assistant
Dumps the packet in my hand.

Though you lack the special savour
Of the product of the churn,
Still the difference in flavour
I'm beginning to unlearn.

Thoughts of Devonshire or Dorset
From my mind have vanished quite,
Since the stern demands of war set
Limits to my appetite.

Butter is of course delicious;
But when that is dear and scant,
Welcome, margarine, nutritious
Palatable lubricant!

"The undersigned, who has just returned from the Front, begs to inform the Public that he has opened a Berber's Shop on the ground floor of Miss ——'s house in Great George Street, where he is prepared to give CUTS in any style required."
Dominion Chronicle.

Well, his customers can't complain that they weren't warned.

TO HELP OUR OTHER ARMY.

With all eyes so focussed on the great deeds of our men in France, in Palestine and on the sea, there is a possibility of losing sight now and then of the constant and devoted efforts of the women and girls at home, without whose co-operation the War could not be successfully waged at all. We are the debtors not only of the munition workers who, in their hundreds of thousands, are toiling for victory, but of women and girls in myriad other employments, which they have cheerfully attacked and mastered; and any little thing that we can do for them should, Mr. Punch holds, be done. A practical and very simple way of adding to their happiness and well-being is to contribute a mite to the funds of the Girls' Friendly Society, an organisation with the finest traditions, which is doing its best to build rest and recreation huts all over England, for the purpose of conserving the health and spirits of our great feminine army. A moment's thought will show how vitally and nationally important such help is. Contributions should be sent to the Secretary, War Emergency Committee, Girls' Friendly Society, 39, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

MY AUNT MATILDA.

"IT's too bad," said Francesca, "it really is. It 'll spoil Christmas."

"The question is," I said, "that this House do accept my Aunt Matilda's invitation of herself to stay in it for an uncertain period at or about Christmas. I think the Ayes have it."

"The Noes have it," shouted Francesca.

"Francesca," I said, "it 's no use struggling, and you know it. We 've got to have Aunt Matilda, and there 's an end of it."

"There isn't an end of it at all. It 's only just beginning, and it 'll go on getting worse and worse."

"You do not seem to realise," I said, "what the possession of an aunt like Aunt Matilda means. She is like all the aunts you 've ever read about in novels, only more so. She 's so true to type that you can hardly believe in her existence. To be related to her is to have a Stake in the Country and to be part of the British Constitution, which she ardently believes in without knowing anything about it. She 's been a widow for fifteen years, and——"

"Poor old thing," said Francesca, "so she has."

"—for fifteen solitary years she has battled against the world, and managed her business affairs extraordinarily well; and yet she believes that women are perfect fools, and pities them from the bottom of her heart for being women."

"As far as I 'm concerned," said Francesca, "she may pity all the other women if she 'll only not pity me. If I have a headache she not only pities me, but despises me as a weakling utterly unfitted to manage a household. No, my dear, I can't face it. Your Aunt Matilda 's too much for me."

"I admit," I said, "that she 's a good deal."

"And of course she 'll bring her maid."

"And her pug."

"Whose name is 'MacLachlan,' and you mustn't call him 'Mac' because it 's disrespectful."

"And the children won't be allowed to shout about the house when she takes her nap. And of course they *will* shout about the house, and then there 'll be trouble."

"And the children will be compared with other children who are much better behaved."

"It 's a queer thing, but the children don't seem to mind her."

"She bribes them with chocolates."

"Well, she won't do it any more, because there are no chocolates in the world. Chocolates are a luxury."

"So 's your aunt," said Francesca. "She 's the biggest luxury I ever heard of. She 's rare—I might almost say unique. She 's expensive, and she can be done without. Obviously she 's forbidden by the Defence of the Realm Act. We shall be fined and imprisoned if we conceal her here."

"Well, you 'd better sit down and tell her so, and get it off your chest."

"I suppose I must play the humbug."

"Yes, do. She 'll see through you all right, though."

"Oh, I say," said Francesca, "there 's a P.S. to her letter. She says she 's saved two pounds out of her sugar ration, and she 's sending it to us as a Christmas present. Isn't she an old topper?"

"Yes," I said, "I forgive her everything. Is two pounds a lot?"

"It 's generally supposed to be just two pounds," said Francesca.

R. C. L.

THE VENGEANCE.

I NEVER liked the man at Number Nine,
But now my breast is bursting with its wrongs,
For when we had a few old friends to dine
And crowned our feasting with some gentle songs,
Instead of simply drinking in the glamour,
The charm of it, he had the cheek to hammer
The party-wall with pokers and with tongs.

Ah, me! that Art should suffer such disdain!
But what can one expect in time of war?
Mayhap our minstrelsy had given pain
To some tired patriot in bed next-door—
Some weary soul that all day fashions fuses,
To whom his sleep is more than all the Muses—
And so, for England's sake we sang no more.

No longer now the hideous truth is hid:
The man is nothing but a Pacifist;
And, what is worse, he draws four hundred quid
For representing views which don't exist,
Although in Parliament, without his poker,
I 'm glad to see they would not hear the croaker,
But when he talked they only howled and hissed.

And now all Hammersmith with zeal prepares
To make a night of it when next we sing;
We shall not waste our soft romantic airs,
But the glad street with warlike strains shall ring
Of blood and armaments and Fritz's whacking,
And he shall hammer till the walls are cracking,
And the whole suburb joins us in "The King."

A. P. H.

One of the Cannibal Islands?

"The unfrequented coral harbour was an ideal spot for this operation. The 60 odd men and women on the Seeadler were landed, and the natives, avid for change of diet, welcomed them."—*The Times.*

"A distinctive uniform will be given the new Air Service when the old is worn out, Major Baird announces."—*Daily Mail.*

An officer in the R.F.C. writes to say that the old Air Service has no intention of wearing out.

"The coroner said people would be wise to carry electric torches or newspapers, and ladies should wear something white—a pocket handkerchief would be better than nothing."—*Sunday Observer.*

Certainly "better than nothing," but a newspaper would make a more showy costume.



THE NEW LANGUAGE.

Tommy (to inquisitive French children). "NAH, THEN, ALLEY TOOT SWEET, AN' THE TOOTER THE SWEETER!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AT this date "The Junior Sub" fortunately needs no introduction to a public that has long gathered him and his to its appreciative heart. I should not like to guess how many people read and enjoyed *The First Hundred Thousand*; they all, and more, will delight in the appearance of *Carrying On* (BLACKWOOD), in which the exploits of the famous regiment, of *Major Wagstaffe* and *Captain Bobby Little* and the rest of them are continued. What the precise war position of IAN HAY may be by now I am unaware, but I should emphatically suggest his appointment to the post of Official Cheerer-Up. Perhaps (how shall I put it?) the eye-pieces of the writer's mask are a trifle too rose-coloured for strict realism; great-hearted gentlemen as we know our heroes to be, are they always quite so merry and bright as here? One can but hope so. In any case, as special propaganda on the part of the O.C.U., the stories could hardly be bettered. One, called "The Push that Failed," I would order to be read aloud to the workers in every munition factory in the land; its heartening tale of how the British people had, to the paralysed astonishment of Brother Bosch, "delivered the goods" to such effect that his projected spectacular attack under the eyes of WILLIAM the Worst was smashed before it began, is of a kind to strengthen the most weary arm. While I was yet upon the final page the bells in a famous abbey tower close by broke into grateful clamour for the news of victory. But IAN HAY does not wait on victory; he has his joy-bells ringing always in our hearts.

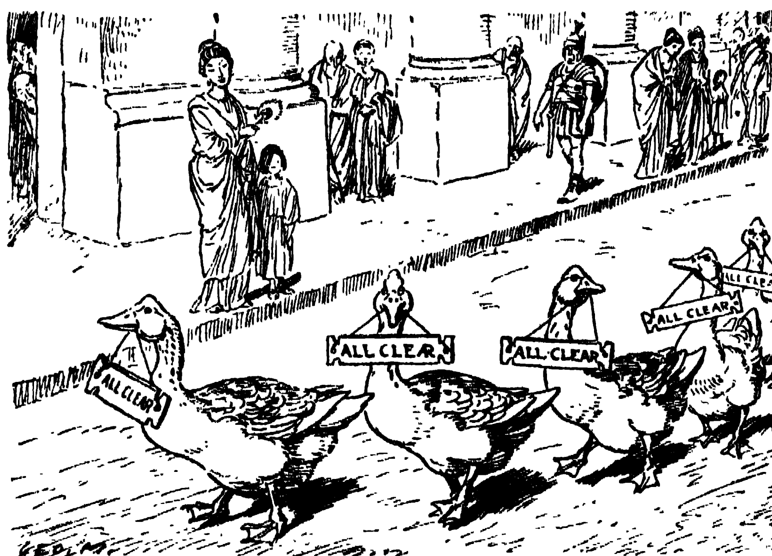
The Tree of Heaven (CASSELL) spread its friendly branches over a pleasant corner of a roomy Hampstead garden. Matter-of-fact *Anthony*, the timber merchant, always would insist that it was a mere common ash; but the others, *Frances*, and the children, *Dorothy*, *Michael*, *Nicky* and adopted *Veronica*, knew better, as also, no doubt, did *Jane-Pussy* and her little son, *Jerry*, who was *Nicky's* most especial pal. Miss MAY SINCLAIR, without being a conscienceless sentimentalist, does us the fine service of reminding us that the world of men is not all drab ugliness, but that there are beautiful human relationships and unselfish characters, and wholesome training which justifies itself in the day of trial. She divides her charming chronicle into three parts—Peace, The Vortex, and Victory. The first deals with the childhood of the happy brood of *Anthony* and *Frances*, delicate studies subtly differentiated. Even the little cats have their astonishing individuality, and I don't envy anyone who can read of *Jerry's* death and *Nicky's* grief without a gulp. The Vortex is—no, not the War; that comes later but the trials of a world which tests adolescence, a world of suffrage rebellions, of Futuristic art and morals. Then the real vortex of the War, the Victory which means ready (or difficult, unready) sacrifice and death for the boys and their friends and as great a sacrifice and as cruel a thing as death for the others, the women and the elders . . . A novel, which is much more than a novel, packed with beauty and sincerity, setting forth its tragedy without false glamour or shallow consolations.

Since it is natural to expect that a much-heralded book will fail, when it does eventually appear, to fulfil the promise of its publishers, it is the more pleasant to find oneself agreeing with Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON that bashfulness on their part would have been out of place in regard to Mr. JAMES W. GERARD'S memoirs, *My Four Years in*

Germany. As read in their completed and collected form these papers are not only, as one could foresee, of historic importance, but they are moreover capital reading. There is a world of unaffected geniality and humour about them that forms a most admirable complement to such serious matters as the protracted negotiations over the U-boat campaign, or the now famous incriminating telegram addressed by the ALL-HIGHEST to President WILSON in the days before the Huns had quite decided with what lies to defend the indefensible. This document is reproduced in facsimile as the egregious sender of telegrams wrote it for Mr. GERARD to transmit, and is one link more in the thrice-forged chain of evidence. But even stronger witness to German guilt is to be found in the series of minor corroborations appearing incidentally in the course of Mr. GERARD's narrative, whether the author is pretending to be in awe of Prussian Court Etiquette, or openly laughing at the Orders of the Many Coloured Eagles, or simply detailing his work at Ruhleben and the other prison camps. His devotion there has earned a gratitude throughout this country that it would be mere presumption to try to put into words.

Those of us who have loitered with Mr. DE VERE STACPOOLE by blue lagoons and silent pools know that he is a master of atmosphere, and so he proves himself again in *The Starlit Garden* (HUTCHINSON), though it takes him some time to get there. When a young American finds himself the guardian of an Irish flapper—a distant relation—and comes over to take her back with him to the States, it does not require much perspicacity to guess what will happen. *Phyl Berknowles* strongly objects to the intrusion of *Richard Pinckney* into the glorious muddle of her Irish ménage, and irritates him so successfully that he returns in a considerable tantrum to America, leaving her with some friends in Dublin. So far the tale is lively enough, but not until *Phyl* feels the call of her blood and goes to stay with her relatives in Charleston does the author find scope for his peculiar charm. Then we get a most delightful picture of a starlit garden in the south of America, where *Phyl's* experiences, without placing a tiresome strain upon our powers of belief, produce a sensation at once romantic and unusual. Memories of the past hang over this garden, and although Mr. STACPOOLE's attempt to reconcile the period of which he writes with the years that are gone is not uniformly successful I am cordially glad that he made it.

The publishers of Mrs. ALICE PERRIN's new volume, *Tales that are Told* (SKEFFINGTON), appear to be anxious that the public should have no hesitations on the score of measure supplied, as they explain that the chief of the tales is "a short novel of over 20,000 words." I am content to take their word for the figure, but I agree that they were well advised to focus attention upon "Gift of God," which, whatever its length, is an admirable and distinguished piece of writing. The subject of it is the old question of mixed-marriage, but treated from a new aspect. *Kudah Bux* (the Gift in question) is the son of an adoring Mohamedan father; he goes to England for education in the law, and there falls in love with and marries the brainless daughter of a London landlady. He is a very human and appealing figure. The débâcle that follows his return to India with so impossible a bride is told in a way that convinces. Here Mrs. PERRIN is at her best. Some of the shorter tales also succeed very happily in conveying that peculiar Simla-by-South-Kensington atmosphere of retired Anglo-Indian society which she suggests with such intimate understanding. But, to be honest, the others (with the exception of one quaint little comedy of a canine ghost) are but indifferent stuff, too full of snakes and hidden treasure and general tawdriness—the kind of Orientalism, in fact, that one used to associate chiefly with the Earl's Court Exhibition. Mrs. PERRIN must not mingle her genuine native goods with such Brummagem ware.



A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF ANCIENT ROME.

SEQUEL TO THE WARNING GIVEN BY THE PATRIOTIC GEESE.

My idea is that when Mr. H. C. BAILEY called his latest story *The Young Lovers* (METHUEN) he was doing it something less than justice. For the width and variety of the plot make it far more than a mere love-tale. *Arma virique* are quite as much Mr. BAILEY's theme as Cupid, who indeed makes a rather belated appearance at the tag end. Before that we have a vast deal of agreeable adventuring. The scene is set in the period of the Peninsular War; all the characters, lovers, parents and hangers-on, are more or less involved in the fluctuating fortunes of my Lord WELLINGTON. There are spies of both sides, intrigues, abductions and what not. Mr. BAILEY has a pretty touch for such matters; his people move with an air; and, if at times their speech seems a trifle over-burnished, dulness is far from them. Moreover, the incidents of the campaign give scope for some vivid descriptions of war and battles, as such were in the old days before Mars put off his gold lace and sacrificed the picturesque. Sometimes, on the other hand, it is the similarity of conditions then and now that will strike you. For example, the passage telling how, despite apparent inactivity and home prognostications of stalemate, the confidence of the Army grew from day to day—impossible not to see the very obvious parallel there. In fine, Mr. BAILEY has given us another brisk and engaging romance, which, if it is not quite the kind you might expect from its title, is something a good deal better worth reading.

"Fort Worth, Texas.—Poolville, Parker county, near here, has raised $1,246.50 as a reward for the delivery of the German emperor into the hands of the American authorities."—*Buffalo Courier*.

On reading this item HINDENBURG is reported to have said that if Poolville would make it even money he would think about it.

CHARIVARIA.

A "Company for Oversea Enterprises" has been formed in Hamburg. It has no connection with the German High Sea Fleet.

* * *

A guinea a dozen is being offered for rabbits in the Isle of Wight. Most of them, however, are holding back for a War bonus.

* * *

A Newcastle man who has been missing for eleven months has just turned up at his home. He excused himself on the grounds that the tea queue was rather a long one.

* * *

There are reports current of an impending strike of brewery workers in the North. Several employees have threatened to "Down Beer."

* * *

Confirmation is still awaited of the rumour that several food ships have recently torpedoed themselves rather than fall into the hands of the profiteers.

* * *

The statement that Viscount Northcliffe has refused the post of Minister of Health is without foundation. It is no secret, however, that he would decline the position even if he should offer it to himself.

* * *

Double-headed matches are impracticable, according to the Tobacco and Matches Control Board. The sorts with detachable heads, however, will continue to be manufactured.

* * *

A Norfolk fisherman with twenty-six children has been fined five shillings for neglecting seven of them. His offence is thought to have been due to oversight.

* * *

According to the Lord Mayor of Dublin there is plenty of food in Ireland. In the best Sinn Fein circles it is thought that this condition of things points to an attempt on the part of the Government to bring discredit on the sacrificial devotion of the Separatists.

* * *

So realistic has the stage become of late that in *The Boy* at the Adelphi, Mr. W. H. Berry (we give the rumour for what it is worth) sits down to a meal of wood cutlets.

* * *

In order that no confusion may be caused among guests the Government has been requested to have a "take over" whistle blown in the corridors before they commandeer the next hotel.

* * *

It seems that Trotzky is to have no nonsense. He has even threatened to make lynching illegal.

* * *

The *Neue Freie Presse* describes Lenin as the revolutionary with kings at his feet. He also seems to have several knaves up his sleeve.



Scandalised Voice from Gallery. "'Ere, wot's the Paper Controller doin'?"

A Brixton lady has left the sum of four hundred pounds to her dog. It would be interesting to hear the family solicitor asking him whether he would take it in War Bonds or bones.

* * *

The Timber Commission reports a grave shortage of birch, and a number of earnest ushers are asking, "What is the use of the censorship?"

* * *

It is now declared that the high explosive found on Countess Markievicz's "green scouts" was not intended for destructive purposes. Mr. De Valera, M.P., was merely going to eat it.

Many grocers and publicans, it is stated, have already been combed out of the Welsh coal mines. Efforts to comb the others out of their gold mines are meeting with only indifferent success.

* * *

British grit will win, declares Sir William Robertson. If some of our elderly statesmen will refrain from dropping theirs into the machinery.

* * *

The London Fire Brigade has been given permission to form a band. The lack of some method of keeping the crowd amused at the more protracted fires has often proved an embarrassment to the force.

* * *

The big elephant at the Zoo has been destroyed, says a news item. A maximum price for potted game is already being considered by the Food Ministry.

* * *

Charged with selling bacon that was bad, a firm of grocers pleaded that the stuff had been released by the Government. At first sight it looked as if it had merely escaped from custody.

* * *

The man who was last week charged at a London police court with posing as a Government official has been put back for the state of his mind to be inquired into.

"The late Mr. Merryweather, who was in his 78th year, was responsible for great developments in fire-lighting appliances."—*Scotsman.*

A good scheme—light it first and fight it afterwards.

"Supposing a wolf were to attack you and your family, what would you do?—Mr. Hedderwick.

"I would point out that season tickets are issued by railway companies only as an act of grace.—Sir William Forbes."—*The Star.*

Our contemporary heads this "Words Winged To-day."

From "A Word to the Churches, by Miss Marie Corelli:—

"'A word' of solemn warning was uttered by the Angel of the Seven Spirits to the Church in Sardis. . . .

And this 'word' was fulfilled to the letter, for, as Herodotus tells us, 'Sardis was taken and utterly sacked.'"—*Daily Graphic.*

We fancy the passage must occur in Book X., in which we also find the famous account of the capture of Timbuctoo by the Roman Emperor Montezuma in the fourth Punic War—or was it the fifth Crusade?

TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE.

Each to his taste: if you prefer
The Kaiser's whip across your flanks;
If you enjoy the bloody spur
That rips your cannon-fodder's ranks;
If to his boots you still adhere,
Kissing 'em as you've always kissed 'em,
Why, who are we to interfere
With your internal Teuton system?

If from your bonds you know quite well
You might, this moment, find release,
Changing, at will, your present hell
For Liberty's heaven of lasting peace;
If yet, for habit's sake, you choose
This reign of steel, this rule of terror,
It's not for us to push our views
And point you out your silly error.

Herein I speak as I am taught—
That your affairs are yours alone,
Though, for myself, I should have thought
They had a bearing on my own,
Have I no right to interpose,
Urging on you a free autonomy,
Just as your U-boats shove their nose
In my interior economy?

I'm told we have no quarrel, none,
With you as Germans. That's absurd.
Myself, I hate all sorts of Hun,
Yet will I say one kindly word:
If, still refusing Freedom's part,
You keep the old Potsdam connection,
With all my sympathetic heart
I wish you joy of that selection.

O. S.

AN ORDER OF THE DAY.

In my opinion the value of the stock letter has distinct limitations. What I mean to say is that if there is in a Government office a series of half-a dozen standard epistles, one or other of which can be used as a reply to the majority of the conundrums that daily serve to bulge the post-bag of the "controller" or "director," the selection of the appropriate missive should not be left purely to chance.

Last month I wrote to the Methylated Spirit Controller:—

"Dear Sir,—Referring to the recent Methylated Spirit (Motor Fuel) Restriction Order, No. 2, 1917, I wish to know whether I am at liberty to use my car as a means of conveyance to a farm about ten miles away where the rabbits are eating the young blades of wheat. A friend has invited me to help him shoot them—the rabbits, I mean."

Well, that was lucid enough, wasn't it? But the reply was not so helpful as I could have wished. It opened intelligibly with the words "Dear Sir," but continued:—

"I am directed by the Methylated Spirit Controller to inform you that the employment of a hackney motor vehicle, not licensed to ply for hire, as a conveyance to divine service constitutes a breach of Regulation 8 ZZ of the Defence of the Realm Regulations."

Not a word about the rabbits, you see.

I was so fascinated by the unexpected results of my first effort that I tried again, this time breaking new ground.

"Dear Sir," I wrote,—"Referring to Methylated Spirit (Motor Fuel) Restriction Order, No. 2, 1917, am I at liberty to use my car daily to take my children to their school, which is five miles from my residence? The only alternative form of conveyance available is a donkey and cart, the employment of which means that my offspring would have to start overnight."

I received a quite polite but rather chilly answer:—

"I am directed by the Methylated Spirit Controller to inform you that the class of necessary household affairs for which methylated spirit may be employed as a motor fuel comprises the conveyance from the nearest convenient source of supply of foodstuffs, fuel and medical requisites, provided that they cannot be obtained without undue delay by any means of conveyance other than a motor car."

My interest thoroughly stimulated by this time, I made yet one more attempt. I wrote:—

"Dear Sir,—Referring to Methylated Spirit (Motor Fuel) Restriction Order, No. 2, 1917, I wish to sell my car"—which was true—"but how, as I am now practically debarred from driving it on the road, am I to give an intending purchaser a trial run?"

This was evidently a shrewd thrust, which required consideration, and I heard nothing for a fortnight, during which I disposed of the car to the proprietor of the local garage. At last the well-known O.H.M.S. envelope gladdened my eyes. The letter within it, apologetic but dignified in tone, is, I fancy, the most popular in stock. It said:—

"I am directed by the Methylated Spirit Controller to express regret that there is no trace of the correspondence to which you refer."

I left it at that.

SUGAR CARDS AND WILLS.

To the Manager of the Legal Department, "Punch."

Sir,—I am one of the executors and trustees of the will of a relation who cannot, I fear, live for many weeks. Included in his property will be a sugar card; and to you, Sir, I turn for advice and guidance in the responsibilities which I am shortly to assume.

1. Will the Government accept a sugar card (as they do War Stock) in payment of Estate Duty?

2. What is the correct method of valuation? Does one calculate the market price by so many years' purchase based on one's estimate of the duration? Or will quotations be obtainable on the Stock Exchange?

3. My relative has left it in the discretion of his Trustees to distribute a part of his estate for charitable purposes. Could the Trustees, under their discretionary power, hand the card to the Trafalgar Square authorities in reduction of the National Debt? Or ought they first to obtain the consent of the residuary legatees?

4. There is a tenancy for life of part of the residue. If the card is comprised in such part, and the tenant for life became bankrupt, would the card vest in his Trustee in Bankruptcy? If so, what becomes of the remaindermen's rights? Perhaps the best plan would be to put on a *distringas* with the deceased's grocer.

5. Have the Trustees power on their own initiative to lease the card for a term of years? Or should the approval of the transaction by the Court, under the Settled Estates Act, be first obtained?

6. With whom do the Executors register the Probate, so as to perfect their title? Lord Rhondda, Sir A. Yapp, or the grocer?

7. On the true construction of the Finance Acts, 1894-1916, do you consider that a sugar card is "Free Personal Property," or "Settled Property," or "An Estate by itself," or "Property in which the deceased's interest was less than an absolute interest." The card is apparently "aggregable" with something or other for the purposes of duty. Would this be the testator's furniture?

Yours, etc., A Constant Reader.



~~GERMAN~~ EAST AFRICA

THE WATCH DOGS.

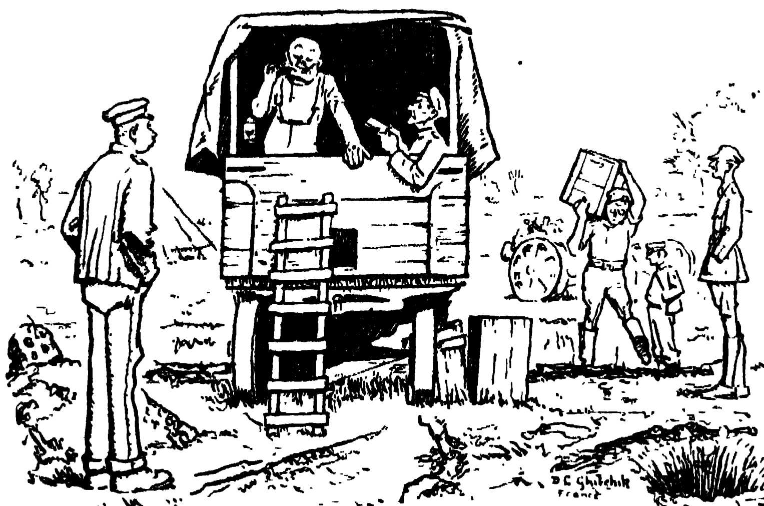
LXVII.

My dear Charles,—In the little village I'm thinking of it is a sight on no account to be missed to see the same old British Tommy shopping by telepathy. He doesn't speak their language and they don't speak his, and when the article required is not in the window or on the counter to be indicated by the thumb, a deadlock would appear to be inevitable. Our Master Thomas, however, never did realise what a deadlock is; he goes on till he gets what he wants. So you see them in pairs, taking up a stolid position at the counter, obstinately stating and re-stating their demands in a composite language of which the foreign element is almost negligible, until the merchant or his wife gives in and produces the article required. I know one simple soldier who managed to reconcile himself to the confirmed habit amongst the French people of addressing each other in the French language, but could never understand their addressing horses and dogs in such an unintelligible tongue. "If you want a dog to come 'ere, why not say 'Come 'ere!' and 'ave done with it?" Men may learn strange lingoes to humour their fellow-men, but how can any dog be expected to understand "*Vieus ici*"?

Three years and some odd months have not changed this point of view; and now for Thomas to find himself in Italy is only to discover another lot of unfortunate people who cannot understand or make themselves understood. A little thing like that, however, is not going to be allowed to stand between friends; already new words and phrases are being coined, mutually acceptable to both parties.

The first sign I saw of our arrival in this country was a derelict mess-tin on a country station platform; at the next station I saw a derelict rifle; at the next a whole derelict kit, and lastly a complete-in-all-parts derelict soldier. He was surrounded by a small crowd of native men, women and children, anxious to show their appreciation of his nation by assisting himself. They were doing their utmost to ascertain his needs; they were trying him with slices of bread, a *fiasco* of chianti, words of intense admiration, flowers. It was none of these things he wanted; he had only missed his train and wanted to know what to do about it. But how were they to know that? When a Latin misses his train he doesn't sit down stolidly and think slowly.

I went to his aid. From the manner in which he rose to salute me they guessed that I was the Commander-in-Chief of all the English, and were for giving me an ovation. Thomas explained his trouble to me in half a-dozen words; I solved it for him in even fewer. Thomas and I quite understood each other, and there was no want of sympathy and fellow-feeling between us. To the small crowd, however, this was the extreme of brutal curtness.



First Tommy (in lorry). "You've stood there watching us long enough. I suppose you find us interesting?"

Second Tommy. "Noa. A wur just thinkin' o' when t' Punch and Judy show used to coom to oour village."

They now thought I was of the English *carabinieri*, and that Thomas was being led off to his execution. They were visibly cowed.

But the situation is not so simple and clearly defined as it was in the first place. In the old days either we were English and they weren't, or they were French and we weren't. There was no *tertium quid*. Now things are more complicated. As Thomas and I stood on the platform, loving each other silently and unostentatiously, a cheery musical train of *poilus* laboured into the station. There was nothing silent or curt about them: they were all for bread and chianti and flowers and ovations or any other old thing the crowd cared to offer. Anything for a jest and to pass the time of day. Between the French troops and the Italian crowd the matter was clear enough. Next-door neighbours, molested by the same gang of roughs in the same brutal manner, quite understand each other and the general situation when they climb over each other's garden fences to put the matter to rights. It was the presence of Thomas and myself which put such an odd complexion on the whole affair.

Between ourselves and the crowd it was "Long live Italy!" and "Long live England!" Between the *poilus* and the crowd it was "Long live Italy!" and "Long live France!" But between the *poilus* and ourselves there were no signs of any desire that England or France might endure another day. And yet the crowd couldn't suppose that we didn't like each other, for the knowing looks which passed between the hilarious *poilu* and slowly smiling Thomas clearly indicated some strange and intimate relation. The crowd just didn't know what to make of it all and what exactly was between these odd strangers, who seemed to have everything in common but nothing to say to each other. For ourselves, I think it made us feel homesick, and the home which Thomas and I felt sick for (if you can believe it of us) was a certain estaminet we know of and a cup of caffy-o-lay. It was at this moment I first realised that, as between England and France, there are no longer such things as foreigners; either we've become French or they've become English, or else the two of us have combined into a new mixture which hasn't yet got a name to it.

I think, though one doesn't talk much out here about glorious alliances, some deep feelings were being felt all round. Diversion was ultimately provided by the arrival of an imposing figure in dark blue, with a lot of gilt about him. The *poilu* put him down as an Italian cavalry officer, and expressed the further hope that Italy would endure for ever. The Italian crowd took him for something English, but not being able to judge whether he was greater or less than myself, contented themselves with an attitude of non-committal reverence all round. Thomas informed me that he was a French Staff Officer and displayed no further interest. Though I cannot tell you what in the name of goodness he was doing in those parts, he was in fact an American Naval Officer.

In short, Charles, alliances are



"Excuse me, but is there an air-raid on?" "Yes, I think so."
"I'm much obliged. My friend's up from the country and he's never seen one."

things as wonderful to see as they are magnificent to read about. I do, however, regard with something approaching alarm the new language which will be evolved to put the lot of us on complete speaking terms.

Yours ever, Henry.

A Light Repast.

"Under existing conditions, it is the duty of every citizen to confine his present consumption to an average of six matches a day, which with careful economy ought to suffice for all reasonable meals during the present emergency."—*Daily Mail.*

"At Leeds Assizes yesterday sentences were passed by Mr. Justice Boche . . ."—*Times.*

Does not this almost amount to contempt of court?

From a speech by the Lord Mayor of Dublin:—

"That would be a crying evil, to leave the poor people in the city without milk. It would be a wise thing if the Corporation would take the bull by the horns and deal with the matter."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

It might be still wiser to tackle the cow at the udder end.

THE INCORRUPTIBLES.

[Herr Schäff, writing in the *Tägliche Rundschau* on the spiritual grandeur of Germany, declares that the degradation of her enemies will not prevent her doing honour to those dauntless men who in enemy and neutral countries have stood for truth and actualities. "The time will come when we shall mention their names and call them our friends. After the War we shall do homage to these men and to their incorruptible conduct. We shall erect monumental brasses in their honour. They are heroes, and their memories shall be consecrated."]

A literary spokesman of the Huns
Pays liberal homage to those "dauntless" sons
Of hostile nations, who have all along
Maintained their fellow-countrymen were wrong.
No guerdon for their courage is too great,
But, till the War is ended, they must wait;
Then shall Germania, with grateful soul,
Inscribe their names upon her golden roll;
And "monumental brasses" shall attest
The zeal wherewith they strove to foul their nest.

Such homage no one grudges them in lands
Where eulogy for deep damnation stands;
But in the Motherland they still infest
How shall we treat this matricidal pest?
No torture, not the worst their patrons use
On starving women or on shipwrecked crews,
No pain however bitter would requite
Their transcendental infamy aright.

Death in whatever form were all too mild
For those who at their country's anguish smiled.
Oblivion is by far the bitterest woe
England's professional revilers know,
Who joyously submit to be abhorred
But suffer grinding torments if ignored.
So let them live, renounced by their own sons,
And taste the amnesty that spares and shuns.

"Mrs. J. M. B—— (*née* Nurse ——), a son."—*Scotsman.*

Nurses, like poets, are born, not made.

THE PLAY'S THE THING.

Just outside Mrs. Ropes' drive gates there lies a famous and exclusive golf course, and when she turned her house into a Convalescent Home the secretary wrote offering the hospitality of the club to all officers who might come under her care.

Nevertheless, when Haynes and I first arrived, we were both too languid and feeble for any more exacting form of athletics than spillikins and jig saws, and it was some time before the M.O. gave us permission to go on the links.

"And remember," he added, "gently to begin with. Stop at the thirteenth hole."

"Of course," I said apologetically to Haynes as we neared the club house, "I was pretty putrid before the War, so I shall be simply indescribable now."

"My dear chap, this isn't going to be a match. Keep your excuses till we play serious golf. To-day's just a gentle knock round. Here we are. I'll go and borrow some clubs, you get a couple of caddies."

Five minutes later he rejoined me, carrying two sets of clubs.

"Hallo!" he remarked in surprise. "I didn't know you'd brought your family. Introduce me."

"Mabel," I said, "and Lucy—our caddies."

"Girls?"

"They have that appearance. Why not?"

"They'll cramp my style horribly. I like to be free."

"Can't you be free in French for once?"

"Most unsatisfying. Why didn't you get boys?"

"The caddy master says (*a*) girls are better; (*b*) he has no boys; (*c*) all the boys he has are booked by plutocrats with season tickets."

"Oh, all right. Here are your clubs—the pro. gave me the only two sets he had available. You're a bit taller than I am, so I've given you the long ones."

I looked at them critically.

"Doesn't a pair of stilts go with them?" I asked.

"Well, mine are worse. Just a bundle of toothpicks. Here, catch hold, Lucy."

Mabel teed up for me. I selected a driver about the length of a telegraph pole and swept my ball away. It stopped just short of the first bunker.

Haynes bent himself double to address his ball, but straightened up while swinging and missed it by a foot. At the second attempt he hooked it over square-leg's head on to the fairway of the eighteenth hole.

"*Sacré bleu!*" he said with very fair freedom, "I'm not going all that way after it. Lucy, run and fetch it, there's a dear."

Lucy, highly scandalized at the idea of losing a hole so tamely, started off; Mabel and Haynes and I went after my ball.

I took the mashie, because I distrusted my ability to carry the bunker with another telegraph pole. That mashie would have been about the right length for me if I could have stood on a chair while making my stroke. As it was it entered the ground two feet behind the ball and emerged, with a superb divot, just in front.

"Aren't there *any* short clubs in the bag, Mabel?" I asked. She handed me a straight-faced putter . . .

Five strokes later I picked my ball up out of the bunker.

"I'm over-exerting myself," I said. "We'll call that hole a half."

Neither of us was satisfied with his tee shot at the next hole. I picked my ball out of a gorse bush, and Haynes rescued his from a drain. Then we strolled amicably towards the third tee. Our caddies, unused to such methods, followed reluctantly.

"Was that 'ole 'alved, too, Sir?" piped Mabel with anxious interest.

"It's a nice point. I hardly know. Why?"

She hung her head and blushed. A sudden suspicion struck me.

"Mabel," I said sternly, "are you—can you be—*betting* on this game?"

"Yes, Sir," she answered with a touch of defiance. "Boys always does."

I told Haynes, who appeared profoundly shocked.

"Good G——! I mean, *Mon dieu!*" he exclaimed. "What are we doing?"

"Surely you can't hold us responsible? The child's parents . . ."

"I don't mean *that*, you ass. Here we have the innocent public putting its money on our play, and we're treating the whole thing as a joke. This has got to be a match, after all. A woman's fortune hangs upon the issue—doesn't it, Lucy?"

"Yes, Sir," she answered without comprehension.

From this point the game became a grim struggle. I won the third hole in seventeen, but Haynes took the fourth in nineteen to my twenty-two.

At the fifth I noticed a pond guarding the green. I carefully circumvented this with my faithful putter and holed out in my smallest score of the round so far.

"Hi!" shouted Haynes. "How many?" He had been having a little hockey practice by himself in the rough, and was now preparing to play an approach shot across the pond.

"Twelve!"

"Then I've this for the hole," he yelled, and topped his ball gently into the water . . .

So it went on—what the papers call a ding-dong struggle. Suffice it to say that at the twelfth I was dormy one and in a state of partial collapse.

The thirteenth is a short hole. You drive from a kind of pulpit, and the green is below you, protected by large stiff-backed bunkers like pews.

"Last hole, thank Heaven," panted Haynes. "I couldn't bear much more. I'm all of a dither as it is."

Mabel, twittering with excitement, teed up. I looked at the green lying invitingly below and took that gigantic putter. The ball, struck with all my little remaining strength, flew straight towards the biggest bunker, scored a direct hit on the top of it, bounced high in the air—and trickled on to the green.

Haynes invoked the Deity (even at that stressful moment, to his eternal credit, in French) and took his miniature driver. His ball, hit much too hard, pitched in the same bunker, crossed it, climbed up the face of it, and joined mine on the green. Utterly unnerved, we toddled down and took our putts. Haynes, through sheer luck (as he admits), laid his ball stone dead; I had a brain-storm and over-ran the hole, leaving myself a thirty-foot putt for the match. I took long and careful aim, but my hands were shaking pitifully. The ball started on a grotesquely wrong line, turned on a rise in the ground, cannoned off a worm-cast and plopped into the tin. Mabel gave a shriek of joy, and Lucy—well, I regret to say that Lucy made use of a terse expression the French equivalent of which her employer had been at great pains to remember. Haynes and I lay flat on the ground, overcome as much by emotion as by our physical weakness.

At last I struggled to a sitting posture.

"Mabel," I croaked, "I shall want at least ten per cent. commission for that. How much have you won?"

"Please, Sir," she cooed happily, "a 'a'p'ny, Sir."

The Merry Widow (glass).

"Mother's help, to assist lady; husband away; happy home."

Birmingham Daily Post.

"A St. Cleather man, who had planted a wastrel, is to be invited to attend the next meeting."—*Western Morning News.*

Surely they don't want the wastrel dug up again.



FRATERNISING AT THE FRONT.

Nervous Tommy (on outpost duty for the first time). "'OO GOES THERE?" *Bosch Scout.* "FRIEND." *Tommy.* "ADVANCE AN' BE RECONCILED."

A NEW USE FOR LATIN.

By our Classical Expert.

"Greek is in the last ditch," writes Sir Henry Newbolt in his *New Study of English Poetry;* "Latin is trembling at sight of the thin edge of the wedge." Still a hope of saving Latin—within limits—yet remains, if the appeal of "Kismet" in *The Spectator* meets with a sympathetic response. He asks the readers of that journal "to render into Latin in two or three words the old cricket adjuration, 'Play the game.'" He has already had some suggestions, including "*Lude ludum,*" from "an eminent scholar," but, like the late Mr. Toole in one of his most famous songs, still he is not happy.

In rendering colloquial phrases into the lapidary style of ancient Rome, I confess it is often hard to improve on the brevity of the vernacular, though the admonition "to keep your end up" can be condensed from four words to two in "*sursum cauda.*" Again the familiar eulogy, "Stout fellow," can be rendered in a single word by the Virgilian epithet "*bellipotens.*" A distinguished Latinist recalls in this context the sentiment of the writer, Pomponius Caninus:—

Rebus in adversis comitem sors prospera pinguem
Det mihi.

And to the same authority I am indebted for the following version of "Don't speak to the man at the wheel:"—

O silete, circumstantes
Nautas rotam operantes.

Though Latin is tottering at our schools it occasionally pops up in unexpected places. For example, not very long ago I heard a popular comedian introduce his family motto and translate it for the benefit of a music-hall audience. Latin quotations, even from Horace, have gone out of fashion in the Houses of Parliament. Perhaps they will revive on the stage. The unfair preference for Greek shown by doctors in the nomenclature of disease is perhaps to be explained by the value of unintelligibility. Did not Dan O'Connell, in his famous vituperative contest with a Dublin washer-woman, triumph in the long-run by calling her an unprincipled parallelopiped?

Meanwhile I appeal to the Editor of *The Westminster Gazette*, who, in his Saturday edition, has done so much to maintain the practice of classical composition, to offer a prize in one of his periodical competitions for the best Latin version, of "to buck up," "to stick it out," "a bit thick," "talking through one's hat," "I don't think," "blighter," "rotter," and "not 'arf."

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

"Mr. Zangwill (the Chief Rabbi) also spoke."—*Daily News.*

Following the appointment (recently announced by Mr. Punch) of Mr. H. G. Wells as Chaplain to the Forces.

From a cattle-auction advertisement:—

"Note.—Pigs and Calves are requested to be forward by 11 o'clock."
Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser.

Vive la politesse!

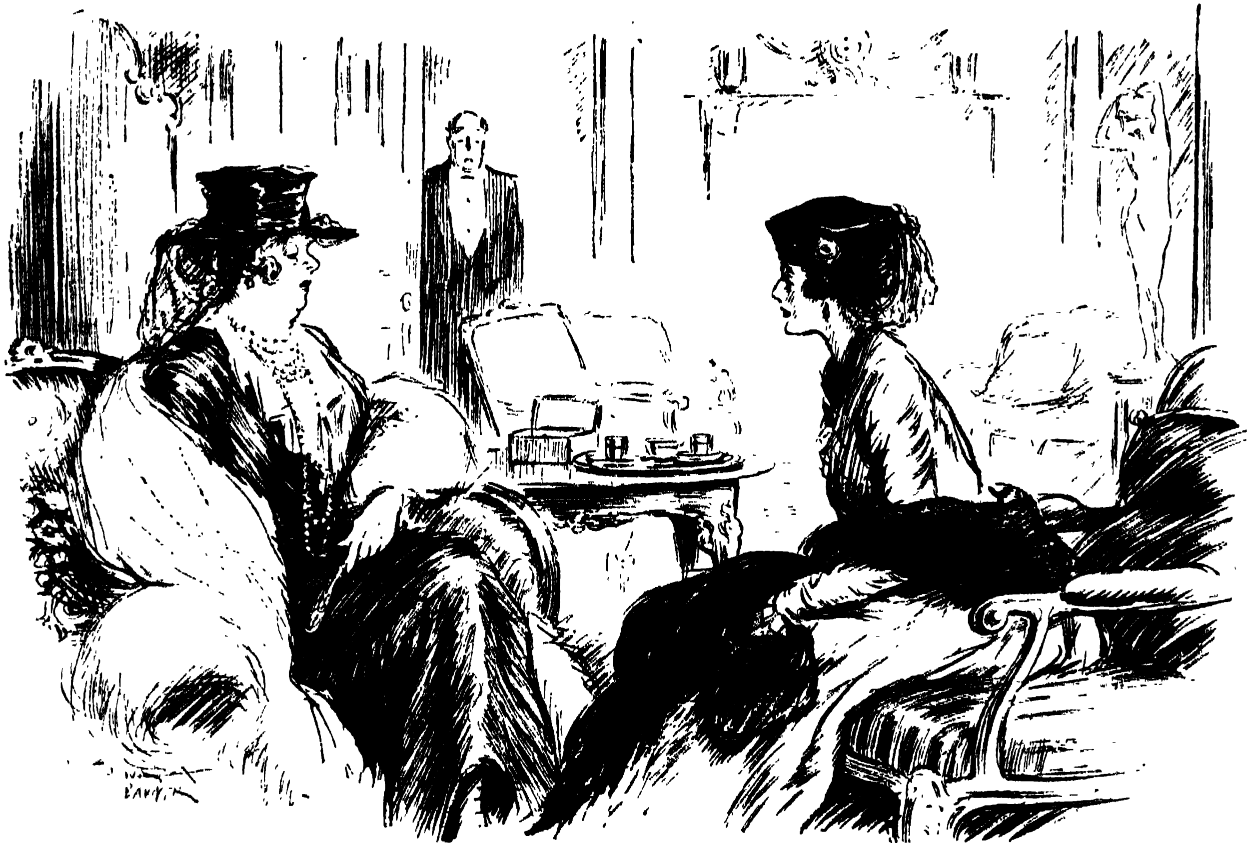
"The hereditary privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the Monarch was granted by Henry VIII. to John Forester of Watling Street, in 1570."—*Observer.*

We wonder what Good Queen Bess thought about this posthumous interference on the part of her papa.

From Mr. Winston Churchill's latest novel:—

"It was, indeed, something of an achievement to get on terms of confidence with those alien children . . . many of whom had acquired a precocious suspicion of Greeks bearing gifts. That sense of *caveat donor* was perhaps their most pathetic characteristic."

Timeo Danaos et dona accipientes! Which may be roughly rendered: "I suspect Tino, even when he's in receipt of a subsidy."



"Well, it's time we were off. But—pardon me, Mrs. Goldberg—do you think you ought to wear so many pearls at an economy meeting?"

"All right. I won't if you think not. But as a matter of fact they *are* an economy. You see, my husband is puttin' his money in pearls to save income-tax."

LAVENDER.

I'm tickled by a pansy, wot 's called an 'Appy Thought;
I 'm gone on yaller "Glories" of the proper smelly sort;
And once I 'eld gerani-ums was grander than the rest,
But now I likes the lavender, the simple-lookin' lavender,
A little bit o' lavender the best.

My mate 'e 'd been a gardener; 'is roses wasn't beat;
'Is marrers was a marvel and 'is strorberries a treat:
But w'en 'e leave 'is coliflow'rs an' lettuce to enlist,
'E said it was the lavender, 'is blinkin' bit o' lavender,
A silly patch o' lavender 'e missed.

In France I used to foller 'im to gather up the bits:
'E "'adn't 'eard" o' snipers and 'e "wasn't 'eedin'" Fritz;
Till in a slip o' garden by the Convent 'e was copped,
And dahn among the lavender, the trodden sodden lavender,
The bloody muddy lavender 'e dropped.

A job it was to fix 'im up and do a double bunk,
But 'e was chattin' casual while I was oozin' funk;
'E yarned abaht the bits o' things 'e used to see at Kew,
An' told me of the lavender, the tidy lot of lavender,
The leagues an' leagues o' lavender 'e grew.

They book 'im through to Blighty and 'e drop a line from 'ome,
Comparin' clay in Flanders with the proper British loam;
"An' w'en you gets yer seven days, you come along an' see
The roses an' the lavender, the lavender, the lavender . . .
You oughter see the lavender!" says 'e.

My mate 'e 'ad a sister, w'ich I didn't even guess
Till I was at the wicker gate an' see 'er cotton dress;
'Er face was sweet as summer-time an' pretty as a tune;
'Er eyes was like the lavender, the blue bewitchin' lavender,
As lovely as the lavender in June.

She bid me welcome kindly, an' as quiet as you please,
An' fust we talk o' battlefields an' then we talk o' bees;
But, though the 'oliy'ocks was aht an' all the roses red,
I only see the lavender, the patch o' purple lavender;
"I 'm pleased you likes the lavender," she said.

I 'm tickled by a pansy, wot 's called an 'Appy Thought;
I 'm gone on yaller "Glories" of the proper smelly sort;
An' once I 'eld gerani-ums was gayer than the rest,
But now I likes the lavender, a little sprig o' lavender,
I likes a bit o' lavender the best.

An Infant Prodigy.

"Sir Frederick Smith, the Attorney-General, is 5, but does not look it, for he keeps a full thatch and a fresh complexion, and has features so softly contoured that as a baby he must have been the pride of the family."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

Asia in Europe.

"Serbia has been crushed, and, with the exception of Salonika and the regions temporarily held by the British in Palestine and Mesopotamia, Germany holds command of Middle Europe.

That becomes quite obvious when one looks at the map."

Mr. Robert Blatchford in "The Sunday Chronicle."



BETRAYED.

THE PANDER. "COME ON; COME AND BE KISSED BY HIM."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 3rd.—No further publicity is to be given to Lord LANSDOWNE'S letter if the Government can help it. But the author is not to be prosecuted and the rumour that Lansdowne House has been raided by the police and its noble owner's type-writer confiscated lacks confirmation.

A long and complicated answer by Mr. CLYNES, describing and defending the new sugar-cards, was not altogether satisfying. Sir F. BANBURY'S inquiry, "Does the hon. gentleman think that anybody will get any sugar after this?" was prompted, no doubt, by anxiety for the future of his famous cakes; but it expressed the general doubt.

Lord ROBERT CECIL, who has hitherto stoutly denied that the Allies have given ex-KING CONSTANTINE a retiring allowance, admitted that the Greek Government might make him some payment, and that the Allies furnished Greece with money. In other words, Greece has given TINO a penny to play in the next street, and the Allies have lent her the penny.

Asked by Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT whether the labour expended on fitting gas-bags to motor cars could not be more usefully employed, the MINISTER OF NATIONAL SERVICE replied as follows: "The questions involved in the use of gas-bags, *including that raised by the hon. Member*, are being considered." And Mr. LAMBERT is now wondering whether Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES intended to be personal.

Tuesday, December 4th.—In answer to a question as to what steps the Board of Agriculture was taking to replant districts denuded of trees, Sir RICHARD WINFREY replied that "surplus nursery stock" would be transplanted by "gangs of women." Evidently surprised by the laughter which followed, he whispered to his neighbour, "Have I said anything very funny?"

At the end of a long catechism by Mr. KING regarding the literature issued by the War Aims Committee, Mr. OUTHWAITE inquired if it could be sent to Members of the House. Major GUEST was quite ready to oblige. In his opinion some Members, including Mr. OUTHWAITE himself, would be much the better for its perusal.

Mr. PRATT is about the last Minister whom I should have suspected of cynicism, but I have my doubts about him now. By his admission the British Pharmacopœia (war edition) contains "Glycerins devoid of glycerin and syrups free from sugar." "But," he added, "it does not materially lessen their value as medicines."

Upon the House being asked to recommit the Representation of the People's Bill in respect of the provisions dealing with conscientious objectors and redistribution in Ireland, Mr. REDMOND, naturally anxious lest the House should imagine that Ireland's objection



A STORY LACKING CONFIRMATION.

to military service was conscientious, requested the SPEAKER to divide the debate into water-tight compartments. No artificial restraints, however, could keep Mr. HEALY within bounds. He ranged at large over Irish history, and declared that the decision to impose on Ireland a (more or less) equitable system of representation was an outrage only to be compared with the breach of the Treaty of Limerick.

As a humourist on this occasion Mr. HEALY had to yield the palm to a colleague. The CHIEF SECRETARY incidentally referred to the arrangement that no contentious business should be taken during the War. "Except by agreement," interjected Mr. NUGENT.



SUGARLESS BANBURY CAKES.

Wednesday, December 5th.—Not long ago Lord ROBERT CECIL referred to a rumour that the German Government intended to encourage polygamy. Mr. KING, shocked to discover that this charge rested upon a statement in a neutral newspaper, protested against the practice of making speeches "on such miserable foundations." As the bulk of the hon. Member's own utterances have a similar basis the retort was almost too obvious; and Mr. BALFOUR in making it must have felt as if he had shot his bird sitting.

The courage of the hero who took up the challenge: "Whoever shall these boots displace, must meet Bombastes face to face," was comparatively nothing to that of Mr. H. W. FORSTER, who in the interests of economy has promised to limit the height of women's boots. There will be much stamping of lofty heels at this ukase. Sir JOHN REES thought another order lengthening skirts was the logical corollary, and so it is if the Government really want "to make both ends meet." But Mr. FORSTER showed no disposition to embark upon petticoat government.

Irish Nationalists worked themselves into seven different kinds of fury over the decision of the Government to apply the rules of arithmetic to the redistribution of seats in their beloved country. Mr. DILLON threatened the House with the possibility that at the next General Election he and his colleagues might be wiped out of existence. Scared by this awful prospect so many Liberals voted against the closure that the Government only escaped defeat by 29.

Thursday, December 6th.—The prospect of an all-night sitting rendered the House unusually irritable. Mr. HEALY fulminated at Sir E. CARSON (who was not present) in language that reminded Colonel SHARMAN-CRAWFORD of "a low police-court." Mr. DILLON'S high top note was ceaselessly employed in omitting adjectives more remarkable, as Mr. BONAR LAW icily observed, for their strength than for their novelty. At one time it looked as if there was to be a first-class Irish row. But wiser counsels ultimately prevailed. The House as a whole was in no mood for protracted discussion in which non-Irish moonlighters might participate.

At last there is hope that the instructions of the FOOD-CONTROLLER will have some practical result. To-day in reply to a question Mr. CLYNES said, "The order about to be issued will contain provisions . . ." Ah! if it only will.



EVIDENCE.

Officer. "NOW, SERGEANT-MAJOR, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THIS MAN WAS DRUNK?"

Sergeant-Major. "SIR, ON THE NIGHT OF THE 25TH, WHEN I MET THE ACCUSED, 'E RAISED 'IS 'AT, ACCOMPANYING THE MOTION WITH THE WORDS, 'GOOD EVENIN', BLUE BEARD!'"

THE LOST LEADER.

THE Hillsbury Company of the 2nd Battalion of the Lastshire Volunteers were being inspected for efficiency by a Captain of the Grenadier Guards, who had graciously come down and devoted his Sunday afternoon to this purpose. Forty "A" men had obeyed their country's call and turned up on parade, and among the officers was Alfred Herbert, who was a second-lieutenant of the mature age of fifty. He was enthusiastic, but a slow learner, always confusing himself and his men. Still, he was obviously doing his best, and the men forgave him and did *their* best to cover up his faults.

"Mr. Herbert," said the inspecting officer sharply, "be good enough to take the company out and move them about for a few minutes."

Herbert's heart began to beat at the double. He had known that this ordeal might come, but he had hoped against hope that, if he made himself small and meek, he would be overlooked. All was in vain; his time had come.

"Drill them as a company of two platoons," said the stern Guardsman.

"Yes, Sir," said Herbert. "Shall I——"

"Take them out at once, Sir. We have no time to waste."

It was at this moment that Herbert's first dream, or I should rather say the first phase of his treble dream, began. He dreamt that he called the company to attention, caused them to slope arms, and moved them to the right in fours.

So far so good.

Now they were in columns of fours and marching gaily.

"This is a good dream," thought Herbert. "I will get them into line. On the right, form company!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

He had done it. He had got the rear rank in front, and this is a terrible state of affairs, leading to the most frightful complications—at any rate in the Lastshire Volunteers.

"Move to the right in fours!" he commanded; and then the trouble began.

In less than half a minute, forty deserving men, including N.C.O.'s, were tied up into a series of terrifically complicated knots, in the midst of which the Company Sergeant-Major bobbed about, an angry cork on a stormy ocean of desperate men.

"Very good, Mr. Herbert, oh, very good indeed," said the Inspecting Officer.

At this point Herbert passed into his second phase and dreamed that it was all a dream.

But the question remained: what was he to do?

"Double!" he shouted, and himself gave the example. And as he ran he passed into his third phase and dreamed it was all true; and he woke up with a start at the orderly room, and found that it *was* true.

That very evening he resigned his commission, "owing," as he wrote, "to an incurable habit of getting the rear rank in front."

What happened to the men I cannot say with certainty. I think they are still struggling.



Physical Exercise Instructor. "'Ere, you! What the deuce are *you* larfing at?"
Recruit. "Oh, Sergeant, I—I was thinking what priceless bally asses we must look!"

MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS O'REILLY.

On the Danger of Popularity.

The Ballybun Binnacle has ceased publication—I hope temporarily, for I have had to fall back on *The Times*. The latter is the better paper for wrapping things in, and they seem to use a good kind of ink which does not come off on the butter, but it 's a bit weak on its advertising side. It was O'Mullins across the road who pointed this out to me first. He had, he says, an advertisement a whole week in *The Times* for a total abstainer to make himself otherwise useful and to mend his stable door; but no apparent notice was taken of it. The same advertisement had not been a couple of hours in *The Binnacle* before three tinkers tried to steal his horse.

I have heard people speak well of the editorials in our chief London rival, but they are not thought much of in Ballybun; they haven't the flavour. Our paper used to be strongly political, but the increase in the number of subscribers did not pay for the libel actions, and so of late we have been cultivating an open mind and advertisements. It is true that even so it was impossible for Casey, our editor, to steer wholly clear of vexed political questions, but his latest manner was admirably statesmanlike. He would summarise the opposing views of our eight or nine parties and then state boldly that he agreed with most of them, and as for the rest he would not shrink to declare, in the face of the world if necessary, that they were full of an intellectual Zeitgeist, unfortunately only too sporadic. He would then sum up by drawing attention to the bargain sale of white goods at the Ballybun Emporium. Everybody liked this, and the Ballybun Bon Marché would send in its advertisement for our next week's issue.

The Binnacle has ceased publication, of course, before. When the editor took his summer holiday or went to a friend's wedding in the country he would often leave the bringing of it out to his staff. The latter used normally to edit the sporting and fashionable columns and was called Flannagan, but had only one eye and was somewhat eccentric. Flannagan couldn't be bothered sometimes and sometimes he would go fishing. Still, although the paper did not come out just when we expected, Flannagan might relent and bring it out two or three days later, and at all events he always told us the news whenever he met us in the street.

Thus we could not strictly say that we had no local newspaper. But now, I fear, the case is altered, and *The Binnacle* has been killed solely by its own popularity.

It doesn't do for an editor to be too popular. People used to drop in on Casey at all hours of the day and lend a hand and smoke his tobacco and try to borrow money. His sanctum became the fashionable lounge of the Ballybun *élite*. A great gap was caused in the front of the paper amongst the best-paying advertisements by Kelly's trying to clean his pipe with part of the linotype machine. Casey noticed this, and further attributed the matter to the Censor, whom he attacked vigorously in a leading article for trying to throttle the safety-valve of trade by inoculating the thin end of the wedge; he will do this again, he added, at his own peril. He also told Kelly the same.

As our respected Member of Parliament is hanging tenaciously on to life, and we could not very well invite him to create a vacancy, we were at a loss how to mark our esteem for our popular editor in a practical manner. Casey himself suggested a testimonial. His friends, however, said that nothing sordid should ever enter into the feelings with which they regarded him, and decided finally on electing him to the second highest office a layman in our part can hope to hold. He was elected Judge—"unanimously," as he put it, "by 29 to 3"—and the race meeting came off last week. We hate to hold it in war-time, but the breed of horses and bookies must be kept up. Even the bed-ridden took a day off and trooped to it.

Picture the feelings of the crowd when Casey merged the judge into the editor and kept declaring race after race a dead heat. They rose at him as one man and clamoured for souvenirs. What was left of Casey shook the dust

of Ballybun off his feet, while our impulsive patriots were smashing his office furniture.

This only proves what I have often maintained, that popularity always makes a man unpopular in the long run. Meanwhile *The Ballybun Binnacle* has ceased to appear, but I see from *The Times* there has been a movement in Berlin in favour of letting bygones be bygones.

BOOKS AND BOOKS.

["The last books of the Winter season are creeping out, and some are important and some are not."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

The last books of Winter,
Some slim and some stout,
From the hands of the printer
Are now "creeping out";
And it's helpful to learn from
A man on the spot
That some are important
And others are not.

And yet the conviction
Expressed in this guise
In the matter of fiction
I'd like to revise;
For of the romances
Unceasingly shot
From the press, most are piffle
And very few not.

From minstrelsy's *mêlée*,
Its foam and its surge,
A Keats or a Shelley
May haply emerge;
Or there may be a Tupper
To leaven the lot—
Some bards are immortal
And others are not.

We're certain to meet with—
The stock never fails—
Some Memoirs replete with
Fatiguing details;
But the chance isn't great of
A Lockhart and Scott,
Or a Boswell and Johnson—
No, certainly not.

Some prophet whose coming
Is yet undivined
May set the world humming
And stagger mankind;
It may be a Darwin
Some publisher's got
Up his sleeve, or it may be
Some one who is not.

There may be some clinkers
Now "creeping" to light,
Tremendous deep thinkers
Or high in their flight;
There may be diffusers
Of air that is hot;
There may be a Bergson,
Again there may not.

Though the publishing season
Is now on the wane,
This isn't a reason
Why we should complain;
For the view of the expert—
His "i's" when we dot—
Is that some books are useful,
But most of them rot.



Hostess (playfully). "What—haven't you finished yet?"
Sandy (regarding cake, from which he has been told to help himself). "Ah, but ye ken, a cake o' this size isna sae soon eaten as ye may think."

From the report of a speech by the Chief Justice of New Zealand:—

"His Excellency the Governor may make any conditions he pleases. In fact it is a case of 'Hoc volo sic jubes; sit pro ratione valuntas.' I do not think the word can be read in that wide sense."—*New Zealand Times.*

Nor do we.

Another Impending Apology.

"INDIAN DEFENCE FORCE ORDERS.
Calcutta Sottish."
The Empire (Calcutta).

"Defendant was fined 20s. for the abusive language which, said the Chairman, was the worst the Magistrates had ever seen."
Provincial Paper.

Or even tasted.

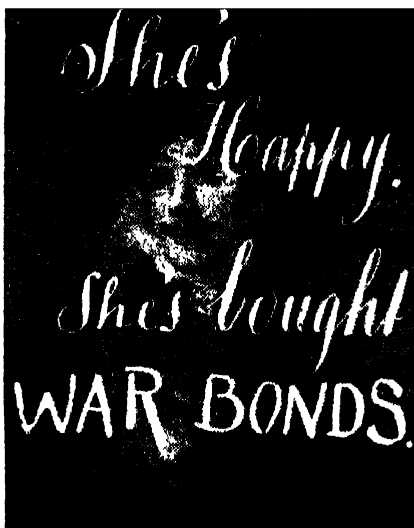
"Antiques are the 'best sellers' at all bazaars, and one meets hunters of them all over the country. I hear of Mrs. —— engaged on the chase at Bath for her charity scheme. The Duchess of —— was there, too, taking the waters."—*Daily Mirror.*

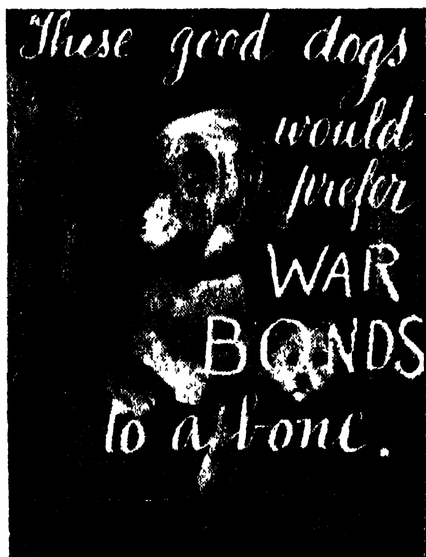
Some of our collectors will stop at nothing.

ART TO THE RESCUE.

No means to get people to invest in War Bonds can be seriously objected to; but I must confess that when, on a railway station hoarding, I caught sight of a poster representing Whistler's famous portrait of his mother, with the words, "Old Age is Coming," printed across it, beneath an appeal to the public to be prudent about the future by buying Government stock now, I experienced a jolt. Because this picture has always been one of the sacred things, and to see it again was a necessary part of any visit to Paris. As to the shock which the sight would have caused the painter, were he alive to-day, the pen prefers to say little. Even with three patriotic motives to control him—for he was American by birth, French by sympathy, and English by residence—Whistler must have delivered his mind. That he would consider this anything but a gentle art of breaking enemies, is certain; nor can I see him holding his peace about it.

Personally, however, I got over my own sense of the outrage very quickly. For the new War Bonds must succeed, and the end justifies the means, however desperate—that is how I looked at it, and therefore, instead of maintaining an attitude of preciosity, I began to wonder how I could assist the authorities (who had dared to bend the Butterfly to their purpose) to further useful acts of vandalism. Nothing should, I determined, stand in my way. Where they were merely "hairy," I would be absolutely bald-headed. Hence, if there is anything in the suggestions that follow which may set the teeth of the reverent on edge, it must be attributed to honest zeal. All that I want is for the Kennedy-Jones of the movement to lift Art from her pedestal for a few days only—in the interests of the Allies and to the lasting detriment of Germany—and then replace her. But there is no need to trouble about the replacing. That will be automatic.

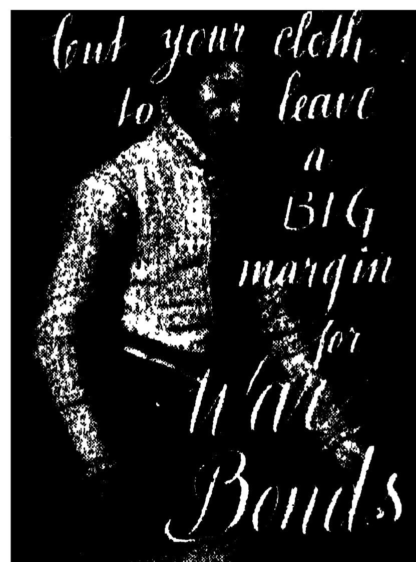




Beginning with the postulate that War's sinews must be forthcoming, or Haig and Byng will batter at the Hun to insufficient purpose, we can do anything. Let then, I say, all the artists be conscripted, whether old masters or young. The façade of the National Gallery is to-day one vast hoarding advertising the progress of the Loan: let us go inside and levy upon its treasures too. A few pictorial suggestions will be found on this page; others will occur to its habitués, and doubtless the Trustees (although Lord Lansdowne is one) will be only too glad to fall in with the project.

Burne-Jones's "Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" hangs, for instance, in the National Gallery—temporarily borrowed from the Tate—at this moment. It would make a good piece of propaganda. "Why is the maid a beggar?" "Because her parents had not provided against the future by provident and patriotic speculation." Close by hangs, also on loan from the Tate, Cecil Lawson's "Harvest Moon." "Why on this most favourable of nights is there no raid?" "Because the success of the War Bonds brought about Germany's surrender." After the authorities' most admirable and desirable way with Whistler's mother, you can do anything and should do anything. That is my point.

And not only the National Gallery, but the galleries of France and Italy, and even Germany herself. Perhaps Germany first of all, for there would be a piquancy in thus employing the cherished possessions of the foe. Could not something be done, for example, with the famous wax bust, the glory of the Kaiser Friedrich Collection, into which Leonardo da Vinci, as a finishing touch, crammed an early-Victorian waistcoat before delivering the masterpiece to its owner? A really ingenious organiser should be able to make telling use of that, perhaps with a play on the word "investment." But meanwhile Leonardo would, I am sure, be only too willing to suppress his sensitive feelings and assist his fellow-countrymen in their stand on the Piave by contributing "Monna Lisa." Some such words as these would serve: "Why is she smiling that satisfied smile?" "Because she has bought a nice little packet of War Bonds and thus insured a comfortable old age." At the same time Titian could help to save his Venice by lending the "Venus" from the Uffizi. "Why is this lady so naked?" "Because she neglected to invest in War Bonds, and thus had nothing with which to buy clothes later on." Or, if a French or English picture were preferred, Ingres' "La Source," from the Louvre, or Leighton's "Bath of Psyche" from the National Gallery, could be used with the same touching legend. But I feel that Titian should have the first chance. And there are living painters too who would come in. Our own old master—Augustus John (who is now, I am told, a major)—would, no doubt, be delighted to lend the hoardings one of the pictures from his exhibition now in progress. The portrait of Mr. G. B. Shaw, for example, in which the eyes of the great seer are closed. "Why is this old gentleman not looking at you?" "Because he is afraid you may not have bought any War Bonds and he can't bear to see anything unpatriotic."



But enough has been said. The National War Bonds must be sold, and Art must help, and no one must wince.



Mother (in course of an arithmetic lesson). "What is half four?" *Daughter.* "Two."
Mother. "And can you tell me what is half five?"
Daughter. "Well, Mummie, it depends which half you mean—the two or the three."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Many years ago, when I was younger and more optimistic than to-day, I thought out what struck me as an adventure-story of wonderful promise, and confided the plot to a friend, reputed expert in such matters. He heard me with indulgent attention and, when I had finished, "Capital," says he; "but do you propose to differentiate it in *any* way from *Dead Man's Rock?*" I am reminded of this ancient wound by the appearance of a new buccaneering book by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; and that not only on account of the name of the author, but because when a tale of this kind begins in Bristol Docks, with a company that includes an apprentice-hero, a one-eyed sailor and a parrot of piratical past, it is impossible not to recall *Treasure Island*. However this may be, *Mortallone* soon attains a development quite sufficiently original, with an island and a secret and a noble store of buried treasure, all in doubloons and pieces of eight, which is exactly how I prefer it. In short a capital yarn, which did but confirm me in an old resolve that, were I ever thinking of commencing pirate or starting any unlawful business of the seas, I should avoid apprentices like the plague. The second part of *Mortallone and Aunt Trinidad* (Arrowsmith) I found rather less satisfactory. Here a number of tales of the Spanish Main are supposed to be told by a trio of withered beldames whose youthful prime was spent as pirate queens. A striking and novel approach; though my belief in it was hindered by the discovery that these untutored crones not only spoke but wrote an admirable, if slightly mannered, prose, akin to that of Stevenson or, say, Sir Arthur himself. But these be the carpings of age; I am sure that no boy lucky enough to find *Mortallone* among his Christmas presents will leave a paragraph undevoured.

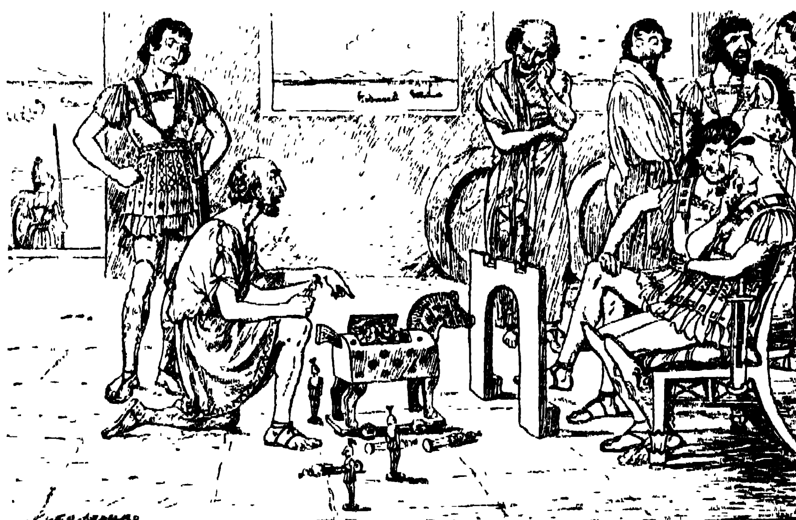
Dr. H. Stuermer is one of that small band of Germans who have had the courage to denounce the policy and acts of their Government. When the War began he joined the German army, fought in the Masurian operations, was invalided out of the army at the beginning of 1915, and thereupon became correspondent in Constantinople of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, in which capacity he acted until the end of 1916, when his too great truthfulness proved distasteful to his employers and he had to give up his place. Now he resides in Switzerland and "makes use," he says, "of the opportunity . . . to range himself boldly on the side of truth, and show that there are still Germans who find it impossible to condone, even tacitly, the moral transgression and political stupidity of their own and an allied Government." This is a big undertaking, but Dr. Stuermer attacks it manfully in his book, *Two War Years in Constantinople* (Hodder and Stoughton). He gives a harrowing description of the sufferings of the Armenians, and leaves no doubt that he considers Germany responsible for the massacre of a nation. I advise those who desire first-hand knowledge of the political schemes and ambitions of the Germans and their Young Turkish friends to consult this book. It is a mine of information.

Mr. Winston Churchill always packs his novels with sober stuff and redeems them from any trace of dulness by the skill with which he handles his theme, and by his

conscientious study not only of his characters but of the details of his background. That background in *The Dwelling-Place of Light* (Macmillan) is an American cotton-mill district with a mixed alien population of operatives, and trouble brewing as the result of a headstrong wage-cutting manager, *Claude Ditmar*, in conflict with the I.W.W. The phases of this grim struggle are most forcibly described, the author holding no brief for either protagonist. And, if widower *Ditmar*, man of iron, for whom the Chippering Mill is his second and abiding mate, be no hero, *Janet*, his typist, has the makings of a notable heroine. How this irl, full of character and of passion bravely restrained, breaks down the business preoccupation of her chief and how her courage and steadfast honour convince him that the liaison he promised himself will not suffice for honour urified desire – all this is finely told. It was, however, but a faltering and slowly-growing conviction, and death claims him before he can make amends for the wrong into which his masterful pleading has betrayed her. I never quite precisely gathered what was "the dwelling-place of light." Anyway it wasn't the Chippering Mill . . . But I was sorry when I reached the four hundred and ninth and last of the closely-set pages. Good measure for a book in war-time.

Throughout a vagabond career that began in happiness on a farm and finished, thankfully, amongst the fields, *Frank Rainger* followed always the pathway of the broader experience. Followed it so stoutly and was such good company on the long road that whether it was high holiday at Cranbrook Circus with *Maggie Coalbran*, or a fight for the hopeless cause of the Southern States in shell-torn Vicksburg, or only the keeping of eternal lazy summer with the peons of Yucatan, I was altogether content to go humbly forward with him, convinced that, as it was written, so and no otherwise should it be. Even when he deservedly failed to become a shining light in the literary firmament to which he aspired—an un heard-of piece of audacity on the part of his authoress—I did not rebel. Miss Sheila Kaye Smith has an essential clarity of visualisation, a deep and still reserve of unforced pathos and an exquisite sense of the haunting word, that combine with a most competent alertness of movement to make her latest artistic success, *The Challenge to Sirius* (Nisbet), a book for which I can hardly find adequate words of praise. Most admirable of all, perhaps, is a strange faculty she has shown for making one satisfied that her people should remain perennially rather poor and unambitious and dull, and should even grow old without occasioning us regret. With the deep under-drift of the writer's philosophy one may not be completely in accord, but certainly it will worry nobody, while the unity and beauty of her methods hold one in willing bondage from beginning to end. This is real literature, and everyone should read it.

Without any very exceptional gifts as a story-teller Fleet-Surgeon T. T. Jeans, R.N., scores heavily off most writers of boys' adventure tales by having actually lived the life he describes. Here, for instance, in *A Naval Venture* (Blackie) we do get the real thing, and boys would be well-advised to sample it and see if it is not preferable to the kind of adventurous fiction produced so prolifically for their amusement. Not that this yarn is lacking in adventure; indeed it is concerned with the Gallipoli campaign, from the landings until the evacuation, and anything more adventurous it would be hard to imagine. In reading this story of *The Orphan*, *The Lamp-post*, *Bubbles*, *The Hun*, *Rawlins* and *The Pink Rat*, one feels that the author actually knows these "snotties," with their high courage, animal spirits and elementary humour. It is in fact history spiced with fiction. Of all the characters my vote goes to *Kaiser Bill*, for although, being a tortoise, he performed no deeds of actual gallantry, he carried good luck with him wherever he went. Besides, his name might annoy the All-Highest. Mr. Jeans made an extremely good shot when he drew his bow at *A Naval Venture*.



UNPUBLISHED INCIDENTS IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

Panopeus explains his model at the War Office, Athens, during the Trojan War.

You would hardly believe what a remarkably unprincipled set of persons make up the cast of Mr. William Caine's newest story. He calls them *Drones* (Methuen), but that, I feel, is a charitable understatement. There was *Eric Wanstanley*, rising young sculptor, who, because he didn't rise quickly enough, was capable of borrowing the savings of his friend's parlourmaid to work a system at roulette. The friend, *Austin Jenner*, was also an artist and also rising. His little failing was concealment of the fact that he was almost wholly supported by remittances furnished by his hard-working brother. Incidentally he was engaged to *Eric's* sister, but abandoned her without a qualm for the beringed hand of one *Mrs. Meldrum*, a rich widow, known as The B. Q. (Biscuit Queen). Need I say that *Mrs. Meldrum*, moving in these circles, and with ambitions as an art patroness, lived in Cheyne Walk? Indeed the setting of the whole comedy is inevitably Chelsea. Having regard to the number of bad hats among the *dramatis personæ*, you will probably not be astonished to be told that their goings-on are excellently entertaining; though I cannot but think that to give both his leading lady and his *soubrette*, or Singing Chambermaid, the handicap of morally deficient young brothers, does look like laziness on the part of Mr. Caine. Surely there exist other avenues to calamity. But it 's an amusing rogues' comedy.

For the Saving of Child-Life.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton will lecture on "How Dickens' tales came true," on Friday, December 14th, at 3 o'clock, at 20, Arlington Street (kindly lent by the Marchioness of Salisbury), in aid of the Kentish Town Day Nursery. Tickets, £1 1*s*. 0*d*., 10*s*. 6*d*., 7*s*. 6*d*., may be obtained from Countess Grey, of Chester Street, N.W.1.

CHARIVARIA.

GENERAL ALLENBY having announced that all the holy places in Jerusalem will be protected, the KAISER is about to issue a manifesto to his Turkish subjects, pointing out that so much time has elapsed since he was there in 1898 that the place can no longer be considered as holy as it was.

It is now stated that the leader of the Sinn Feiners is an American citizen. It is hardly likely, however, in view of the friendly relations prevailing between ourselves and the United States, that the point will be pressed.

* * *

Another lengthy pamphlet on the subject of cheese has been issued by the FOOD-CONTROLLER. The Department now claims that there is no excuse for even the simplest grocer failing to recognise a cheese when he sees it.

* * *

A painful story comes from the North of England. It appears that a man left his home saying that he would obtain a pound of Devonshire butter or die. He was only thirty-four years of age.

* * *

A leaflet containing President WILSON'S recent speech to Congress has been passed by the CENSOR, who, however, does not wish it to be understood that he could not have improved on it if he had cared to.

* * *

A grave state of affairs is reported by a New York paper. It appears that America will shortly ask Mexico to make revolutions a criminal offence. They'll be stopping baseball next.

* * *

A question put by Mr. FIELD in the House of Commons suggested that M.P.s should travel on railways free of charge. The chief objection seems to be that they would be sure to want return tickets.

* * *

A domestic servant points out in a contemporary that she has worked from seven in the morning until ten o'clock at night for six months without a break. Another domestic who holds the smash-as-smash-can record wonders where this poor girl learnt her business.

* * *

Discussing the London taxi strike a contemporary remarks that both sides ought to meet. Failing that, we think that at least one side might meet.

* * *

Writing to *The Evening News* a Maidstone gentleman protested against the action of the authorities who covered up the Tank in Trafalgar Square on Sundays. On the first Sunday it seems that somebody tripped over it.

There appears to be an epidemic of trouble in the animal world. An elephant at the Zoo has just died, while only a few days ago a travelling crane collapsed at Glasgow.

* * *

Burglars who looted an Oxford Street shop last week obtained admission by making a hole through a brick wall. It is supposed the shop door was closed.



Both together. "NOW, MY MAN, WHY DON'T YOU SALUTE WHEN YOU PASS AN OFFICER?"

Surely it is only hindering matters for people to keep writing to the Press on the matter of the appointment of a Minister of Health. It seems to be overlooked that so far *The Daily Mail* has not indicated who should be appointed to that position.

* * *

The Government having reaffirmed their statement that they have "no further fear of submarines," it is felt to be high time that someone in authority should break it to the U-boats that they might as well give it up and go home.

* * *

The gentleman who wrote to the Press offering to sell eggs at 4*s.* 7*d.* a dozen has since explained that he merely wanted to show how much higher the market price is than his would have been if he had really had any eggs to sell.

* * *

We understand that it has not yet been decided in Berlin what the Sultan of TURKEY thinks of the capture of Jerusalem.

* * *

Four letters of QUEEN ELIZABETH have just been sold by auction. Strangely enough, nothing is said in them about her having no quarrel with the Spanish people, but only with their Monarch.

* * *

"Is the potato the saviour of the Fatherland?" asks the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*. Another slight to the ALL-HIGHEST.

From a review of Lord LISTER'S "Life":—

"It was in Edinburgh that he struck his most famous patient, Henley, who has a record of the 'Chief' in his rhymes and rhythms, 'In Hospital.'"—*Daily Paper.*

But it was not in reference to this incident that HENLEY wrote, "My head is bloody but unbowed."

"If all fools were rationed there could be no fixed scale."
Star.

Of course not; we have always noticed that the bigger the fool the more he eats.

"Bassano is a nice town, by a dam site."—*Canadian Paper.*

But a Canadian friend tells us there are others "a dam sight nicer."

"The German government has a terrific explosive, which is being held in reserve to the last. . . . It is said that a bomb weighing scarcely ten kilometres can annihilate everything within a radius of two thousand feet."—*New York Herald.*

We do not mind saying that we are frankly afraid of a bomb that weighs about six miles.

"TIPPERARY BURGLARY.—Tipperary Temperance Club premises have been gurgled."
Cork Examiner.

GILBERT'S burglar up-to-date: "He loves to hear the Temperance Club a-gurgling."

"General Allenby, no doubt, will go in due time to the House of Lords, and military men are taking a jocular interest in his selection of a title. Lord Bathsheba might serve, or Lord Hebron. Lord Jerusalem smacks of the jocose."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

For our part we thought "Lord Bathsheba" rather funny too.

An Historical Curiosity.

"At Blenheim is a small glass-topped table, which contains the sword of the great Duke of Marlborough, also a letter addressed by him to Sarah Duchess from the field of Waterloo."
The Queen.

OUR PACIFISTS.

FAR as my humble daily round extends,
There's none but longs to see us lay the foe low;
I cannot trace upon my list of friends
A solitary instance of a Bolo;
So that I've sometimes nursed a doubt
Whether there are such lots of them about.

But now, when that *Gazette* in which I read
(To learn its views on any given matter
And so avoid 'em) hints that no such breed
Exists among us, save in idle chatter,
I am convinced the country reeks
With these unnatural and noisome freaks.

Only the worst are out for German pay.
Some claim ideals on the loftiest level;
Peace (and a fig for Honour) is their lay—
Peace and the Brotherhood of man and devil,
They love all sorts beneath the sun—
Even an Englishman; but best a Hun.

They save the choicest of their tears to shed
For those who break all laws divine and human;
They'd bid the dead past cover up its dead,
Forgetful of our murdered, child and woman;
Forgetful of our drowned who sleep
Without a grave beneath the wandering deep.

I know not how or when this War will close,
But this I know: unless my brain goes rotten,
Never will I clasp hand with hand of those,
False to their blood, who'd have these things forgotten,
Who want a peace untimely made
Before the uttermost account is paid.

Thirty years on, when weak with age, I might
Possibly talk to some repentant Teuton,
But, while I still can tell a knave at sight
And have enough of strength to keep a boot on,
Only in one way will I get
In touch with samples of the Bolo Set. O. S.

THE CADET'S FRIEND.

MISUNDERSTOOD.—You were in the wrong. The custom of throwing chicken-bones over the right shoulder is practised only in the mess of the 13th Bavarian Landsturm Regiment. Still, considering that you had only joined that day, we think your colonel acted hastily.

AS YOU WERE (and several other Correspondents).—The executive order for the new combined movement of "About turn and left incline" is given when the joint of the left big toe is opposite the right instep (in Rifle regiments substitute right for left and left for right).

SUBALTERN.—Your company commander is without authority for reproving you for shaving off your moustache. All the same, judging by the photograph you enclose, we think you would be wise to keep as much of your face covered as possible.

FIELD MARSHAL'S BATON.—No, you are mistaken in supposing that a private soldier under close arrest may spend two hours daily in the regimental canteen. The only stimulant allowed him is one glass (2 oz., Mark IV.) of port daily with the orderly officer when the latter inspects the guardroom.

SUFFERER.—(1) No, White Star gas is never employed by army dentists. (2) No, you need not take your respirator with you. You hire the anæsthetist's at a small charge.

PINK RATS.—You assume that if you were appointed a mopper-up you would *ex-officio* be put in charge of the rum-ration. This is not the case. The function of moppers-up is to collect souvenirs for the new Great War Museum, to be housed in one of the four remaining London hotels.

OBSERVER.—German minnenwerfer are not dangerous if their flight is carefully watched, as they swerve to the left, and their landing-place can thus be fairly accurately judged. Two varieties, however—the windupwerfer and the hoppitwerfer—swerve to the right. The googliwerfer swerves both ways.

SOCIABLE.—The correct method of dealing with snipers in a house is to ring the front-door bell with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, at the same time smartly inserting a charge of cordite into the letter-box with the left. Indents for postmen's uniforms for this purpose should be rendered to D.A.D.O.S. in triplicate.

STATISTICIAN.—The world's record is held by the adjutant of the pioneer battalion of the 371st Silesian Foot Regiment. There is unimpeachable evidence to prove that he was heard drinking gravy soup from a distance of 477 metres. The night was calm.

IF THE PAPER SHORTAGE INCREASES.

(*Some Future Press Items.*)

FICTION FAMINE IN THE PROVINCES.

FROM many districts come reports of great difficulty in obtaining novels. Yesterday in a well-known Midland town the unusual sight was observed of long queues outside the chief booksellers'. Several libraries displayed notices bearing the words, "No GARVICE to-day", and quite early in the afternoon best quality BENSONS were practically unobtainable, even by regular customers.

FIRST CONDITIONAL SALE PROSECUTION.

Much interest has been roused in East Anglia over the fine of one hundred pounds inflicted by the Bench upon a local bookseller, found guilty of the Conditional Sale of Fiction. The chief witness, a retired stockbroker, proved that defendant refused to supply his order for a shilling's worth of O. HENRY unless he also purchased a remainder copy of *Wanderings Round Widnes* (published at twelve-and-six net). The Chairman, remarking that the case was a specially flagrant one, expressed a hope that the result would protect the public from such imposition in future.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

In view of the serious shortage in reliable fiction, nothing less than a sensation is likely to result from the reported discovery of an entirely satisfactory BARCLAY substitute in tabloid form. Should the tidings prove well authenticated, the patrons of circulating libraries will have good reason for satisfaction. The new preparation is said to be even sweeter than the original article, and equally sustaining.

FICTION CARDS COMING.

On inquiry at the Albert Hall (recently taken over as offices by the Literature Control Committee), our representative was emphatically assured that, should the system of voluntary romance-rationing prove unsatisfactory, some form of compulsion will become inevitable. It was pointed out that the indicated maximum of one novel or magazine per head weekly is amply sufficient for all reasonable requirements. The attention of the public is further called to the need of making the fullest and most economical use of the allowance, and not wasting the advertisement pages, which contain much readable and stimulating matter, the patent medicine paragraphs especially being rich in the finest imaginative fiction.



THE NEED OF MEN.

Mr. Punch (*to the Comber-out*). "MORE POWER TO YOUR ELBOW, SIR. BUT WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO FILL UP THAT SILLY GAP?"

Sir Auckland Geddes. "HUSH! HUSH! WE'RE WAITING FOR THE MILLENNIUM."

"CHOCKCHAW;"
Or, Big-Wigs at Play.

Somebody in the Old Country discovered, with the aid of a hint or two, that the tooth (exact molar not specified) of the General Staff Officer 3 was sweet. As a natural result a certain famous firm of confectioners was indented upon heavily. Day in, day out, perspiring orderlies arrived festooned with parcels containing all kinds of wonderful things crammed with all sorts of wonderful surprises. Life in the General Staff Office resolved itself into four meals a day between sweetmeats. The whole routine underwent a complete change. Everyone who visited the place made, as a matter of course, a bee line for the General Staff Canteen cupboard, and while searching for the particular dainty he fancied broached the subject of his visit in general terms. He then turned to the officer he was addressing and politely offered him the kind of delicacy he thought would blend best with the matter in hand.

And then Chockchaw arrived. It began by letting the G.S.O.3 down badly the first day. All unsuspicious of its properties he rang up a Division, popped a piece into his mouth and waited. In due time the call came through, but no word could he utter. "Chockchaw lockjaw" had set in. Only a horrible sound like the squelching of ten gumboots in the mud reached the indignant Staff at the other end. After a minute's monologue they rang off in disgust.

Yet in spite of all difficulties the vogue of Chockchaw swept through the Corps. It is such a ripe, rich, full-flavoured irresistible concoction. Disadvantages there are, of course, but, on the other hand, if you want to be quiet, it is easy to lure the unsuspecting intruder on to Chockchaw and leave it at that. After vain efforts the poor fellow usually creeps away like a cat with too big a bone and chews himself back to speech round the corner. He seldom returns, and if he does—there is always more Chockchaw. Should he refuse it this time you can take a piece yourself and save the trouble of answering, anyway.

Chockchaw entailed more perilous chances than at first appeared probable. Indeed at one time it looked like seriously impeding the course of final victory.

On a certain brown November day the G.S.O.2 suddenly jumped up from his chair, ran to the Canteen cupboard, popped a piece of Chockchaw into his mouth (because he had a difficult March Table to make out and needed sustenance) and fell to work whistling like an ordinary human being (who cannot whistle). I.O. (not the gadfly, but the Intelligence Officer) dropped in with his usual list of suspected hostile emplacements. He took Chockchaw in case he was asked pertinent questions. He has to be *so* careful what he gives away unofficially. He knows so *much*. Germans try to steal his summaries to find out what their own intentions really are. The A.D.C. dropped in for his usual morning chat and Chockchaw. The Staff Officer R.A. (S.O.R.A.), that inveterate sweet guzzler, also dropped in.



IN THE TOWER DISTRICT.

"Say, Guv'nor, yer might reserve a couple of first class dungeons for me an' my friends on the next raid night."

"Hullo, what are you fellows munching?" asked the General, coming in muddied all over. 'Give me a bit; I've had no breakfast. What's the news, Intelligence?" (No answer.) "Is that Move Order done, by the way?" (No answer.) "Why, what the- Good Lord, I'm *stuck!* What stuff is this you've given me?" And there they all stood chumping in silence.

The telephone rang. The absurdity of a dumb Staff tickled everybody. They winked their appreciation of the situation at one another. Not to be able to say "Thank you" on being instructed "with reference to my telegram of today for L/Cpl. Plunkett read L/Cpl. Plonkett," appealed to them. Amidst the chuckles and gluggels of all, the G.S.O.3 was obliged to lift the receiver. Something of the seriousness of the occasion must have communicated itself to the others, for they crowded round him, mumbling and munching sympathetically. Speechless, the poor fellow wrote hastily on a buff slip of paper a Name, and passed it round. It was the name of an Excessively Resplendent One, whose lightest word results in headlines in the less expensive daily press.

A frightful panic came over all. What—a General Staff ceasing to function even for a minute? It was unthinkable. The news would be flashed through to all concerned and become the subject of conversation in ten thousand messes that evening. It must not be. Never was there such a kneading and gnashing of teeth. But to no purpose. You cannot hurry Chockchaw: time, and time alone, will defeat it. The General tried to pack it all into one cheek. Useless; to attempt to sculpture in seccotine would have been a simpler task. The G.S.O.2 tried a frontal swallow, but only lined his throat more and more thickly until respiration became difficult. The S.O.R.A. nearly swallowed his tongue. The A.D.C., having cricked his jaw in the first five seconds, counted ten and threw up the sponge. The voice at the telephone became louder and more insistent. Flushed, hot and flurried, the G.S.O.3 thrust the receiver into the hands of the G.S.O.2, who handed it on to the General, who passed it on to the A.D.C., who dropped it. Nobody spoke. Only the crackling and cackling voice could be heard from the receiver as it hung face downwards at the end of its cord.

It was a moment demanding imagination. Naturally the Intelligence Officer felt the responsibility. He stepped forward, slapped the mouthpiece three times with the palm of his hand, rang off, rang on and slapped it again. The effect at the other end must have been horrible, but it achieved its purpose. By the time connection had been restored and the blood of the Signal Master demanded, the A.D.C. had cheated with a handkerchief and was able to gasp out that the Corps Commander would enjoy seeing the Resplendent One any time that day.

Thus the honour of the General Staff was saved, the Intelligence Officer vindicated and the vogue of Chockchaw brought to an untimely end.

"You ought," said the General severely to the G.S.O.3—"you ought to be unstuck for bringing such stuff into the office."

"I have never wished so hard in my life, Sir, to be unstuck," said he.

THE SUPERIOR SEX.

"You are late again," said Clara, as I entered our domestic portal. "What is it this time?"

Gently but firmly I explained the reason. A certain amount of tact was necessary, for my wife does not care for any remarks that appear to reflect upon her sex.

"Owing to the present abnormal state of things, my dear," I said, "our office is now almost entirely staffed by women. In many ways this is an improvement. Their refining influence upon the dress and deportment of the few remaining male members of the staff is distinctly noticeable. But there are, I regret to say, certain drawbacks. Admittedly our superiors in many respects, in others they are not, I am afraid, equal to the situation. Take, for instance, matters of detail where you—I mean they—should excel. I asked Miss Philpott to write a letter——"

"Did you post that letter for me this morning?" said Clara. "If Mrs. Roberts doesn't get it she won't know where to meet me to-morrow."

It is a woman's privilege to wander from the point at issue. I told Clara somewhat shortly that I had posted the letter, although naturally I did not remember doing so. A man who has hundreds of petty details to deal with every day, as I have, develops an automatic memory—a subconscious mechanism which never fails him.

I explained this to Clara. "Not once in five thousand times would it allow me to pass the pillar-box with an unposted letter in my pocket. Perhaps it is the vivid red——"

"And perhaps your vivid imagination," said my wife. "Well, I am glad you posted the letter, for Mrs. Roberts, as you know, never received the one you posted ten days ago."

"I took that matter up very firmly with the local postmaster," I said. "He explained to me that letters are now almost entirely sorted and delivered by women, and he was afraid mistakes sometimes happened. And just to satisfy you about this last one, which I put as usual in my breast pocket at the back of my other papers——" I produced the contents of my pocket. As I expected the letter was not there.

"Why do you carry so many papers in your pocket? What are they all about?"

"Candidly, my dear, I do not know. Without the element of surprise life would be unbearably monotonous. That element I deliberately carry with me in my breast pocket. When a dull moment comes I empty my pockets. It would surprise you——"



Mrs. Judkins (beating up against the draught in the Tube). "THANK GOODNESS WE SHAN'T 'AVE NO AIR-RAID TO-NIGHT, MRS. 'ARRIS. IT SEEMS TO BE BLOWIN' UP NICELY FOR RAIN."

"Nothing you do surprises me," said Clara. "Now go upstairs, please, and make yourself tidy. Have a dull moment—not more than one, for dinner is nearly ready—and get rid of those papers."

Although my wife has not a logical process of thought, at times she makes sensible remarks. I took her advice. As I anticipated I had some surprises.

A few important business memoranda, a sugar form, two income tax demands, a number of private letters and an unpaid coal account made up the collection. There was really nothing I could part with. Luckily I found two duplicates of the coal account. These I could spare. As I opened one of them Mrs. Roberts's letter fell out of it.

I had just time to catch the post. I managed to reach the front-door unobserved. My wife opened the dining-room window to tell me that dinner was ready. I told her I had forgotten to post a very important business letter. "A most unusual occurrence," I said.

"Mary can post it for you. Dinner's on the table." Clara extended her hand for the letter. I explained that it was so very important that I could not even trust Mary.

"Mary's sex is, of course, against her," said my wife, "but I'll tell her to hold the letter out at arm's length. You can see her all the way from the window and watch her put it in the pillar-box."

A little candour is sometimes necessary.

"Strangely enough," I said, "the five-thousandth chance has come off. It is true the letter is important, but the business is yours, and the letter is addressed to Mrs. Roberts. I forgot to post it this morning."

"I know you did," said Clara. "You left it behind, and I posted it myself."

Here I saw that I was going to score. "Then what is this?" I asked in triumph.

"This," said Clara, taking it from me, "is the letter you forgot to post ten days ago."

TO "MARTIN ROSS."

(*After reading "Irish Memories."*)

Two Irish cousins greet us here
From Bushe "the silver-tongued" descended,
Whose lives for close on thirty year
Were indistinguishably blended,
Scorning the rule that holds for cooks,
They pooled their brains and joined their forces,
And wrote a dozen gorgeous books
On men and women, hounds and horses.

They superseded *Handley Cross*;
They glorified the "hunting fever,"
They purged their pages of the dross,
While bettering the fun, of Lever;
With many a priceless turn of phrase
They stirred us to Homeric laughter,
When painting Ireland in the days
Before Sinn Fein bewitched and "strafed" her.

With them we watched good *Major Yeates*
Contending with litigious peasants,
With "hidden hands" within his gates,
With claims for foxes and for pheasants;
We saw *Leigh Kelway* drop his chin
That precious English super tripper—
In shocked amazement drinking in
The lurid narrative of *Slipper*.

Philippa's piercing peacock squeals,
Uttered in moments of expansion;
The grime and splendour of the meals
Of *Mrs. Knox* and of her mansion:
The secrets of horse-coping lore,
The loves of *Sally* and of *Flurry*—
All these delights and hundreds more
Are not forgotten in a hurry.

Yet the same genial pens that freight
Our memories with joyous magic
Gave us the tale of *Francie's* fate—
So vulgar, lovable and tragic;
Just to the land that gave them birth
They showed her smiling, sad and sullen,
And turning from the paths of mirth
Probed the dark soul of *Charlotte Mullen*.

Alas! the tie, so close, so dear,
Two years ago death rent asunder;
Hushed is the voice so gay and clear
Which moved us once to joy and wonder,
Yet, though they chronicle a loss
Whose pang no lapse of time assuages,
The spirit of brave "Martin Ross"
Shines like a star throughout these pages.

Here in her letters may one trace
The generous scorn, the gentle pity,
The easy unaffected grace,
The wisdom that was always witty;
Here, mirrored in a sister soul,
One sees the comrade, strong yet tender,
Who marched unfaltering to her goal
Through sacrifice and self-surrender.

THE FOOD OF THE FAMOUS.

The publication of Lord Rhondda's daily menu will, we hope, lead other prominent people who are striving to follow his good example to divulge the details of their dietary. But in case their natural modesty may prevent them from doing so, Mr. Punch ventures to supply a few unauthorised particulars.

The source of Mr. Lloyd George's boundless energy has long been a mystery. It is now known to be derived from a raw leek eaten on rising, and a dinner of Welsh rabbit, made from a modicum of Government cheese and half a slice of war bread.

With Mr. Bonar Law all meals are oatmeals. A plate of porridge at day-break, bannocks slightly margarined, when possible, for lunch, and a stiff cup of gruel just after Question time keep him alert and smiling.

Thanks to the Spartan habits formed during his connection with both services, belt-tightening has no terrors for Mr. Winston Churchill. A quid of Navy tobacco suffices for breakfast, and his only other meal consists of a slice of bully beef with a hard biscuit served on an inverted packing-case.

The wild rumours recently current as to the amount of nutriment required for the upkeep of Mr. G. K. Chesterton have now been happily set at rest. The needful calories for twenty-four hours of his strenuous existence are supplied by two cups of cocoa, a shred of dried toast, a Brazil nut, a glass of sodawater and a grilled banana.

"In one case the good cows from one herd had an average production of 9,592 lbs. milk, and 406 lbs. of fat, while the poor cows had a production of only 3,098 lbs. of milk and 119 lbs. of tea."—*Farming News.*

Give us the poor cows every time.

From a Church paper:—

"'Early Christians.' I am sorry you can not get these from the Army and Navy Stores."

It sounds like the old tiger story.

"A certain company commander, looking out of his quarters, saw several Germans in possession of a dump not far away. Although still in his sleeping clothes, he seized his trench tick and rushed towards them. Why they did not fire upon him is one of those little mysteries which will probably never be explained."—*Daily Paper.*

Unless by the learned author of *Minor Horrors of War*, who knows all about the fauna of the trenches.

THE PERFECT CUSTOMER.

It was a very ordinary country sale of work. The Countess of Bilberry declared it open in a neat little speech, and then bought generously from every stall: her daughter, whose smile nobody could resist, did a fine trade with raffle tickets for the record pumpkin produced by the local allotments; Mrs. Dodd, the Rector's wife, presided over a pair of scales and a strictly rationed tea, and all the rest of the village sold vegetables and socks and pincushions, and tried to pretend that antimacassars and shaving tidies and woolwork waistbelts were the most desirable things in the world when they were made by wounded men at the nearest Red Cross Hospital, in whose aid the sale was held.

But there was one unique figure amongst all the folk who knew each other, and each other's clothes, and each other's clothes' cost, so well. She arrived at the Village Hall in a pony-carriage, drawn by the ugliest little pony that ever sniffed oats. She was very quietly and very tastefully dressed, and, instead of concentrating on the well-laden stalls of garden produce or the orderly stacks of knitted comforts, or the really useful baskets, she went straight to the stall which even Mrs. Dodd, who had the kindest heart in the countryside, had been compelled to relegate to a dark corner. There was woolwork run riot over cushions of incredible hardness; there were candle-shades guaranteed to catch alight at the mere sight of a match; there were crochet dressing table mats, and there was a three-legged stool on which even a fairy could not have sat without danger of a break-down.

The youngest Miss Dodd, a severely practical young lady of sixteen, who was presiding at this stall, jumped up in surprise at the sight of a customer, and in doing so knocked over a glass box bound with red and white and blue ribbon, with "Handkerchiefs" painted across the corner in a design of forget-me-nots. There was very little glass box left when she picked it up, and the splinters had made a good many little craters in the surface of a big bowl of clotted cream, labelled "Positively the last appearance for the Duration of the War," which was at the corner of the next stall.

The little stranger said that she would take the box and the damaged cream too; she bought a whole family of crochet mats with centres of orange woollen loops; three pincushions made of playing cards discharged as no longer fit for active service; a table-centre with pen-painting of the Allied flags, and a letter-case with the badges of the

Dominions worked in wool and "Across the sea, A letter from thee," straggling wearily across one corner. Then there was an antimacassar in purple and magenta sateen, with yellow daffodils making a brave attempt to flourish in unlikely surroundings.

At the next stall she bought a photograph frame which had lost its prop in an unequal contest with a tea-tray which had collapsed from the heartiness of the Rector's clapping at the conclusion of the Countess's speech; and a Noah's Ark from which the star performer and his very best beasts had somehow disappeared.

Then the little lady paused before the live-stock stall.

"There isn't anything really hideous here," she murmured to herself; "but I think that puppy—it's never had its tail cut, and nobody will ever know whether it's a sealyham, a spaniel or even a dash of a setter—I will take the puppy, please," she added, "as soon as I've had some tea. After that I will see what is left. You have such nice things."

After tea she went back to the youngest Miss Dodd and collected a few more of the more glaring atrocities, paid her bills, and then went off to her pony-carriage; the youngest Miss Dodd, very much inclined to giggle, bearing armfuls of odd purchases in her wake, crowned by the bowl of cream and the mongrel pup. She handed them in and was just going away when the little old lady pressed a piece of paper into her hand.

"I don't like to worry people," she said gently, "but if you have time you might read this. It has been a great opportunity to-day; I don't often find so much to be done—and I shall love the puppy."

The youngest Miss Dodd watched the start of the ugly pony with a snigger and then went back into the lighted hall to read the pamphlet. It was a touching little document—many people know it well—and the youngest Miss Dodd, who had never been known to sentimentalize over anything before, blew her nose rather violently when she had read it.

"Bless her dear little soul!" she said to herself: "I don't wonder that pup was trying to kiss her. I only hope she won't try to eat that cream with the glass in it, or give it to the pup." For the pamphlet was the Rules for Membership and a treatise on the Objects and Methods of the "Society for Buying What Nobody Wants."

More Profiteering.

"Beautiful champagne broche silk crepe de chine blouse; open neck; one button; cost 2s. 6d.; accept 15s."—*The Lady.*



INEFFICIENCY IN THE NAVY.

First Bluejacket. "Hullo, mate, I thought you was ashore with the Captain, playing golf."

Second Bluejacket. "Well, so I was. It's like this 'ere. 'E gives me 'is sticks to carry, and then takes one and puts a li'l white ball on top of a bit o' sand and, my word! he catches that ball a fair swipe. Must 'a' gone miles. Then 'e turns to me and sez, 'Did yer see where that went to?' So I' sez, smart like, 'Out o' sight from the moment of himpact, Sir,' an' 'e sez, 'Go back on board, ye blinkin' fathead!'"

CONVERSIONS.

There was an exuberant flapper
Who made people anxious to slap
her;
She uttered loud squeals
And she smoked at all meals;
Now she's married an elderly sapper.

There was a mild don who was muddy
In mind and complexion by study;
Now he flies fast and far,
With a cross and a bar,
And his face and his language are
ruddy.

"BRITISH FRONT REINFORCED.
By Percival Phillips."
Daily Paper.

Intrepid fellows, our war correspondents. What a pity there are so few of them!

"A long, keen dagger will be supplied to every American infantryman going to France. This weapon will be fitted into one of the fighting men's leggings when he goes into action, so he will have something to fall back on should his bayonet fail."—*Canadian Paper.*

If he's going to fall back on it, we hope the sharp end won't be at the top.



The Sub. "I SAY, SERGEANT-MAJOR, DO YOU REALISE THAT THAT CHAP WITH THE BARROW IS A MEMBER OF AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY?"
The Sergeant-Major. "WELL, SIR, 'E MAY BE WHAT YOU SAY. PERSONALLY I'VE ALWAYS FOUND 'IM QUIET AND WELL-BE'AVED."

THE CLYDE-BUILT CLIPPER.

[Many of the fast-sailing clippers which were making fine passages in the Australian wool trade in the 'seventies and onwards were laid up or turned into hulks before the War. Recently, however, several have been re-fitted for sea and are once more doing good service.]

A SHIP there was, and she went to sea
  (Away O, my Clyde-built clipper!)
In eighteen hundred and seventy-three,
Fine in the lines and keen in the bow,
The way they've forgotten to build 'em now;
Lofty masted and heavily sparred,
With stunsail booms to every yard,
And flying kites both high and low
To catch the winds when they did blow
  (And away, my Clyde-built clipper!).

Fastest ship on the Colonies run—
  (Away O, my racing clipper!)
That was her when her time begun;
Sixteen knots she could easily do,
And thirteen knots on a bowline too;
She could show her heels to anything made
With sky-sails set in a favouring trade,
Or when she was running her easting down
From London River to Hobart Town
  (And away, my racing clipper!).

Old shellbacks knew her near and far
  (Away O, my old-time clipper!)
From Circular Quay to Mersey Bar,
And many a thundering lie they told
About her runs in the days of old;
But the time did come and the time did go
And she grew old as we all must grow,
And the most of her gear was carried away
When caught aback in a gale one day
  (And away, my old-time clipper!).

Her masts were sprung from fore to mizen
  (Away O, my poor old clipper!)
And freights was poor and dues had risen,
And there warn't no sense in rigging her now,
So they laid her up for a year or two;
And there they left her, and there she lay,
And there she might have been laying to-day,
But when cargoes are many and ships are few
A ship's a ship be she old or new
  (And away, my poor old clipper!).

So in nineteen hundred and seventeen
  (Away O, my brave old clipper!)
They've rigged her new and they've scraped her clean
And sent her to sea in time of war
To sail the seas as she sailed before.
And in nineteen hundred and seventeen
She's the same good ship as she's always been;
Her ribs are as staunch and her hull's as sound
As any you'd find the wide world round
  (And away, my brave old clipper!).

The same as they were when she went to sea
  (Away O, my Clyde-built clipper!)
In eighteen hundred and seventy-three,
Fine in the lines and keen in the bow,
The way they've forgotten to build 'em now;
Lofty masted and heavily sparred,
With stunsail booms to every yard,
And flying kites both high and low
To catch the winds when they did blow—
  (And away, my Clyde-built clipper!). C. F. S.



THE LAST CRUSADE.

Cœur-de-Lion (*looking down on the Holy City*). "MY DREAM COMES TRUE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 10th.—One would gather from the hoardings that the Government wished to encourage the sale of War Bonds by every possible means. Yet the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER threw cold water on the efforts of certain firms to increase the sale by the offer of cash prizes, and thought it undesirable that this inducement should be imitated. The advocates of Premium Bonds were a little depressed by this announcement, but cheered up somewhat on observing that the conscientious CHANCELLOR has no intention of refusing the millions already raked into the Treasury by these "schemes of doubtful legality."

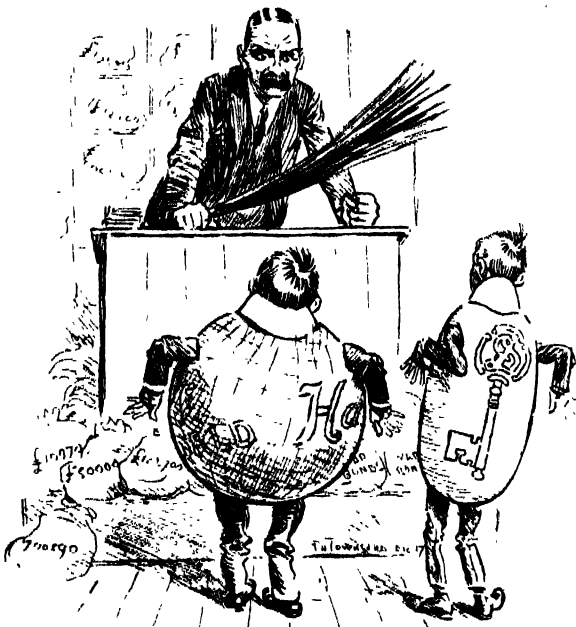
On the vote for an increase of fifty thousand men for the Navy Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT solemnly announced that the Admiralty was "fumbling with a magnificent weapon." It is distressing to think that a body which for nearly ten years enjoyed his services as Civil Lord should have deteriorated so rapidly since he left it.

Mr. LYNCH does not think much of the new scheme for securing unity of effort among the Allies. He called it "the analogue of the Aulic Council" (pronounced "Owlic," to give more effect to the description).

The Chequers Estate Bill passed through all its stages amid a chorus of praise, despite the injunction of the generous donors that there should be "no flowers."

Tuesday, December 11th.—After all, London is to have the BARNARD statue, despite the protest of Lord CHARNWOOD, LINCOLN's latest biographer, that it is not a portrait of his hero, but of a man whose only connection with the PRESIDENT was that he was born in the same neighbourhood. Against this Lord WEARDALE quoted Mr. ROOSEVELT's description of the statue as "the Lincoln we all knew and loved." As Mr. ROOSEVELT had reached the mature age of six when LINCOLN was assassinated the COMMISSIONER OF WORKS seems to have regarded his testimony as conclusive.

At the request of Mr. KING the Peers are to be allowed to listen to the secret debates of the Commons, if any of them desire to do so. The hon. Member having expressed a hope that the Peers would grant reciprocal facilities to the Commons, Mr. HOGGE kindly suggested that the Government should grant him "all the privileges of the House of Lords." But Mr. BONAR LAW declined to deprive the House of Commons in that way of one of its brightest ornaments; so the "Mad Hatter" will not be called upon just yet awhile to exchange his traditional headgear for a coronet.



THE BAD BOYS OF BROMPTON AND OXFORD STREETS.

I presume some Members of Parliament know what "non-ferrous metals" are, and what is the object of the Bill which the Government has introduced to deal with them. But the views which they took on the subject were so obscurely divergent that all I could gather from the debate was that in some way or other the measure was intended to be a nasty knock for German trade.



A HORRIBLE MENACE.
MR. JOSEPH KING.

That was good enough for the House at large, which passed the Second Reading by a substantial majority.

Wednesday, December 12th.—Mr. PRINGLE, having asserted that candidates for appointments under the War Office were successful simply on account of possessing a "pull" with the Selection Department, was quietly reminded by the UNDER-SECRETARY that he himself had attempted to use his influence on behalf of a candidate. Mr. PRINGLE was righteously indignant. He had never asked favours of the War Office; he had merely "recommended men personally known to me." This delicate distinction, which should have convinced Members of Mr. PRINGLE's disinterestedness, only made them laugh.

On the Vote of Credit for 550 millions the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was invited by Mr. DILLON to make a survey of the military situation. He replied that all the relevant facts were known already. "The War is going on; the Government and the country intend it shall go on; and money is necessary to make it go on." It is, perhaps, a pity that he did not content himself with this epitome and refuse to be drawn into a discussion of the recent operations near Cambrai. What has Mr. DILLON done to promote the prosecution of the War that he should receive special consideration?

There was a renewed discussion of the censorship of pamphlets. Sir GEORGE CAVE ably defended the regulations, but did not convince everyone that his preference for confiscation over prosecution was entirely sound. The idea that the publishers of these pamphlets would welcome advertisement is probably erroneous, or why was it necessary to insist that they should put their names to them?

Mr. SPENCER HUGHES's humorous attack upon the CENSOR was much applauded on the Liberal benches. Some of the more brilliant passages would have received even wider appreciation if a good many Members had not heard them a week before from the lips of Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL at a non-political luncheon.

Thursday, December 13th.—Lord BERESFORD charged the PRIME MINISTER with having two voices, like *Caliban's* monster. Lord CURZON flatly declined to accept the suggestion that Cabinet Ministers were collectively responsible for one another's speeches—"they had far more serious things to think of." The phrase seems a



Polite Stranger. "Excuse my turning my back upon you, Sir."
Curmudgeon. "Sir, I know of no obligation on your part to look at me

little depreciatory, but as Mr. Lloyd George, according to his candid colleague, is "constitutionally an optimist" he will no doubt make the best of it.

Mr. Houston was informed that sweets "for military, naval or civil consumption" were still being imported, but that the Ministry of Shipping made no special provision for their carriage. No one, therefore, need grudge Sir Eric Geddes the lozenge which he so ostentatiously popped into his mouth just before making his speech on Admiralty administration, or inquire too curiously whether it was consumed by him in his capacity of Major-General, Vice-Admiral or Civilian Minister.

Despite the warning of the Speaker that it was not in the national interest to embarrass the Administration Mr. King insisted on trying to discuss forbidden topics. At last Lord Robert Cecil "espied strangers," and we must assume that, without the vivifying presence of the reporters, Mr. King's oratory wilted, for an hour afterwards the House was up.

The Reward of Patriotism.

"Major —— has placed the mansion at the disposal of the War Office, and will be in charge of Sister ——."—*Provincial Paper.*

THINGS OVERHEARD IN WAR-TIME.

"There couldn't be room there for *all* the Jews, could there?"

"After waiting two hours I got half-a-pound."

"It should be made compulsory."

"Wherever else these matches strike, they won't strike on the box."

"I just turned over and went to sleep again."

"I wish the Government would tell *me* what I could do for them."

"Oh, another three years."

"What puzzles me is—Where is the paper shortage?"

"We keep a gramophone in the basement now."

"No one is more willing than I am to do something."

"It's the children's festival—that's what I always say."

HERBS OF GRACE.

IX.

Pennyroyal.—A Carol.

"Far away in Sicily!"—
A home-come sailor sang this rhyme,
Deep in an ingle, mug on knee,
At Christmas time.

In Sicily, as I was told,
The children take them Pennyroyal,
The same as lurks on hill and wold
In Cotsall soil.

The Pennyroyal of grace divine
In little cradles they do weave—
Little cradles therewith they line
On Christmas Eve.

And there, as midnight bells awake
The Day of Birth, as they do tell,
All into bud the small plants break
With sweetest smell.

All into bud that very hour;
And pure and clean, as they do say,
The Pennyroyal's full in flower
On Christmas Day.

Far away in Sicily!—
Hark, the Christmas bells do chime!
So blossom love in thee and me
This Christmas time! W. B.



Lady (to uniformed friend). "I shouldn't a bit mind wearing uniform if only one could choose one's own colours at the War Office."

THE V.C.

My cousin Agatha has been a bad correspondent ever since she married my old friend, George Thimblewell, which means for the past five-and-twenty years, so in ordinary circumstances I do not expect more from her than a "hasty line" to tell me how the youngsters are doing (George, of course, never writes at all). But I must say I was surprised and not a little hurt when, in the skimpy margin of a letter dealing mainly with the difficulty of devising breakfast-dishes, she scribbled in the most casual manner conceivable, "George has got the V.C. at last."

George, my dear old school-chum, with the V.C., and his wife tells me of it as casually as if it had been a gum-boil! I sat with her letter before me and looked back through the years, seeing us two—George and myself—as we were long before Agatha even knew him. Had I not fostered the yearning for heroic deeds in his young bosom? Was it not possible, nay probable, that the influence of his boyhood's companion had helped to mould his character and prepare it for this glorious if belated achievement? Upon my word it seemed to me that I myself might well take a certain amount of credit for that decoration. And here was his wife mentioning it as though she scarcely expected me to be interested. Never a date, never a detail.

I was so ruffled that I decided, since she vouchsafed no information, to ask for none, as became a man with proper pride. I adopted a semi-jocular vein to meet the case.

"I have known your V.C. longer than you have, Agatha," I wrote, "and am as pleased and proud as you can be. The strong silent type—you can rely upon them. Quiet and domesticated, requiring little attention, helpful about the house, undemonstrative perhaps, but all the time ready for the most desperate emergency. Let me know when George is to be at home, and I shall come to dinner and hear all about it."

As I sealed my note it occurred to me that George must be the first special constable to win the Cross, and I felt a glow of satisfaction to realise that we must now be eligible for that most glorious of all decorations.

A few days later came another note from Agatha, about sugar-cards this time, but with a postscript which said, "It isn't like you to chaff me, James. I don't see that there is anything particularly funny about George having got the Vacuum Cleaner which he promised me long ago."

Big Game.

"General Allenby reports that Budrus and Sheikh Obeid Rahid, to the north of Midieh, were captured by Gurkhas, 50 Tanks being killed and 10 taken prisoners."

Evening Paper.

"Ruler wanted, experienced, male or female (male preferred); wages according to ability; removal assistance; away from raid area; permanency to suitable applicant."

Eastern Daily Press.

This might suit the Kaiser, when Sir Douglas Haig has provided the necessary "removal assistance."

"WHERE EX-TSAR KEEPS HIS GLOOMY COURT.

Built mostly of wood, the Imperial family occupies a brick mansion."

News of the World.

We are intended to infer, presumably, that if the Imperial Family had been constructed of stouter material it might still be in the Winter Palace.



Motor Driver. "Nah, then, where's your rear light?"
Countryman. "Now, then, ye owd Zepperleen, do ye think I'm going to show ye where I be?"

TO THE REGIMENT.

A Christmas Message.

So Christmas comes and finds you yet in Flanders,
And all is mud and messiness and sleet,
And men have temperatures and horses glanders,
And Brigadiers have trouble with their feet,
And life is bad for Company-Commanders,
And even Thomas's is not so sweet.

Now cooks for kindlewood would give great riches,
And in the dixies the pale stew congeals,
And ration-parties are not free from hitches,
But all night circle like performing seals,
Till morning breaks and everybody pitches
Into a hole some other person's meals.

Now regiments huddle over last week's ashes
And pray for coal and sedulously "rest,"
Where rain and wind contemn the empty sashes,
And blue lips frame the faint heroic jest,
Till some near howitzer goes off and smashes
The only window that the town possessed.

Yet somehow Christmas in your souls is stirring,
And Colonels now less viciously upbraid
Their Transport Officers, however erring,
And sudden signals issue from Brigade
To say next Tuesday Christmas is occurring,
And what arrangements have Battalions made?

And then, maybe, while everyone discusses
On what rich foods their dear commands shall dine,
And (most efficiently) the Padre fusses
About the birds, the speeches and the wine—
The Corps-Commander sends a fleet of 'buses
To whisk you off to Christmas in the line.

You make no moan, nor hint at how you're faring,
And here in turn we try to hide our woe,
With taxis mutinous, and Tubes so wearing,
And who can tell where all the matches go?
And all our doors and windows want repairing,
But can we get a man to mend them? No.

The dustman visits not; we can't get castor;
In vain are parlour-maids and plumbers sought,
And human intellect can scarcely master
The time when beer may lawfully be bought,
Or calculate how cash can go much faster,
And if one's butcher's acting as he ought.

Our old indulgences are now not cricket;
Whate'er one does *some* Minister will cuss;
In Tube and Tram young ladies punch one's ticket,
With whom one can't be cross or querulous;
All things are different, but still we stick it,
And humbly hope we help a little thus.

So, Fellow-sufferers, we give you greeting—
All luck, all laughter and an end of wars!
And just to strengthen you for Fritz's beating,
I'm sending out a parcel from the Stores;
They mean to stop my annual over-eating,
But it will comfort me to think of yours.

A. P. H.

THE BANK'S MISTAKE.

"I wish," said Francesca, "you would explain something to me."

"I am full," I said, "of explanations of every conceivable difficulty. You have only to tap me and an explanation will come bubbling out."

"I am not sure that I want the bubbling sort. On the whole I think I prefer the still waters that run deep."

"Those too can be provided for you. All you have got to do is to ask."

"What a comfort it is," she said, "to live constantly in the mild and magnificent eye of an encyclopædia."

"Yes," I said, "it saves a lot of running about, doesn't it? Come now, fire off your question."

"What is your opinion of the Bank of England?"

"The Bank of England?" I gasped. "One doesn't have opinions of the Bank of England. One just accepts it, you know, and there you are."

"Yes," she said, "that's exactly what I felt about it. I thought it was one of the signs of our superiority to everybody else, with its crisp banknotes and all that."

"You mustn't forget its detachment of the Guards to protect it. Many's the good dinner I've had with the officer of the Bank Guard in the old days."

"I'm afraid that leaves me cold, not being able to take part in it."

"If it gave me pleasure to dine at the Bank, I should have thought the subject would have interested you."

"Well, it wasn't exactly what I wanted to consult you about."

"What was it then?" I said. "You know you mustn't cast doubts on the financial stability of the Bank. You'll be put in prison if you do."

"I shouldn't dream of doing anything of the sort."

"Come, then, be quick about it. This suspense is making me tremble for my War Loan Bonds."

"Is the Bank," said Francesca, "a generous institution?"

"Banks," I said, "cannot afford to be generous. They are just and accurate and there's an end of it."

"The Bank of England," she said, "being so great, is an exception to the rule. Anyhow, it has been generous to me, for it has given me one hundred pounds."

"Do you mean," I cried, "one hundred pounds that don't belong to you?"

"Of course I do. If they had belonged to me there wouldn't have been anything to make a fuss about."

"This," I said, "is one of the most breathless things ever known. A mere woman, who is unskilled in finance and has only the dimmest recollection of the rule of three and compound interest, gets the better of the greatest banking institution in the world to the tune of one hundred pounds. It's incredible. Of course you've made a mistake."

"That's right," she said. "Always go against your wife and think her wrong, even when it is only an institution that she's contending with."

"It's precisely because it is an institution that I doubt your statement."

"You're not very helpful; you don't tell me whether I'm to sit down under the burden of owning one hundred pounds of the bank's money that doesn't belong to me."

"Francesca," I said, "you must calm yourself and tell me as clearly as possible how you came into possession of this extra hundred pounds which is apparently burning a hole in your pocket—if indeed you have a pocket, which I doubt."

"You're quite wrong; I've got two pockets in the dress I'm wearing at this moment."

"I will not," I said, "discuss with you the number of your pockets. Now tell me your pathetic story. I am all ears."

"Well," said Francesca, "it's this way. I put one hundred pounds in the old War Loan, and then Exchequer Bonds came along, and I put one hundred pounds of my very best savings into them, and then came the new Five per Cent. War Loan, and somehow or other I got converted into that. And after that there was what they called a broken amount, which I brought up to fifty pounds or a multiple of fifty pounds. That cost me about forty pounds. I don't know why they wanted me to do it or why I did it."

"Probably they thought it would be easier for the Bank."

"That's paltry; easiness ought to have nothing to do with it."

"Anyhow," I said, "I make out from your statement that you ought to have two hundred and fifty pounds of Five per Cent. Stock to your credit."

"Precisely," said Francesca impressively, "but yesterday morning I received from the bank a dividend thing——"

"You may call it a warrant," I said.

"A dividend warrant," continued Francesca, "for eight pounds fifteen shillings on *three* hundred and fifty pounds, so what have you got to say now for your precious Bank of England?"

"Your tale," I said, "has interested me strangely, but there is one point you omitted to mention."

"I am innocent, my Lord," said Francesca. "I have told you the truth."

"But not the whole truth, prisoner at the bar. Don't you remember that when the new Loan came out you borrowed money from me in order to take up one hundred pounds of it?"

"Is *that* it?" said Francesca. "No, I hadn't remembered that."

"Of course," I said, "a financial magnate like yourself would easily forget so wretched a sum; but the Bank has done no wrong."

"Yes, it has; it sent out a lot of papers that were very confusing, and it's no wonder I made a mistake."

"The question in my mind," I said, "is this: when are you going to repay what you owe me—with interest?"

"We'll talk about that another time," said Francesca.

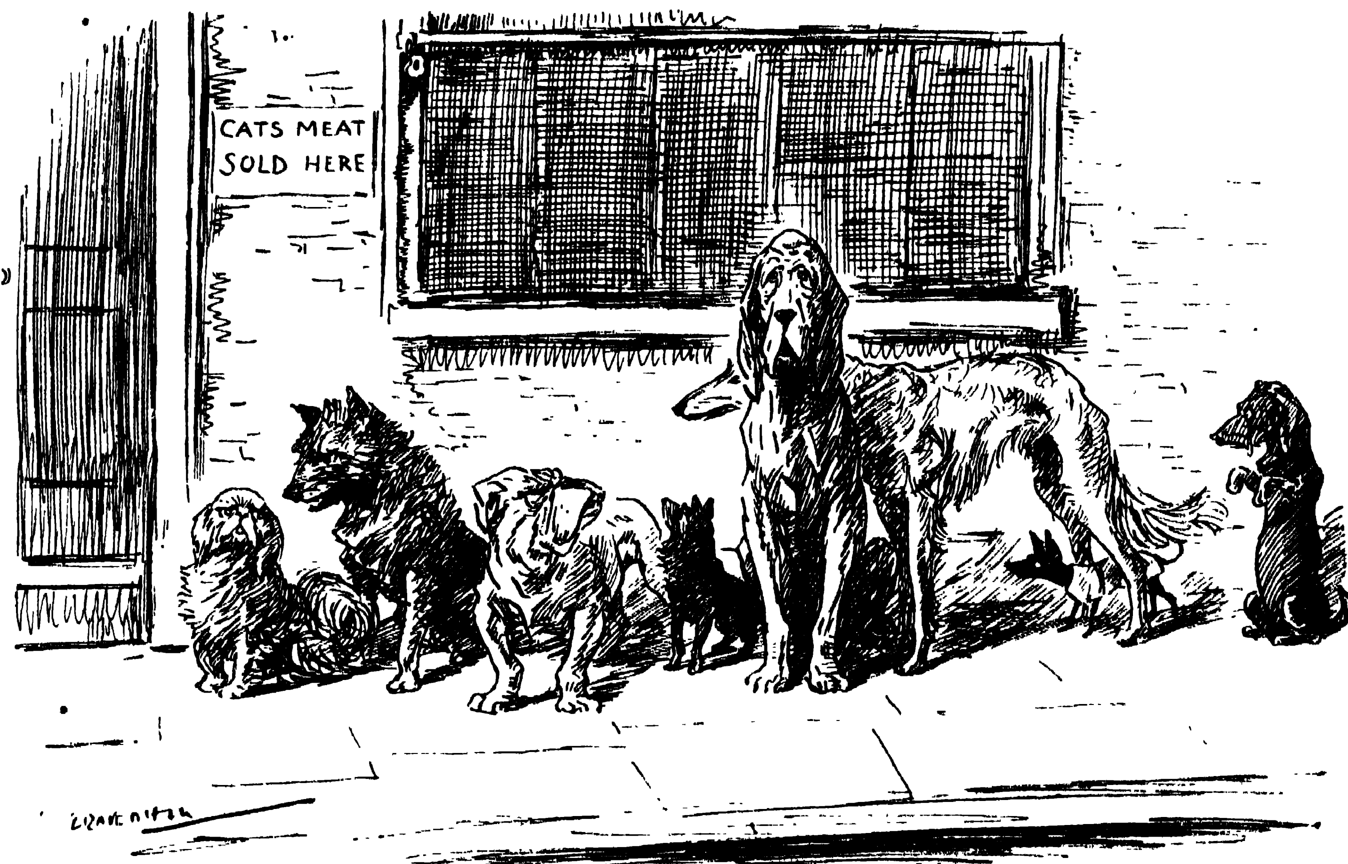
R. C. L.

FOR OUR SAILORS AND SOLDIERS.

The Veterans Association is giving a Special Entertainment at the Alhambra on Sunday afternoon, December 30th, on behalf of their Imperial Memorial Fund which is being raised to expand the Veterans Club into an adequate Institution for the comfort of ex-sailors and ex-soldiers, and to provide an Imperial Memorial for those who have given their lives in the War. The Veterans Club in Hand Court, Holborn, has already done a great work during the six or seven years of its existence in looking after sailors and soldiers. Free medical and legal advice is given, and the homes of the men are protected by the storing of their furniture while they are on active service. Employment is also found for soldiers and sailors whose service is done. For the Entertainment at the Alhambra on the 30th, the following artistes, among others, have generously volunteered their services: Miss Violet Loraine, Miss Phyllis Monckman, Miss Wish Wynne, Miss Esmé Beringer, Messrs. Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Herbert Grover and George Robey.

Another Sex Problem.

"Henry III. was Queen Mary's brother-in-law, she having been for a short time the husband of his predecessor, Francis II."—*The Sphere.*



THE SPREAD OF THE QUEUE HABIT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

One of the most interesting features, to an English observer, in the impressive spectacle of America girding herself for war is the sight of our great Ally passing through all those phases of initiation that to us are now remote memories. Such a phase is the coming of the first war-books, exemplified for me by the appearance of *From the Fire Step* (Putnams). As his sub-title indicates—*Experiences of an American Soldier in the British Army*—the writer, Mr. Arthur Guy Empey, has proved himself something of a pioneer. In a singularly vivacious opening chapter he tells how, after waiting with decreasing expectation during the months that followed the *Lusitania* crime, he decided to be a law unto himself, and came alone to offer his personal service in the cause of freedom. You will hardly read unmoved (by laughter as much as by sympathy) his story of how this offer was at first refused, then accepted. Throughout indeed you must prepare to find Mr. Empey an entirely independent, though generous, critic of our men and methods; it is precisely this attitude that gives his book its chief interest as a survey of all-too-familiar things from a refreshingly new angle. I hardly suppose there will be anything in the actual matter, from church parade to gas-attacks, which readers on this side will not by now have seen or heard about, times beyond number; but one can imagine sympathetically with what concern it will all be received in the homes oversea; and after turning its high-spirited and encouraging pages can warmly echo the admonition of their writer: "Pacifists and small-army people please read with care!"

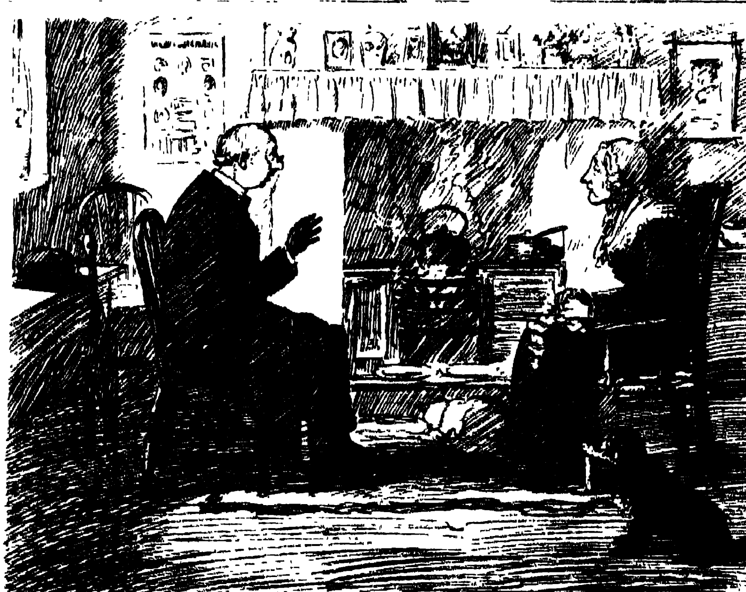
Since there is probably no writer who can approach Mrs. Flora Annie Steel in the art of telling Indian tales about Indian people, one is specially happy to find her in *Mistress of Men* (Heinemann) with her foot once more upon her special terrain. Not for the first time, I think, she has gone to the records of the House of Akbar for her material; the result here is hardly to be called a novel so much as amplified history, since it is really the life story of an actual (and wonderful) woman, Nurjahân the Beautiful, wife of the Emperor Jahângir. Naturally the writer has experienced not only the great advantages but the hazards of such a building upon fact. To explain the marriage of your heroine with the Imperial lover by whose orders her first husband was killed, and not to lessen sympathy for her in the process, is a problem to test the skill of any novelist. One sees, however, even without Mrs. Steel's own declaration, that it has been for her a grateful task to set down "a record of the most perfect passion ever shown by man for woman." This was the adoration of the Emperor for his consort, an amazing romance of Oriental domesticity, which makes the story of the pair stranger and more fascinating than fiction. A love-tale indeed; and, since 'tis love that makes a book go round, one may trust the circulating libraries to see to it that *Mistress of Men* is well represented on their shelves. As a study of an alluring, dazzling and masterful personality it was well worth writing.

There is a sad interest in the title-page of *Irish Memories* (Longmans), since only by a pathetic fiction does it bear the names, as joint authors, of E. Œ. Somerville and "Martin Ross," those two gifted ladies whose association has been such a happy chance for them and for us all. Really the book, though in part compiled from the letters and journals of "Martin," is an eloquent tribute by Miss

SOMERVILLE to the partner whose death has robbed her of a friend and the world of so much kindly laughter. But, haunted as it is by this shadow of bereavement, you must in no way think of it as wholly a thing of gloom. Looking back into the good years, the writer has recalled many incidents and scenes full of that genial and most infectious merriment that we have learnt to expect from her—tales of the wonderful peasant chorus that one remembers first in the pages of *An Irish R.M.*, exploits after hounds (it needs no telling how well both authors loved them), and much besides. There will be interest also for many uninitiated admirers in the account here given of how the famous stories came first into being. Of its more intimate and personal side I hesitate to speak; those who loved "MARTIN ROSS," either through her writings or in the closer relationship of friend, must be glad that her *ave atque vale* has been spoken, as she would have wished it, by her whose right it was. It will send many to read again those delightful volumes with a new appreciation of the sympathetic and lovable personality that helped in their making.

I am afraid that something of the charm which, in a sympathetic preface, M. HENRI BORDEAUX claims for *A Crusader in France* (MELROSE) is veiled by a rather faltering translation. I would counsel all who appreciate the exquisitely sensitive *Récit d'une Sœur*, with which he not unfavourably compares it, to go rather to the French original of these letters of a young captain of the famous Chasseurs Alpins. Captain FREDERIC BELMONT fell near the stubbornly-contested Hartmannsweilerkopf in 1916. He was the third of his family to give his life for France. The letters reveal a character that hardships and dangers not only strengthened but refined. He writes with a noble French ardour of his country in the crisis of her fate. He dreads, but rises greatly to the height of, his heavy responsibility as Captain at the age of twenty-one. The coveted cross of the Legion of Honour comes to him before the end, and he wins the affection and confidence of his men—a soldier's highest prize. A deep religious conviction unclouded by superstition sustains his courage. He is a product of the French Catholic tradition at its best. He writes intelligently of his work, and with a greater freedom as to detail than our more exigeant censorship allows; so that you get an excellent picture of the daily life of a campaigner in the greatest of all wars. He met the English in Flanders, admired and liked their looks and ways A very charming record of a gallant soldier, a chosen soul.

In the first few pages of *At the Serbian Front in Macedonia* (LANE), Mr. E. P. STEBBING tells so many little anecdotes that I began to wonder if he was ever going to get there. When, however, he has got into his stride, he gives us information which is all the more valuable because we hear so little of the Macedonian campaign. Mr. STEBBING was appointed Transport Officer to a unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals that was sent to the Serbian Front. Naturally he has much to say of the work done by these brave and untiring women. Under exceptionally difficult circumstances their courage never failed, and it is good to remember that their arrival at Ostrovo was of the greatest possible service to the Serbs. That is one part of the book, and it is well told. The other is of actual war, and here Mr. STEBBING was given ample opportunities to observe. No one can read his account of the taking of Kajmaktcalan without feeling the keenest admiration for the gallantry of the Serbs. He also describes very graphically the frontal attack by the French upon the Kenali lines in October, 1916. The British public is too apt to look upon the Macedonian campaign as a prolonged picnic, and for them a dose of Mr. STEBBING would be excellent medicine. I wish someone with our own troops would do as sound a service for them as is done here for the Serbs and French. But let him avoid anecdotes.



The Visitor. "I HEAR YOUR BOY IS IN PALESTINE. HOW INTERESTING IT MUST BE FOR HIM TO MOVE AMONG THOSE SCENES WHERE EVERY SPOT BRINGS UP SOME RECOLLECTION OF THE WONDERFUL EVENTS OF BIBLICAL HISTORY!"

The Mother. "TED DON'T SAY MUCH ABOUT THAT IN 'IS LETTERS. 'E SEEMS TO THINK THE COUNTRY IS SUFFERIN' FROM A FLY-PAPER SHORTAGE."

I am a little puzzled about *A Bolt from the East* (METHUEN). The publishers, who surely should know, call it "A modern and up-to-date romance, which deals mystically but boldly with the greatest and most pertinent of all questions—"Is Life Worth Living?" But for my own part the greatest and most pertinent question suggested by Mr. G. F. TURNER's up-to-date romance was whether it could possibly have been intended as serious. I despair of giving you any adequate idea of its contents. There are lots and lots of characters, and, as several of them seem to own more than one personality, it is often more than a little hard to say who is what. The central figure is an Indian Prince of marvellous beauty and mysterious powers, who, being jilted by the girl of his heart, wishes to be revenged upon the human race. To this end he employs the activities of a German Professor, who produces what one might call a *Kultur* of the sterility germ. However, these cheery projects go astray, though in precisely what manner I have no very clear idea. But the end came at a gathering where the *Prince* played psychic music, and a chance union of hands between hero and heroine transmuted the former from "a dilettante" and "polished ladies' man" to "a virile male filled with the blasting vehemence of primary passions." Incidentally it proved altogether too much both for the *Professor* and his inoculated rabbits, all of whom expired on the spot. Just about here that most pertinent question became more acute than ever. Fortunately it was the last page but one of the story.

"Senhor Rodrique Bettencourt will be Premier, and Senhor Adinterin, President of the Republic."—*Dublin Daily Express.*

But is nothing to be done for Senhors Defacto and Dejure?

CHARIVARIA.

VICTORY is only a question of keeping cool, says VON TIRPITZ. A long-suffering Fatherland anticipates no difficulty whatever in following his advice during the winter.

* * *

A semi-official message from Berlin declares that Jerusalem was evacuated because Germany's friends did not desire to see battles fought over sacred ground. The Sultan of TURKEY is reported to have wired to the KAISER to think of another.

* * *

America is still breaking all records. A native artist has painted a picture which is said to be sixty feet by nineteen, the largest miniature ever painted in America.

* * *

It is rumoured that at a provincial Tribunal the other day an applicant asked for a further six months' exemption as he had a wife and a position in a butter queue to maintain.

* * *

It seems useless to attempt to cope with the multiplicity of events in these days. Cuba has declared war on Austria; the KAISER threatens to make a Christmas peace offer, and Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has described himself as "a mere individual." And this all in one week.

* * *

According to Dean INGE, Germany is in many ways the best governed country in Europe. She certainly seems to have a better governed clergy than ours.

* * *

Much relief is felt at the announcement that rather than endanger the Allies' "solidarity" Lord LANSDOWNE has promised not to agree with President WILSON again.

* * *

Bloaters have reached the unprecedented price of sixpence each. It was hoped that, at any rate, over the Christmas season they would remain within reach of the upper

* * *

A man has been charged with stealing a railway sandwich at Harwich. It appears that the poor fellow, who was lonely, wanted to take it home as a pet.

* * *

A contemporary has a headline, "Swearing in the New French Cabinet." They are beginning early.

* * *

For adding water to his employer's milk a dairyman's assistant has been sent to prison. Innocent dairymen must of course be protected.

* * *

Smokers complain that they are discovering unfamiliar substances in their tobacco. A sensation has been caused by the expert statement that they are tobacco.

* * *

Orchids were sold for as little as twopence each at a recent sale, and alarmed growers are clamouring for the immediate appointment of an Orchid Controller.

* * *

An evening paper correspondent has complained that he has searched the shops in vain for a tortoise. So far the various Government Departments have maintained a dignified silence.

* * *

It is all nonsense for a contemporary to say that the blizzard in the North on a recent Saturday did no damage. Several of the football results were delayed.

* * *

While visiting Seaton College, New York, the other day, Mr. ROOSEVELT saluted a statue of ALEXANDER THE GREAT. We have always maintained that there is nothing petty about the EX-PRESIDENT.



Manager. "WHY DON'T YOU GET IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STAGE?"
Tenor (haughtily). "I PREFER STAYING WHERE I AM."
Manager. "ALL RIGHT—ALL RIGHT! I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOU'LL BE ABLE TO POP DOWN THE EUPHONIUM IF THERE'S AN AIR-RAID."

The most striking announcement of the year 1917 comes just when it is almost used up. "There is a steady demand for money," says a Stock Exchange report.

* * *

A mummified duck, estimated to be two thousand years old, has been discovered in a sandstone stratum in Iowa. It is not often that the poulterers of Iowa are caught napping.

* * *

An American policeman is said to have written two successful musical comedies. If we remember rightly it was an English policeman who first composed the Frog's March.

* * *

At a Guildford charity fête the winner of a hurdle race was awarded a new-laid egg. If he succeeds in winning it three years in succession it is to become his own property.

* * *

The L. B. & S. C. Railway desire to state that the train from which the deserter jumped without injuring himself was not really doing its best.

* * *

A burglar was discovered concealed beneath the counter of a Leicester butter-merchant's shop. It is understood that he came early to avoid the rush.

"AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA.
MILITARY DICTATORSHIP
EXPECTED."
Egyptiqn Daily Mail.

It looks as if the expectation has been upset.

"The defendant expressed regret that having misunderstood a newspaper paragraph he charged one penny for a box of 'Pilot matches.' Directly his attention was drawn to the matter he at once charged the correct price, 8s. 4½d."—*South London Press.*

Our journalists should really be more careful not to mislead honest tradesmen.

TITLE AND HALF-TITLE PAGES.

With a view to economy of paper, the title and half-title pages of the Volume which is completed with the present issue are not being delivered with copies of *Punch* as usual; they will however be sent free, by post, upon receipt of a request.

Those readers who have their Volumes bound at the *Punch* Office, or by other binders in the official binding-cases, will not need to apply for copies of the title and half-title pages, as these will be bound in by the *Punch* Office or supplied direct to other binders along with the cases.

WITH THE AUXILIARY PATROL.

I do not think there was a single man of the ship's company who bore the loss of poor Mnemosyne dry-eyed. From the lieutenant down to the trimmer we had become sincerely attached to this affectionate little creature, and when unhappily, during the temporary absence of the steward, she ventured to circumvent the rim of an open condensed milk-tin, missed her footing and succumbed to a clammy death, there was not a more unhappy trawler patrolling the North Sea than ours.

She was a weevil and I found her in my ship's biscuit. From the first I recognised that she was no ordinary weevil; her stately bearing, the fine upward curl of her moustachios, but, more than anything else, the intelligent, often humorous gleam in her big black eyes elevated her at once above the mass of her compatriots. She took to me wonderfully; I secured her confidence with a piece of boiled cat-fish, and thenceforth we were scarcely ever apart. Not that she resented the advances of the rest of the crew—she was no snob, and would eat from the hand of the trimmer as readily as from my own, and allow anyone to stroke her; but it was I who taught her to sit up and beg, to "die for her country," to droop her antennæ whenever the name of VON TIRPITZ was mentioned, and to wave them for Sir DAVID BEATTY. She would often sit with me in the wireless cabin whilst I was on watch, and never once did she disturb me during the receiving of a message by boisterous or noisy behaviour.

We had other weevils at different times, but none so intelligent or so faithful as Mnemosyne. The lieutenant tamed one, and, being a devotee of science and despising the arts, he named him Newton Darwin; but he was a foolish fellow at the best and continually getting into somebody's way. The lieutenant offered to back him against Mnemosyne for a race across the cabin table, and we made a match of it. The betting was three to two in favour of Newton Darwin, because the third hand, who had once been employed in a racing stable, had been heard to remark that he had very fine quarters. The stakes were half a plug of ship's tobacco.

It was a walk-over. On the word "Go" Mnemosyne positively leapt forward, took a crease in the tablecloth in her stride and completed the course, which measured sixteen inches, in the remarkable time of seven and two-fifths minutes. Newton Darwin was left standing; indeed he never attempted to race, but, after staring about vacantly for some minutes, ambled leisurely off in the opposite direction, where he had seen a breadcrumb.

This victory was very popular, and the third hand was roundly abused for suggesting that Mnemosyne had been doped. Even if Newton had got away with the pistol he would never have stood a chance against her. She was the fleetest weevil I ever saw.

Another weevil was Bertie, who belonged to the second engineer, but he was caught pilfering the skipper's private supply of fresh butter, which he kept in a jar in his bunk and was very jealous of, so Bertie had to be made away with. He walked the plank at daybreak one grey stormy morning just off the Nethermost Ruff of the Dogger. The second was very upset for a day or two; he said he would have staked anything on Bertie's honesty.

We kept Mnemosyne for over two months, and never once did she misconduct herself or behave in an unseamanlike manner. Her one failing, if such it can be called, was a weakness for condensed milk, and this it was that led to her untimely end. We had come to regard her as one of the crew, and had a little lifebelt made for her in case of need. Jones, our signaller, who has poetical moments, was inspired by her to make verse, which began:—

> There is something very evil
> In the war-whoop of a weevil.

This was indignantly censored as a libel, but he excused himself on the plea that "evil" was the only possible rhyme to be found for "weevil," and declared that his very last intention had been to be personal or to cast the least reflection on the lovable disposition of Mnemosyne, so we forgave him with a caution.

Well, Mnemosyne is gone, and the ship seems a dull place without this exhilarating little pet. Never so long as ship's biscuits continue to buckle the jack-knives of British seafarers will there be another weevil like Mnemosyne.

We flew the White Ensign at half-mast from dawn to sundown on the day she died.

A Rash Act.

Extract from the report of a ladies' Lacrosse Club:—

"The deplorable habit of scratching with no sufficient reason, just before a practice, has mounted almost to a disease."

"Will any kind gentleman help an Indian with a loan of Rs. 7,000 at 6%? No risk. Gentleman having deep love for mother will understand advertiser's noble cause. No brokers should apply."—*Statesman (Calcutta).*

What's the matter with brokers? Aren't they also born of woman?

LIPS AND THEIR LESSONS.

["General PERSHING has collected round him a staff of thin-lipped determined men."
The Observer.]

IF physiognomists are right,
And faces count as half the battle,
We clearly ought not to invite
Comparison with sheep or cattle,
But rather should improve the features
That mark us off from humbler creatures.

Eyebrows projecting like a bush
Are facial assets to be prized,
Denoting driving-power and push
In men however undersized
(Bear's grease or paraffin or both
Will largely stimulate their growth).

The fish-like and lethargic eye
We should endeavour to efface,
And foster visual orbs that vie
With those of eagles in its place;
While belladonna's artful use
An extra brilliance may produce.

Nor are there wanting ways and means
Enabling experts to impose
By sundry suitable machines
Fine character upon the nose;
And nasal dignity, we find,
Promptly reacts upon the mind.

But those who in this great reform
Of face and feature are engrossed
Agree that to enforce a norm
In labial fabric matters most;
The lips that help a race to win
Unquestionably must be thin.

Therefore with pleasure unalloyed
We learn that great Columbia's sons,
With PERSHING busily employed
In laying plans to down the Huns,
According to a trusty pen
Are "thin-lipped and determined men."

On the retirement of certain Tanks from their War Bond duties:—

"They can understand, we hope, how very jolly it has been to have them, and how sorry we are to see them go. We shall probably sing those typical English ballads 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'Will ye no come back again?'"
Daily Paper.

A Scottish correspondent suggests the addition of a few other "typical English ballads," such as "The Wearing of the Green," "Men of Harlech," "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "The Marseillaise."

"Applications will be received by Mr. J. Arnold, Chairman of the Bathurst Municipality, for a TOWN CLERK, whose duties will be the following, viz.:—Competent Bookkeeper, Sanitary Inspector, Street Inspector, and to supervise labour party on roads, Native Location Inspector, Dog Tax Collector, Ranger, Caretaker of the Municipal Dipping Tank and be able to mix dip. Kafir language essential."—*South African Paper.*

And he'll want a lot of it.



THE WAIT.

His Master's Voice. "I'VE NOTHING FOR YOU. GO AWAY!"



SIDNI THE STOREMAN.

Fragment of an Edda.

At the downcome of darkness
Up to the trenches
Fared he forth,
Sidni the Storeman.
On bent back
Bore he the Rum Jar,
Bringing a boon
To the Folk in the Front Line.
Scatheful the sky
With no stars shining,
Monstrous the mud
That lay deep on the Duck Boards.
A weary while
Wandered he on;
No wit he wotted
Of fate that followed
Stalking his steps.
So passed he the posts
All silent and sunken
In mire and murk,
Till fearful he felt for
The doubtful Duck Boards
No longer beneath him.
Then spake Sidni,
Steward of Stores:
"Now know I well
I have come to the Country
That men name No Man's,"
And with woe his heart
Waxed heavy within him
For horror of Hun Folk
Who crawl in the craters.

Then there arose
Dim in the darkness
The face and form
Of Heinrik the Hun
With hand upheld
Bearing a bomb.
But fear filled the heart
Of Sidni the Storeman,
And with force of fear
Raising the Rum Jar
Drave he adrad
At the face of the foeman.
Down sank the Slayer
Smitten asunder
And over his face
Unloosed ran the liquor.
Then Heinrik the Hun
Sang he this Swan Song:
"Hero, I hail thee,
Godlike who givest
Fire and Sweetness
Born of a blow.
Loki art thou,
Or Wotan the one-eyed
Coming to call me
Away to Walhall.
Happy I haste
To the Hall of the Heroes;
Point thou the Path!
I come! I come!"

But fast with the force
Of the fear that was in him
Fled Sidni the Storeman
Back to the Britons
And came by chance
Straightway to his section,
Bearing the Rum Jar
Now lacking the liquor.
Then, puffing with pride
And the pace of his running,
Told he a tale
Of the Slaying of Seven;
But little belief
In the count of the killing
Gat Sid from the section,
Wrathy withal
At the loss of the liquor.
And one thing Erb,
Erb that erstwhile
Hight his old Pal,
Had for an answer:
"Bale hast thou brought
And rede of bale
Have I for thee."
Then troth they took
And oath swear betwixt them
That for four years full
Or the War's duration
He should draw and drink
Sid's ration of Rum.
So doom was decreed
For the loss of the liquor.
But Sidni the Storeman
Transferred to the Transport.

"UNION OF DEMONCRATIC CONTROL."

Leicester Daily Mercury.

Is this a misprint or a criticism?

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXVIII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I don't know that I think so much of these alliances after all, and I'll tell you why.

When I first heard that my old friend Italy was in trouble I paraded my officer at once. "Stand to attention, George," I said, "and tell me what we are going to do about it."

"Oh, that 'll be all right," said he. "I 've booked my seat in the train."

I think that George, my subordinate, sometimes forgets who I am and what importance attaches to me. I feel that he ought at least to consult me formally before he decides what instructions I am going to issue to him. After all, I am only fifteen years younger than he is.

"You will proceed forthwith to Italy," I said, "and will there study the local conditions on the spot. You will then take such action as the occasion seems to you to demand." George was cleaning out his pipe, so for once he didn't interrupt. "You will report progress to me in triplicate."

George frowned. Having been the Supreme White Man in some African district for dozens of years before the War, all his hair seems to have got into his eyebrows, and his frown is a terrible thing to see.

"At any rate," I said, "you might just drop me a post-card to tell me how you 're getting on."

George's eyebrows stood at ease and then stood easy.

"It 's all very well for you," I added. "But what about me, when it comes to totting up your travelling allowances later on?"

George has private means, which work out at about one-and-fourpence, less income tax, a day. Consequently he is a little careless about money matters. "Oh, that 'll be all right," he said.

* * * * *

George was away for three weeks. What he did all the time I 'm sure I don't know, though I kept on reporting to my superiors that the necessary steps were being taken and the requisite measures were being initiated. When he got back he wanted to start in at once telling me all about it. But I said no, and insisted on getting down to the War.

"In making out travelling claims," I said, producing the appropriate Army Form, "care should be taken to comply with the instructions contained in the King's Regulations. We have a quarter of an hour before your breakfast will be ready. Let us deal with our more formidable enemies, the Pay People, first."



Profiteer. "VELL, 'ERE 'TH ANOTHER PENNY FOR LOOKIN' THO MITHERABLE!"

George is the sort of person who gets you into trouble on the very first line of any Army Form. Asked as to his rank, he told me he was a Second Lieutenant in the Army, temporary Lieutenant, acting Captain. All these ranks get a different rate of allowance. Which of the three was George in fact?

"A man of your age ought to know better," I said.

We were half-an-hour late for breakfast, and even so George hadn't got to the station of departure, as far as A.F.O. 1771 was concerned.

I determined to devote the morning to the matter, clearing the court for the purpose. Our Mr. Booth, however, who is intolerably precise and accurate in these matters, had profited by my absence at breakfast to collect a folio of relevant Orders and Instructions, numbered one to seventy-three consecutively.

It all sounds so simple, doesn't it? You get so many francs a day for subsistence, and so many francs a night for accommodation, in France; so many lire a day for subsistence, and so many lire a night for accommodation, in Italy. Ah yes, but you don't know George when he is in action. Not content with travelling in the dark, and so subsisting by night when he ought to be accommodated, and being accommodated by day when he ought to be subsisting, he could never make up his mind to stay in the same country for two days together. As to his constant movements from one country to the other, three times he

had supposed he had finished with Italy and was due back in France; each time he had got comfortably across the frontier into France he had been recalled to Italy. Never once had he the sense to cross the frontier on the stroke of midnight, and so make a complete twenty-four hours of it on each side, and all the time the rate of exchange was varying by a fraction. But, as George said, it wasn't himself who was manipulating the rate of exchange as between the two countries, and courtesy to allied nations prevented him from manipulating the trains.

It was towards teatime when he satisfied me of his own innocence on these points; but don't run away with the idea that by this time we were well on with the business. We had barely as much as started. How are you to fix the "date of journey" in such a manner as to give the traveller a clear night for accommodation in one country, or a clear day for subsistence in another, when he leaves his home at 5.15 P.M., arrives at the end of the first stage at 6.10 P.M., sleeps in a hotel till 11 P.M., gets in the train at thirty-five minutes past, crosses the frontier at 2 P.M. on the following day, arrives at his Italian destination at 5 A.M. on the morning after that, and then, if you please, goes to bed in another hotel? Old soldier though I am, there didn't seem to me to be a single line in a single column which I could satisfactorily fill in. True, there was the space for "Remarks," but our Mr. Booth was quite sure that my remarks were not what the Pay People called for.

By this time I was for giving in, but George was now the persistent one. It was never his pocket he cared for; it was just one of his confounded principles not to be beaten by anything, not even an Army Form. I expressed some surprise that in the course of this tour of duty he had not managed to find his way to America for an hour or two, if only to complicate my business with the dollar question . . .

I read the whole Form again, from start to finish, including the bit about vouchers being required for any unusual expenditure, such as cab-fares of over ten shillings. I then told George to write down on a piece of paper how much money he had when he started on his silly journey, and how much he had in hand when he got back; to deduct the latter from the former and tell me the result; to go away, leave me to wrestle all night with the problem, come back next morning at nine, remain motionless and strictly in one country in the meanwhile, neither accommodated nor subsisting. He gave me the figure, 173 francs, and never mentioned the subject to me again for days owing to the sullen fury he noted in my expression every time he cleared his throat to do so.

* * * * *

After ten days I handed George a chit from the Pay People for "one hundred and seventy francs for travelling expenses, 30/10/1917 to 20/11/1917, for tour of duty to Italy." George said I had a dashed fine brain to have worked out the claim; I told him the Pay Man had a dashed kind heart to settle it. I hadn't been able to avoid mentioning Italy, but for the rest the Pay Man simply must have thought that George had driven all the way to the frontier and back in cabs and done precious little duty on the other side of it. Wouldn't you have thought so, Charles, if you had received a claim merely for eighty-five cabs, at two francs a time, and all in France, too.

Yours ever, Henry.



THE DEDUCTIVE MIND.

Permanent Base Man (in charge of incinerator, to Sanitary Inspector). "You can take it from me, Corporal, some blighter's been putting bombs in this insinuator."

From a church notice-board:

Matins.—Hymn 43:

'Great God, what do I see and hear?'

Preacher, Rev. Dr. ——.

Hymn 45:

'Hark! an awful voice is sounding.'"

TRENCH COATS.

I went into a shop to buy a trench-coat. The shopman came forward with an air which said quite plainly, "You are a second lieutenant. You have just obtained a commission from the ranks. You think you do not want a complete outfit. It is my business to show you that you are mistaken. You want a complete outfit. Your Sam Browne is second-hand. You picked your boots up from a Salvage Dump. Your cap was used once in your bathroom at home as a sponge-bag. Your trench-coat is disgusting. The whole outfit would fail to deceive a man's maiden aunt, so obvious an attempt is it to mislead the unsophisticated into supposing that you have arrived here straight from the trenches. I know better. You have just obtained a commission in the motor-transport section of the Wessex Home Defence Corps. Gentlemen from the trenches always dress as if they'd come straight out of a shop like this . . . And we don't take cheques."

That was what his manner said. What he actually said was non-committal. He said, "Yes, Sir?"

I took off my trench-coat and let the glory of three whole stars dazzle him. He little knew that one of them was "acting," and his face fell.

"I do not at present," said I, "require a knife with indispensable cheese-scoop and marmalade-shredding attachment. My indispensable steel mirror with patent lanyard and powder puff for attachment to service revolver is in perfect working order. I already possess two pairs of marching boots with indispensable trapdoors in each heel containing complete pedicure set and French-Portuguese dictionaries. My indispensable fur waistcoats, Indian clubs, ponchos, collapsible Turkish baths, steel aprons and folding billiard tables have already brought the weight of my kit nearly up to the allotted thirty-five pounds. My indispensable cigar cabinet, camouflaged to look like a water-bottle; my patent and absolutely essential convertible gramophone which can be changed at a moment's notice into a tin hat; my caviare lozenges and shampoo tabloids—I have



Wife (Time 3.45 A.M.) "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" *Special Constable.* "AIR-RAID DUTY, DEAR."
Wife. "WELL, DON'T LET THE CAT OUT."

them all. I want a trench-coat and nothing else."

His face had fallen a little as I spoke. But it lit up again with a sort of cunning excitement when I said "trench-coat." I wondered why—then. Now I know. I thought that he was baffled and would say no more, but I had forgotten the developments of trench warfare.

"This way, Sir," said the shopman.

He led me to a room which combined the architectural style of the Crystal Palace and Waterloo Station with a touch of the dentist's waiting-room. There was a khaki tent in the midst of it, and he led me towards this with the air of a broody hen anticipating the number of her chickens.

"The Vadecumomnibus trench-coat," said he.

"But it 's a tent," I protested.

"It has collapsible aluminium centre seam," he retorted rapidly, "which can be used as a tent pole in severe weather. On buttoning the top button this pole telescopes automatically and forms a bullet-proof spine protector. Each sleeve can be unscrewed and used in an emergency as a Lewis gun. This is indispensable——"

"Of course," I interrupted. "But I require something quite simple and straightforward. Just a trench-coat, you understand."

"We have here," he said immediately, "the Gadget coat. It possesses three hundred button-holes and three hundred buttons. Every single portion of the coat can be buttoned on to every other part at a moment's notice. The pockets are detachable and can be used as coffee cups or finger bowls. The coat itself, when stretched on our patent aluminium framework, makes an admirable hip-bath."

I played nervously in my pocket with the pin of a live Mills grenade (overlooked by the A.M.L.O.).

"A simple, straightforward trench-coat," I repeated.

"This," said the shopman, handing me something very like a slice of plum-pudding—"this is the cross-section of a piece of the cloth out of which our 'Stopablitey' trench-coat is manufactured. It shows the strata of the material, consisting of alternate layers of old motor tyres and reinforced concrete—the whole covered with alligator skin and proofed with our patent indispensable——"

It was then that I killed him and buried him under a pyramid of indispensable gadgets. It will be years before they find him.

If TROTZKY is the Enver Pasha of Russia, ENVER PASHA may be described as the Turkey Trotzky.

OUR POPULAR EDUCATORS.

A RECENT article in *The Daily Mail* began, "Jerusalem, the famous city of the Bible . . ."

There is nothing like taking precautions not to talk over the heads of your readers. We offer a few suggestions on similar lines:—

"Germany, the powerful enemy against whom we are contending in the present War (1914 onwards) . . ."

"SHAKSPEARE, the immortal author of *Hamlet* (the tragedy) . . ."

"'Blighty,' the British soldier's name for England . . ."

"MOSES, the distinguished lawgiver and prophet . . ."

"The GERMAN CROWN PRINCE, eldest son of KAISER WILHELM II. . . .

"EVE, the heroine of the Garden of Eden story . . ."

"Economy, the virtue imposed on us by the present shortage of food . . ."

"*The Daily Mail*, a newspaper . . ."

Hello, Girls!

"CIVIL SERVICE LADIES FOR LONDON TELEPHONE EXCHANGES,

over 1 and under 30 years of age. Minimum height 5ft."—*Evening Paper*.

Many ladies of our acquaintance, although just over the minimum age, are not yet quite up to the required height.



Lady (displaying costume in which she is to appear as the Queen of Sheba in "Biblical Beauties" tableaux at charity matinée). "RATHER SWEET, ISN'T IT?"

Friend. "MY DEAR, ABSOLUTELY TOPPING. IT MAKES ME FEEL I OUGHT TO BE DOING WAR-WORK TOO."

TO SANTA CLAUS.

HISTORIC Santa! Seasonable Claus!
 Whose bulging sack is pregnant with delight;
 Who comest in the middle of the night
To stuff distracting playthings in the maws
 Of stockings never built for infant shins,
 Suspended from the mantelpiece by pins.

Thou who on earth wast namèd Nicholas—
 There be dull clods who doubt thy magic power
 To tour the sleeping world in half-an-hour,
And pop down all the chimneys as you pass
 With woolly lambs and dolls of frabjous size
 For grubby hands and wonder-laden eyes.

Not so thy singer, who believes in thee—
 Because he has a young and foolish spirit;
 Because the simple faith that bards inherit
Of happiness is still the master key,
 Opening life's treasure-house to whoso clings
 To the dim beauty of imagined things.

Wherefore, good Kringle, do not pass me by,
 Who am too old, alas! for trains and blocks,
 But stuff the Love of Beauty in my socks
And Childlike Faith to last me till I die;
 And there'll be room, I doubt not, in the toes
 For Magic Cap and Spectacles of Rose.

And not a song of beauty, sung of old,
 Or saga of the dead heroic days,
 And not a blossom laughing by the ways,
Or wind of April blowing on the wold
 But in my heart shall have the power to stir
 The shy communion of the worshipper.

Hark! On the star-bright highways of the sky
 Light hoofs beat and the far-off sleigh-bell sounds!
 Is it old Santa on his gracious rounds
Or one dead legend drifting sadly by?
 Not mine to say. And, though I long to peep,
 Santa shall always find me fast asleep. ALGOL.

"A clerk was at London Mansion House yesterday charged with stealing a blouse the property of the governor and directors of the Bank of England.

She said she could not understand what made her take it, and, believing she acted from sudden temptation, the Lord Mayor bound her over."—*Daily Mail.*

We do not think the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" ought to wear such tempting garments in these times.

"WITH THE ITALIAN ARMY.—The battle, which continues with unabated fury, is gradually extending along the front from the Brenta to the Piave, a line of over 11 miles, with its wings on the Col della Berretta and Monte Spinoncia, north-east of Grappa.

"I learn that for 24 hours the fighting was marked by a determination in counter-attacks which has never yet been exceeded. No fewer than four times Colonel della Berretta changed hands."—*Scots Paper.*

We hope the gallant officer is none the worse for his game of Hunt-the-Skipper.



AN INEXPENSIVE LUXURY.

First Kaiser (Wilhelm). "I AM THINKING OF SENDING THIS BIRD OF PEACE FORTH AGAIN. WE CAN AFFORD TO BE MAGNANIMOUS."

Second Kaiser (Karl). "WELL, WE CERTAINLY CAN'T AFFORD ANYTHING ELSE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 17th.—On the whole the Lords gave a friendly reception to the Franchise Bill. They have learned a good deal since 1911. Even Lord SALISBURY forebore on this occasion his usual intention to die in the last ditch, and was ready to let the Bill pass, provided that Proportional Representation was included in it. The most vehement criticism came from Lord BRYCE, who viewed with alarm the addition of six million women to the electorate. Women, he declared, neither met nor talked an assertion which surprised the more married peers. Lord BURNHAM supported "P.R." with the self-sacrificing argument that the Press would become too powerful if minorities whose questions are intentionally mischievous, and by their mere appearance on the notice-paper give comfort and even information to our foes. Mr. BONAR LAW'S announcement that the Government would, during the Christmas holidays, consider how to mitigate the nuisance met with noisy objection from Mr. LYNCH, Mr. PRINGLE and other Members. The most original contribution to the discussion came from Mr. HOLT, who innocently inquired whether the Government would mind laying before the House a statement of the harmful questions which had been asked. Possibly he was thinking of the famous edition of MARTIAL in which all epigrams of doubtful propriety were excluded from the main text and collected in the appendix.



A QUEUE FOR THE COMMONS.

had no way of expressing their views except in the newspapers. Perhaps he doesn't want another letter from Lord LANSDOWNE.

Mr. HOGGE is usually so assiduous in his attendance that I was surprised at his sudden departure just before Sir C. KINLOCH-COOKE put a question to the FOOD CONTROLLER. But when I found that the question related to "the political as well as the economic effect of the new regulation governing the sale of pigs" I recognised the delicacy of his action in withdrawing. Mr. CLYNES, however, had nothing to say on the political aspect of the question; and shortly afterwards Mr. HOGGE re appeared.

The Members whose interrogatory activities it is sought to curb are, for the most part, like the objects in a museum, more curious than exhilarating; but there are some, I am afraid, whose questions are intentionally mischievous, and by their mere appearance on the notice-paper give comfort and even information to our foes.

The SECRETARY for SCOTLAND, speaking at break-neck speed, managed to give the House within the space of ten minutes an outline of the Bill which he hopes will maintain for Scotland her primacy in education. The new MUNRO doctrine did not, however, appeal to everybody, and there were ominous cries of dissent when he announced his intention of disestablishing the School Boards and putting the denominational schools on the rates.

Lord RHONDDA listened from the Peers' Gallery to the debate on Food Control, and received a quantity of advice which should help him to mind his p's and q's, particularly the latter. His lieutenant, Mr. CLYNES, improved the reputation that he has already acquired at Question-time, and was able to bring a little personal experience to bear upon the most vexed question of the day. "Members of my own household," he said, "have stood in these queues, and I know something of their hardships." That is why, no doubt, he has urged upon his chief the formation of a Consumers' Council, to aid the Ministry in its deliberations. Mr. TILLETT seized the opportunity to make his maiden speech, and reminded the House that when they talked of queues at home they should not forget those other queues in the trenches. For the sake of the men who had lined up in our defence it was for us to see that their wives and children got their proper supply of food.

Tuesday, December 18th.—It was curious to hear Mr. LEES-SMITH, that stickler for freedom of expression, complaining that a London paper had published an article attacking M. CAILLAUX; and the House was amused by Lord ROBERT CECIL'S suggestion that the hon. Member should furnish him with ideas for the more stringent control of newspapers.

Mr. PETO was alarmed by an alleged increase in the export of footwear to Switzerland, and particularly to villages on the German frontier. He yields to none in his desire to give the KAISER the boot, but not in any surreptitious manner. Lord WOLMER comforted him with the statement that the bulk of the exports consisted of women's and children's shoes, quite useless to the Germans until they get down to their 1930 class.

The HOME SECRETARY announced an increase in the War-bonus to the police from eight shillings to twelve shillings. With leather at its present price it was good to hear that the Government had been mindful of their extremities.

THE YOUNGEST GENERATION.

"WHAT shall he have that killed the deer?" someone asks somebody else in *As You Like It*. But there is a better question than that, and it is this—"What shall they have that preserve the little dears?" and the answer (if I can do anything to influence it) is—honour and support; for there can be no doubt that in these critical times, when the life of the best and bravest and strongest is so cheap, no duty is more important than the cherishing of infancy.

At a *Crèche* in Notting Hill I watched, the other day, some of this cherishing in progress, and it was a pleasant and stimulating sight. The institution was in existence in a small way before the War, but it has recently been enlarged and made scientific, to meet the greater needs which the War has set up, and it is now able to act as foster-mother to seventy mites, from the age of one month to four years, whose real mothers are for the most part engaged in war work. That is a good piece of citizenship, is it not? And to watch it in being is an education in those wonderful things to the eye of man—the solicitude and patience and capability of woman. The noise alone, whether of joy or of transitory grief, would drive most men frantic; but these devoted souls, knowing that it is all part of the game, proceed with an unearthly composure through it all—undressing their charges, dressing them, washing them, feeding them, beguiling them; in a word, tending them, from morning till evening.

The children begin to arrive, brought either by their mothers, their "Little Mothers" (I mean sisters) or their brothers, between 8 and 9—some in arms and some in perambulators and some in go carts; and then they are immediately divested of their home clothes, popped into warm baths three or four at a time, and dressed in the clothes belonging to the *Crèche*. For the rest of the day they wear these clothes and sleep, eat, play and, when it amuses them more to do so, cry, until the time comes to be put back into their own garments and be taken away. By some strange instinct their relations, I am informed, know them again, and very few mistakes occur; and so gradually, in the neighbourhood of seven o'clock, peace descends on this corner of Notting Hill once more.

The place is sheer Lilliputia; for everything is on a reduced scale. Scores of little beds round the walls, with little pillows and little coverlets; scores of little chairs; a long table so low that it seems to be the footstool of a giant's wife, with little benches beside it for their little meals. In the centre of the room are two little pounds, with railings so close together as not to be crawled through, where the more adventurous ones can be kept out of mischief in the company of woolly toys; and outside is a loggia place with little cradles for the babies who want more air to sleep in.

Such is the Stoneleigh Street Crèche, and in order to realise what admirable and desirable functions it fulfils—principally by voluntary aid, for the capitation fee of half-a-crown a week is, of course, quite insufficient to maintain it—one has only to imagine what the lot of these helpless little creatures would be if they were left in their motherless homes. Not only would they be far less happy but far less healthy; and it is upon healthy babies that England's future must be founded. If any reader of *Punch*, then, should be in doubt as to what to do with a little surplus money, let the little requirements of these little people be remembered. The address to which donations should be sent is: The Secretary, Notting Hill Day Nursery, Stoneleigh Street, Notting Hill, W.



Coastguard (rung up by the Military). "NOT SO MUCH OF YER 'ACK! ACK!' AND YER OLD 'PIP EMMA!' LET'S 'AVE THE BLOOMIN' MESSIGE."

Interesting Example of Longevity?

"Richard ——, D.D., a member of the elder branch of the family, was a contemporary and friend of Ben Jonson, and his portrait in oils, by Romney, is now an heirloom."

Provincial Paper.

"The stationmaster was then kidnipped—he is a married man."

Standard (Buenos Aires).

Possibly henpecked as well.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Those who like to read familiar letters—and I confess it is one of my favourite literary distractions—will find matter very much to their mind in *Some Hawarden Letters* (Nisbet), compiled by L. March-Phillips and Bertram Christian. It is a collection of letters addressed to Miss Mary Gladstone before and after her marriage to Mr. Drew. Sitting at the centre she seems to have held together her circle by golden threads of confidence and intimacy. Here you will learn how Ruskin was brought to visit Hawarden, and how he entirely altered his views on Mr. Gladstone, going so far as to suppress a number of *Fors Clavigera* in which slighting allusion had been made to him. Here, too, you will find Lord Acton, who deeply disapproved of Mr. Gladstone's conduct in paying a memorial tribute of respect and eulogy to Lord Beaconsfield. Acton's list of the hundred best books (or, to be strictly accurate, of ninety-nine of them) is also given. It provides heavy reading for a hundred years at the very least. As a set-off to this ponderosity there are the letters of Burne-Jones, fresh, amiable and delightful, as also those of Professor James Stuart, which are among the best in the collection. Mr. A. J. Balfour appears as the owner of four concertinas, on which he was willing "to play with anyone who would accompany him through any of the oratorios of Handel." Ruskin writes to Carlyle, addressing him as "Dearest Papa," and signing himself "Ever your faithful and loving son." The letters of George Wyndham are a charming collection, shining with hope and idealism yet never losing their touch of the firm earth. This book was nearly completed by the late Mr. March-Phillips, and after his untimely death the task was brought to a conclusion by Mr. Christian. On the whole the work has been done with great discretion, but there is a passage relating to George Eliot on pp. 193, 194 which ought to have been omitted.



"A SEASON FOR FRESH AIR AND ROOM TO BREATHE."—*Quotation from one of the above Railway's advertisements.*

Miss Mills Young tells us that *John Musgrave*, the middle-aged hero of *Cœlebs* (Lane), "was not a prig, but he came perilously near to being one at times." Well, if anyone ought to know, it is his creator, so I will accept her word for it, though for myself I should have called him a first-class prig. The little village in which he lived his bachelor existence was invaded by some up-to-date people who took the Hall, and proceeded to liven up things. *Mrs. Chadwick* freely shocked the poor man; she smoked, was a reckless conversationalist and had modern ideas, all which disturbed the decorous manner of his life. Moreover, she had taken upon herself the heavy task of finding him a wife, and *John's* phlegmatic heart began to flutter when he saw *Peggy*, her lady-gardener and niece, standing on a ladder, in blue trousers. He was incensed by such apparel, but he was also intrigued. From that moment his number, as they say, was up. Apart from a dog-incident, which is far too prolonged, and some rather cheap sarcasm at the expense of a wretched spinster, this tale of *John's* conversion from something drier than dust to a human being is neatly told. All the same I prefer Miss Young's South African stories.

My conjecture about *The Magic Gate* (Hutchinson) is that its author, Maud Stepney Rawson, found herself with two stories to choose from, one of the Gate itself, and another of the romance of *Lydia* and *John Wodrush*. In my opinion she chose the wrong one. The history of the *Wodrush* elopement, compressed to a couple of pages, seems to me far more original and interesting than the present rather unwieldy tale. *The Magic Gate* is a war-novel confessed, and I can only fancy that the thronging new sensations of the past three years have proved a little too much for Mrs. Rawson's sense of form. She is so anxious that her heroine and her readers shall miss nothing of it all that in the result the plot is lost in a maze of incidents that lead nowhere. The effect produced on a small country society by the early phases of the War is shown deftly enough. But perhaps posterity will find in such a record a more compelling interest than we can to whom it is still so familiar in every unforgettable detail. One other ground of complaint I have against the book is that its most original and attractive character, the American woman to whose generosity *Jennet* owes her occupancy of Fullbrook Manor, is banished at an early page, and submarined just when I was looking for her reappearance. Hers is yet another story with which Mrs. Rawson might have entertained me better than by this of *The Magic Gate*, which I found a trifle creaky on its hinges.

Senlis (Collins) is one of the many places that have been systematically destroyed by the Germans. It is difficult for anyone who has not seen the results with his own eyes to realise the business like thoroughness which the Hun brings to this congenial task. That a part (and the most beautiful) of the town still stands does not imply that he yielded either to slackness or to æsthetic refinement. True that Miss Cicely Hamilton relates a pleasing story that Senlis was saved from utter destruction by the entreaties of the *curé*, but, all the same, I think the real reason why the Bosch did not complete his work was that he was bundled out bag and baggage before he had time to add the finishing touches. Miss Hamilton clearly and soberly states the case against him, and makes it all the more damning by her frank recognition that many of the horrors of war, whoever makes it, are inevitable. Her delightful account of Senlis itself, admirably illustrated with photographs, is certain to appeal to all lovers of the charm of old French towns; and the more poignantly when they recall how narrowly the best of its beauty escaped from the hand of the spoiler.



MR. PUNCH AS PROPAGANDIST.

I don't know what decided him to do it. I think he must have been a little fed up with our silly British way (rather attractive, all the same) of assuming that the whole world is bound to recognise the justice of our point of view without the use of propaganda to stimulate its intelligence.

Or else he had read somewhere that the Bolsheviks had been flooding the Hun trenches with Socialist literature and that the German Headquarters Staff had protested against this kind of thing as being contrary to etiquette, and he thought he couldn't go far wrong if he did something that was contrary to Bosch etiquette.

Anyhow he started off in his Bouverie biplane to distribute a million or so leaflets of his own composition over the whole expanse of the Fatherland. It has been my privilege to read a sample which he handed to me just before leaving earth. It runs as follows:—

"Germans—Your Kaiser has taken good care that his Press should keep you in ignorance of the feelings with which your nation is regarded by the civilized world. I am therefore about to oblige you with a few home-truths.

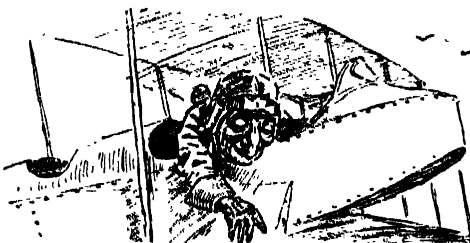
"You have probably heard a rumour that we and our Allies have no quarrel with the German people, but only with its rulers. Don't you believe a word of it. Possibly we still respected you when the War began, for we had not guessed how many of you had been looking forward for years to the coming of 'The Day.' It is what we have found out about you since you started fighting that has made us loathe and despise you.

"When, as a nation, you accepted without protest the filthy savagery of your armies in Belgium and other occupied lands; when even your women were vile in their cruelty to the helpless prisoners you had taken; when you rang your church bells and waved flags and took holidays for joy of the murder of innocent women and children, we were not deceived by apologists who explained that your only defect was that you were the slaves of a brutal militarism (though you were that, all right). We knew that you must have something of the beast in your hearts. How it got there was another matter; we only knew that it was there and that while it remained you were not fit for intercourse with decent men.

"Another thing that you may have heard (for even some of our own statesmen, reputed intelligent, have

said it, and it has no doubt been eagerly seized upon by the officials who control your Press), is that your form of Government, the particular pattern of tyranny under which you elect to grovel, is no concern of ours. Well, don't you believe that either. This is no question of private taste, like the cut of your shoulder-pads or the shape of your women's waists, which are matters of purely local interest. Your type of Government is as much our concern as the quality of your poison-gas or the composition of the bombs that you drop on our babies.

"I am reminded of the nonsense that used to be talked by responsible statesmen at the time when you were feverishly building a fleet to dispute our right to ensure the freedom of the seas. We were told that you were at perfect liberty to do so if you chose, and that it was not for us to interfere with your arrangements. Yet everybody knew all the time that there was nothing in the world that concerned us so closely. If France had been massing troops on your frontier you would at once have asked her to state her intentions, or even possibly have taken action without asking her. Well, the sea is our frontier.



"You are to understand, then (whatever anybody may say), that everything done in Germany that bears immediately upon our relations with your State is of prime concern to us. Our desire for peace is as strong as your need of it; but we cannot afford to make terms with a Government whose word, as we have proved, is not worth the paper they write it on—who would treat any peace as a mere armistice to give them breathing-space for preparing a fresh war. No, if you want peace you will have to displace your present rulers. You are so good at "substitutes" that you ought to have no difficulty about that.

"And the sooner the better for you. For as this War drags on we are not getting to love you more. Even now it will take you at least a generation to purge your offence and get back into the community of civilized nations. But there is another thought that is more likely to affect your thick commercial hides, and it is this. Unless you take steps, and pretty soon, to put yourselves in a position in which we can treat with you, you will be boycotted in the markets of the world, and you will go bankrupt. It is for you, the German people, to decide whether you choose this fate. Meanwhile Time presses and the sands run low."

Such was the matter of the leaflet that Mr. Punch rained down from his Bouverie biplane (fortunately invulnerable) upon the cities of the Fatherland. Till now the German people, fed on windy tales of triumph in place of solid food, had borne their sufferings patiently as trials incident to all wars even when you are told that you are winning them. This was the first intimation they had received of the facts. For the first time they had a chance of seeing themselves as others saw them.

He carried no bombs, but as he flew over Potsdam he could not refrain from letting fall, by way of reprisal, a weighty souvenir upon the purlieus of the Imperial Palace. Dropped at a venture, there is reason to believe that it fell within measurable distance of the head-piece of the All-Highest. It was Mr. Punch's

One Hundred and Fifty-Third Volume."





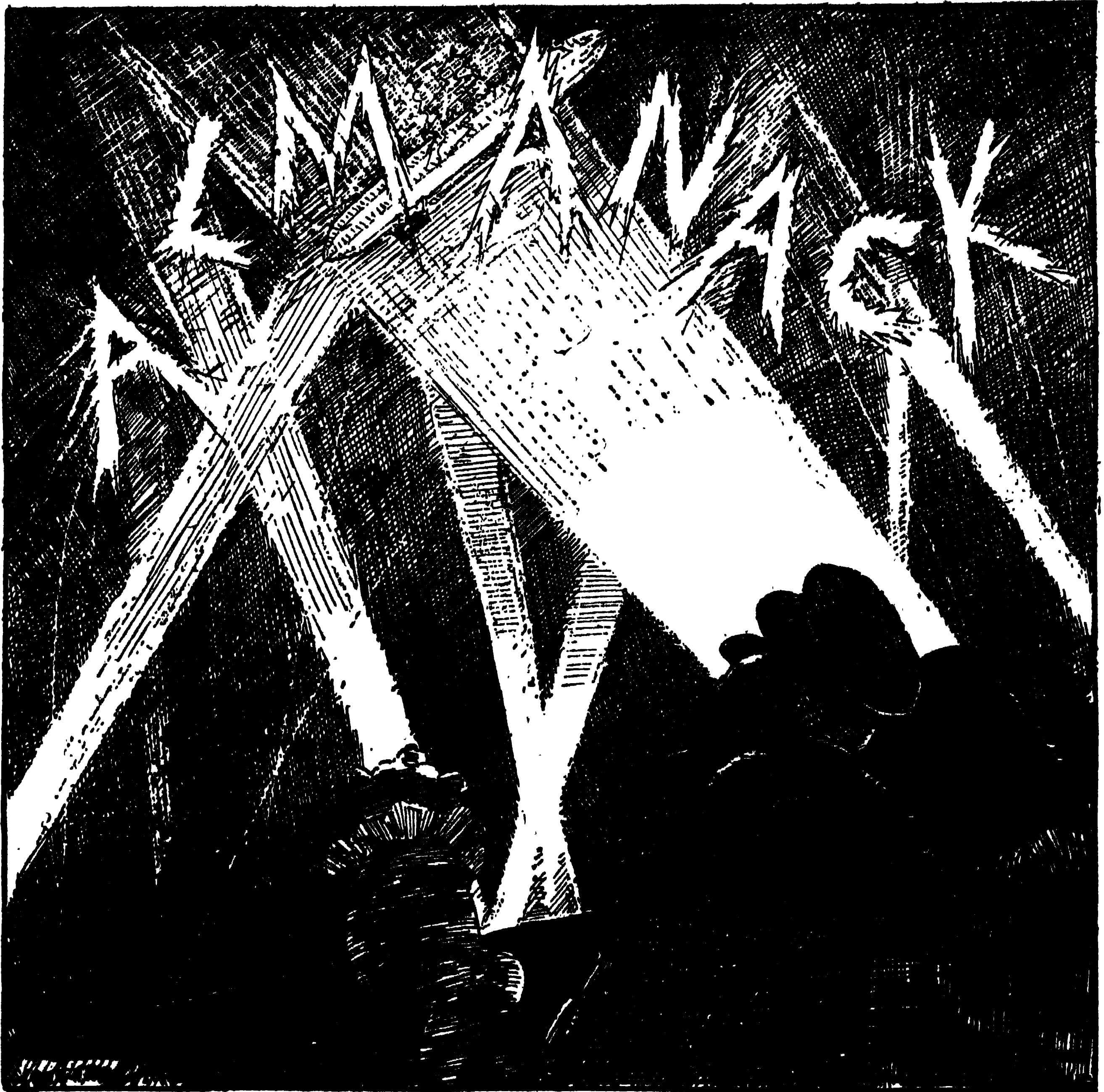
Cartoons.

Articles.

Articles—*continued*.

Pictures and Sketches.





CALENDAR, 1917.

January

S	...	7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
Tu	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
Th	4	11	18	25	...
F	5	12	19	26	...
S	6	13	20	27	...

February

S	...	4	11	18	25
M	...	5	12	19	26
Tu	...	6	13	20	27
W	...	7	14	21	28
Th	1	8	15	22	...
F	2	9	16	23	...
S	3	10	17	24	...

March

S	...	4	11	18	25	...
M	...	5	12	19	26	...
Tu	...	6	13	20	27	...
W	...	7	14	21	28	...
Th	1	8	15	22	29	...
F	2	9	16	23	30	...
S	3	10	17	24	31	...

April

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
Tu	3	10	17	24	...
W	4	11	18	25	...
Th	5	12	19	26	...
F	6	13	20	27	...
S	7	14	21	28	...

May

S	...	6	13	20	27
M	...	7	14	21	28
Tu	1	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23	30
Th	3	10	17	24	31
F	4	11	18	25	...
S	5	12	19	26	...

June

S	...	3	10	17	24	...
M	...	4	11	18	25	...
Tu	...	5	12	19	26	...
W	...	6	13	20	27	...
Th	...	7	14	21	28	...
F	1	8	15	22	29	...
S	2	9	16	23	30	...

July

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
Tu	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25	...
Th	5	12	19	26	...
F	6	13	20	27	...
S	7	14	21	28	...

August

S	...	5	12	19	26	
M	...	6	13	20	27	
Tu	...	7	14	21	28	
W	1	8	15	22	29	
Th	2	9	16	23	30	
F	3	10	17	24	31	
S	4	11	18	25	...	

September

S	...	2	9	16	23	30
M	...	3	10	17	24	...
Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...
W	...	5	12	19	26	...
Th	...	6	13	20	27	...
F	...	7	14	21	28	...
S	1	8	15	22	29	...

October

S	...	7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
Tu	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
Th	4	11	18	25	...
F	5	12	19	26	...
S	6	13	20	27	...

November

S	...	4	11	18	25
M	...	5	12	19	26
Tu	...	6	13	20	27
W	...	7	14	21	28
Th	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	...

December

S	...	2	9	16	23	30
M	...	3	10	17	24	31
Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...
W	...	5	12	19	26	...
Th	...	6	13	20	27	...
F	...	7	14	21	28	...
S	1	8	15	22	29	...

AFTER THE WAR: THE WAR-WORK HABIT.



Lady Green-Parker (late platoon-commander in a woman's volunteer corps) starts her gardeners at work for the day.



Mrs. Brompton Rhodes (who has been working on the land) finds it impossible to arrange the flowers on her dining-table without donning her smock and corduroys.



Lady Albert Hall (formerly a Red-Cross ambulance driver) deals with a break-down of her car in Bond Street.



The Hon. Mrs. Kensington Gore (once a munition-worker) is informed that something is wrong with the tap of her scullery sink.

AFTER THE WAR: THE WAR-WORK HABIT.



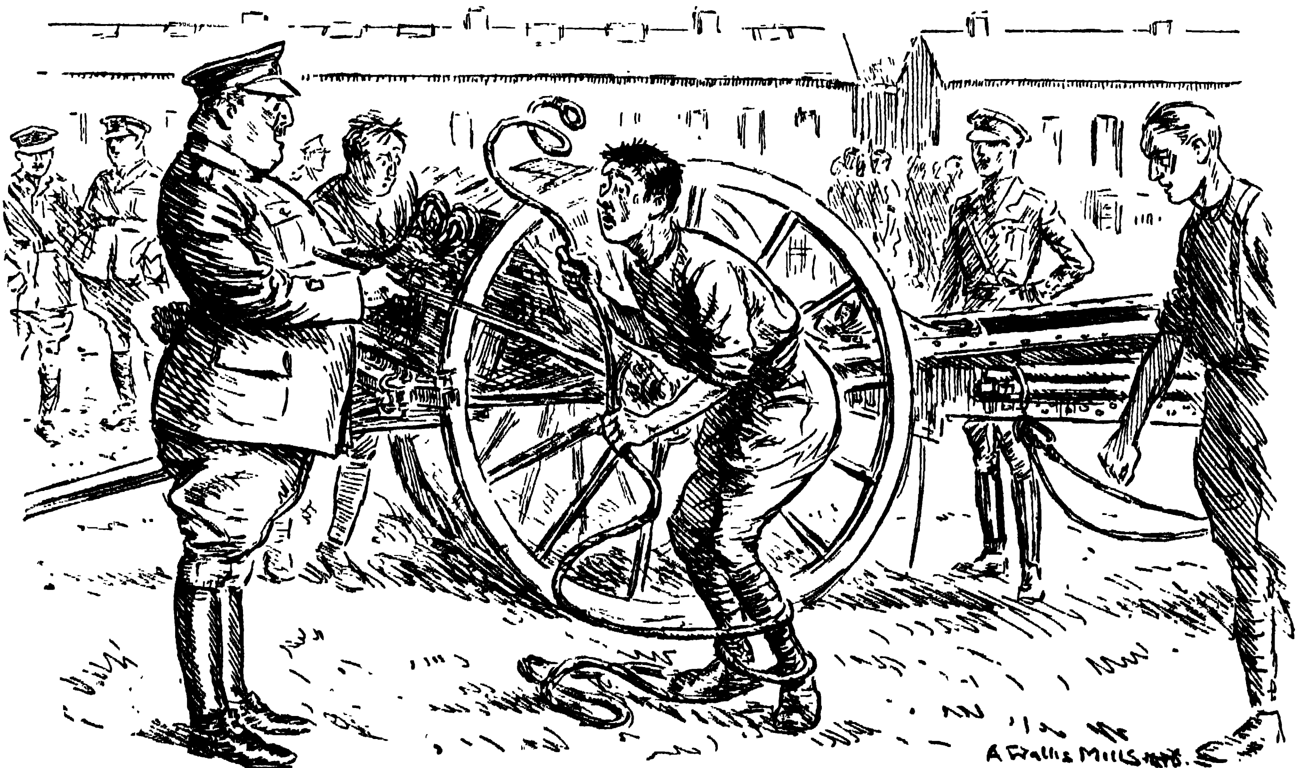
The Duchess of Pimlico (who used to entertain convalescent soldiers at her country seats) gives a garden party at Pimlico House, Belgravia.



The Countess of Knightsbridge and her charming daughters (who have all been working in canteens) cannot at once accustom themselves to the ordinary amenities of afternoon "At Homes."



Sergeant-Major (who has the professional mind). "HE'S A GOOD MAN IN THE TRENCHES, SIR, AND A GOOD MAN IN A SCRAP, SIR; BUT YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A SOLDIER OF HIM."



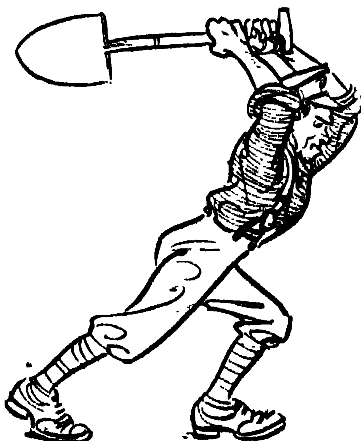
Sergeant-Major (to nervous gunner who has got mixed up with drag-rope). "WHAT WERE YOU BEFORE YOU JOINED THE ARMY? A SNAKE-CHARMER?"

HOME-MADE MUNITIONS.

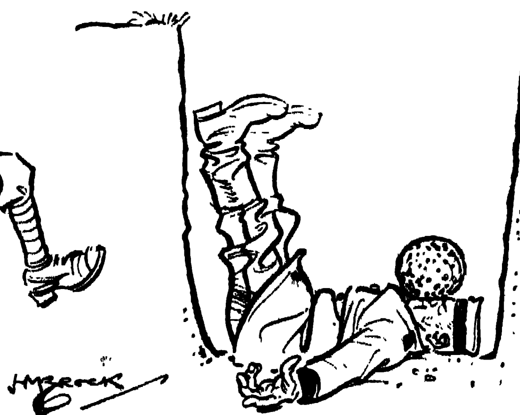












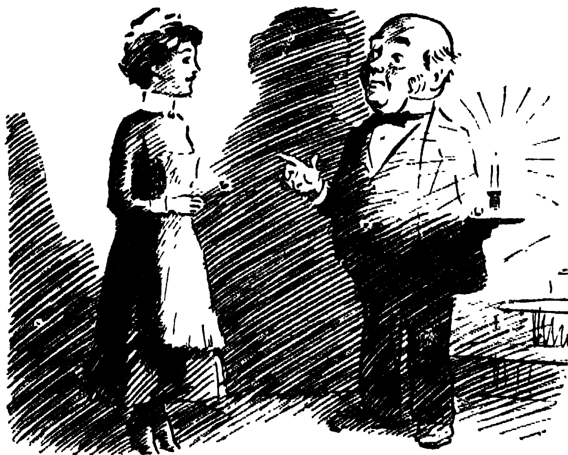
"HEAVENS, SERGEANT, WHAT'S THIS?"

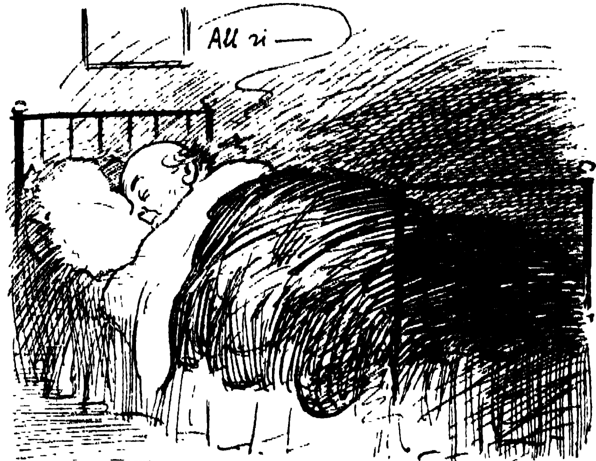
"THAT JOKE OF MINE, YOU KNOW—WHEN I ASK A RECRUIT WHO'S BEEN THROWN, 'WHO THE DEVIL ASKED YOU TO DISMOUNT, SIR?' WELL, HERE'S ONE OF THE PAPERS SAYS IT'S THE OLDEST WHEEZE IN THE WORLD!"



WHY NOT A V.A.D. SECTION OF VIVANDIÈRES AT OUR THEATRE-BARS TO RENDER FIRST AID TO ANY RECKLESS YOUTH WHO HAS THE TEMERITY TO TAKE A THEATRE WHISKY?

A FALSE ALARM.

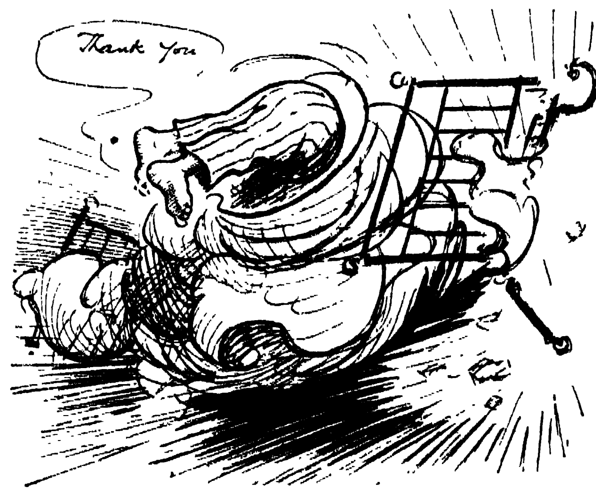

"Call me at seven sharp."



Boom!

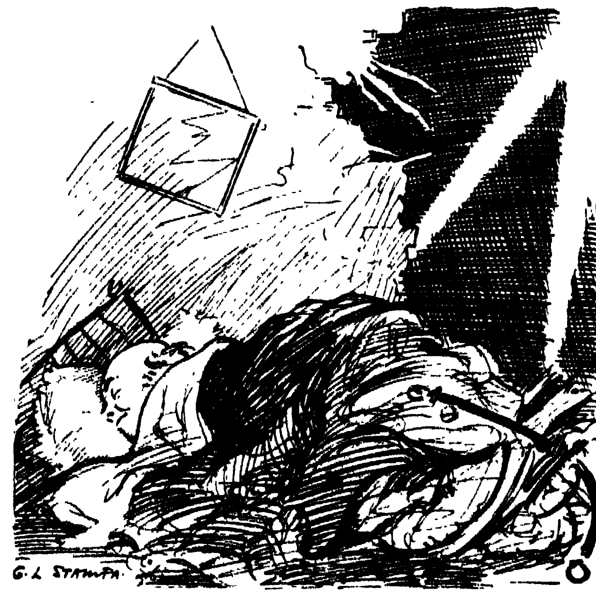


Bang!



Crash!


"Oh, Zepps?"



"I was afraid it was time to get up!"

THE COMPLETE FILM ACTOR.

Mr. Percy Garrick Smithers, actor, finding the path to fame less smooth on the legitimate stage than he believed it to be by the Cinema route, went to a producer of film plays and offered his services.



"Are you a good pugilist?"

"Yes," said the producer, "I might possibly give you lead in a big sensational I am about to put up. Are you a good pugilist?"

"I have indulged a little in the pastime of sparring," answered Percy.

"Good," said the producer. "You see, the picture opens with Bill Bloodred, the champion prize-fighter, demanding certain documents from his aged uncle. As the latter won't surrender the papers, Bill gives him a swinging blow to the jaw, a few more heavy ones to various other parts of the body, and then proceeds to kick the old man to death as the latter lies helpless on the floor. It's one of those thrilling scenes the juveniles like so much! Then *you* come in and tackle Bill."

"Quite so," said Percy.

"A terrific fight ensues. Bill surpasses anything he has ever done in the ring, and it goes on until at last you collapse. Bill escapes, leaving you for dead. Do you catch the idea?"

"Pretty well," said Percy.

"Now Bill goes straight away to the police office and states that you have murdered his uncle. When you come to, you are surrounded by about twenty members of the police force, the chief of whom slips the handcuffs over your wrists. With one wrench you snap the chain and are free!"

"With *one* wrench?" asked Percy, to be sure he was getting the details correctly.

"With one wrench. Then ensues another big struggle. This time it is yourself *versus* the police."

"The twenty?"

"Quite right. After some time you show signs of weakening, and the police look like getting the upper hand."



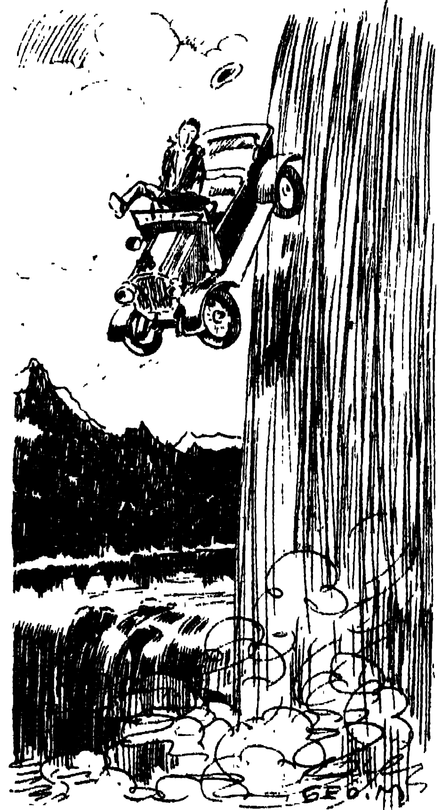
"It is yourself *versus* the police."

"Ah!" remarked Percy.

"But just then Mignon, the old man's daughter, emerges from behind a screen. She tells the police the facts and proclaims your absolute innocence."

"Good!" said Percy.

"The chief of the police thereupon shakes you by the hand and apologises. You indicate that it will now be your life's work to bring the assassin, Bill, to justice, and then you quit. I should mention that before leaving you fall in love with Mignon, and promise that on your return you'll marry her at once. That parting scene will want a bit of acting. Your countenance must show successive degrees of pain, as if you had eaten something that was disagreeing with your digestion; and you mustn't omit the most effective suffering expression of all—chin raised, mouth open, eyelids closed tightly—just as if you were about to sneeze.



"You are seen falling, falling, falling."

You'll find your experience on the stage quite useful, you know."

"Oh, quite, quite," agreed Percy.

"Now you are out in the street. You seize the first motor-car at hand, and start off on the grand hunt after Bill. Through the crowded streets, out into the country highway, you fly at a terrific speed. Up the mountain passes you race, down precipitous slopes with ever-increasing momentum. Every moment, it seems, will be your last. But you come safely through."

"Certainly," said Percy.

"That is to say—almost. Unfortunately, in turning a sharp corner, the car plunges into the waters of a rapid mountain torrent!"

"Dear, dear!" said Percy.

"But you come safely through——"

Percy heaved a sigh of relief.

"You are seen falling, falling, falling,

still in your car, with the descending cataract. Over and over you are turned in the seething waters, dashed against rocks, hurled through ravines, and finally you are given a sheer drop down a perpendicular waterfall of three hundred feet. Out of the white foam formed in the bed of the waters you emerge swimming strongly hand over hand, until at last you reach the broad waters of the placid river, and finally the shore. Here you notice a train passing some little distance away, and in it, gazing out of one of the windows, you observe—Bill, the murderer! You at once start in pursuit; by a superb effort you catch up the train, and just succeed in swinging yourself safely on board. You can do a little sprinting, I suppose?"

"I could give an ordinary train a



"You follow him."

bit of a start, no doubt," said Percy with confidence.

"Just so," pursued the producer. "And now you find yourself confronting the miscreant, Bill. The train is passing through a city. It is on the elevated railway. Bill makes a dash for the door, springs out, and lands on the roof of a house. You follow him—your leap being considerably greater, because between his jump and yours the train has proceeded a certain distance."

"Precisely," said Percy.

"Now there is a scramble over the roof-tops. You climb up pipes, slide down slates, leap across spaces between separate houses, cling to coping stones, and all that sort of thing."

"I grasp the idea," said Percy.

"At last Bill is seized with a notion. He throws himself on to the telephone wires, and, hanging by his hands, manages to convey himself across to the houses on the opposite side of the road. You imitate him. As Bill arrives on the other side, he turns and cuts the wires on which you are crossing. Before the ends of the wires fall, however, you turn a quick somersault and land beside Bill. Once more there is a race over the roofs until Bill reaches a factory chimney. Down the shaft he dives. So do you. Into the furnace below, then out of it, the chase continues—it doesn't pause for a moment."



"He cuts the wires on which you are crossing."

"Not a moment," echoed Percy as in a trance.

"Yes, it does, for you and Bill have dragged out of the furnace some of the burning coal; this has caught some inflammable material, and soon the whole factory is alight. Now you rush round to alarm the workers. And what do you find? Mignon! She had gone out into the world to earn her own bread, and had found employment in this factory. The manager of the factory, an arch villain, had noted Mignon's beauty, and just as you arrive he is dragging her away. You snatch Mignon from his grasp. At that moment Bill comes up, takes in the situation, seizes the treacherous manager, and flings him into the devouring flames. Then Bill assists you to carry Mignon through the suffocating smoke out to safety, but as you disappear the now dying manager draws his revolver and fires after you. You are struck by the bullet, but bear up until, with Bill's help, you have brought Mignon out of danger. Then you faint away."

"Not till then?" said Percy.

"No, not till then. The last scene of all will be your wedding at the church. Mignon, of course, is the bride, and Bill is your best man. You see, he retrieved his character by the aid given at the factory fire, and you have forgiven him the murder of his uncle. Oh, and, by the way, you wouldn't have to be *really* shot at the rehearsals, you know."

"That's fine!" said Percy. "When would you like me to start?"

"A week from now."

"Good. That will give me a nice opportunity to get fit, and to have one last good time in case any unforeseen



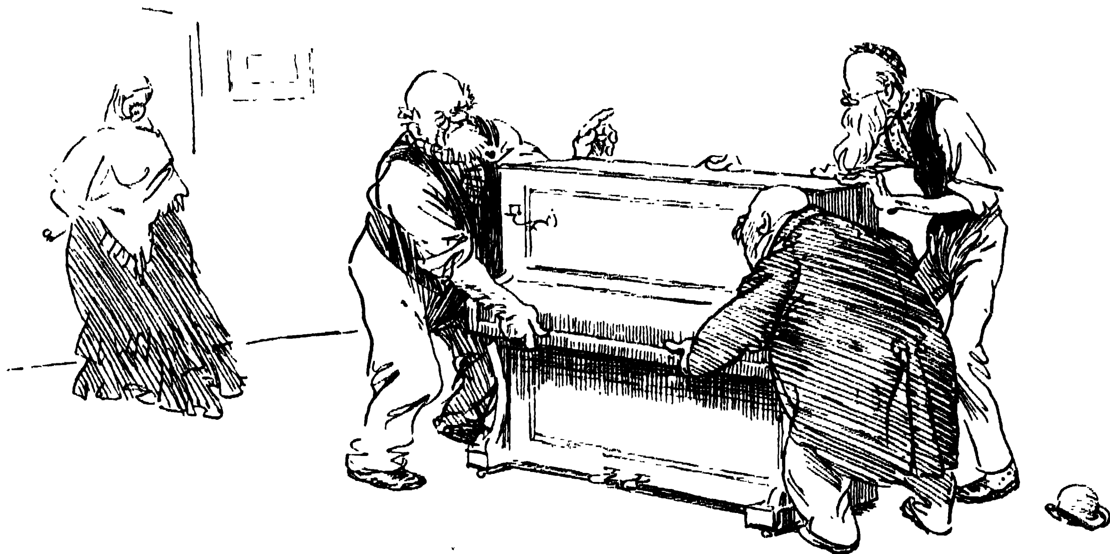
"The last scene of all will be your wedding."

mishap should occur in the course of rehearsal. Of course I see no reason whatever to anticipate any accident, but they have been known to happen under circumstances even more commonplace, if that were possible."

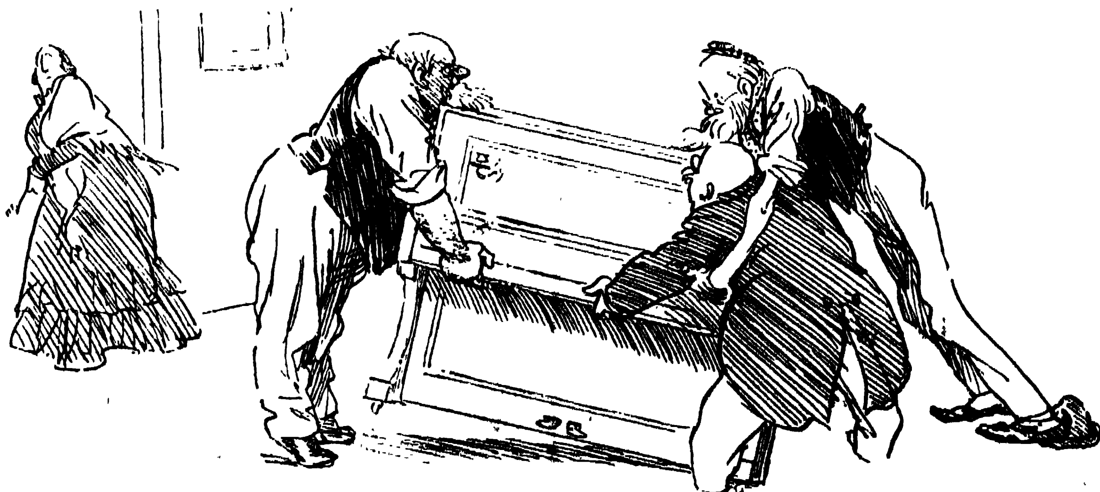
THE EVICTION OF AN ENEMY IN OUR MIDST



British matron, in a spasm of patriotism, decides to get rid of her German piano. Messrs. Dugout and Co. undertake to remove it.

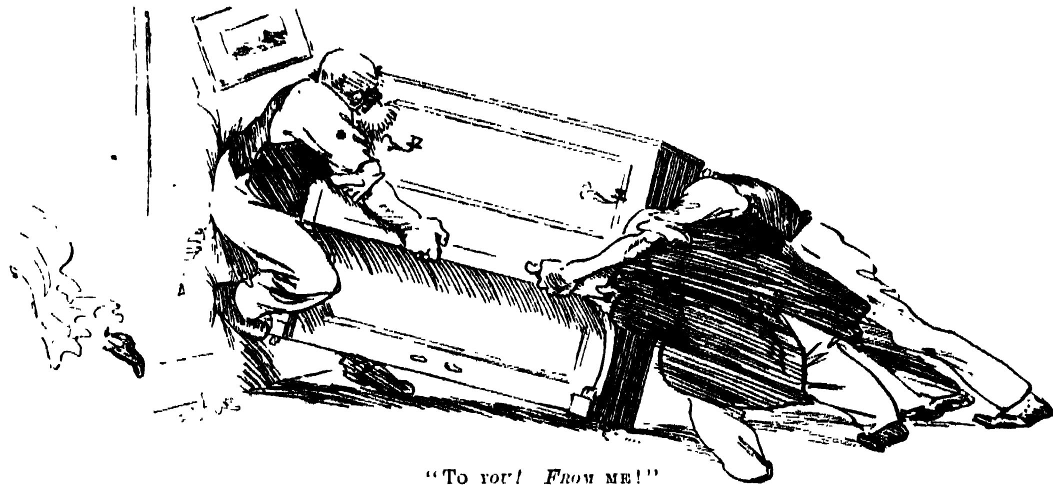


"Now, then, when I ses, 'To me!'"



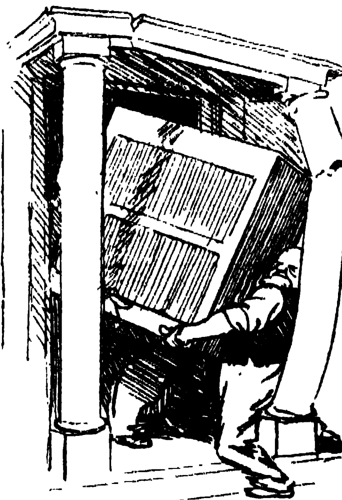
"TO ME!"

THE EVICTION OF AN ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.



"To you! *From me!*"







The spirit of frightfulness active to the very end.



Peace—at a price.



MESOPOTAMIA.

Tommy (to Padre, who has been telling him about the Scriptural associations connected with the country). "SUPPOSED TO BE THE GARDEN OF EDEN, IS IT, SIR? WELL, IT WOULDN'T TAKE NO FLAMIN' SWORD TO KEEP ME OUT OF IT."

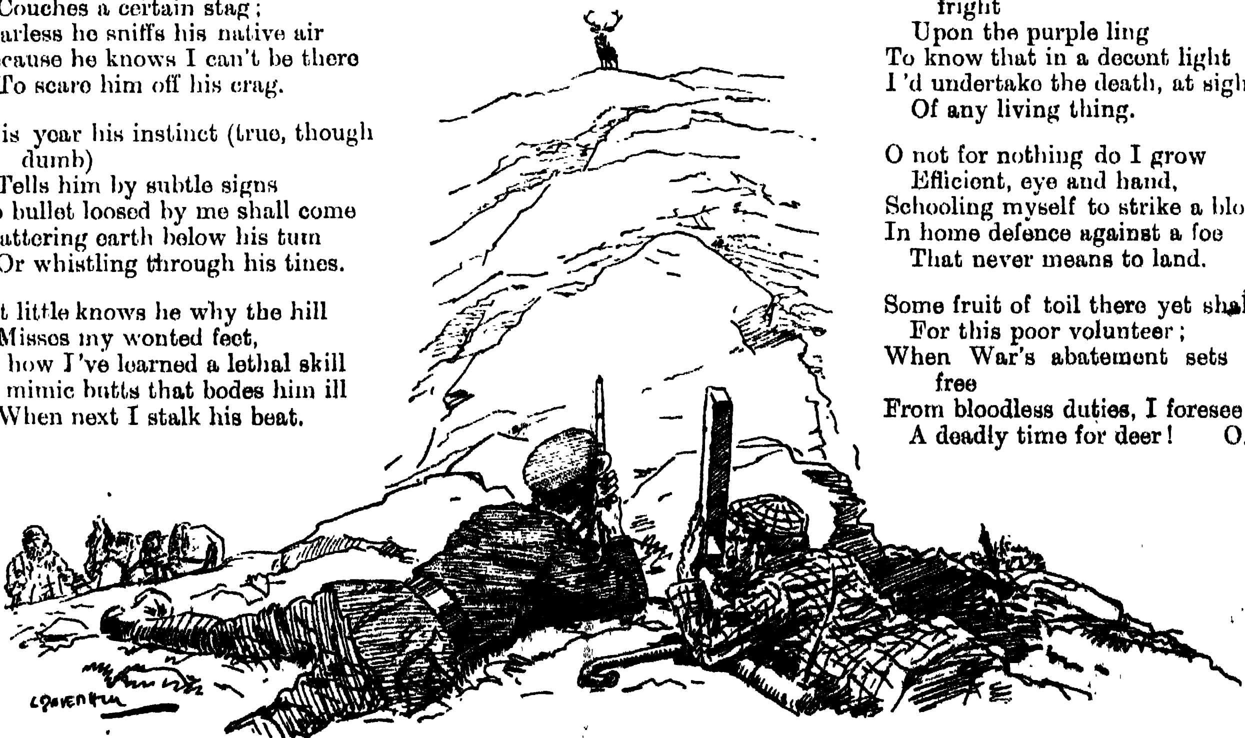
THE TRUCE—AND AFTER.

[Lines alleged to have been recently found on the back of a miniature target (of which only the bull's-eye was perforated), and believed to be the work of a private in the County of London Volunteer Regiment.]

THIS year at ease on Ben Macquhair
  Couches a certain stag;
Fearless he sniffs his native air
Because he knows I can't be there
  To scare him off his crag.

This year his instinct (true, though dumb)
  Tells him by subtle signs
No bullet loosed by me shall come
Shattering earth below his tum
  Or whistling through his tines.

Yet little knows he why the hill
  Misses my wonted feet,
Or how I've learned a lethal skill
At mimic butts that bodes him ill
  When next I stalk his beat.



I trow that he would swoon for fright
  Upon the purple ling
To know that in a decent light
I'd undertake the death, at sight,
  Of any living thing.

O not for nothing do I grow
  Efficient, eye and hand,
Schooling myself to strike a blow
In home defence against a foe
  That never means to land.

Some fruit of toil there yet shall be
  For this poor volunteer;
When War's abatement sets him free
From bloodless duties, I foresee
  A deadly time for deer! O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S UNAUTHORISED WAR PICTURES.

FIRST SERIES. AT THE FRONT.

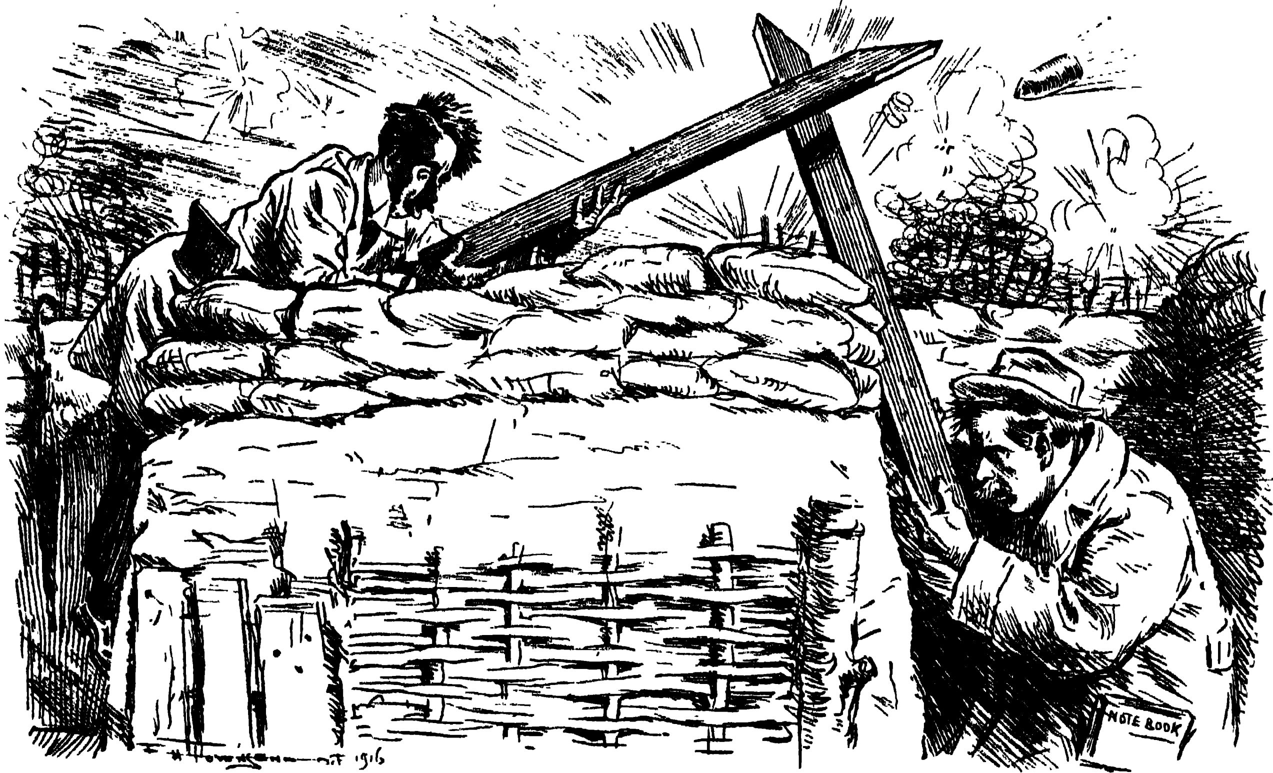


General Lloyd George, War Lord.



Mr. Winston Churchill (Journalist) gives the Hun another shock.

AT THE FRONT.



MR. ARNOLD BENNETT AND MR. H. G. WELLS (*rival bookmakers—together*). "WHAT'S THIS FELLOW DOING HERE?"



Mr. Hilaire Belloc. "THIS TRENCH IS WRONG. IT DOESN'T AGREE WITH MY MAP."

AT THE FRONT.



SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO TAKES A TRIP ON A TANK TO SEE HOW HOUSES ARE BROUGHT DOWN.



SUSPENSION OF HOSTILITIES TO ALLOW SIR HERBERT TREE TO THROW OFF A FEW SOLILOQUIES FROM *HAMLET*.

AT THE FRONT.

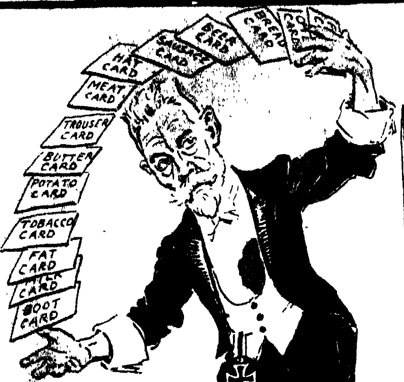


Lord Northcliffe dictates an article for *The Times*.



Mr. Woodrow Wilson (with mascot) tries to find a sympathetic soul.

The Potsdam Variety Troupe



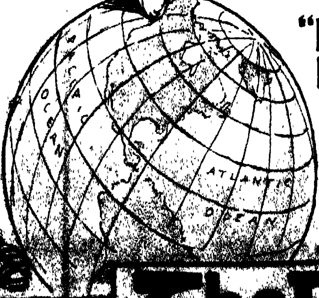
Bethmann, The King of Card Manipulators.



Professor Tirpitz, The Sub-aqueous Marvel.



The World's Greatest Nail Swallower.



The Pan-German Imperial Super-Prodigy, in his Stupendous Act on the Revolving Globe.

"Rhapsodie Hongroise," by the Veteran Tyrolese Jodeler.



Fearless Ferdie, the Juggler of the Balkans.



The Great Little Willie, Military Impersonator.



Zeppelino, in his thrilling Aerial Dive.



Weary Mehmed, The Tramp Cyclist of Stamboul.



Daring Performance on the Barbed Wire, by Tino, the Greek Equilibrist.

SECOND SERIES. IN FRONT OF THE FRONT.

SOME OF THE ENEMY'S UNFULFILLED ANTICIPATIONS.



William in Baghdad



Francis Joseph in Venice.

IN FRONT OF THE FRONT.



THE CROWN PRINCE IN PARIS. A LITTLE VISIT TO THE LOUVRE.

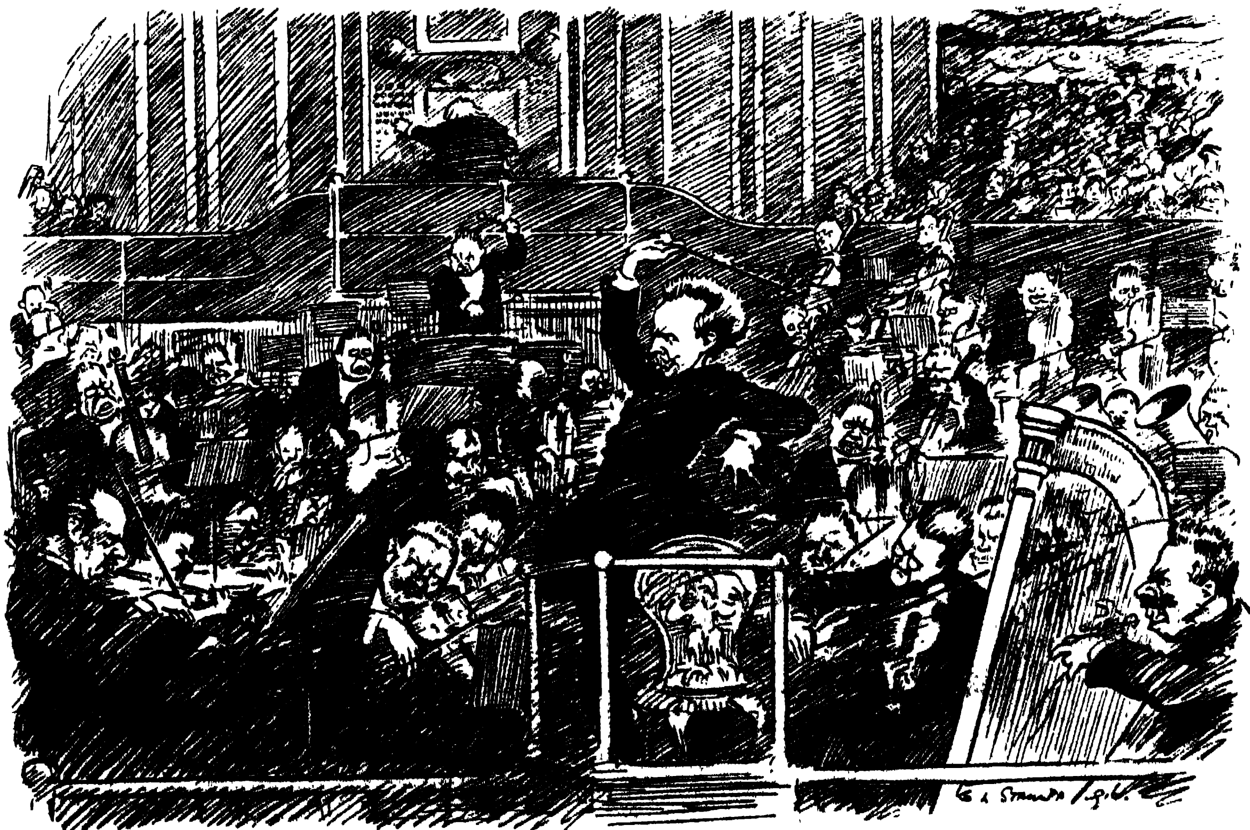


BETHMANN-HOLLWEG OCCUPIES NO. 10, DOWNING STREET. WELCOME BY TEUTON VIRGINS ARRANGED BY WOLFF, PRESS AGENT.

IN FRONT OF THE FRONT.

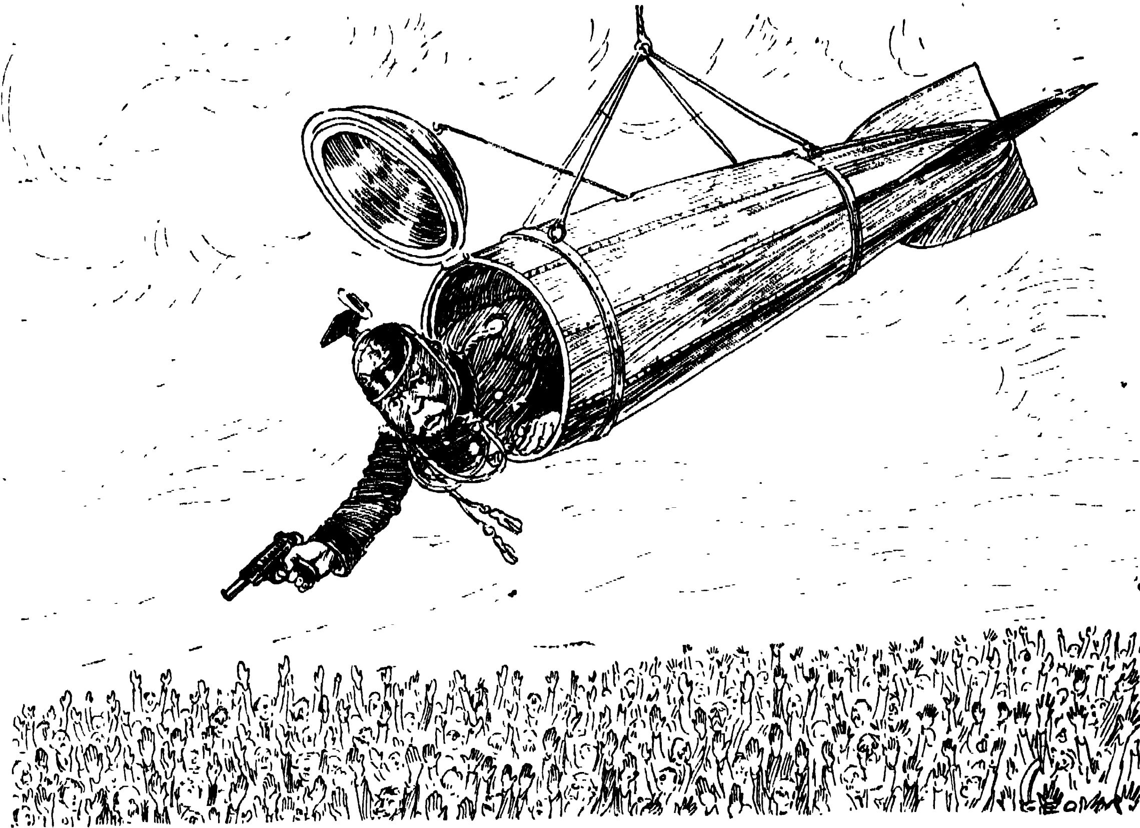


Hindenburg in the Neva-Neva Land.



Richard Strauss conducts the "Hymn of Hate" at the Albert Hall.

IN FRONT OF THE FRONT.



Count Zeppelin takes the surrender of London.



Tirpitz up the Thames.

FASHIONS IN THE NEW GERMANY.

[Dr. EUGEN WOLFF has contributed to the *Illustrirte Zeitung* an article on "How we are to order our External Life in the New Germany," from which we cull the following selected passages.]

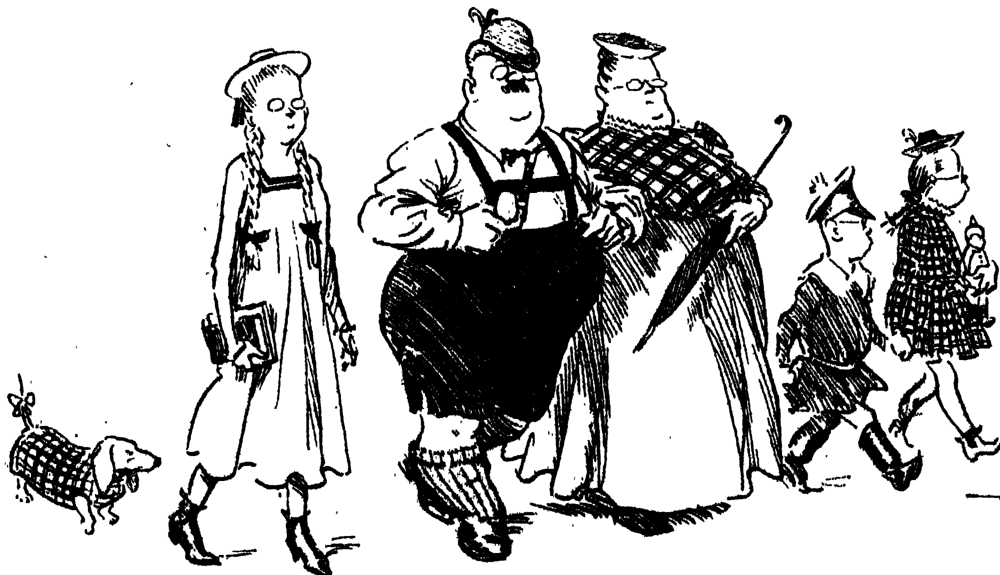




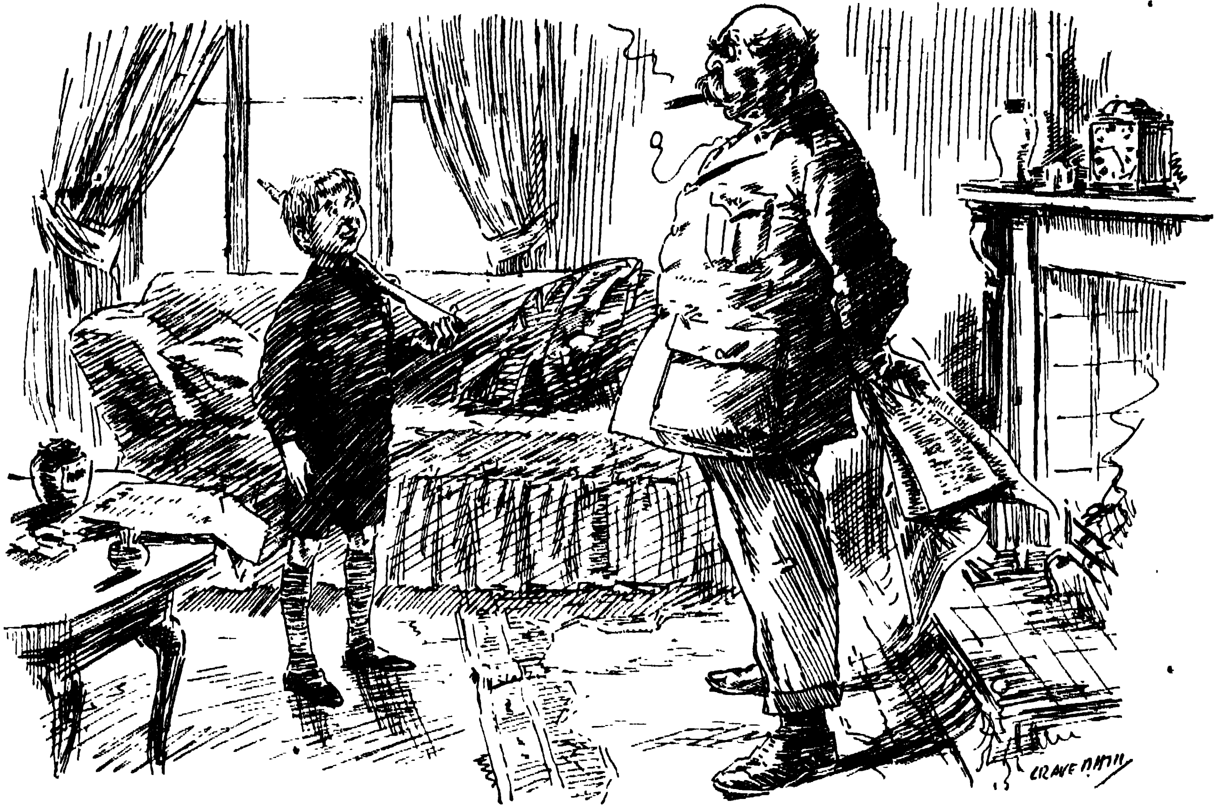
"LET OUR WOMEN WHO LOOK TO PARIS FOR THEIR FASHIONS, OUR MEN WHO LOOK TO LONDON, REMEMBER THAT—



OUR PHYSICAL FORM IS NOT THAT OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH."



"GERMAN CLOTHES AFTER THE WAR MUST BE MODELLED ON SOME PARTICULAR NATIONAL COSTUME NOTED FOR ITS EASE AND BEAUTY."



Uncle. "WELL, MY BOY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE IN A BATTLE WITH ME? FOLLOW ME—OR RUN AWAY?"
Nephew (carried away by martial enthusiasm and prepared to undertake anything). "BOTH, UNCLE."



Military Policeman. "WHO ARE YOU?"
Muddy Tommy. "THEY CALLS ME—*CALLS* ME, MIND YER—A BLANKETY LANCER!"

HYGIEIA AND THE CHEMIST.



Ideal advertisement of a sufferer from indigestion about to imbibe a patent remedy.



The same subject from life.

A ROYAL FOUR-BALL MATCH.

ST. HELENA GOLF COURSE.



MEHMED OF TURKEY DRIVES OFF FROM THE FIRST TEE.

LIKE the enemy, Mr. Punch also has projected himself "in front of the front," and, in a moment of prophetic inspiration, anticipated the following account, from the pen of his Special Correspondent, of a *post-bellum* competition on the St. Helena links:—

"The life of our royal captives in the internment camp at St. Helena is the subject of a report from the Governor of the Island, which was issued last night as a Purple Paper. The Governor, after dealing with general matters, writes:—

'In the interests of health, I have permitted the less exalted members of the camp to lay out a small golf course within the enclosed area, and yesterday the links were declared open, the ceremony taking the form of a four-ball competition, in which the German CROWN PRINCE was partnered with FRANCIS-JOSEPH of Austria against FERDINAND of Bulgaria and MEHMED of Turkey. Although present at the proceedings I feel that I cannot do better than include in my report an account of the contest which appeared in *The St. Helena Sentinel*.'"

Extract from *St. Helena Sentinel*:—

"*Internment Camp, 3 p.m.*—CROWN PRINCE, who plays slashing reckless game, takes honour at first hole (Liége to Loos), hooks at right angles, dents two spectators, and ends up in Aisne Bunker. FERDINAND (canny, cautious type of player) hits a wind-cheating screamer which finishes fully forty yards from the tee. Critics differ as to FRANCIS-JOSEPH'S shot, and it is still a moot point whether he had a species of fit or was simply trying to follow through. When restored to perpendicular was found to have ball deeply embedded in his person. Disqualified for handling. MEHMED (a left-hander; uses clubs with scimitar-shaped shafts) puts his drive over short slip into the club-house kitchen. C. P., after converting Aisne Bunker into mine crater, picks up. M., hopelessly bunkered in the Irish Stew, also picks up. F. holes out in a stealthy nineteen. Bulgar-Turk Combine one up.

2nd Hole (*Ypres Salient — 120 yards pitch*). — FRANCIS-JOSEPH, strongly urged by Czech backers to use his foot instead of his clubs, heels out in seventeen and squares the match. (Sensation.)

3rd hole (*Czernowitch to Brest-Litowski*).—CROWN PRINCE, taking the Przaritczow - Blokhod - Strypovitchi line, puts long-range shot into the Pripet Marshes. MEHMED, after undermining greater part of the Bukowina, reports progress from the tee. FRANCIS-JOSEPH, reverting to clubs, misses tee-shot twenty-four times and retires exhausted to bath-chair.



CROWN PRINCE "THROWS BAG OF CLUBS AFTER THE BALL."

FERDIE's wind-cheater, badly sliced, trickles into the Warsaw whins and is lost. C. P., arrived at edge of Pripet Marshes, drops another ball, tops it into hazard, throws bag of clubs after it, and sends for another set. Hole abandoned, M. having taken thirty-nine



"FIRST-HAND EXHIBITION OF FRIGHTFULNESS."

shots and a life-line to get out of the Blokhod Swamp.

4th Hole (Kilimanjaro to Tanganyika).—CROWN PRINCE drives out of bounds twelve times, gives away second set of clubs and sends for a third. FRANCIS-JOSEPH, attempting the Smuts Smash from edge of Usambara Bunker, overbalances into hazard and is partially suffocated. FERDINAND is disqualified for pushing on the green. MEHMED holes his tee shot. (Uproar.) Orientals one up.

5th Hole (Douaumont to Verdun—long heart-breaking test of golf.)—CROWN PRINCE gives first-hand exhibition of frightfulness and cuts down caddy with a niblick, the miserable fellow having coughed as C. P. was about to drive. MEHMED, who is now taking a larger size in fezzes by reason of performance at last tee, puts eight new balls into the Meuse Burn and gives up. FRANCIS-JOSEPH, still too full of sand to play hole, awaits arrival of vacuum-cleaner. FERDINAND, after twice exploiting the Big Push brassie shot, is suspended for cutting the cloth. C. P. abandons hole (or what is left of it) after missing two-inch putt.

5 p.m.—Match all square at the turn. Exhaustive search now being made for MEHMED, who was last seen (and heard) seeking his ball in the Mametz Wood. Ominous silence for past five minutes. Grave reason to fear that he has cut down entire wood upon himself.

5.30 *p.m.*—MEHMED rescued from *débris* but will take no further part in contest, following match on a stretcher. FRANCIS-JOSEPH now shows signs of extreme exhaustion and plays all shots from bath-chair. FERDINAND, who asserts himself a match for both his opponents, won tenth hole (Helles Hell—hundred-yards carry over dense undergrowth) with brassie shot that ricochetted off five spectators and two trees, finishing up three inches from the pin. By careful putting he got down in two more. CROWN PRINCE has just thrown away third set of clubs.

6 *p.m.*—FRANCIS-JOSEPH has retired. Can no longer swing a club, and has booked bed in camp hospital. CROWN PRINCE still awaiting fresh set of clubs. Will now play FERDINAND a single.

6.15 *p.m.*—FERDINAND, who has been granted permission to cue on the greens, has just won eleventh hole by a brilliant run-through cannon off CROWN PRINCE's ball.

6.30 *p.m.*—FERDINAND has retired.

7.10 *p.m.*—FERDINAND has retired about two miles. Cause of withdrawal occurred on fourteenth green, when F. mis-cued and blamed CROWN PRINCE's shadow. C. P., in his frightfulness, struck F. savagely in the face with a baffy and threw F.'s rubber tee into Salonika Pond. When F. remonstrated, C. P. took the offensive and F. was forced to yield ground. When last seen was yielding ground rapidly and in danger of having his lines of communication cut.

7.50 *p.m.*—CROWN PRINCE to continue *solus*. Going out for record of the course.



"TAKING A LARGER SIZE IN FEZZES."

8.10 *p.m.*—Record abandoned, CROWN PRINCE having thrown away or broken every available club in the St. Helena Sector."

Governor's report (resumed).—"In the not too sanguine hope that my prisoners will one day grasp the meaning of the term 'Sportsmanship,' I have given my consent to the holding of a cricket-match at an early date. I am reliably informed that in HINDENBURG the Austro-German XI. has a remarkable bowler of the googly order. On some of the Riga grounds, when two feet in mud, he was quite unplayable. FERDINAND, who will captain the other side, is very fast for several overs, though his action is not above suspicion. Great efforts are being made to get FRANCIS-JOSEPH to keep wicket. I trust to include an account of the match in a subsequent report."

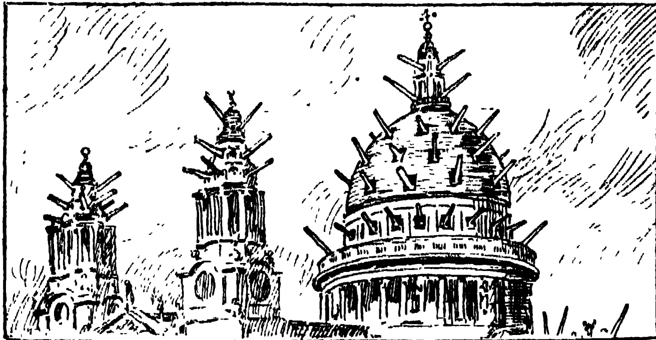


'A BRILLIANT RUN-THROUGH CANNON.'

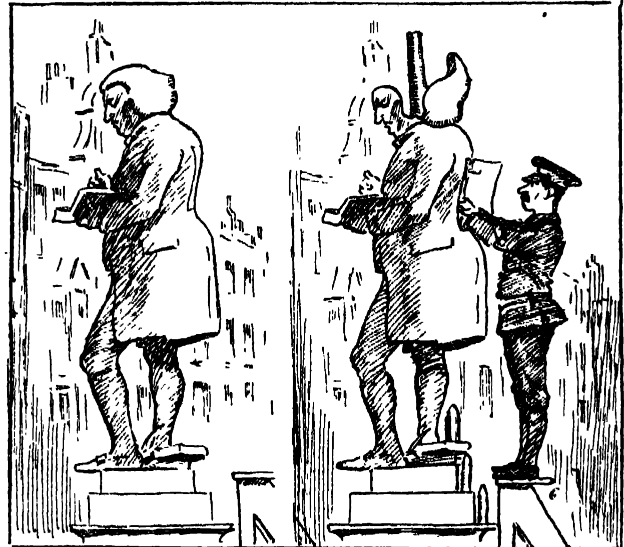
There was an old Tsar of Bulgaria
Who climbed like a climbing wistaria;
He spread and he spread
Till he had to be bled
With a view to reducing his area.

THE "FORTRESS" OF LONDON.

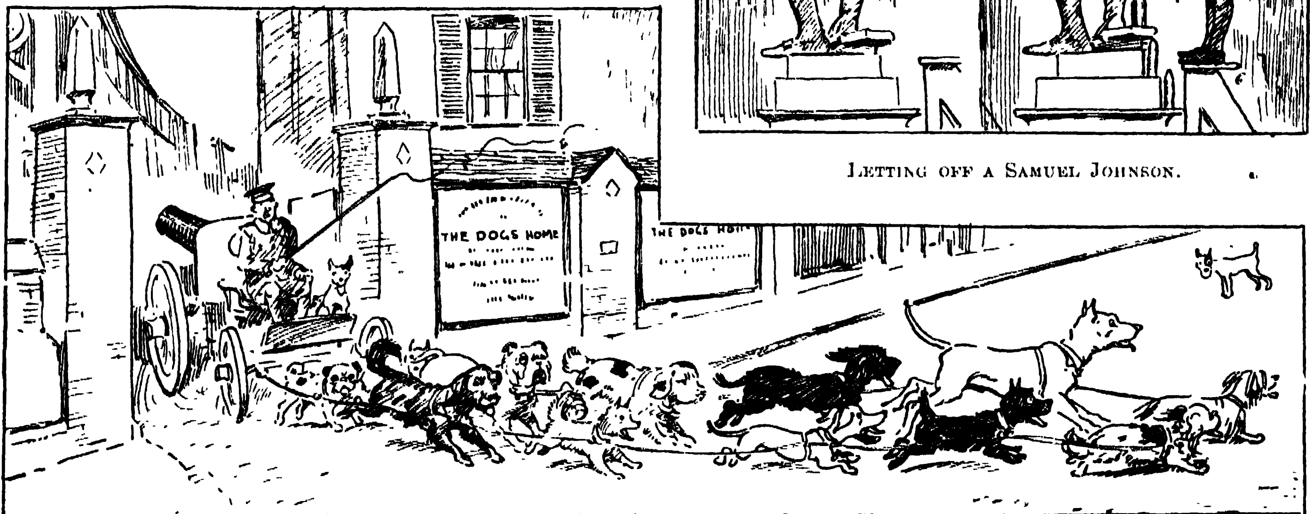
(As pictured by Teuton imagination.)



The Church militant.



Letting off a Samuel Johnson.



A dog's-home gun-team.



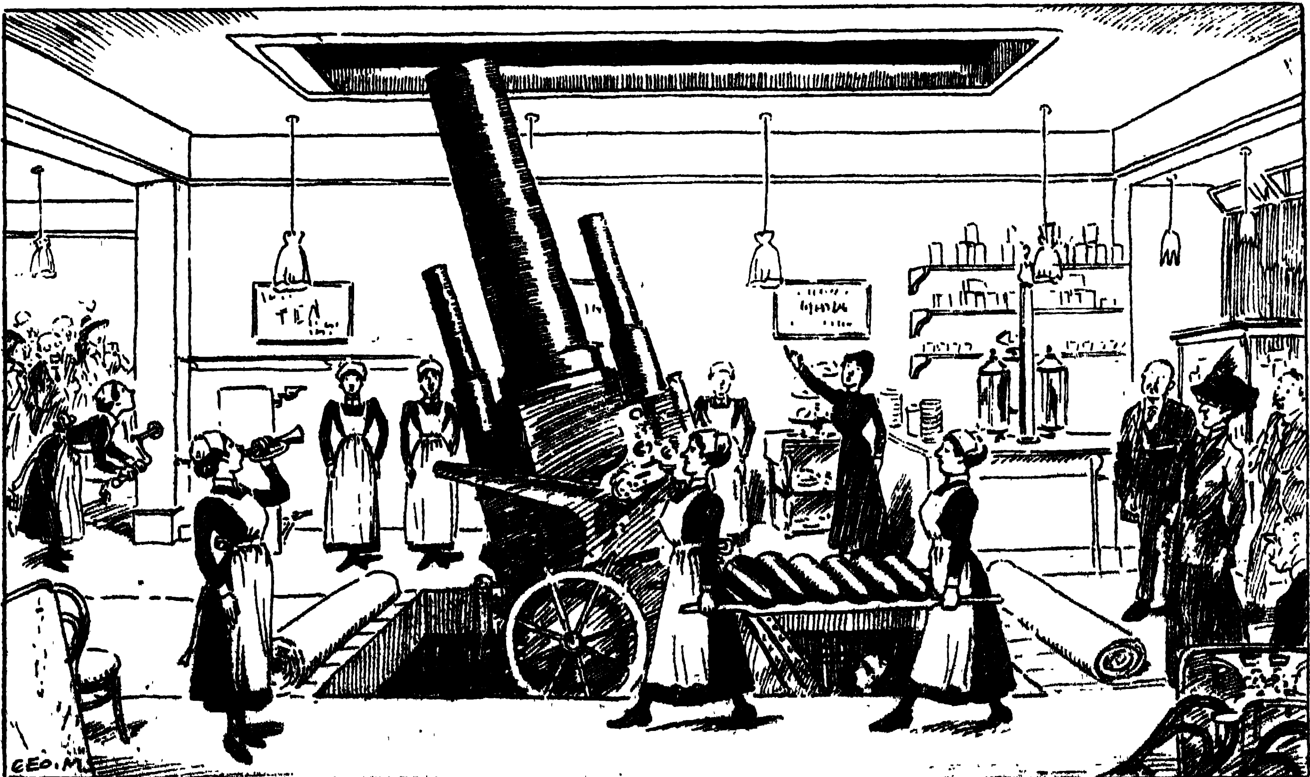
The Royal Zoological Artillery.

THE "FORTRESS" OF LONDON.

(As pictured by Teuton imagination.)



A city tea shop before the alarm.



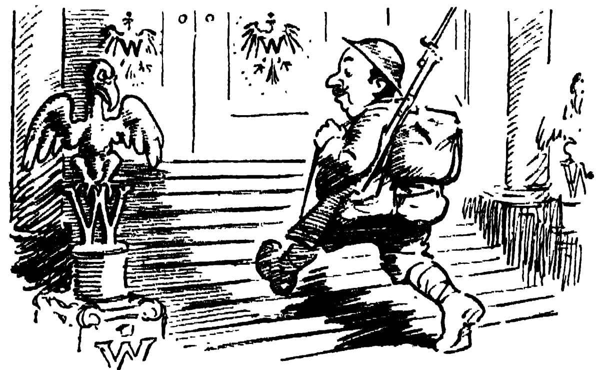
The same after the alarm.

THE MUSIC-HALL MANAGER'S DREAM.











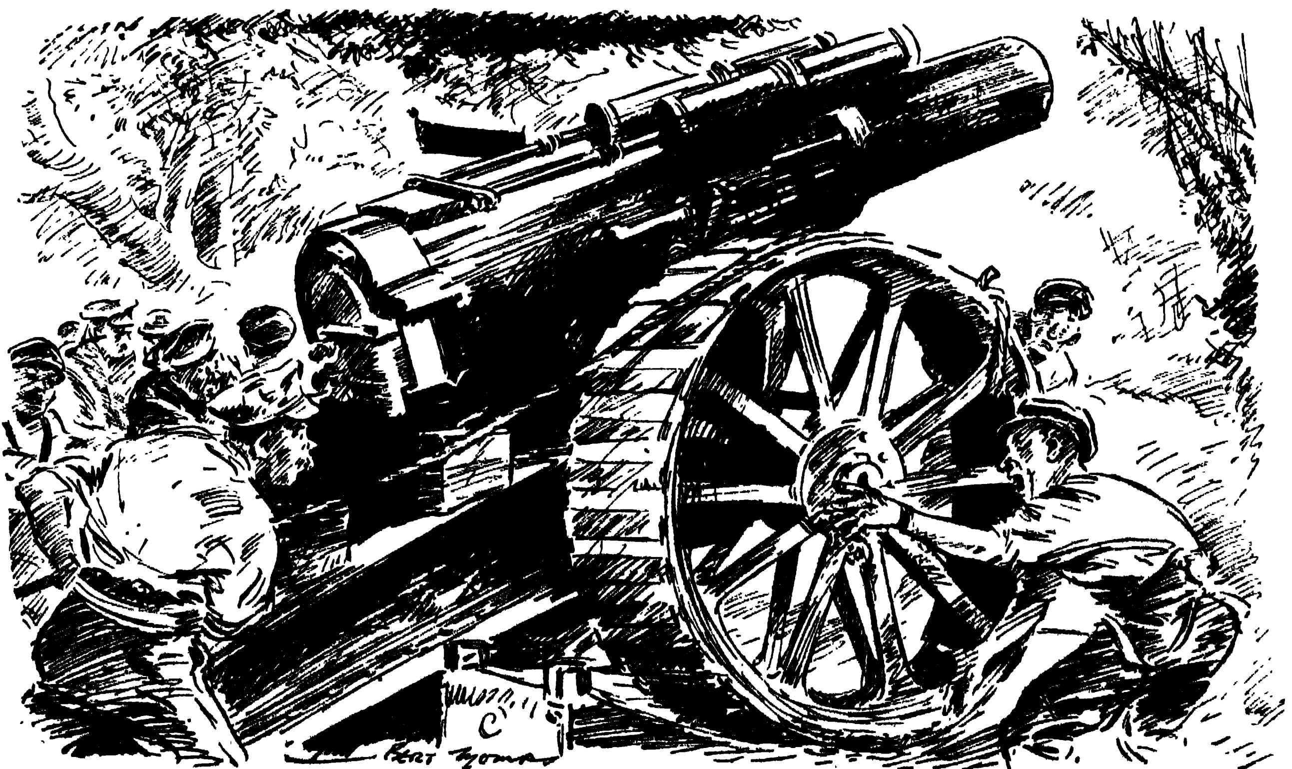








"WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME."
PEACE DAYS IN PICCADILLY.

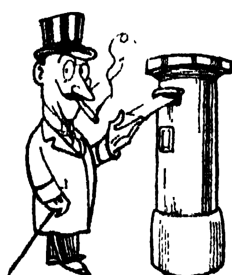


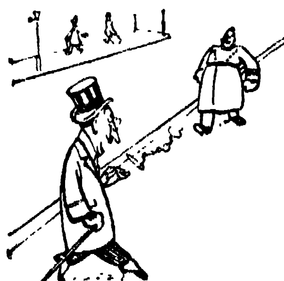
Excited Tommy (as the gun gets into position). "'ERE, BACK 'ER DOWN A BIT. SHE'S ON MY FAG!"

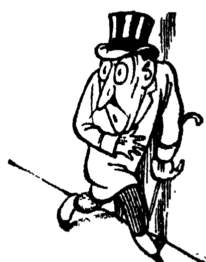
THE FALSE INCOME-TAX RETURN—





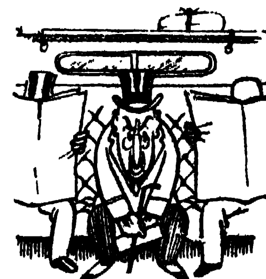
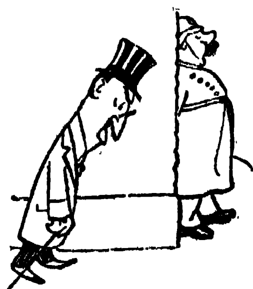


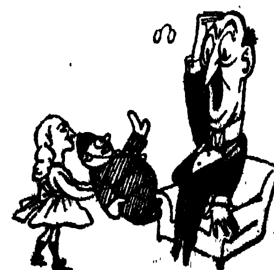




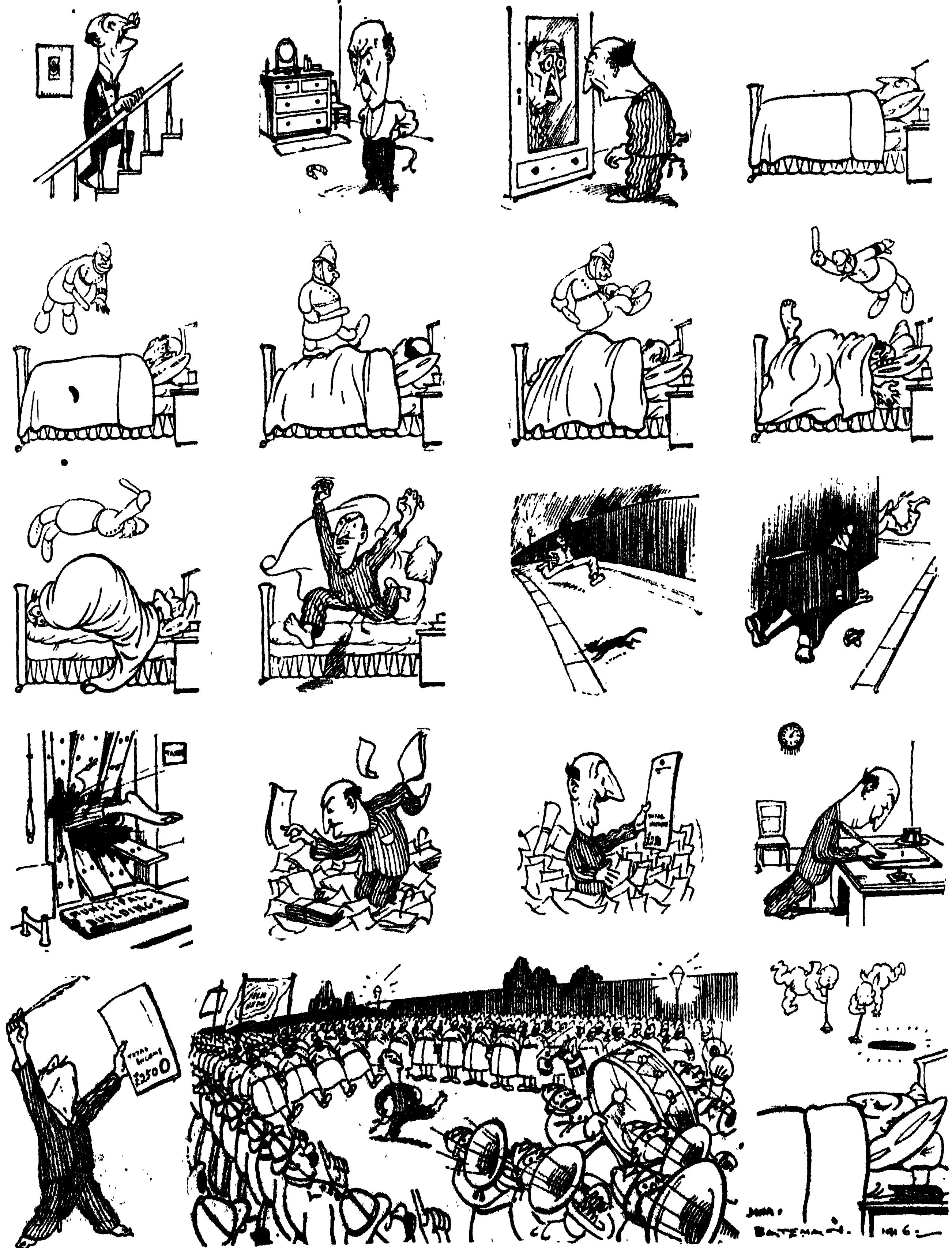




—AND ITS RECTIFICATION.




9